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No.
37.

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OCT.,
1884.
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SPRING

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AUTUMN

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EVERY BOY'S MAGAZINE

(NEW SERIES)

EDITED BY

EDMUND ROUTLEDGE

E. R. G. S.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE
AND SONS

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OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

By an unfortunate oversight, the announcement of the three standing subjects for October was repeated in our last number, instead of giving those for September, and this we fear has caused some little confusion to intending competitors. The subjects—which ought, of course, to have appeared as being due on the 12th of September—were drawing of game or fish, group of dried leaves, &c., inlaid woodwork, and a worked pair of slippers, with the addition of the usual essay; and the result of the entries for these subjects we shall now decide, retaining any articles which we have received through the error until the proper date in October.

1.—WATER or OIL-COLOUR PAINTING, GAME or FISH.

We were perhaps a little premature in giving this subject before October, for then the choice of a model would have been much greater than in September. We are led to these remarks by observing that in unfortunately the only drawing received, the competitor, Whitworth Gunn, 59, Darlington Street, Wolverhampton, could hardly yet have gone to nature for the pheasant and woodcock which constitute the chief features in his drawing. We are able nevertheless to speak in high terms of his work, which we assume to be original. The composition of the picture is very good, and the handling of the accessories admirable for a boy of Gunn's age, only sixteen. The texture of the basket containing the apples in the right-hand corner is excellent, and the only fault we have to find is the treatment of the plumage of the bird, which we feel sure the study of a proper model would have obviated. As encouragement, we feel justified, in this instance, in awarding a prize of the value of half a guinea.

2.—GROUP OF DRIED LEAVES, FERNS, &c.

There are the barely necessary number of three entries for this competition, but each in its way is a praiseworthy production. The prize we award to A. T. Kay, whose group of ferns, leaves and flowers is very neatly arranged, showing much taste both in colour and composition. Miss Kate Denaham confines her contribution to ferns, of which she sends thirteen named varieties, all being neatly preserved and to her we award the second prize; while we are much pleased with the pretty little group by Miss Fanny M. Jones.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. A. T. Kay, Post-office, Harrow (Prize). | Miss F. M. Jones, Glyn Rhydd House, Ruthin. |
| 2. Miss Kate Denaham, Olden Lodge, Purley, Surrey (2nd Prize). | |

3.—INLAID WOODWORK.

On other occasions this has proved to be a favourite subject, but we regret to say that in this instance,—together with

4.—PAIR OF WORKED SLIPPERS,—there are no Entries.

5.—ESSAY: SIGNS OF AUTUMN.

Considering the many ways of treating this subject, we anticipated a very spirited competition but we are sorry to be obliged to acknowledge that we were a failure. The merit of the papers, it is true, in many instances is well up to the average, but the number is small. We think the very well-written paper by Miss Mabel E. Dowie, is best worthy the place of honour, and the second prize we award to Charles Hogg, whose paper is full of observation. Allan Cooper and J. Bamford each send excellent productions, and those which follow, as we before remarked, are fairly up to the average. The Competitors are:—

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Miss M. E. Dowie, 19, St. Michael's Place, Brighton (prize.) | G. S. Paternoster, Cricklade St., Cirencester. |
| 2. Charles Hogg, Square, Kelso (2nd Prize.) | A. T. Kay, Post Office, Harrow. |
| A. Cooper, 19, Avonmore-rd., West Kensington, W. | W. Bell, T. J. Cooper, A. R. Rose, J. Gill, W. P. Blackburn, |
| J. Bamford, Shoreless, Oldham. | J. T. Roper, W. T. Cox, R. W. Bamford, J. R. Pearson, |
| H. S. Smith, Carlton Villa, Wavertree. | W. S. Robson, J. Knight. |

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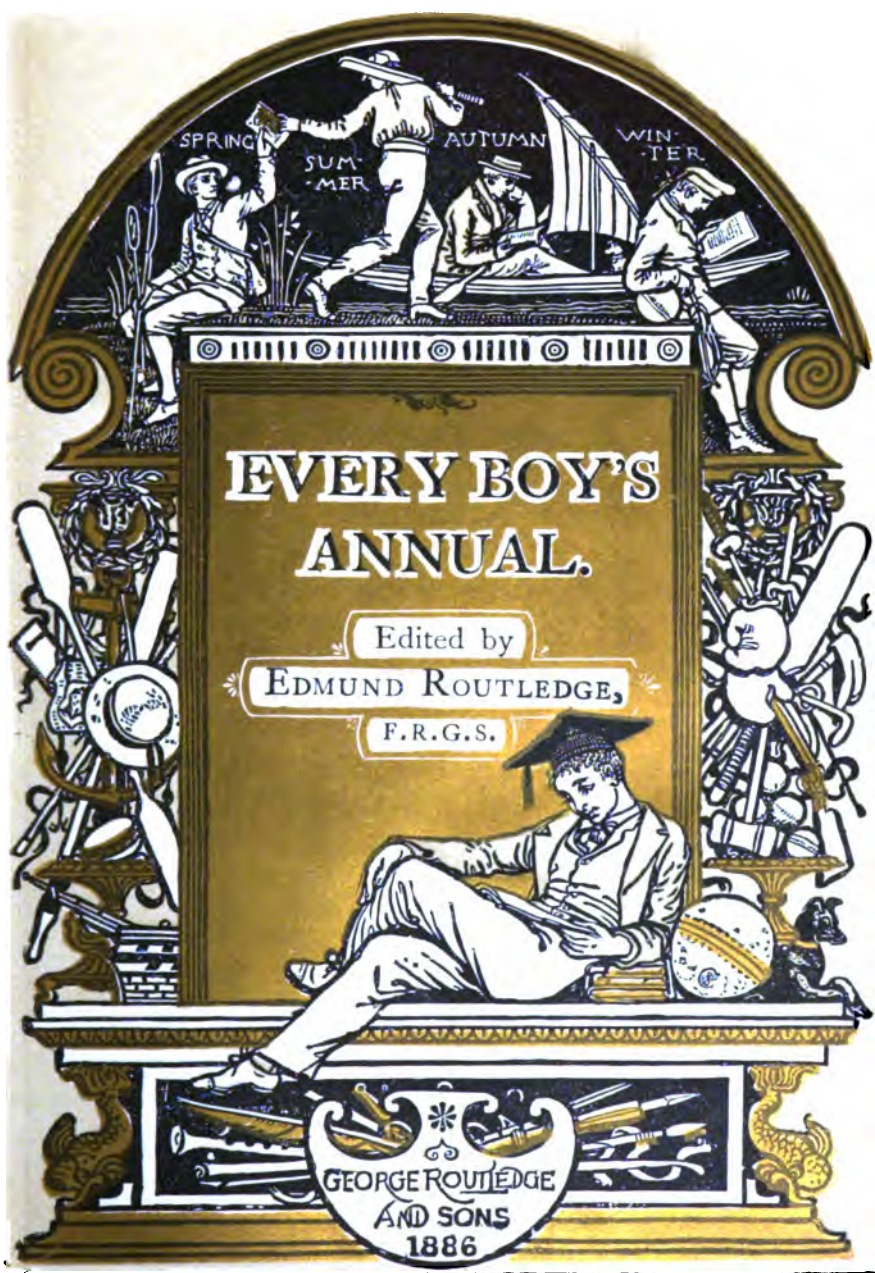
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EVERY BOY'S ANNUAL.

Edited by
EDMUND ROUTLEDGE,
F.R.G.S.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE
AND SONS
1886

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""PTARMIGAN!" SAID I IN A WHISPER."—p. 3

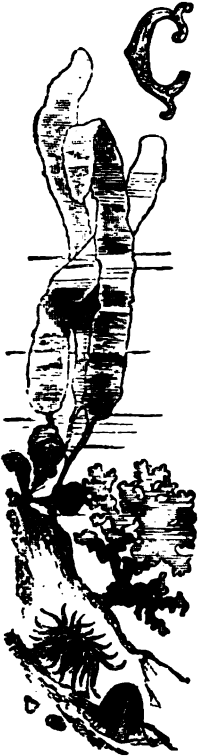
THE BIG OTTER;

A TALE OF THE GREAT NOR'WEST.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Author of "The Wild Man of the West;" "The Red Eric;" "Dusty Diamonds;" "The Life Boat;"
"The Coral Island," &c.

CHAPTER I.—SLEEPING IN SNOW.



OLD comfort is naturally suggested by a bed of snow, yet I have enjoyed great comfort and much warmth in such a bed.

My friend Lumley was particularly fond of warmth and of physical ease, yet he often expressed the opinion, with much emphasis, that there was nothing he enjoyed so much as a night in a snow bed. Jack Lumley was my chum—a fine manly fellow with a vigorous will, a hardy frame, and a kindly heart. We had a natural leaning towards each other—a sort of undefinable sympathy—which inclined us to seek each other's

company in a quiet unobtrusive way. We were neither of us demonstrative; we did not express regard for each other; we made no protestations of undying friendship, but we drew together, somehow, especially in our hunting expeditions, which were numerous.

On holidays—we had two in the week at the outpost in the American backwoods where we dwelt—when the other young fellows were cleaning guns or arranging snow-shoes for the day's work, Lumley was wont to say to me,

"Where d'you intend to shoot to-day,
NO. XXXVII.

Max?" (Max was an abbreviation; my real name is George Maxby.)

"I think I'll go up by the willows and round by Beaver Creek."

"I've half a mind to go that way too."

"Come along then."

And so we would go off together for the day.

One morning Lumley said to me, "I'm off to North river; will you come?"

"With pleasure, but we'll have to camp out."

"Well, it won't be the first time."

"D'you know that the thermometer stood at forty below zero this morning before breakfast?"

"I know it; what then? Mercurial fellows like you don't freeze easily."

I did not condescend to reply, but set about preparing for our expedition, resolving to carrying my largest blanket with me, for camping out implied sleeping in the snow.

Of course I must guard my readers—especially my juvenile readers—from supposing that it was our purpose that night to undress and calmly lie down in, or on, the pure white winding-sheet in which the frozen world of the Great Nor'west had been at that time wrapped for more than four months! Our snow-bed like other beds required making, but I will postpone the making of it till bed-time. Meanwhile, let us follow the steps of Lumley, who, being taller and stronger than I, always led the way.

This leading of the way through the trackless wilderness, in snow averaging four feet deep, is harder work than one might suppose. It could not be done at all with-

out the aid of snow-shoes, which, varying from three to five feet in length, enable the traveller to walk on the surface of the snow, into which he would otherwise sink, more or less, according to its condition. If it be newly fallen and very soft, he sinks six, eight, or more inches. If it be somewhat compressed by time or wind he sinks only an inch or two. On the hard surface of exposed lakes and rivers where it is beaten to the appearance of marble he dispenses with snow-shoes altogether, slings them on his gun, and carries them over his shoulder.

Our first mile lay through a clump of pine-wood, where snow had recently fallen. When I looked at my comrade's broad back, and observed the vigour of his action as he trod deep into the virgin snow at every stride, scattering it aside like fine white powder as he lifted each foot, I thought how admirably he was fitted for a pioneer in the wilderness, or for the work of those dauntless persevering men who go forth to add to the world's geographical knowledge, and to lead the expeditions sent out in search of such lost heroes as Franklin and Livingstone.

My own work was comparatively light. I had merely to tread in the beaten path. I was not thereby, however, secured from disaster, as I found when, having advanced about half a mile, my right shoe caught a twig to which it held for a moment, and then, breaking loose, allowed me to pitch head down with such violence that I almost reached mother earth four feet below the surface.

This kind of plunge is always awkward, owing to the difficulty of rising, and usually disagreeable, owing to the manner in which snow stuffs itself into neck, ears, nose, eyes, mouth—if open—and any convenient crevice of person or garments. The snow-shoes, too, which are so serviceable when you are above them, become exasperatingly obstructive when you are below them. After a struggle of two minutes I got my head clear, winked the snow out of my eyes, blew it from my mouth and nostrils, and

looked up. Lumley was standing there with a bland smile on his amiable face. He seldom laughed, though he sometimes chuckled!

"What do you mean by grinning there like a Cheshire cat?" I exclaimed, "why don't you lend a hand?"

"What do *you* mean by tumbling there like a Christmas goose?" he retorted, "why don't you look out for stumps and twigs as I do?"

He made some amends for this rude reply by extending his hand and helping me to rise.

In a few minutes we were clear of the pine-wood, and came out upon a piece of swampland, where the stunted willow bushes just shewed their tops above the surface of the snow. This led us to a bend of the broad river near to which, further down, stood our outpost—Fort Dunregan.

For four months there had been neither sight nor sound of water in that river. It was frozen to the bottom, except in the middle where its dark unseen waters flowed silently under six feet or more of solid ice, through many a river-channel and lake to the distant sea. In fact, save for the suggestive form of its banks, the river might have been mistaken for an elongated plain or piece of open land. The surface of the snow here was, from exposure to wind and sun, as hard as pavement. We therefore took off our snowshoes, and, the necessity for maintaining the Indian-file position being removed, we walked abreast.

"The air is keen here," remarked Lumley, pulling the thick shawl that was round his neck as far up over his mouth as his well-developed nose would permit.

"It is," said I, following his example, with greater success, my own nose being a snub.

There was no wind; not even a breeze—there seldom is at such temperature—but there was a very slight movement of the air, caused by our own advance, which was just sufficient to make one appreciate the intensity of the cold. It became necessary now to pay frequent attention to our noses

and cheek-bones and toes, to prevent frost-bite. But the sun was brilliant and the air invigorating. So was the aspect of nature, for although there was no grandeur in the character of the scenery, there was extreme beauty in the snow lace-work of the trees and leafless shrubs; in the sky, whose bright blue was intensified by the white drapery of earth; and in the myriads of snow-crystals which reflected the dazzling sun with prismatic splendour.

Indeed, the scene was too dazzling, and as there was a tendency in it to produce snow-blindness, we soon returned to the friendly shelter of the woods.

"Tracks!" exclaimed Lumley, in a low voice, pointing to the ground, where foot-marks were clearly visible, "and fresh," he added, turning up the snow under the track with the butt of his gun.

"Ptarmigan!" said I in a whisper, pointing towards a little knoll, not quite a gunshot ahead of us, where some dozens of the beautiful snow-white creatures stood gazing at us in motionless surprise. Their plumage was so white that we had not observed them at first, almost the only black specks about them being their sparkling eyes, and the tips of their wings and tails.

Our guns were pointed instantly. I am ashamed to say that we were guilty of shooting them as they stood! In that land we shot for food as much as for amusement, and, some of us being poor shots, we were glad to take our game sitting! Nay, more, we tried to get as many of the birds in line as possible, so as to make the most of our ammunition. We were not sportsmen in the civilized sense of that term.

The extreme stillness of the woods was broken by the report of our guns in quick succession. A very cloud of pure white birds arose, as if Nature had taken to snowing upwards in rather large flakes, and seven victims remained behind.

"A good supper," remarked Lumley, as we bagged the game and re-loaded.

It is not my intention here to describe a day's shooting. Let it suffice to say that a

little before night-fall we arrived at a place where was a snowy mound capped by a clump of spruce firs of small size but picturesque appearance.

"Behold our camp!" said Lumley.

"Not inviting at present," said I, as we slowly toiled up the mound, for we were weary, having walked about twenty miles, weighted with heavy, flannel-lined deerskin-coats, blankets, and cooking utensils, besides a small quantity of pemmican, sugar, tea, and ship's biscuit, axes and firebags. It is true, the cooking utensils were few and simple, consisting of only two tin kettles and two tin mugs.

Dreary indeed—lonesome, desolate, and eerie was our mound when we got to the top of it. By that time the sun had set, and a universal ghostly grey, fast deepening into night, banished every sensation of joy aroused by the previous lightness. Although the scene and circumstances were nothing new to us, we could not shake off the depressing influence, but we did not allow that to interfere with our action. Silently, but vigorously—for the cold was increasing—we felled several small dead trees, which we afterwards cut into lengths of about four feet. Then we cleared a space in the snow of about ten or twelve feet in diameter, until we reached the solid earth, using our snow-shoes as shovels. What we threw out of the hole formed an embankment round it, and as the snow lay at that spot full four feet deep, we thus raised the surrounding wall of our chamber to a height of six feet if not more. Standing on the edge of it in the ever deepening twilight, and looking down into the dark abyss, which was further darkened by the over-spreading pines, this hole in the snow suggested a tomb rather than a bed!

At one end of it, we piled up the firewood. Extending from that towards the other end, we spread a carpet of pine branches, full six inches thick. To do all this took a considerable amount of time and labour, and when Lumley stood up at last to strike a light with flint, steel and tinder, we felt pretty well exhausted. The night

had by that time become profoundly dark, insomuch that we had to grope for the various articles we required.

"We've been rather late of beginning to make the camp," said I, as I watched the sparks.

"Never mind, Max, my boy, we shall soon be all right," replied my friend, as one of the sparks at last caught on the tinder. In a few seconds the spark was blown into a blaze, and placed in the midst of a handful of dry moss and thin chips. This was applied to some dry twigs under our piled-up logs, and a vivid tongue of flame shot upward.

Blessed fire! Marvellous Light! It is a glorious, wonder-working influence, well chosen by the Almighty as one of his titles. There is no change in Nature so intense as that from darkness to light, as well in physical as in spiritual things. No sudden change from heat to cold, or from calm to storm; no transformation ever achieved in the most gorgeous of pantomimes, could have the startling effect, or produce the splendid contrast that resulted from the upward flash of that first tongue of fire. It was a vivid tongue, for the materials had been well laid; a few seconds later it was a roaring tongue, with a host of lesser tongues around it—all dancing, leaping, cheering, flashing, as if with ineffable joy at their sudden liberation, and the resulting destruction of dismal darkness.

Our snow-abyss was no longer black and tomb-like. Its walls sparkled as though encrusted with diamonds; its carpet of pine branches shone vividly green; the tree-stems around rose up like red-hot pillars, more or less intense in colour, according to distance; the branching canopy overhead appeared to become solid with light, and the distance around equally solid with ebony blackness, while we, who had caused the transformation, stood in the midst of the ruddy blaze smiling like jovial red-hot men!

"There's nothing like a fire," I remarked with some enthusiasm.

"Except supper," said Lumley.

"Gross creature!" I responded, as he went about the preparation of supper with a degree of zest which caused me to feel that my epithet was well deserved.

"Gross creature!" he repeated some time afterwards with a pleasant smile of intense enjoyment, as he sat in front of the blaze, sipping a can of hot tea, and devouring pemmican and biscuit with avidity. "No, Max, I am not a gross creature. Your intellects are probably benumbed by the cold. If phrenologists are right in dividing the human brain into compartments, wherein the different intellectual powers are said to be located, I should think that some of those chambers lying nearest to the top of the skull are apt to freeze at a temperature of forty below zero, in which case the perfect working of the half paralysed machine can scarcely be looked for. Hold your head to the fire, and thaw it while I expound this to you."

"Stay," said I, holding out my tin pannikin for more tea; "inward heat as well as outward is necessary to my thorough comprehension of *your* expositions."

"True, Max, all the faculties of such mind as you possess, in their most active condition, are required to enable you to take in the simplest proposition. Just give my bird a turn like a good fellow."

He referred to a ptarmigan which, plucked, split open, roughly cleaned, and impaled on a stick, was roasting in front of the fire. I turned his bird and my own, while he continued:—

"To gratify the appetite with thorough and hearty appreciation after working hard for your food, or walking far to find it, is not gross. Grossness consists in eating heavily when you have not toiled, and stimulating with fire-water, pepper, or mustard, your sluggish appetite. To call me a gross creature, then——"

He stopped short, and, looking up, performed that operation with the nose which is styled "sniffing."

"What do I smell?"

"My bird—burnt!" I shouted, snatching at the stick on which it was impaled. In

doing so I capsized our can of tea. Lumley looked at it with a sigh, while I regarded with a groan the breast of my bird burnt to a cinder.

"Max, you should remember that a fire strong enough to subdue forty degrees below zero is intense—also, that our supply of tea is limited. All this comes of your unwisely calling me a gross creature."

"No, it comes of the intense application of my unthawed intellect to your absurd expositions."

"Whatever it comes of," returned Lumley, "we must remedy the evil. Here, fall upon my ptarmigan. I'm not quite ready for it, being still engaged with the pemmican. Meanwhile, I'll replenish the kettle."

So saying, he took up the kettle, went to the margin of our hole, and filled it with fresh snow well pressed down. This being put on the fire, soon melted; more snow was added, till water enough was procured, and then fresh tea was put in to boil. We were not particular, you see, as to the mode of infusion. While my friend was thus engaged, I had plucked, split, cleansed and impaled another bird. In a marvellously short time—for our fire was truly intense—the tea and ptarmigan were ready, and we proceeded with supper as comfortably as before.

"Now, I shall continue," said Lumley, with a satisfied clearing of the throat, "the exposition of grossness, which——"

"Oh, pray spare me that," said I, quickly, "but tell me, if you can, why it is that such a tremendous fire as that does not melt our snow walls."

"Put your head nearer to it, Max, for some of the phrenological chambers must still be frozen, else it would be clear to you that the intensity of the cold is the reason. You see that only a small part of the snow quite close to the fire is a little softened. If the fire were hotter it would melt more of it—melt the whole hole and us too. But the cold is so great that it keeps the walls cool and us also—too cool indeed, for while my face and knees are roasting my back is freezing, so I shall rise and give it a turn.

Now," he continued, rising and turning his back to the blaze as he spoke, "I will resume my remarks on gross——"

"You've no objection to my making our bed while you lecture?" said I, also rising.

Lumley had not the least objection, so, while he held forth, I spread a large green blanket over our carpet of pine-brush. A bundle of the same under the blanket formed a pretty good pillow. Wrapping myself tightly round in another blanket (for physical heat evaporates quickly in the frozen regions) I lay down. My friend lay down beside me, our feet being towards the fire.

After a silent interval, while lying thus, gazing up through the overhanging branches at the stars that twinkled in the clear frosty sky, our thoughts became more serious. The grandeur of creation led us to think and speak of the Creator—for we were like-minded friends, and no subject was tabooed. We conversed freely about whatever chanced to enter our minds—of things past, present, and to come. We spoke of God the Saviour, of redemption, and of sin. Then, with that discursive tendency, to which most minds are prone, we diverged to home and civilized lands, contrasting these with life in the wild woods of the Great Northwest. After that we became sleepy and our converse was more discursive—at times even incoherent—in the midst of which Lumley reverted to his unfinished exposition of grossness, and, in the enthusiasm of his nature, was slowly working himself back into a wakeful condition, when I put an abrupt end to the discourse by drawing a prolonged snore. It was a deceptive snore, unworthy of success, yet it succeeded.

My friend turned round and, with a contented sigh, went to sleep. After a brief space the snore which had been a fiction became a reality, and thus, on our bed of snow, in the depths of an Arctic night, in the heart of the frozen wilderness, and while the mighty fire burned slowly down, we unitedly took our departure for the land of Nod.

CHAPTER II.

THE WINTER PACKET.

ON returning next morning towards the outpost from our encampment in the woods, Lumley and I made a discovery which excited us greatly. It was nothing more than a track in the snow, but there was a revelation in the track which sent the blood tingling through our veins.

It was not the track of a polar bear. We should have been somewhat surprised, no doubt, but not greatly excited by that. Neither was it the track of a deer or an Arctic fox. It was only the track of a sledge!

"Is that all?" exclaims the reader. No, that is not all. But, in order that you may understand it better, let me explain.

Fort Dunregan, in which we dwelt, stood more than a thousand miles distant from the utmost verge of civilized life in Canada. We were buried, so to speak, in the heart of that great northern wilderness. Our nearest neighbour lived in an outpost between one and two hundred miles distant, similar to our own in all respects but even more lonely, being in charge of a certain Scotsman named Macnab, whose army of occupation consisted of only six men and two Indian women! The forests around us were not peopled. Those vast solitudes were indeed here and there broken in upon, as it were, by a few families of wandering Red Indians, who dwelt in moveable tents,—were here to-day and away to-morrow—but they could not be said to be peopled, except by deer and bears and foxes and kindred spirits.

Of course, therefore, we were far beyond the everyday influences of civilized life. We had no newspapers, no mails; no communication whatever, in short, with the outer world, except twice in the year. The one occasion was in summer, when a brigade of boats arrived with our outfit of goods for the year's trade with the few scattered Indians above referred to; the other occasion was in the depth of our apparently interminable winter, when a packet of letters was forwarded from outpost to outpost throughout

the land by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company which we served.

This half-yearly interval between posts had a double effect on our minds. In the first place it induced a strange feeling that the great world and all its affairs were things of the past, with which we had little or nothing to do—a sort of dream—and that the little world of our outpost, with its eight or ten men and three or four Indian women, its hunting, and trapping, and fire-wood cutting, and fishing, and trading, and small domestic arrangements and dissensions, was the one place of vital importance and interest, before which empires and dynasties and the trifling matter of politics sank into mere insignificance! In the second place it created an intense longing—a hungering and thirsting—for news of our kindred "at home."

Our chief, Mr. Strang, and our two selves, with another fellow-clerk who was named Spooner, as well as most of our men, were from "the old country" where we had left fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters—in some cases sweethearts—behind us. It may be conceived then with what anxiety and yearning we looked forward to the periodical break in the weary six months of total silence that had enveloped us. Men in civilized, or even semi-civilized communities, cannot understand this. Convicts on penal servitude for long periods may have some faint notion of it, but even these have periods of literary intercourse more frequently than we had. The reader must just take the statement on trust, therefore, that our anxious yearnings were remarkably powerful. What might not have occurred in these six months of dark silence! Who might not have been married, born, laid low by sickness, banished to the ends of the earth like ourselves, or even removed by death!

Is it surprising, then, that we caught our breath and flushed, and that our hearts leaped when we came unexpectedly upon the track of the two men who had dragged news from home for hundreds of miles over the snow? We knew the tracks well. Our

intimate acquaintance with every species of track that was possible in that particular region, rendered a mistake out of the question. There was the step of the leader, who wore a snow-shoe the shape of which, although not unknown, was somewhat unfamiliar to us. There was the print of the sled, or toboggan, which was different in pattern from those used at Dunregan, and there was the footprint of the man in rear, whose snow-shoe also made an unfamiliar impression.

"The packet!" exclaimed Lumley, opening his solemn grey eyes to their widest as he looked up from the track to me.

"At last!" I returned, unconsciously betraying the prolonged state of suspense with which my mind had been afflicted.

"Come along!" said my companion, starting off homeward at a pace that was almost too much for me.

We soon reached the outpost, and there stood the makers of the track which had roused in us so much excitement.

Two strong men, chosen expressly for a duty which required mental endurance and perseverance as well as physical vigour, they stood at the door of the entrance-hall, talking with Mr. Strang, the one with his snow-shoes slung over his shoulder on the butt of his gun, the other using the same implements as a rest for his hands, while Spooner, in a state of great excitement, was hastily undoing the lashings of the sled, to get at the precious box which contained "the packet."

"Well, gentlemen, here it is at last," said our chief, with a genial smile as we came up.

"Yes, we followed the track immediately we struck it," said Lumley, stooping to assist Spooner in his work.

We soon had the box carried to our chief's private room, while the two strangers were had off by our men to their own house, there to be feasted on venison, ptarmigan, salt-pork, fish, and pease-pudding to satiety, and afterwards "pumped" to a state of exhaustion.

I followed our chief, who had a pro-

vokingly deliberate way of opening the packet and examining its contents, while my feverish agitation and expectancy increased. There was a humorous twinkle in his eye, I thought, which told of mischievous purpose while he kept up a murmuring commentary:—

"Hm! as I expected—no news from Macnab. What's this—ah. The Governor! A voluminous epistle, and—hallo! Lumley's friends must be fond of him. His packet is the biggest in the box. And Spooner too, not so bad for him. Here, take these to them. Stay—here is a bundle of letters for the men. You'd better deliver these yourself."

I hesitated, while a mist of great darkness began to descend on my soul.

"Nothing for me, sir?" I asked faintly.

"There seems to be—nothing—stay! what's this?—why, I thought it was a big book, but, yes, it *is* a packet for you, Mr. Maxby—there!"

My heart leaped into my mouth—almost out of it—as I received a thick packet wrapped in newspaper.

Hastening to what was called the clerk's winter-house with these treasures I distributed them, and handed the men's packet to one of themselves, who was eagerly awaiting it. Then I went to my room and barricaded the door to prevent interruption.

In Bachelor's Hall, as we styled our apartments, we had an inveterate habit of practical joking, which, however interesting and agreeable it might be at most times, was, in some circumstances, rather inconvenient. To guard against it at such times we were in the habit of retiring to our respective dens and barricading the doors, the locks being sometimes incapable of standing the strain brought to bear on them.

On this particular occasion I made my barricade stronger than usual; sat down on my bed and opened the packet from home.

But here I must let the curtain fall. I cannot suppose that the reader, however amiable, will sympathise with the joys and sorrows of an unknown family, interesting

though they were to me. I may state, however, that before I got through the budget it was so late that I turned into bed and read the remainder there. Then, as the fire in the hall-stove sank low, the cold obliged me to put on above my voluminous blankets (we dared not sleep in sheets out there) a thick buffalo robe, which, besides having on the outside the shaggy hair of the animal to which it had belonged, was lined with flannel. Thus nestled into a warm hole, I read on until a shout arrested me and brought me suddenly back from the hills of bonny Scotland to the frozen wilderness.

"I say," shouted Lumley at the back of the door, which he saluted with a kick, "my sister is married!"

"Poor thing!" said I. "Who to?"

"Open the door."

"I can't. I'm in bed."

"You must."

"I won't."

"No! then here goes."

He retired as he spoke, and, making a rush, launched himself against my door, which, however, withstood the shock.

"Here, Spooner," I then heard him say, "lend a hand; let us go at it together."

They went at it together. The lock gave way; the chest of drawers went spinning to the other side of the room, and Lumley tumbled over Spooner as both fell headlong to the floor.

As this was by no means an unfamiliar mode of entering each other's rooms, I took no notice of it, but proceeded to enquire about the married sister; and Lumley, sitting down on my bed with Spooner, for neither of them had yet undressed, began to tell me of home and friends with as much eagerness as if I had been a member of both families. Young Spooner interrupted Lumley now and then when a touch of coincidence struck him with reference to his own family affairs, and I could not resist the pleasure of occasionally making some such remark as, "How odd! that's very like what happened to my little brother Bob," &c., whereupon Spooner would immediately

become excited and draw a parallel more or less striking in regard to his own kindred; and so we went on far into the night, until we got our several families mixed up to such an extent that it became almost impossible to disentangle them; for, being three families, you know, we became inextricably confused as to which was which, though each was perfectly clear in regard to his own! Thus, to me, Jane Lumley became confused with Janet Spooner, so that Janet Lumley and Jane Spooner were always tripping over each other in my brain, while my dear cousin Maggie Maxby became a Maggie Spooner to Lumley, and a Maggie Lumley to Spooner, and to each sometimes a Janet or a Jane respectively. If the reader will multiply into this question two mothers and three fathers, four brothers and six sisters, besides numberless aunts, uncles, and cousins, male and female, he will easily perceive how, between mental perplexity and a tendency to slumber, we at last gave the matter up in a sort of jovial despair.

We were startled suddenly from this condition by a crash and an exceedingly sharp and bitter cry.

It must be remarked here, that, in order to subdue King Frost in those northern strongholds of his, we had, besides double doors and double windows and porches, an enormous cast-iron stove from the famous Carron foundry. It stood in the centre of our hall, so that its genial favours might be distributed with equal justice to the various sleeping rooms that opened out of the hall all round. From this stove an iron pipe arose, and, turning at a right angle when within a couple of feet of the ceiling, proceeded to the chimney at the upper end of the hall. When the thermometer stood much below zero, we were accustomed to raise the stove and part of its pipe to a dull red heat, which had the effect of partially melting the contents of the water-jugs in our bedrooms, and of partially roasting the knees of our trousers. To keep this stove up to its work was the duty of an Indian youth, whom we styled Salamander, because

he seemed to be impervious to heat. He was equally so to cold. When I first went to Dunregan I used to pity Salamander, on hearing him every morning enter our hall with a gust of air that seemed cold enough to freeze a walrus, and proceed to strike a light and kindle our fire. My own nose, and sometimes an eye, was all that protuded from the buffalo robe at such times. But Salamander never shivered, and always grinned, from which I came to understand that my pity was misplaced. About nine o'clock each night he left us to look after the great Carron stove ourselves, and we were all pretty good stokers. Self-interest kept us up to duty. Sometimes we overdid it, raising the dull red to brightness now and then.

On this particular occasion, in the exuberance of his feelings, Lumley, before bursting into my room, had heaped on as much dry wood as the stove would hold. It chanced to be exceedingly resinous wood. He also opened the blow-hole to its utmost extent. Being congregated in my bedroom, as I have described, deeply engaged in eager comments and family reminiscences, we failed to observe that the great Carron stove roared like a wrathful furnace, that it changed from a dull to a bright red in its anger, and eventually became white with passion. As "evil communications" have a tendency to corrupt, the usually innocent pipe became inflamed. It communicated the evil to the chimney, which straightway caught fire, belched forth smoke and flames, and cast a ruddy glare over the usually pallid snow. This chanced to meet the eye of Salamander as he gazed from his "bunk" in the men's house; caused him to bounce up and rush out—for, having a taste for sleeping in his clothes, he was always ready for action—burst open our door with a crash, and rudely dispel our confusedly pleasant intercourse with the exceedingly sharp and bitter cry before mentioned.

"Hallo!" shouted Lumley and Spooner simultaneously, as they bounded rather than rose from my bed. Before they had

crossed the threshold I was out of bed and into my trousers.

There is nothing like the cry of "fire!" for producing prompt action—or paralysis! Also for inducing imbecile stupidity. I could not find my moccasins! Thought is quick—quicker than words. Amputation at the knee joints stared me in the face for a certainty if I went out with naked feet. In desperation I seized my capote and thrust both feet into the sleeves, with some hazy intention of tying a knot on each wrist to protect the toes. Happily I espied my moccasins at the moment, pulled them on—left shoe on right foot, of course—and put the coat to its proper use.

By this time Salamander, contrary to all traditions of Indian stoicism, was yelling about the fort with his eyes a-flame and his hair on end. The men were out in a few seconds with a ladder, and swarmed up to the roof of our house without any definite notion as to what they meant to do. Mr. Strang was also out, smothered in winter garments, and with an enormous Makinaw blanket over all. He was greatly excited, though the most self-possessed among us—as most chiefs are, or ought to be.

"Water! water!" shouted the men from the roof.

A keen breeze was blowing from what seemed the very heart of King Frost's dominions, and snowdrift, fine as dust and penetrating as needles, was swirling about in the night-air.

Water! where was water to come from? The river was frozen almost to the bottom. Ice six feet thick covered the lakes and ponds. The sound of trickling water had not been heard for months. It had become an ancient memory. Water! why, it cost our cook's assistant a full hour every day to cut through the result of one night's frost in the water-hole before he could reach the water required for daily use, and what he did obtain had to be slowly dragged to the fort by that slowest of creatures, an ox. Nevertheless there *was* water. In the warmest corner of the kitchen—at that hour about zero—there stood a water-barrel.

"Run, cook—fetch a bucketful," cried our chief.

Cook, who had "lost his head," obediently ran, seized a big earthenware jug, dipped it into the barrel, and smashed it to atoms on a cake of thick ice! This had the effect of partially recovering his head for him. He seized an axe, shattered the cake, caught up a bucket, dipped it full and rushed out, spilling half its contents as he ran. The spillings became icicles before they reached the flaming chimney, but the frost, keen as it was, could not quite solidify the liquid in so short a space of time.

Blondin, the principal bearer of the winter packet, who was a heroic man and chief actor in this scene, received the half-empty bucket.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, tossing bucket as well as water contemptuously down the wide chimney. "Bring shuvill, an' blunkits."

Blondin was a French-Canadian half-caste, and not a good linguist.

A shovel was thrown up to him. He seized it and shovelled volumes of snow from the house-top into the chimney. A moment later and two blankets were thrown up. Blondin spread one over the flames. It was shrivelled up instantly. He stuffed down the remains and spread the second blanket over them, while he shouted for a third. The third came, and, another bucket of water arriving at the same moment, with a large mass of snow detached from the roof, the whole were thrust down the chimney *en masse*, the flames were quenched and the house was saved.

During this exciting scene, I had begun to realize the great danger of fire in the chimney of a wooden house, and, with the aid of my comrades, had been throwing the contents of Bachelor's Hall out into the snow. We now ceased this process, and began to carry them back again, while the men crowded round the iron author of all the mischief to warm their half-frozen bodies. I now observed for the first time that Blondin had a black patch on the end of his nose. It was a handsome feature

usually, but at that time it was red, swelled, and what may be termed bobby.

"What's the matter with it, Blondin?" I asked.

"My hoz was froz," he replied curtly.

"You'd better have it looked to, or it'll be worse than froz, my man," said Lumley.

Blondin laughed and went off to attend to his nose in the men's house, accompanied by the others, while we set to work to clean ourselves and our abode. Thereafter, with moderated fire, we again got under our buffalo robes, where we spent the remainder of a disturbed night in thinking and dreaming about the thrilling contents of the winter packet.

CHAPTER III.

DEEPER DESOLATION.

EIGHT months of winter! Those who have read and entered into the spirit of Arctic voyagers, may have some idea of what that means, but none save he or she who has had experience of it can fully understand it.

To us who dwelt at the little outpost in the Great Nor'west, snow and ice had become so familiar—such matter-of-course conditions of existence—that green fields and flowers were a mere reminiscence of the remote past. The scent of a rose was a faded memory, indeed the scent of anything belonging to the vegetable kingdom had not once saluted our nostrils during those eight months. Pure white became one of the chief and most impressive facts of our existence in regard to colour, if we may so call it—white, varying in tone, of course, to pearly grey. Cold, of varied intensity, was the chief modifier of our sensations. Happily light was also a potent factor in our experiences—bright glowing sunshine and blue skies contrasted well with the white and grey, and helped to counteract the cold; while pure air invigorated our frames and cheered our spirits.

"I tell you what, boys," said Lumley, one afternoon as he entered the hall with

gun and snow-shoes on shoulder, and flung down a bag full of ptarmigan, "winter is drawing to a close at last. I felt my deer-skin coat quite oppressive to-day; does any one know what the thermometer stood at this morning?"

"Yes, it was twenty-two above Zero," answered Spooner, who was attempting to smoke a pipe beside the stove; "I went to register it just after breakfast."

"I thought so—only ten below freezing point, why it feels quite summery, and the snow has a softness that I have not noticed since last autumn. I hope dinner will soon be ready, for I'm very sharp set. Why, Spooner, what are you making such faces for?"

"Am I making faces?" said Spooner, blushing and trying to look unconcerned.

"Of course you are, a marmazette monkey with the toothache could scarcely make worse."

Spooner attempted to laugh, and I felt it difficult to refrain from joining him, for I knew well the cause of his faces. He was the youngest of us three and exceedingly anxious to imitate Lumley, who was unfortunately a great smoker; but Spooner, like myself, had been born with a dislike to smoke—especially tobacco smoke—and a liability to become sick when he indulged in the pipe. Hence, whilst foolish ambition induced him to smoke, outraged nature protested; and between the two the poor fellow had a bad time of it. He had a good deal of determination about him, however, and persevered.

The dinner-bell rang at the moment and put an end to further badinage.

Lumley was right. Spring was in truth at hand, and a host of new anticipations began from that day to crowd upon our minds.

About the same time there came another break in the monotony of outpost life which had, if possible, a more powerful and exciting influence on us than the arrival of the winter packet.

Now at this point I must beg the reader's pardon for asking him to go with me to a

still more desolate and remote outpost than our own. Between one and two hundred miles nearer to the pole the little post of Muskrat House lay under a beetling cliff, near the banks of an affluent of the great Saskatchewan river. It was in charge of Peter Macnab, before-mentioned, who, in command of his army of six men and two women, held the post against all comers—the chief comers there being the North Wind and Jack Frost!

Poor Macnab was a jovial and sociable Scottish Highlander, who had been condemned to worse than Siberian banishment because of being one of the most active, enterprising, and pushing fellows in the service of the Fur Traders; whose ability to manage men and Indians, and to establish new trading-posts, excelled that of his fellows. He regarded it as a complimentary though trying circumstance when Mr. Strang sent him to establish the post which was named by him Muskrat House, but he faced the duty—as he faced everything—like a man; did his best for his employers and made the most of the situation.

But it is not easy for even the strongest mind and lightest heart to be jovial when buried for eight months in snow more than twelve hundred miles beyond the influences of civilized life, and it is hard to be sociable with six uneducated men and two Indian women for one's companions. Macnab tried it, however, and was in a measure successful. He had his Bible with him—the one given him long ago by his mother—and a bound volume of Chamber's Edinburgh Journal, and three copies of the *Times* newspaper nearly two years old, and a few numbers of an American paper called the *Picayune*.

With these materials he set to work—after each day's labour of water-drawing, firewood-cutting, and trapping was done—to educate his army in religion, politics, political economy, and the varied ramifications of social life. He had intelligent and grateful scholars. If they had not been so Macnab would at all events have made them obedient pupils, for he was a physi-

cally large and powerful man,—and might was unavoidably right in those regions!

Still, with all his energy and resources, the genial Highlander began, towards the end of winter, to feel an intense longing for a little intercourse with his equals.

Returning one night to the solitude of his little room, as was his wont, after a couple of hours' intercourse with his men in their own house, he sat down before his stove and addressed it thus:—

"It won't last long I fear. My brain is gradually turning into something like mashed potatoes, and my heart into a tinder-box, ready enough to catch fire, but with neither flint nor steel to light it! The Indians won't be here for many weeks, and when they do come what good can I get from or do to them? Wow! wow! it's terribly slow work. Oh! Jessie, Jessie, my dear, what would I not give if I only had *you* here!"

Lest the reader should suppose Macnab to be a love-sick swain, I may remark here that Jessie was a sister whom he had left on the shores of Loch Ness, and with whom he kept up a vigorous biennial correspondence.

As the stove made no reply, he continued his address:—

"If I only had a few books, now, it wouldn't be so hard to bear. To be sure, the Bible is a great resource—a blessed resource; but you see I want something light now and then. A laugh, you know, seems to be absolutely needful at times. Why, when I think of it, we wouldn't have been given the power to laugh if it hadn't been necessary, and the last hearty laugh

I had was, let me see—that time three months ago, when my long-nosed interpreter mistook a dead mouse in the soup—ha! ha!—for a bit of pemmican, and only found out his mistake when the tail got between teeth!"

The solitary man burst into peals of laughter at the reminiscence, and then, becoming suddenly grave, looked slowly round the room.

"If I could only have an echo of that," he resumed, "from somebody else! Well, well, I'll just go and have another chat with Jessie."

So saying Macnab rose, drew a small table near to the stove, laid upon it a very large desk made by himself of pine wood, and, placing a sheet of paper thereon began to write.

The sheet of paper merits notice. Like the man who wrote, it was extremely large, being several sizes bigger than foolscap and very loosely ruled. As I have said, communication with the outer world being possible only twice in the year, our Highlander resolved, as usual, to make the most of his opportunities. Hence he not only used the largest paper which the company provided, but filled up several such sheets with the smallest possible writing, so that Jessie might ultimately get something worth having. It is but justice to add that Macnab wrote not only a very small but remarkably clear and legible hand—a virtue which I earnestly commend to correspondents in general, to those of them at least who wish their epistles to meet with thorough appreciation.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

BY CHARLES KENT.

"Vital spark of heavenly flame!"—ALEXANDER POPE.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.



URING the early years of this century, before either gas or the electric light had been dreamt of, our streets were lit with oil lamps and our houses with candles. The latter were wax merely in the statelier mansions, but were elsewhere either dips or moulds of tallow, the wicks of which required incessant trimming with the help of a pair of snuffers. It was not, indeed, until 1844,

when composites were first manufactured, that candles ceased to require snuffing, and when the hitherto familiar snuffers and snuffer-tray finally disappeared. Until a very few years before that, artificial light for domestic purposes was alone procurable in every household, day by day, through a tedious and rather complicated process, and with the aid of the most primitive appliances. These consisted of a flint and steel, with a tinderbox and matches, accu-



Tinder-Box, Flint, Steel, and Matches.

rately enough represented in the accompanying woodcut.

A shower of sparks having been struck out by bringing the flint and steel into collision immediately over the open tinder-box—directly one of these sparks caught in the tinder it was encouraged to smoulder by blowing upon it, when, upon touching the glowing portion with the point of one of the matches, previously dipped in sulphur, the latter at once sprang into flame and the candle could be ignited. The contrivance thus used habitually in our kitchens and bedrooms but little more than a generation back, was almost as primitive and tedious as the Indian mode of obtaining fire from

dry wood by friction, as indicated by the accompanying illustration.

Nearly thirty years of the nineteenth century had elapsed, indeed, before the

first friction matches were contrived by John Walker, a druggist of Stockton-on-Tees.

These, known for a while as congreves, were merely wooden splints coated with



Indian Method of obtaining Fire by Friction.

sulphur, and tipped with a mixture of gum, chlorate of potash and sulphide of antimony. Drawn through a folded piece of glass-paper, they produced ignition. In 1834, however, the congreve was entirely super-

seded by the now world-famous lucifer match, the tip of which, being a combination of chlorate of potash and sulphuret of antimony, was stung into flame on being rubbed across a piece of emery-paper. In

the end, phosphorus and chlorate of potash becoming the chosen ingredients, a perfecting touch was given to the invention by Lundström of Sweden who, in 1855, hit upon the happy idea of the safety matches—matches, that is, which ignite only when rubbed on the prepared surface of the box holding them, that surface, and not the matches themselves, containing the phosphorus required for their ignition.

Long before friction matches had come to be thus gradually perfected, the means of illumination employed among us, both in-doors and out-of-doors, were of the rudest and simplest character imaginable. Far more recently than is generally supposed, torches or flambeaux were carried about after night-fall in places of fashionable resort, while rushes dipped in tallow were burnt in many well-to-do houses. "Pickwick," in its serial form it should be borne in mind, was not yet completed when Her Majesty Queen Victoria came to the throne, and the readers of "Pickwick" will perfectly well remember the link-boy in the famous scene where Mr. Winkle is entering Mrs. Dowler's sedan-chair in the crescent at Bath. And no less clearly will he bear in recollection the equally famous scene of Mr. Pickwick in the double-bedded room, into which the middle-aged lady in the yellow curl-papers "brought a rush-light and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she stationed in a basin on the floor, where it glimmered away, like a gigantic lighthouse in a particularly small piece of water."

Apart from all such old-world means of illumination as these, an entirely different source of light began to assert itself shortly after the dawn of the present century. As far back, it is true, as in the year 1739, Dr. Clayton had described in the *Philosophic Transactions* the luminous power of carburated hydrogen—the inflammable ærial fluid evolved by the combustion of coal. In 1792 the effect of this had been tried by Murdoch in Cornwall. Half-a-dozen years afterwards, in 1798, the same thing had been tested upon a larger scale at Boulton

and Watt's foundry in Birmingham. In London, however, gas was unheard of, as an illuminating force, until 1803, when Frederick Albert Winsor, a German, lit up the Lyceum Theatre with it, purely as a scientific experiment. On the 28th January, 1807, Pall Mall, and on the 16th August, in the same year, Golden Lane were lighted by the same agency. Between 1814 and 1820 the metropolis generally was, bit by bit, similarly illuminated. Since then so astounding has been the advance made by this system of lighting our public thoroughfares that it is calculated there are, now, underlying the capital, at the very lowest computation, two thousand miles of gas-pipes! An estimate hardly less astonishing in its way has been made in regard to frictional matches, namely that in Europe twelve hundred tons of phosphorus are annually consumed (chiefly amongst ourselves) in their manufacture—300,000,000 matches being daily made in England, the yearly value of which is at least £1,500,000. Yet, wonderful though the transformation is which has thus been accomplished in more than one of our great industries, in our search after light of a cheap, accessible and brilliant character, the glory of carburated hydrogen gas would seem to be at last upon the eve of not only being seriously rivalled, but altogether outshone as an illuminating power by the far more marvellous agency of electricity.

According to the old Arabian tale, whenever Aladdin rubbed the wonderful lamp, a Genie of stupendous might instantaneously appeared in answer to his summons, saying, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; I and the other slaves of the lamp."

If we remember for a moment that the most vivid of all artificial lights—that derived from electricity—is in reality evolved from rotatory and therefore frictional motion, caused (it matters little how) by horse or hand labour, by the action of a windmill, of a water-wheel, or of a steam engine, it seems actually as if the electric

light, which was brought to perfection, so to speak, only yesterday, had been symbolically foretold centuries ago in that old-world story of Aladdin.

Called into existence by the mere attrition of a revolving wheel, the Genie of Electricity performs around us now continually, as matters of every day occurrence, wonders that, within the recognition of all, are far beyond the wildest dreams of the oriental

fabulist. While, thanks to the fact of its powers under certain aspects being transmissible through insulated wires to any distance—to the opposite shores of an ocean, or to the furthest extremities of a continent,—it can achieve many of its greatest marvels hundreds, nay thousands, of miles away with precisely the same facility as in the next street or in the next apartment.

A wonder-producing servant of all work,



Portrait of Sir Humphry Davy.

it obeys our behests alike in home, field, and factory. It ploughs the land, it sows the corn, it drives the harrow. It reaps, threshes, and winnows the grain, which it afterwards grinds into powder. It twirls the spit in the kitchen, the lathe in the workshop, and the sewing machine in the house-room. It can so regulate the clocks of a whole city that every pendulum shall beat with the same identical vibration. Obedient to command, it can be employed even to hasten the ripening in early summer of our apricots and nectarines. And beyond all this—and how much more!—the Genie of Electricity, whenever it is

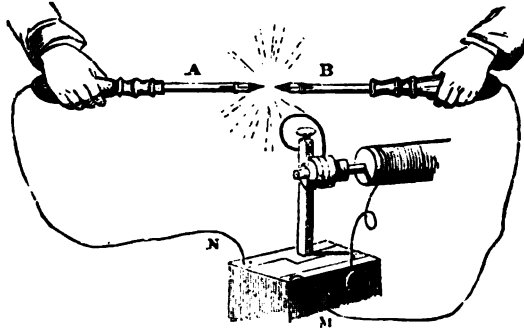
duly summoned, that is precisely in the same way as the Genie of Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp ("Aye, there's the rub!") reveals its presence upon the instant by producing a light of the most dazzling radiance.

As early in the present century as 1813 Sir Humphry Davy was the first to discover that the terminal wires of an electric battery—providing each were tipped beforehand with a charcoal point—upon their being first brought together and then slightly drawn apart, revealed between them an arc of light capable of development into all but blinding magnificence. Upon the occasion of his originally demonstrating

this astounding fact—which it is interesting to remember that he did with the aid of 2,000 zinc and copper elements—he may be said, very literally, to have surpassed, in an electrifying manner, the mythical achievement of Prometheus. For, instead of having to soar into the empyrean for the purpose of bringing back thence, upon the tip of a hollow tube or ferula, a tongue of flame stolen from the heavens, Davy, while yet no more than a young philosophic experimentalist, found himself enabled, in the

twinkling of an eye, by a mere turn of the hand, to conjure it into existence within arm's reach of him, in the laboratory of the Royal Institution.

The phenomenon thus revealed, in fact, is neither more nor less than the luminous effect of the electric current which, in passing through the air from point to point, causes intense heat and the most vivid illumination. So intense is the heat, indeed, that if the wires, unprotected by the carbon, were brought together and then slightly



Magneto-Electric Spark between two Carbon Points.

drawn apart, they would rapidly melt away and disappear.

Guarded, however, by that curious deposit which is found in the heads of gas retorts and which is known as hard gas carbon—a substance that may be either cut into pencils or reduced to powder and then compressed to whatever shape may be required—the terminals, while maintaining a high conducting power, remain infusible even under the fierce heat of the electric current. So effectually, indeed, are they screened from harm by their carbon sheaths, that they know no detriment whatever when, after momentarily touching one another and being then withdrawn apart to the distance of about the eighth of an inch, the electric arc appears between them in the form of a pure white light of such piercing splendour that it is absolutely intolerable to the naked eye.

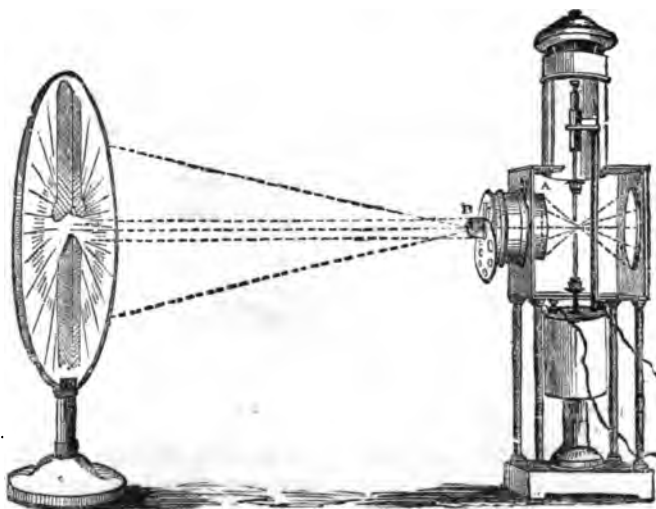
Examined safely through coloured glass, this fierce light, it will then be perceived, emanates chiefly from the carbons which

are glowing through and through with the intensest white heat, but partially also from a flame which connects and in a great measure also envelopes the two terminals. This flame in reality consists of infinitesimal particles of carbon in a state of incandescence, and which are at the same time in rapid motion in myriads from one terminal to the other. Their visible drift, besides, is invariably from the positive or active, to the negative or passive pole of the battery—the former, so long as the electric current is flowing, being always the more intensely heated of the two: as is shown, immediately upon the stoppage of the electric current, by the fact of the positive carbon remaining red hot long after the negative has ceased to give any sign of having been recently in a state of ignition.

It should be remarked, however, that although the electric flame is undoubtedly attributable to the combustion of the myriad microscopic particles of carbon

which are perpetually flickering across from one terminal to the other, the electric light is mainly produced by the bringing of the solid substance of the carbons themselves into a condition of intense white heat. That it is so, is clearly demonstrated by the fact that it burns with a slightly diminished splendour under water, or oil, or any other non-conducting liquid, but on the other hand with a greatly intensified brilliance whenever it is revealed in a vacuum. So

long, moreover, as the electric current is passing between the terminals, the flying atoms of white hot carbon projected from the positive pole, it should be remarked, are some of them consumed on the way, while others crossing over intact are deposited on the negative pole. Hence, indeed, the positive carbon-point, by reason of the constant carrying away from it of its incandescent particles, assumes after a while a scooped out or indented appear



Enlarged Images of Carbon Points projected on a Screen.

ance, while upon the other hand the negative carbon-point, because of the incessant accumulation upon it of these infinitesimal atoms gradually acquires a more protuberant aspect.

The electric halo created by the rapid flight of these glowing molecules—a halo technically familiar as the voltaic arc—is, everything considered, the most intense and consuming artificial heat in any way produceable. In it not only a platinum wire, but a clay tobacco-pipe melts away as rapidly as a stick of sealing wax does in the flame of a candle. Hence, indeed, from the minute but continual wear and tear that is thus going on in one of the two electrodes or carbon-points, so long as the electric current is flowing between them, it may be easily understood how—because of their

very substance being wasted away and the distance between the two, however imperceptibly, widened—the time eventually arrives, of course, when they are too far apart for the flow of the electric current to be maintained. In order to insure its renewal, the only way at first appeared to be, the bringing of the carbon-points again together, and then once more withdrawing them from each other. Ingenious arrangements have, however, been contrived by means of which the carbon-points are enabled so to adjust themselves automatically that the required distance between them may be constantly preserved. Browning's Electric Regulator, shewn on the next page, illustrates one of the most ingenious of these arrangements. In it, the upper carbon is held firmly in its place by

an electro-magnet on the back part of the lamp. Whenever the space between the two carbons increases overmuch, the magnet, losing its power, allows the upper carbon to drop by its own weight, until it is again gripped by the magnet which is thus its automatic regulator.

If to Sir Humphry Davy must be accorded the credit of having first revealed the



Browning's Electric Regulator.

Electric Light, in 1813, by bringing the carbon-armed terminals of a battery into direct communication, the honour must be conceded to Lieut. Thomas Drummond of having, in 1826, produced the intensest light of any kind, down to that time known, by projecting a blow-pipe flame of mingled oxygen and hydrogen gases upon a ball of lime. This costly and rather perilous illuminating power was first of all famous by its equivalent titles as the lime light or the Drummond light. Afterwards when magnesia and later on when zirconia came to be substituted for lime, it was popular for a while as the magnesia or the zirconia light—just as, ultimately, when a jet of oxygen was blown upon the lime ball, through a spirit flame, or through a coal

gas flame, it was called in the latter instance the oxy-coal-gas light, and in the former the oxy-calcium light. Spoken of generically, all these particular lights might perhaps be the most accurately defined as the oxy-hydrogen light—the main peculiarity common to every one of them being, the combination at the moment of ignition of those two explosive gases. So dangerous is their employment, thus, that extraordinary care is at all times required in the manner of bringing them together—the risk of detonation through their premature mixture being, without such care, at any instant painfully imminent. At the best, however, even when they are most adroitly combined, these perilous elements have still the immense disadvantage of being exceedingly expensive. Yet, it must be allowed that the light produced in this way by the combustion of oxygen and hydrogen or of carburetted hydrogen upon a surface of lime, of magnesia, or of zirconia, is one of a peculiarly resplendent character. So magnificent, in truth, are its powers of irradiation that it is known to have been seen at a distance of 112 miles! While, so long did its reputation survive, that, as recently as in 1861, it was, even then, still employed at the South Foreland lighthouse as a means of far-reaching illumination.

Not until sixteen years after the lime light had been thus given to the world by Lieut. Drummond, was any reasonable hope awakened that a time might come when electricity would in its turn be practically employed for lighting purposes. This was in 1842, when the first glimmering of that hope was caused by certain ingenious experiments adventured upon simultaneously by M. Deleuil and M. Archereau. Four years later, Greener's patent made evident, in 1846, the fact previously unknown, that a couple of pieces of carbon, separated from each other by a certain fixed distance and enclosed in an air-tight vessel from which the atmosphere had been abstracted, might be rendered luminous in the vacuum by passing through the wire at the core of each, a current of galvanic electricity.

Between the confronting points of these two carbons—each shaped like a tiny cylinder—an uniform interval was constantly maintained by means of a clock-work arrangement, which steadily advanced the two in exact proportion to the rate at which they were being respectively consumed by the process of combustion. According to the more or less equable adjustment of this proportion between the consumption and the advance of the confronting carbon points, the light produced was continuous



Magneto-Electric Light.

or intermittent. Two years after Greener's patent had been given to the world, a great number of similar contrivances were publicly displayed in Paris during the revolutionary excitement of 1848, conspicuous among which were those hit upon in rapid sequence by Staite, by Petrie, by Fizeau, and by Leon Foucault.

Seven years later, Jules Duboscq had on view in the French capital during the exhibition of 1855, what was undoubtedly the most perfect electric lamp which up to that date had been anywhere constructed. Professor Tyndall, in the following year, 1856, first employed the electric light as a means of illustrating his lectures on colour at the Royal Institution. A couple of summers after this, the works of the then newly completed Westminster Bridge were

revealed in a blaze of electric light by Watson to the astonishment of half London. Another twelvemonth had scarcely elapsed after this, when Professor Holmes, in 1859, amazed not merely half London, but the whole world, by devising the magneto-electric light, which to this day is recognizable as the most brilliant artificial light ever produced. Nearly thirty years previously Professor Faraday had prepared the way for this resplendent invention by his grand discovery, in 1831, of electro-magnetic induction.

During the course of the very year in which Professor Holmes was demonstrating, thus, at Dover, the effective character of his arrangements for the production of the magneto-electric light, there was issued from the press, and laid upon the table of both Houses of Parliament, on the 13th August, 1859, the now historical blue-book on *Lighting by Electricity*, which distinctly pronounced in regard to the electric light, that its economic subdivision was—to put the statement in one word—impossible.

Twenty-two years, all but two days, after that rather rash prophecy had been thus deliberately put upon record, there was issued from the press in Paris, on the 11th August, 1881, the official catalogue of the great Electric Exhibition in the French capital, through which—as again in the following year, through the catalogue of the yet completer Electric Exhibition at Sydenham—its entire falsification was magnificently demonstrated.

Upon each of these memorable occasions, first, in 1881, in France, and afterwards, in 1882, in England—a radiant series of accomplished facts made clear to the comprehension of the whole world that within a very brief interval, thanks to a multitude of inventors, some really marvelous day-dreams had in rapid sequence been realized. Numerous though the successful experimentalists have been, however, through whose combined efforts so much has already been accomplished, there are two among them who, within the recognition of all, have won to themselves

an especial pre-eminence. One of these is Mr. Swan the Englishman. The other is the now world-famous American, Professor Thomas Alva Edison. To those two discoverers in particular the world at large is now mainly indebted for the immense and, as the blue-book of four and twenty years ago regarded it, the impossible boon of sub-divided electric lights.

Thousands upon thousands of electric lamps and electric generators have sprung into existence since Davy, in 1813, revealed the electric arc, and since Faraday, in 1831, revealed the great truth of electro-magnetic induction.

These lamps and generators—the latter contrived to produce, the former to utilize, the electricity as an illuminating power—were, until the advent of Edison and Swan, in every instance employed exclusively in the fabrication of a large isolated burner or pharos. Thanks, however, in a very especial manner to those two adventurous innovators, the big lights, so long regarded as indivisible, have of late with the utmost facility and precision been, again and again, to almost any extent, divided and sub-divided. What at the outset seemed only capable of being utilized upon a grand and costly scale, as the illuminator of a public square, for instance, or the banqueting hall of a palace, is to-day being brought within the reach (or in other words within the means) of the artisan in his houseroom.

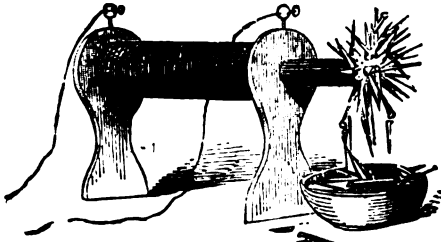
Broadly speaking, both electric lamps and electric generators, which are the two all-essential factors for electric lighting, may be considered, each of them in turn, as separable into two distinct categories.

There are, for example, two readily distinguishable kinds of electric generators—those, namely, giving direct and those giving alternate currents; the latter being reversed, by the way, very many times in every second. Equally recognizable at a glance are the two great classes of electric lamps—to one or other of which every contrivance of the kind may be readily allotted. There are, for instance, the arc lamps in which the electric current heats a gaseous

conductor, and in which, as already explained, the circuit is broken between two carbon points—the luminous aerial bridge spanning the intervening space being produced chiefly by the heating of the carbon terminals, but partly also by the detached microscopic particles of white hot carbon flitting across incessantly from the positive pole to the negative. Essentially different from these are the incandescent lamps in which there is no disconnection whatever in the electric circuit, and in which, moreover, a solid conductor of feeble conductivity is heated by the current and rendered luminous. Here in point of fact—in these incandescent lamps the light is created solely by raising a fine thread of carbon to an extreme white heat by the simple process of passing through it either rapidly alternated currents or a direct and continuous current of electricity.

Whatever form electric generators may assume, they are one and all of them founded upon the principle first brought to light in 1831 by Michael Faraday. That principle, long known now by the term electro-motive force, reveals itself whenever a wire is so moved near the poles of a magnet as to traverse or cut its lines of force, consequent upon which a current of electricity is at once caused to flow from one extremity of the wire to the other! Aware of the mysterious tendency thus indicated, electricians have, now, for two score years together been doing their utmost to discover a solution for this most difficult problem—How to construct an electric generator which, with the smallest amount of waste, shall convert the largest amount of mechanical into electric action. M. de Meritens, for one, has striven to arrive at a satisfactory result in this matter by employing simultaneously a great many wonderfully powerful steel magnets—magnets so powerful as to be capable, each of them, of sustaining a dead weight of 150lbs. Generally speaking, however, experimentalists have used by preference electro-magnets made of soft iron, coiled around which are enormous lengths of insulated

wire,—the whole being rendered powerfully magnetic immediately there has been shot through the wire a sufficient quantity of



An Electric Current through a Coil of Wire, changing an Iron Rod into a Magnet.

electricity. Electro-magnets thus constructed have been found on the whole far more efficacious than the largest steel magnets ever produced.

Simultaneously, in 1866, Dr. (afterwards

Sir William) Siemens and Sir Charles Wheatstone suggested the construction of electro-magnetic machines of this character. Discarding permanent magnets altogether, they demonstrated, by means of a series of splendidly successful experiments, that electro-magnets were far preferable. Wilde's was perhaps the earliest electric generator of this kind actually fabricated. But, foremost among all the direct current machines which have, since then, one after another, sprung rapidly into existence, are the five great classes of electric generators designed respectively by Gramme, Siemens, Brush, Bürgin, and Edison. Especial regard in several of these to the acceleration of the speed with which the machine works, has secured a marvellous enhancement of the electro-motive force thereby produced.

(To be continued.)

A CELEBRATED FRENCH FORTUNE-TELLER.

BY CHARLES RATHBONE LOW.



NE of the most extraordinary instances of successful imposture in modern times is that of Mademoiselle Lenormand, a French-woman, who amassed a sum of half a million francs (£20,000) out of the credulity of her countrymen and countrywomen. I will proceed to give the reader a short sketch of her career, with an account of her connection with the great personages who consulted her.

Mademoiselle Lenormand was born in the city of Alençon, but lost her father early in life. Her mother married again, but, dying soon after, this child, with a younger sister and a brother, was left to the care of her stepfather. This man consoled himself

by marrying another wife, and thus the children found themselves in charge of people who could have no affection for them.

To be quit of them, the girls were placed in a convent of Benedictines; and, whilst a mere child, the subject of this memoir commenced her vocation of fortune-telling by predicting that the Lady Superioress would soon be deprived of her office. She was punished for her forwardness, but, upon the prophecy proving true, nothing daunted, she announced the name, age, and various particulars of the new abbess, for which post there were several candidates, and the prophecy turning out correct her pretensions received a remarkable confirmation. She now resolved to give up her occupation as a milliner, to which she had been trained in the convent, and try her fortune in Paris, where her stepfather was then living.

At the age of fourteen and with only six francs in her pocket, given her by her step-mother, Mademoiselle Lenormand arrived in the metropolis. Here, through the interest of her stepfather, she obtained a situation in a shop, and became a great favourite with her employers and companions, among whom she was known as *la grosse Normande*, from her fatness. One of the clerks undertook to instruct her in arithmetic and book-keeping, and gave her some knowledge also of mathematics. Pursuing her studies with great industry she surpassed her instructor, and resolved after a time to gain the means of subsistence by her own exertions, and in a manner congenial to her inclinations. With this object, she established in the Rue de Tournon an office, where she continued to exercise her vocation as a prophetess till the time of her death in 1843. Her success enabled her after a time to get her sister well married, and to promote her brother, who had entered the army.

It was towards the end of the reign of Louis XVI. that Mademoiselle Lenormand commenced practice. She found the troubles of the times, which unhinged the minds of all around her and filled them with alarm and anxiety, very propitious to her views. Among her visitors was the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe, whose untimely fate she predicted; and she possessed a letter from Mirabeau, written from his prison at Vincennes, in which he entreated her to tell him when his captivity would cease. The revolution followed, and many distinguished enquirers, alarmed at the rapid progress of events, and rendered superstitious by their fears, flocked to the Rue de Tournon under various disguises, which it required no great shrewdness to discover. It was at this time that two French soldiers, who had joined the crowd in the attack on the Bastille, visited Mademoiselle Lenormand. To one she predicted a short but glorious military career, and an early death by poison; to the other, the *bâton* of a marshal of France. The former was afterwards General Hoche, whose untimely fate fulfilled the augury; the

other, the celebrated Lefebvre. At this time another celebrity, the Count of Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.), on the night of his flight from Paris, sent to consult the occupant of the Rue de Tournon regarding his fate.

During the Reign of Terror, Mademoiselle Lenormand was visited one evening by three men, whose names are written in characters of blood in the history of France, who demanded, with smiles of evident incredulity, to learn their future destiny. On examining their hands attentively she became greatly agitated, probably knowing the parties she had to deal with; they encouraged her, however, to speak without fear, as they were ready, they said, to hear whatever doom she should pronounce. For some time she remained silent, and continued to examine the cards with which she professed to exercise her arts of divination, apparently with great attention but evidently under considerable excitement. Yielding at length to their encouragement she foretold their destiny, and, tragic as it was, her visitors received the prophecy with shouts of incredulous laughter. "The oracle has failed for once," observed one of them; "if we are destined to destruction we shall at least fall at the same time; it cannot be that I should be the first victim, and receive such splendid honours after death, whilst the people shall heap the last moments of you two with every possible insult."

"She slanders the citizens, and should answer for it at the tribunal," observed the youngest of the party. "Bah," replied the third, "the dreams of prophecy are never worth regarding."

The death of Marat, the first of the speakers, who was murdered in his bath by Charlotte Corday, confirmed the first part of the prediction; and the completion of the second alone saved the prophetess from destruction, she being incarcerated when Robespierre and St. Just, the other two visitors, met the destiny she had foretold them. This story obtained universal credence in France at the time, and I believe there has been no denial of its truth

since. The incident displays the hardihood of the impostor in a startling light, and it also shows her great astuteness in anticipating that the fate of their victims would overtake these monsters of iniquity.

That she really had faith in her own power of divination seems to be proved by her conduct with regard to her brother, who, as has been stated, was in the army. Receiving intelligence that he was severely wounded in an engagement, she occupied herself all night in seeking by means of the cards to know the state of his health; and was found in the morning by her attendants bathed in tears, and gave orders for mourning, having ascertained, she said, that her brother was dead; which was soon after confirmed by the arrival of letters.

After the Reign of Terror, the celebrity of the prophetess continued to increase. Barrère was one of her constant visitors; Madame Tallien seldom allowed a week to pass without consulting her; and Barras frequently sent for her to the Luxembourg. From the access she had to the leaders of all parties there was less difficulty in predicting many of the events which took place at that time. The Empire was however the season of her richest harvest-time.

The Empress Josephine was a firm believer in auguries and prophetic divinations. The early prediction by Mademoiselle Lenormand of her future greatness and its termination, would easily account for the firm faith she reposed in the oracle to whom she constantly sent to ask, amidst other questions, explanations respecting the dreams of Napoleon; and when the latter projected any new enterprise the empress never failed to consult the reader of futurity as to its results. The disasters of the Russian campaign, it is said, were clearly predicted by Mademoiselle Lenormand; and it was from her also that Josephine received the first intimation of the divorce which was in contemplation; a premature revelation to this effect, unfortunately for the authoress, procured for her an interview with the police prefect, Fouché, who, on her being introduced, inquired, in a tone of

raillery, if the cards had informed her of the arrest which awaited her.

"No," she replied, "I thought I was summoned here for a consultation, and have brought them with me;" at the same time dealing them out upon the table of the minister of police without any apparent embarrassment. Without mentioning the divorce, Fouché began to reproach her with many of the prophecies she had lately uttered, and which, notwithstanding the kindness she had received from the empress, had been employed to flatter the hopes of the Royalists in the Faubourg St. Germain. Mademoiselle Lenormand continued to deal the cards, repeating to herself in an undertone, "The knave of clubs! again the knave of clubs!" Fouché continued his reprimands, and informed her that, however lightly she might be disposed to regard the matter, he was about to send her to prison, where she would probably remain for a considerable time.

"How do you know that?" asked the prophetess in an imperturbable tone. "Here is the knave of clubs again, who will set me free sooner than you expect."

"Ah, the knave of clubs will have the credit of it, will he?"

"Yes, the knave of Clubs represents your successor in office—the Duc de Rovigo," was the prompt reply.

The fall of Napoleon brought fresh credit and honour to Mademoiselle Lenormand, as she had foretold the restoration of the Bourbons, and received the rewards of divination. The Emperor Alexander of Russia visited and consulted her; and her old patron, Louis XVIII., again availed himself of her advice. But it was not the monarchs of Europe alone that gave their support to this singular woman. Prince Talleyrand, with all his incredulity, and with all his knowledge of men, and Madame de Staël, with all her boasted talents and wisdom, both were carried away in the general delusion, and sought the advice of the sorceress.

The following is the incident related of the latter clever lady. During the consulate, when Madame de Staël returned to

Paris, after a lengthened absence, she allowed herself to be persuaded to make a visit to the Rue de Tournon. In the course of conversation Mademoiselle Lenormand observed, "You are anxious about some event which will probably take place to-morrow, but from which you will receive very little satisfaction." On the succeeding day, Madame de Staël was to have an audience of Napoleon, then First Consul, who well knew her pretensions, and was but little disposed to yield to them. Madame, however, flattered herself that the power of her genius, and the charms of her conversation, would overcome the prejudice she was aware he had conceived against her.

On arriving at the palace, she was received in the midst of a numerous circle, and fully expected to produce a brilliant effect upon Bonaparte, and all who surrounded him. On her being introduced, the First Consul abruptly asked, "Have you seen '*La Pie Voleuse*,'* which is so much in fashion?" Surprised at the unexpected question, Madame de Staël hesitated a moment for a reply. "It is said," he added, "we are soon to have *la pie séditieuse* also," alluding to her Royalist proclivities. The second observation completed the lady's confusion; and the First Consul, not wishing to increase it, turned and entered into conversation with some more favoured visitor. After this memorable audience, Madame de Staël called to mind the observation of Mademoiselle Lenor-

mand, and from that time had great confidence in her skill, paying her many subsequent visits.

The residence of the prophetess for forty years was at the extremity of a court (No. 5, Rue de Tournon), and over the door was inscribed, "Mademoiselle Lenormand, Libraire." The profession of a prophetess not being recognised by the code, she took a *patente de libraire*; and, under the title of librarian, her name was inscribed in the royal and national almanac.

Mademoiselle Lenormand, notwithstanding the favours she received from the emperor and Josephine, was a steady and devoted adherent to the elder branch of the Bourbons; and, after the revolution of July, 1830, when Louis Philippe came to the throne, retired very much from her usual business, both in consequence of her age, and from the diminution of her visitors.

In appearance, she was excessively fat and ugly; but her eyes, even in age, preserved their brightness and vivacity. Besides a large funded property, and her houses and lands at Alençon, she possessed a very handsome house in Paris; a château at Poissy, about twenty-four miles from the metropolis; and a large collection of very good pictures. She had also autographic and confidential letters from most of the sovereigns of Europe, and was in fact a remarkable proof of the credulity of the nineteenth century, and of an imposture which, for its long and continued success, has few rivals in any age of the world.

* "The Thieving Magpie," a play so called.



KÉRABAN THE INFLEXIBLE;

OR, ADVENTURES IN THE EUXINE.

BY JULES VERNE.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH WE FIND SEIGNEUR KÉRABAN VERY ANGRY AFTER HAVING TRAVELLED BY RAILWAY.



HE reader, no doubt remembers that Van Mitten, much disappointed at not having been able to visit the ruins of the ancient Colchis, had made up his mind to indemnify himself by exploring the "mythological" Phasis, which, under the less euphonious name of the Rion, now flows into the sea at Poti, where it forms a little harbour in the littoral of the Black Sea.

But in truth the worthy Dutchman was again destined to have his hopes crushed. He was certainly very desirous to trace out the course of Jason and of the Argonauts, to explore the celebrated places through which the bold son of Æson penetrated on his search for the Golden Fleece. No! Van Mitten was just at present in a great hurry to quit Poti, so as to follow up Seigneur Kéraban, and to rejoin him on the Russo-Turkish frontier.

But at the very outset a fresh disappointment awaited him. It was already five o'clock in the afternoon. They intended to start on the following morning, 13th September. Of Poti, then, Van Mitten could only see the public gardens, in which are the ruins of an ancient fortress; the houses

(built on piles), the abodes of some six thousand or seven thousand people; the wide streets flanked by ditches in which frogs croaked incessantly; and the harbour, well-filled with shipping, which is guarded by an excellent lighthouse, a guiding star of the first magnitude.

Van Mitten could only console himself for having so little time in which to make these observations, as he had to leave the town so quickly, by recollecting that it is situated in the midst of the marshes formed by the Rion and the Capatcha; and that by his rapid departure he would run no risk of the fever which is so prevalent there.

While the Dutchman was thus abandoning himself to all these kinds of reflections, Ahmet was busying himself in endeavouring to replace the chaise, which would have still done good service but for the indefensible imprudence of its proprietor. Now to find another post chaise, new or second-hand, in the little town of Poti was not to be expected. A *perelad-naïa*—or Russian *araba*—might indeed be obtained, and Seigneur Kéraban's purse was available to pay the cost, whatever it might be. But the available vehicles in fact were only more or less of a cart-like and primitive character, very uncomfortable, and had nothing in common with the travelling carriage. However willing the horses which might be yoked to it, they could not possibly proceed at the same pace as with a chaise. So there were many delays to be feared before the journey could be accomplished.

However, we may remark that Ahmet

was at any rate not likely to be embarrassed in the choice of a carriage, for nothing in the nature of a conveyance could be obtained! It was most important that he should rejoin his uncle as quickly as possible, for Kéraban's obstinacy would surely engage him in some deplorable adventure. So Ahmet decided to perform that journey of twenty leagues on horseback, for that was the distance which lay between Poti and the Turko-Russian frontier. He was an excellent horseman, and Nizib had often accompanied him in his rides. Van Mitten, when consulted, confessed that he had had some lessons in the principles of equitation, and he answered, if not for the actual skill of Bruno on horseback, at any rate for his obedience in following him under those conditions.

It was thus arranged that they should take their departure the following morning at an early hour, so as to be able to reach the frontier the same evening.

This settled, Ahmet wrote a long letter to the address of Selim the banker: a letter which naturally commenced with the words, "Dear Amasia." To her he related the various incidents of the journey: what had happened at Poti, why he had been separated from his uncle, how he hoped to rejoin him. He added that their return would be in no way retarded by this adventure: that he knew very well how to make both men and animals "step out," to accomplish the remainder of the journey in the shortest possible time. So he suggested that she should proceed with her father and Nedjeb to Scutari on the day fixed, or indeed, a little sooner, so that their meeting should not fail.

This letter—in which Ahmet scattered broadcast the most tender phrases and compliments—was intended to go by the regular mail-steamer next day. In eight-and-forty hours it would reach its destination, be opened and read—perhaps pressed to Amasia's heart, which Ahmet believed he could hear beating across the Black Sea. The fact being that the young lovers were at that time farther apart than at any other

period of the journey—at the ends of an immense ellipse as it were, whose curves must be followed ere the young people could meet again.

Now while Ahmet was writing to console Amasia, what was Van Mitten doing?

The Dutchman, having dined at the hotel, was walking about the streets of Poti with curiosity—under the trees of the Central Garden, along the quays and piers, which were in course of construction. But he was alone. Bruno, this time, did not accompany him.

But why did Bruno not go with his master, free to make respectful but just observations upon the complications of the present and the chances of the future?

Because Bruno had an idea. If there were no carriages of any kind in Poti, he might, perhaps, find a pair of scales. For this emaciated Dutchman it was now or never to compare his actual weight with his former figure.

So Bruno had quitted the hotel, taking care to carry with him his master's "guide," which gave him in Tartar pounds the value of the Russian weights and measures, with which he was unacquainted.

On the quays of a maritime town, near the custom house, there are always some large scales in which a man can ascertain his weight at his leisure.

Bruno had no misgivings on the subject. In consideration of a few kopecks the proprietor of the scales made no objection to the lad's fancy. They placed a considerable weight in the one scale, and Bruno, not without secret misgivings, ascended into the other.

To his great disgust the latter remained upon the ground, and Bruno, notwithstanding his efforts, could not move the scale.

"The devil!" he muttered, "this is as I feared."

Then a less weight was substituted, but the scale remained as immovable as before.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Bruno, who felt all the blood rushing to his heart.

At that moment his gaze fell upon a

pleasant face, which appeared quite benevolent in its regard.

"My master!" exclaimed Bruno.

It was Van Mitten, sure enough; who, by the chances of his promenade, had been led to the quay precisely at the time when his servant was undergoing the weighing operation.

"You here, sir!" said Bruno.

"Yes, myself," replied Van Mitten. "I see you are in the act of——"

"Of weighing myself, sir. Yes."

"And what is the result of the operation?"

"The result is that I do not know whether there are any weights light enough to weigh me!"

Bruno made this reply with such a dolorous expression of countenance that the plaint went direct to the heart of Van Mitten.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Have you grown so thin since you left home, my poor Bruno?"

"You may judge for yourself, sir," replied the man.

Then a third weight, less than the previous one, was placed in the scale.

This time Bruno, by slow degrees, managed to tip the scales, and put them *in equilibrio* on the horizontal beam.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "But what is such a weight as that?"

"Yes, what is that weight?" asked Van Mitten.

It was exactly, in Russian measure, four pounds, neither more nor less.

Van Mitten immediately took the guide-book, which Bruno still retained, and referred to the tables of weights and measures of the various nationalities.

"Well, sir?" asked Bruno, who was a prey to curiosity mingled with a kind of agonized feeling. "What is the value of the Russian pound weight?"

"About sixteen and a half Dutch '*pounds*,'" replied Van Mitten, after a little mental arithmetic.*

"And that amounts to——?"

* M. Van Mitten must be wrong. He meant about $18\frac{1}{2}$ "*pounds*," we presume; $16\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ gives only 66 *pounds*, not 75 $\frac{1}{2}$.—TRANSLATOR.

"That makes exactly seventy-five and a half *pounds*, or one hundred and fifty-one pounds."

Bruno uttered a cry of despair and suddenly leaped from the scale, the other platform of which fell heavily to the ground, and he fell upon a bench half fainting.

"One hundred and fifty-one pounds!" he repeated, as if he had lost a considerable slice of his existence.

In fact, at his departure from home, Bruno had weighed eighty-four *pounds*, or one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. Now he weighed only seventy-five and a half *pounds*, or one hundred and fifty-one pounds. He had then lost seventeen pounds in twenty-six days of comparatively easy travelling without any great privations or fatigue. And now that the evil had begun where was it to stop? What would become of the stoutness which Bruno was hoping to possess, which had taken him twenty years to gain, thanks to his observance of a well calculated treatment? How would he now fall away from the honourable condition in which he had formerly maintained himself, particularly at the present juncture, when, for want of a carriage travelling through a country without supplies, in daily threatening fatigues and dangers, this absurd journey was about to be continued under new and less favourable conditions?

That was the question which the anxious servant of Van Mitten kept asking himself. He pictured to himself, in a rapid glance into the probable future, terrible eventualities, in the midst of which appeared a quite unrecognizable Bruno reduced to a perambulating skeleton.

So he made up his mind without a moment's hesitation. He rose, and dragging away his master who had not the strength to resist him, stopped him on the quay before entering the hotel.

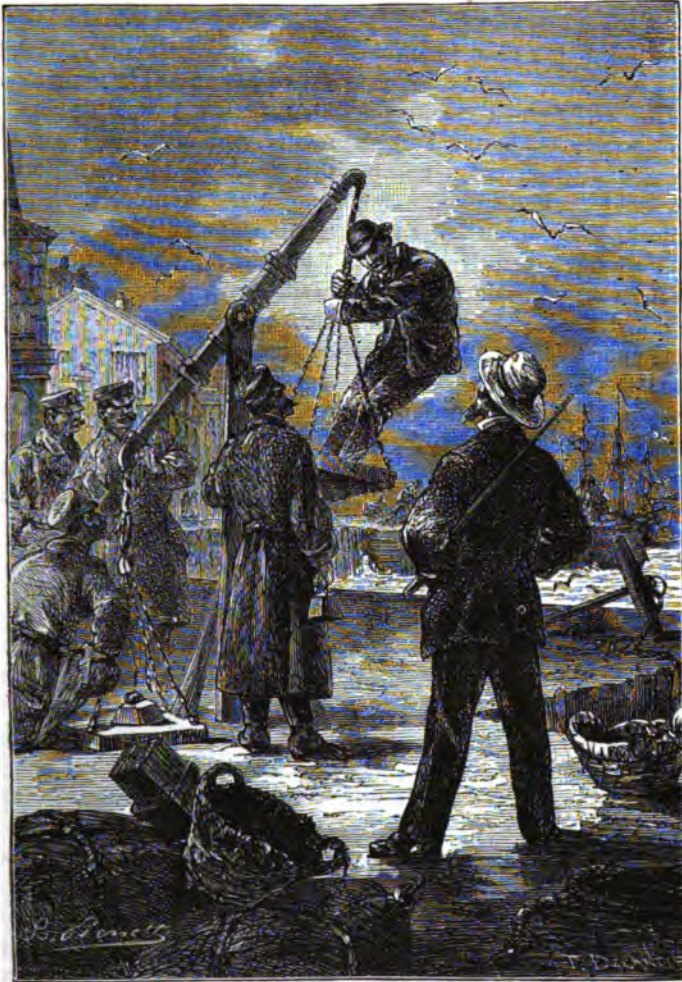
"Master," he said, "there are limits to everything, even to human folly. We will go no farther."

Van Mitten received this statement with his usual placidity, from which nothing could move him.

"What do you mean Bruno? Do you intend us to stay for ever in this corner of the Caucasus?"

"No, sir, no. I merely would suggest

that we leave Seigneur Kéraban to return as he pleases to Constantinople, while we go back in one of the steamers from Poti. The sea does not disagree with you nor me, and



"Weighing myself, sir; yes," said Bruno.

I run no risk of becoming thinner, a contingency which will certainly happen if I continue to travel under present conditions."

"The idea is perhaps wise from your point of view, Bruno," said Van Mitten, "but with me it is different. It requires some consideration before I can abandon my friend Kéraban after three parts of his journey have been accomplished."

"Seigneur Kéraban is no longer your

friend," replied Bruno. "He is the friend of Seigneur Kéraban—that is all! Besides, he is not and cannot be my friend, and I will not sacrifice what little stoutness I still possess for his caprices. Three quarters of the journey accomplished, you say! That is true; but the fourth quarter seems to me to present many more difficulties in crossing this savage country. That nothing personally disagreeable to you may occur, I grant;

but I repeat—if you will insist on going—take care; something unfortunate will eventuate!”

The insistence of Bruno, that something serious would happen, had its effect upon Van Mitten. The suggestions of his faithful servant had some, if not a great, influence. Indeed the contemplated journey beyond the Russian frontier, through the district almost entirely uncontrolled by the Turkish government, was one which could not be undertaken without consideration. So, being rather weak, Van Mitten felt somewhat shaken; Bruno, perceiving this, redoubled his efforts. He added a most convincing argument, by showing how loosely his clothes hung upon him around his waist, which was growing smaller daily. Insinuating, persuasive, even eloquent under the domination of profound conviction, he induced his master to share his ideas and to see the necessity to separate himself somehow or other from his friend Kéraban.

Van Mitten was reflecting: He nodded his head in the right places; and, when this serious conversation was finished, he was only restrained by the fear of having a discussion on the subject with his incorrigible travelling companion.

“Well,” said Bruno, who had combated all objections, “the circumstances are favourable. Since Seigneur Kéraban is no longer present, let us take French leave of him, and leave his nephew Ahmet to meet him at the frontier.”

Van Mitten shook his head.

“There is only one obstacle to that;” he said.

“That is?” enquired Bruno.

“Because I left Constantinople with very little money, and now my purse is empty!”

“Can you not procure sufficient from the bank at Constantinople?” said Bruno.

“No; that is impossible. The deposit has not yet arrived from Rotterdam.”

“So, to obtain the necessary money for our return——?” asked Bruno.

“We must address ourselves to my friend Kéraban,” replied Van Mitten.

This reply by no means re-assured Bruno.

If his master once met Kéraban again and mentioned the project, there would be a discussion, in which Van Mitten would come off second best. But what was to be done? Should they speak to Ahmet? No, decidedly. Ahmet would never supply them with means to desert his uncle. There was no use in thinking of that.

At length it was decided between the master and man, after a long discussion, that they would leave Poti in Ahmet's company, and proceed to rejoin Kéraban on the Turko-Russian frontier. There Van Mitten, under a pretext of failing health, and in view of the fatigue in prospect, would declare that he could not continue the journey. Under such circumstances, his friend Kéraban would never refuse to lend him the necessary funds to enable him to reach Constantinople by sea.

“No matter,” thought Bruno, “a conversation between my master and Seigneur Kéraban on this subject, will, nevertheless, be a serious one.”

They then returned to the hotel where Ahmet was awaiting them. They said nothing to him of their projects, for he would have endeavoured to combat them. They dined and slept. Van Mitten dreamed that Kéraban was chopping him into mince-meat. They awoke early next morning and found four horses at the door ready to “devour space.”

Bruno was a curious spectacle while he was attempting to mount his steed. This was a new grievance against Kéraban. But there were no other means of travelling, and so Bruno was obliged to resign himself to the inevitable. Fortunately, his horse was an old hack, incapable of misconducting himself, and easy to manage. Van Mitten's and Nizib's steeds likewise were not formidable animals. Ahmet only rode a spirited horse; but, as he was quite at home in the saddle, he had no other anxiety than to moderate his pace so as not to distance his companions on the journey.

They quitted Poti at five o'clock in the morning. At eight they took their first breakfast at the village of Nikolaja,

after a ride of thirty versts; a second breakfast at Kintrysehi, fifteen versts farther on about eleven o'clock; and, towards two o'clock in the afternoon, Ahmet, after a

stage of twenty versts more, halted at Batoum in that part of northern Lazistan which belongs to the Muscovite empire.

This was formerly a Turkish port, very



"Bruno was a curious spectacle."

conveniently situated at the mouth of the Tchorock, the Bathys of the ancients. It is very unfortunate that the Turks have lost it, for the harbour contains excellent anchorage for a number of ships even of great draught. The town is simply an important bazaar, which lines the principal street. But the hand of Russia is being extended slowly over all the Transcaucasian regions; and it has seized Batoum, as it will

seize, eventually, the farther limits of Lazistan.

There Ahmet was not quite so much at home as he had been in the place some years before. It was necessary to pass Güméh, at the mouth of the river, and at twenty versts from Batoum, the town of Makrialos, to attain the frontier, ten versts further on.

In this place, by the wayside, a man was

waiting under the scarcely paternal observation of a party of Cossacks. This individual's feet were placed at the very limit of Ottoman territory, and he was in a state of fury more easy to imagine than to describe.

The man was Seigneur Kéraban. It was six o'clock P.M., and since the midnight previous—the precise moment at which he had been ejected from Russian territory—Kéraban had been in a towering rage.

A wretched hut, badly furnished and miserably supplied, had been his only shelter, or rather his only place of refuge.

Half a verst away Ahmet and Van Mitten had respectively perceived their uncle and friend; and, pressing their horses, dismounted near him.

Seigneur Kéraban was just then pacing up and down, gesticulating, and talking to himself since no one took any notice of him, and he did not appear to see his friends approaching.

"Uncle!" exclaimed Ahmet, extending his arms. Nizib and Bruno took care of the horses.

"My friend!" cried Van Mitten.

Kéraban seized the hands of both; and, indicating the Cossacks, who were still patrolling the road, he exclaimed—

"On a railway! Those wretches actually compelled me to travel in a train! I, I!"

Evidently he had been reduced to that mode of locomotion, so unworthy of a true Turk, and the indignity had excited in the breast of Seigneur Kéraban the most violent indignation. No! he would never put up with that. His meeting with Seigneur Saffar, his quarrel with that insolent personage and its consequences, the breaking down of the post-chaise—the obstacles to the continuation of the journey: he forgot all these in face of the one great enormity! He had been in a railway carriage! He! a true Believer of the old school!

"Yes, it *is* an insult," replied Ahmet, who thought it best not to contradict his uncle under such circumstances.

"Yes, an insult indeed," added Van

Mitten. "But after all, friend Kéraban, nothing serious has happened to you."

"Ah! you had better mind what you are saying, Monsieur Van Mitten," cried Kéraban. "Nothing serious, say you?"

Ahmet made a sign to the Dutchman to warn him that he was on the wrong tack. His old friend had addressed him as "Monsieur Van Mitten," and was continuing—

"Just tell me what you mean by those indefensible words 'nothing serious!'"

"I meant, friend Kéraban, any of the usual accidents which happen on railways—neither derailment, nor break-down, nor collision——"

"Monsieur Van Mitten, it were better to have run off the line," exclaimed Kéraban. "Yes, by Allah! better to have run off the line; to have broken an arm, a leg, or even my head, than to have put up with such an indignity—do you hear?"

"You may readily believe, friend Kéraban," continued Van Mitten, who did not know how to palliate his unfortunate words, "you may believe——"

"It does not matter what *I* may believe," interrupted Kéraban, walking up to the Dutchman, "but what *you* believe! It is a question of how you regard what has happened to a man who for thirty years has believed himself your friend."

Ahmet was anxious to change the conversation of which the evident result had been to make matters worse.

"Uncle," he said, "I can assure you, you have quite misunderstood M. Van Mitten."

"Really!"

"Or rather M. Van Mitten has not expressed himself clearly. He, quite as much as I do, resents with the greatest indignation the treatment which those confounded Cossacks have inflicted upon you."

Fortunately all this conversation was carried on in the Turkish language, and the "confounded Cossacks" did not understand a word of it.

"But really, uncle, it is to another person you must attribute all that has happened.



"STANDING ON THE VERY LIMIT OF OTTOMAN TERRITORY."—P. 32

Another is responsible for all this ; and he is that impudent individual who obstructed your crossing the railway at Poti—Seigneur Saffar !”

“ Yes, that Saffar !” exclaimed Kéraban, very opportunely put on this new trail by his nephew.

“ A thousand times yes—that Saffar !”



Kéraban indulged himself with a last menace.

added Van Mitten, hastily. “ He was the fellow I wished to speak of, friend Kéraban.”

“ The infamous Saffar !” said Kéraban.

“ The infamous Saffar !” repeated Van Mitten, putting himself in accord with his companion.

He would have employed even a more forcible epithet, had it occurred to him.

“ If we ever meet him again ”—said Ahmet.

NO. XXXVII.

“ And cannot we return to Poti to pay him out for his insolence,” cried Kéraban ; “ to pick a quarrel with him, to tear his heart from his body, to hand him over to the executioner——?”

“ To cause him to be impaled !” added Van Mitten, who adopted a ferocious tone, in order to preserve harmony.

This suggestion, so very Turkish, was successful in compromising matters, and

gained for Van Mitten a grasp of his friend's hand.

"Uncle," said Ahmet, "it would be no use to return in pursuit of this Saffar now."

"Why, nephew?"

"Because he is no longer in Poti," replied Ahmet. "When we arrived there he had already embarked in the coasting packet, which skirts the shore of Asia Minor."

"The shore of Asia Minor—But our way lies along the coast!"

"Quite so, uncle."

"Well, then," exclaimed Kéraban, "if this infamous Saffar comes in my way—*Vallah billah tillah*—woe betide him!"

After pronouncing this formula, which is the sacred oath, Seigneur Kéraban could add nothing more terrible, and he was silent accordingly.

But how were they to travel now that they had no carriage? It was obviously useless to propose a journey on horseback to Seigneur Kéraban. His stoutness precluded any such suggestion. If he would suffer from riding, the horse would also have a bad time of it; and so it was arranged that they should all proceed to Choppa, the nearest town—which was not far off—and Kéraban could walk so far as that. Bruno also preferred to walk, as he could no longer sit his horse.

"And about that request for money you were going to make?" said he to his master, aside.

"At Choppa," replied Van Mitten; but it was not without considerable trepidation that he perceived the moment approaching when he must touch upon such a delicate topic.

Soon afterwards the travellers descended the gently sloping road which skirts the littoral of Lazistan.

Seigneur Kéraban turned round to indulge himself with a last shake of his clenched hand towards the Cossacks, who had so very rudely carried him—him!—in a railway carriage; and then a curve in the road hid the Russian frontier from sight of the travellers.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH VAN MITTEN DECIDES TO YIELD TO THE IMPORTUNITIES OF BRUNO; AND WHAT CAME OF HIS COMPLIANCE.

"A CURIOUS country," writes Van Mitten in his note-book, as he hastily jotted down some random impressions of the journey. "The women work in the fields and carry burthens, while the men spin flax and knit in wool."

The worthy Dutchman was not mistaken: such are still the customs in the distant province of Lazistan, where the second portion of the journey was commenced.

It is still a little-known country, this territory which extends from the Caucasian frontier; this portion of Turkish Armenia comprised between the valleys of the Charchout of the Tschorock, and the shore of the Black Sea. Few travellers, since the Frenchman M. Deyralles, have ventured across these districts of the pachalik of Trebizond, between the mountains which extend in an irregular manner, from the coast to the Lake Van, and embrace Erzeroum, the capital of Armenia, the chief place of a district which includes more than twelve hundred thousand inhabitants.

Nevertheless, this country has witnessed many grand historical events. When quitting the plains in which the two branches of the Euphrates rise, Xenophon and his Ten Thousand retreated before the armies of Artaxerxes Mnemon, and reached the banks of the Phasis. This Phasis is not the so-called Rion, which flows into the sea at Poti, but the Kour, which comes down from the Caucasian region, and not far from the province of Lazistan, across which Seigneur Kéraban and his companions were about to travel.

Ah! if Van Mitten had only had time, what precious observations he might have made, and which are now all lost for the erudite Hollanders! And why should he not have discovered the precise spot on which Xenophon, general, historian, and

philosopher, gave battle to the Taochians and Chalybians when quitting the country of the Charduchians; and the mount Chenion, on which the Greeks welcomed, with loud acclamations, the appearance of the long-wished-for fleet in the Black Sea?

But Van Mitten had no time to see nor to study; or, rather, they did not give him time. And then Bruno returned to the charge concerning the loan from Kéraban, in order that they might separate from him.

"At Choppa," was Van Mitten's invariable reply.

So they all journeyed towards Choppa. But should they then find some means of proceeding—some vehicle which would replace the comfortable chaise that had been broken at Poti?

The situation was sufficiently grave. The travellers had still 240 leagues to traverse in seventeen days only. It was on the 30th of that month that Kéraban was due at home. It was on that day that Ahmet hoped to find in the villa at Scutari the youthful Amasia, who was waiting for the celebration of their marriage. One can quite understand then that both uncle and nephew were equally impatient; and on this account they were greatly embarrassed as to the means by which the second portion of the journey was to be accomplished.

It was not to be expected that they would find a post-chaise or even an ordinary carriage in the out-of-the-way towns of Asia Minor. Their only chance was to make use of one of the vehicles of the country, which are of a most rudimentary kind.

Under these circumstances, silent and pensive, Seigneur Kéraban proceeded along the coast-road on foot, Bruno also leading his own and his master's horses by the bridle, for Van Mitten preferred to walk beside his friend. Nizib was mounted, and rode in front. Ahmet had already hurried on in advance, so as to prepare the lodgings at Choppa, and to make enquiries concerning a carriage, so that the journey could be continued at sunrise next day.

The road was followed slowly and in

silence. Kéraban smothered the anger which was burning within him, but it was every now and then manifested by such exclamations as, "Cossacks!" "railway!" "waggon!" "Saffar!" Van Mitten longed to converse with him upon the idea of the projected separation, but he did not dare—not thinking the time favourable in the state of mind in which his friend was, for the least suggestion would have upset him.

They reached Choppa at 9 o'clock in the evening. This stage accomplished on foot necessitated a night's rest. The inn was second-rate, but fatigue made amends for want of accommodation, and the four travellers all slept for ten hours consecutively, while Ahmet that very evening set off into the country to procure a vehicle.

Next day, 14th September, at seven o'clock A.M., an *araba*, already horsed, was standing ready at the door of the inn.

Ah! how they regretted the old post-chaise, now replaced by a kind of rough cart on two wheels, and in which there was scarcely room for three persons! Two horses would not be one too many to drag such a heavy vehicle. Ahmet had fortunately been able to procure a waterproof awning, stretched upon a wooden framing, so as to protect the occupants from wind and rain. They were obliged to put up with this *araba*, pending better accommodation, but it was improbable that they would find better before they reached Trebizond.

One can easily understand how, at the sight of this rough cart, Van Mitten, philosophical as he was, and Bruno, absolutely knocked up, could neither of them repress a grimace, which, at a look of Kéraban's, disappeared in an instant.

"That is the only conveyance I could find, uncle;" said Ahmet.

"It is all that is necessary," replied Kéraban, who for the world would not have permitted anyone to perceive the shadow of a regret for the excellent post-chaise.

"Yes," replied Ahmet, "with a good litter of straw in this *araba*——"

"We shall feel like princes, nephew," interrupted Kéraban.

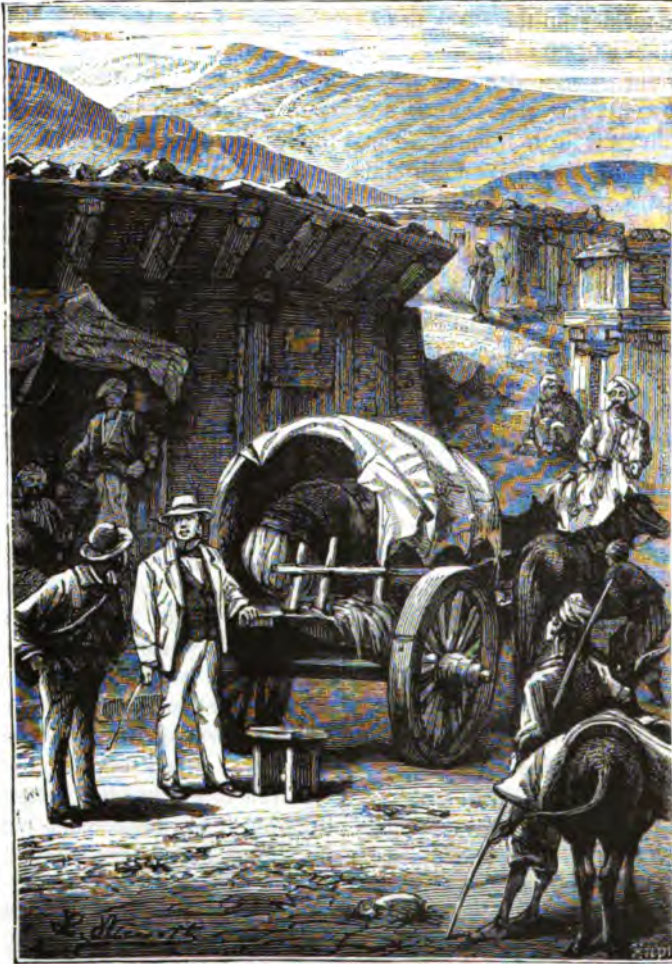
"Theatrical princes!" muttered Bruno.

"Eh?" said Kéraban.

"Besides," continued Ahmet, "we are only sixty leagues from Trebizond, and

there, I am assured, we shall find a much more comfortable mode of conveyance."

"I tell you this will do very well," said Kéraban, with a warning frown, as if he



"So we are going to ride in that thing?"

suspected his companions of some meditated contradiction.

But everyone, crushed by this formidable glance, preserved a passive demeanour.

So it was arranged that Kéraban, Van Mitten, and Bruno should occupy the *araba*, one of the horses being ridden by the postillion, who had charge of the relay, after each stage. Ahmet and Nizib, who were accustomed to ride, followed on

horseback. By these means they hoped to reach Trebizond without much delay. Thence they determined to finish the journey in the quickest and most comfortable manner possible.

Then Seigneur Kéraban gave the signal for departure, after the *araba* had been furnished with provisions, &c., not forgetting the two *narghilés*, fortunately saved from the collision, carried by their respective

owners. The towns in this portion of the littoral are not far apart. They are rarely more than four or five leagues distant from each other. So the travellers could easily repose or replenish their stores—supposing that the impatient Ahmet would consent to accord them a few hours' rest, and that the villages had sufficient store of provisions.

"*En route!*" repeated Ahmet after his uncle, who had already taken his place in the *araba*.

At this moment Bruno approached his master, and in a grave but almost imperious tone said:—

"How about that proposition you have to make to Seigneur Kéraban?"

"I have not yet had the opportunity," replied Van Mitten evasively. "Besides, he does not appear to me very well disposed to——"

"So we are going to ride in that thing?" continued Bruno, indicating the *araba* with a gesture of contempt impossible to describe.

"Yes, for the present."

"But when do you intend to ask for the money which will ensure our liberty?"

"At the next town."

"At the next town?"

"Yes: at Archawa."

Bruno shook his head in disapprobation and seated himself in the *araba* behind his master. Then the heavy conveyance proceeded at a fair pace along the slopes of the coast-road.

The weather was not all that could be wished. Stormy-looking clouds were massed

in the west and held out threats of disturbances beyond the horizon. This portion of the road, swept by the winds, is not an easy route to follow; but one cannot command the weather, and the faithful fatalists of Mahomet know how to "take things as they come" better than all other people. In any case there was reason to fear that the Black Sea would not justify its classic name of *Pontus Euxinus* or "well-disposed," but rather the Turkish name of *Kara Dequitz*, which is of less fair augury.

Very fortunately the route no longer crossed the elevated and hilly regions of Lazistan. There roads were entirely wanting, and one cannot venture into the forests without axes to clear the way. The passage of an *araba* would be well-nigh impossible to accomplish. But the coast-road was much more practicable, and there was no failure in the path from one town to another. The route curved amid fruit-trees under the shade of nut-bushes and chestnut-trees, amid clumps of laurels and Alpine roses intertwined by the inextricable tendrils of the wild vines.

But if this side of Lazistan offers a safe road to travellers, it is not remarkable for its sanitary condition in the low districts. There pestilent marshes extend: endemic typhus reigns from May until August. Fortunately it was now September, and the travellers ran no risk. Fatigue they would encounter; diseases, no. But if they could not always keep well they could always rest! And when the most headstrong of Turks reasoned thus his companions had no answer to make.

(To be continued.)

FOR NAME AND FAME;

A TALE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

By G. A. HENTY.

Author of "Out with Clive;" "Facing Death;" "By Sheer Pluck;" "Under Drake's Flag;"
 "The Young Buglers;" "Cornet of Horse;" "Friends, though Divided," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.



"Y poor pets!" a lady exclaimed, sorrowfully; "it is too bad. They all knew me so well, and ran to meet me when they saw me coming, and seemed really pleased to see me even when I had no food to give them."

"Which was not often, my dear," Captain Ripon, her husband, said. "However, it is, as you say, too bad, and I will bring the fellow to justice if I can. There are twelve prize fowls worth a couple of guineas apiece, not to mention the fact of their being pets of yours, stolen, probably by tramps, who will eat them, and for whom the commonest barndoor chickens would have done as well. There are marks of blood in two or three places, so they have evidently been killed for food. The house was locked up last night all right, for you see they got in by breaking in a panel of the door. Robson, run down to the village at once, and tell the policeman to come up here, and ask if any gipsies or tramps have been seen in the neighbourhood."

The village lay at the gate of Captain Ripon's park, and the gardener soon returned with the policeman.

"I've heard say there are some gipsies camped on Netherwood Common, four miles away," that functionary said in answer to Captain Ripon.

"Put the grey mare in the dog-cart, Sam; we will drive over at once, they will hardly expect us so soon. We will pick up another policeman at Netherwood; they may show fight if we are not in strength."

Five minutes later, Captain Ripon was travelling along the road at the rate of twelve miles an hour, with Sam by his side, and the policeman sitting behind. At Netherwood they took up another policeman, and a few minutes later drove up to the gipsy encampment.

There was a slight stir when they were seen approaching, and then the gipsies went on with their usual work, the women weaving baskets from osiers, the men cutting up gorse into skewers. There were four low tents, and a waggon stood near, a bony horse grazing on the common.

"Now," Captain Ripon said, "I am a magistrate, and I daresay you know what I have come for. My fowl-house has been broken open, and some valuable fowls stolen. Now, policeman, look about and see if you can find any traces of them."

The gipsies rose to their feet with angry gestures.

"Why do you come to us?" one of the men said. "When a fowl is stolen, you always suspect us, as if there were no other thieves in the world."

"There are plenty of other thieves, my friend, and we shall not interfere with you if we find nothing suspicious."

"There have been some fowls plucked here," one of the policeman said; "here is a little feather," and he showed one of only half an inch in length; "and there is another on that woman's hair. They have cleaned them up nicely enough, but it aint easy to pick up every feather. I'll be bound we find a fowl in the pot."

Two of the gipsies leapt forward, stick in hand; but the oldest man present

said a word or two to them in their own dialect.

"You may look in the pot," he said, turning to Captain Ripon, "and may be you will find a fowl there with other things; we bought 'em at the market at Hunston yesterday."

The policeman lifted the lid off the great pot which was hanging over the fire, and stirred up the contents with a stick.

"There's rabbits here, two or three of them, I should say; and a fowl, perhaps two, but they are cut up."

"I cannot swear to that," Captain Ripon said, examining the portions of fowl, "though the plumpness of the breasts and the size show that they are not ordinary fowls." He looked round again at the tents. "But I can pretty well swear to this," he said, as he stooped and picked up a feather which lay half concealed between the edge of one of the tents and the grass. "This is a breast-feather of a spangled dorking. These are not birds which would be sold for eating in Hunston market, and it will be for them to show where they got it from."

A smothered oath broke from one or two of the men. The elder signed to them to be quiet. "That's not proof," he said insolently. "You can't convict five men because the feather of a fowl which you cannot swear to is found in their camp."

"No," Captain Ripon said quietly. "I do not want to convict anyone but the thief, but the proof is sufficient for taking you in custody, and we shall find out which was the guilty man afterwards. Now, lads, it will be worse for you if you make trouble. Constables, take them up to Mr. Bailey; he lives half a mile away. Fortunately, we have means of proving which is the fellow concerned. Now, Sam, you and I will go up with the Netherwood constable to Mr. Bailey, and do you," he said to the other policeman, "keep a sharp watch over these women. You say you can find nothing in the tents, but it is likely the other fowls are hid not far off, and I will put all the boys of the village to search when I come back."

The gipsies, with sullen faces, accompanied Captain Ripon and the policeman to the magistrate's.

"Is that feather the only proof you have, Ripon?" Mr. Bailey asked, when the captain had given his evidence. "I do not think that it will be enough to convict, if unsupported; besides, you cannot bring it home to any one of them. But it is sufficient for me to have them locked up for twenty-four hours, and, in the meantime, you may find the other fowls."

"But I have means of identification," Captain Ripon said. "There is a footmark in some earth at the fowl-house door. It is made by a boot which has got hobnails and a horse-shoe heel, and a piece of that heel has been broken off. Now, which of these men has got such a boot on? Whichever has, he is the man." There was a sudden movement among the accused.

"It's of no use," one of them said, when the policeman approached to examine their boots. "I'm the man, I'll admit it. I can't get over the boot," and he held up his right foot.

"That is the boot, sir," the constable exclaimed; "I can swear that it will fit the impression exactly."

"Very well," the magistrate said. "Constable, take that man to the lock-up, and bring him before the bench to-morrow for final committal for trial. There is no evidence against the other four. They can go."

With surly threatening faces the men left the room, while the constable placed handcuffs on the prisoner.

"Constable," Mr. Bailey said, "you had better not put this man in the village lock-up. The place is of no great strength, and his comrades would as likely as not get him out to-night. Put him in my dog-cart, my groom shall drive you over to Hunston."

Captain Ripon returned with his groom to Netherwood, and set all the children searching the gorse, copses, and hedges near the common, by the promise of ten shillings reward if they found the missing fowls.

Half an hour later the gipsies struck their tents, loaded the van, and went off.

Late that afternoon the ten missing fowls were discovered in a small copse by the way-side, half a mile from the common on the road to Captain Ripon's park.

"I cannot bring your fowls back to life, Emma," that gentleman said when he returned home, "but I have got the thief. It was one of the gipsies on Netherwood Common. We found two of the fowls in their pot. No doubt they thought that they would have plenty of time to get their dinner before any one came, even if suspicion fell on them; and they have hidden the rest away somewhere, but I expect that we shall find them. They had burnt all the feathers, as they thought; but I found a breast-feather of a spangled dorking, and that was enough for me to give them in custody. Then, when it came to the question of boots, the thief found it no good to deny it any longer."

That evening Captain Ripon was told that a woman wished to speak to him, and on going out into the hall he saw a gipsy of some thirty years of age.

"I have come, sir, to beg you not to appear against my husband."

"But, my good woman, I see no reason why I should not do so. If he had only stolen a couple of common fowls for a sick wife or child, I might have been inclined to overlook it, for I am not fond of sending men to prison; but to steal a dozen valuable fowls for the pot, is a little too much. Besides the matter has gone too far now for me to retract, even if I wished to, which I certainly do not."

"He is a good husband, sir."

"He maybe," Captain Ripon said, "though that black eye you have got does not speak in his favour, but that has nothing to do with it. Matters must take their course."

The woman changed her tone.

"I have asked you fairly, sir; and it will be better for you if you don't prosecute Reuben."

"Oh, nonsense, my good woman. Don't let me have any threats, or it will be worse for you."

"I tell you," the woman said fiercely, "it

will be the worse for you if you appear against my Reuben."

"There, go out," Captain Ripon said, opening the front door of the hall, "as if I cared for your ridiculous threats. Your husband will get what he deserves: five years, if I am not mistaken."

"You will repent this," the gipsy said as she passed out.

Captain Ripon closed the door after her without a word.

"Well, who was it?" his wife inquired when he returned to the drawing-room.

"An insolent gipsy woman, wife of the man who stole the fowls. She had the impudence to threaten me if I appeared against him."

"Oh, Robert!" the young wife exclaimed apprehensively, "what could she do? Perhaps you had better not appear."

"Nonsense, my dear," her husband laughed. "Not appear because an impudent gipsy woman has threatened me? A nice magistrate I should be! Why, half the fellows who are committed swear that they will pay off the magistrate some day, but nothing ever comes of it. Here we have been married six months, and you are wanting me to neglect my duty, especially when it is your pet fowls which have been stolen. Why, at the worst, my dear," he went on, seeing that his wife still looked pale, "they could burn down a rick or two on a windy night in winter; and to satisfy you, I will have an extra sharp look-out kept in that direction, and have a watch-dog chained up near them. Come, my love, it is not worth giving a second thought about, and I shall not tell you about my work on the bench, if you are going to take matters to heart like this."

The winter came and went, and the ricks were untouched, and Captain Ripon forgot all about the gipsy's threats. At the assizes, a previous conviction was proved against her husband, and he got five years' penal servitude, and after the trial was over, the matter passed out of the minds of both husband and wife. They had indeed other matters to think about; for soon after Christmas a

baby boy was born and monopolized the greater portion of his mother's thoughts. When in due time he was taken out for walks, the old women of the village, perhaps with an eye to presents from the Park, were unanimous in declaring that he was the finest boy ever seen, and the image both of his father and mother. He certainly was a fine baby, and his mother lamented sorely over the fact that he had a dark blood-mark about the size of a threepenny piece upon his shoulder. Her husband, however, consoled her by pointing out that, as it was a boy, the mark did not matter in the slightest; whereas, had it been a girl, the mark would have been a disfigurement when she attained to the dignified age at which low dresses are worn.

"Yes, of course, that would have been dreadful, Robert; still, you know, it is a pity."

"I really cannot see that it is even a pity, little woman; and it would have made no great difference if he had been spotted all over like a leopard, so that his face and arms were free; the only drawback would have been, he would have got some nickname or other, such as 'the Leopard,' or 'Spotty,' or something of that sort when he went to bathe with his school-fellows. But this little spot does not matter in the slightest. Some day or other Tom will laugh when I tell him what a fuss you made over it."

Mrs. Ripon was silenced, but although she said nothing more about it, she was grieved in her heart at this little blemish on her boy, and lamented that it would spoil his appearance when he began to run about in little short frocks, and she determined at once that he should wear long curls until he got into jackets.

Summer, autumn, and winter came and passed. In the spring Tom Ripon was toddling about, but he had not yet begun to talk, although his mother declared that certain incoherent sounds which he made were quite plain and distinct words; but her husband, while willing to allow that they might be perfectly intelligible to her,

intimated that to the male ear they in no way resembled words.

"But he ought to begin to talk, Robert," his wife urged. "He is sixteen months old now, and can run about quite well. He really ought to begin to talk."

"He will talk before long," her husband said carelessly. "Many children do not talk till they are eighteen months old, some not till they are two years. Besides, you say he does begin already."

"Yes, Robert, but not quite plainly."

"No, indeed, not plainly at all," her husband laughed. "Don't trouble, my dear, he will talk soon enough, and if he only talks as loud as he roars sometimes, you will regret the hurry you have been in about it."

"Oh, Robert, how can you talk so? I am sure he does not cry more than other children. Nurse says he is the best child she ever knew."

"Of course she does, my dear; nurses always do. But I don't say he roars more than other children. I only say he roars, and that loudly; so you need not be afraid of there being anything the matter with his tongue or his lungs. What fidgets you young mothers are, to be sure!"

"And what heartless things you young fathers are, to be sure," his wife retorted, laughing. "Men don't deserve to have children, they do not appreciate them one bit."

"We appreciate them in our way, little woman, but it is not a fussy way. We are content with them as they are, and are not in a fuss for them to run, or to walk, or to cut their first teeth. Tom is a fine little chap, and I am very fond of him in his way, principally, perhaps, because he is your Tom; but I cannot see that he is a prodigy."

"He is a prodigy," Mrs. Ripon said, with a little toss of her head, "and I shall go up to the nursery to admire him." So saying she walked off with dignity, and Captain Ripon went out to look at his horses, and thought to himself what a wonderful dispensation of providence it was that mothers were so fond of their babies.

"I don't know what the poor little beggars would do," he muttered, "if they had only their fathers to look after them; but I suppose we should take to it, just as the old goose in the yard has taken to that brood of chickens whose mother was carried off by the fox. By the way, I must order some wire-netting; I forgot to write for it yesterday."

Another two months. It was June; and now even Captain Ripon allowed that Tom could say "Pa" and "Ma" with tolerable distinctness, but as yet he had got no farther. He could now run about sturdily; and as the season was warm and bright, and Mrs. Ripon believed in fresh air, the child spent a considerable portion of his time in the garden. One day his mother was out with him, and he had been running about for some time. Mrs. Ripon was picking flowers, for she had a dinner-party that evening, and she enjoyed getting her flowers and arranging her vases herself. Presently she looked round, but Tom was missing. There were many clumps of ornamental shrubs on the lawn, and Mrs. Ripon thought nothing of his disappearance.

"Tom," she called, "come to mamma, she wants you," and went on with her work.

A minute or two passed.

"Where is that little pickle?" she said. "Hiding, I suppose," and she went off in search. Nowhere was Tom to be seen. She called loudly, and searched in the bushes.

"He must have gone up to the house. Oh, here comes nurse. Nurse, have you seen Master Tom? he has just run away," she called.

"No, ma'am, I have seen nothing of him."

"He must be about in the garden then, somewhere. Look about, nurse; where can the child have hidden itself?"

Nurse and mother ran about, calling loudly the name of the missing child. Five minutes later Mrs. Ripon ran into the study where her husband was going through his farm accounts.

"Oh, Robert," she said, "I can't find Tom," and she burst into tears.

"Not find Tom?" her husband said, rising in surprise. "Why, how long have you missed him?"

"He was out in the garden with me; I was picking flowers for the dinner-table, and when I looked round, he was gone. Nurse and I have been looking everywhere, and calling, but we cannot find him."

"Oh, he is all right," Captain Ripon said, cheerfully; "do not alarm yourself, little woman; he must have wandered into the shrubbery; we shall hear him howling directly. But I will come and look for him."

No better success attended Captain Ripon's search than that which his wife had met with. He looked anxious now. The gardeners and servants were called, and soon every place in the garden was ransacked.

"He must have got through the gate somehow into the Park," Captain Ripon said, hurrying in that direction. "He certainly is not in the garden or in any of the hothouses."

Some of the men had already gone in that direction. Presently Captain Ripon met one running back.

"I have been down to the gate, sir, and can see nothing of Master Tom; but in the middle of the drive, just by the clump of laurels by the gate, this boot was lying, just as if it had been put there on purpose to be seen."

"Nonsense!" Captain Ripon said. "What can that have to do with it?" Nevertheless, he took the boot, and looked at it. It was a roughly made heavy boot, such as would be worn by a labouring man. He was about to throw it carelessly aside, and to proceed on his search, when he happened to turn it over. Then he started as if struck, "Good Heaven!" he exclaimed, "it is the gipsy's." Yes, he remembered it now. The man had pleaded not guilty when brought up at the assizes, and the boot had been produced as evidence. He remembered it particularly because, after the man was sentenced, his wife had provoked a smile by asking that the boots might be given up to her in exchange for a better pair for her

husband to put on when discharged from prison. Yes, it was clear. The gipsy woman had kept her word, and had taken her revenge. She had stolen the child, and had placed the boot where it would attract attention, in order that the parents might know the hand that struck them. Instantly he ran to the stable, ordered the groom to mount at once, and scour every road and lane, while he himself rode off to Hunston to give notice to the police, and offer a large reward for the child's recovery.

He charged the man who had brought the boot to carry it away, and put it in a place of safety till it was required; and, on no account, to mention to a soul where he put it.

Before riding off, he ran in to his wife, who was half wild with grief, to tell her that he was going to search outside the park, and that she must keep up her spirits, for no doubt Tom would turn up all right in no time.

He admitted to himself, however, as he galloped away, that he was not altogether sure that Tom would be so speedily recovered. The woman would never have dared to place the boot on the road and so give a clue against herself, unless she felt very confident that she could get away or conceal herself.

"She has probably some hiding-place close by the park," he said to himself, "where she will lie hid till night, and will then make across country."

He paused at the village, and set the whole population at work by telling them that his child was missing, and had, he believed, been carried off by a gipsy woman; and that he would give fifty pounds to anyone who would find him. She could not be far off, as it was only about half-an-hour since the child had been missed.

Then he galloped to Hunston, set the police at work; and, going to a printer, told him instantly to set up and strike off placards offering five hundred pounds reward for the recovery of the child. This was to be done in an hour or two, and then

taken to the police station for distribution throughout the country round.

Having now done all in his power, Captain Ripon rode back as rapidly as he had come, in hopes that the child might already have been found.

No news had, however, been obtained of him, nor had any anyone seen any strange woman in the neighbourhood.

On reaching the house he found his wife prostrated with grief; and, in answer to her question, he thought it better to tell her about the discovery of the boot.

"We may be some little time before we find the boy," he said, "but we shall find him sooner or later. I have got placards out already, offering five hundred pounds reward; and this evening I will send advertisements to all the papers in this and the neighbouring counties. Do not fret, darling. The woman has done it out of spite, no doubt; but she will not risk putting her neck in a noose by harming the child. It is a terrible grief, but it will only be for a time, we are sure to find him before long."

Later in the evening, when Mrs. Ripon had somewhat recovered her composure, she said to her husband,—

"How strange are God's ways, Robert; how wicked and wrong in us to grumble. I was foolish enough to fret over that mark on the darling's neck, and now the thought of it is my greatest comfort. If it should be God's will that months or years should pass over before we find him, there is a sign by which we shall always know him. No other child can be palmed off upon us as our own; when we find Tom we shall know him however changed he may be!"

"Yes, dear," her husband said, "God is very good, and this trial may be sent us for the best. As you say, we can take comfort now from what we were disposed to think at the time a little cross. After that, dear, we may surely trust in God. That mark was placed there that we might know our boy again; and, were it not decreed that we should again see him, that mark would have been useless."

The thought, for a time, greatly cheered Mrs. Ripon; but gradually the hope that she should ever see her boy again faded away, and Captain Ripon became much alarmed at the manifest change in her health.

In spite of all Captain Ripon could do, no news was obtained of the gipsy or Tom. For weeks he rode about the country asking questions in every village, or hurried away to distant parts of England, where the police thought they had a clue.

It was all in vain. Every gipsy encampment in the kingdom was searched, but without avail; and even the police, sharp-eyed as they are, could not guess that the decent-looking Irishwoman, speaking—when she did speak, which was seldom, for she was a taciturn woman—with a strong brogue, working in a laundry in a small street in the Potteries, Notting Hill, was the gipsy they were looking for; or that the little boy, whose father she said was at sea, was the child for whose discovery a thousand pounds was continually advertised.

CHAPTER II.

IT was a bitterly cold night in January. The wind was roaring across the flats and fens of Cambridgeshire, driving tiny flakes of snow before it. But few people had been about all day, and those whose business compelled them to face the weather had hurried along muffled up to the chin. It was ten at night, and the porter and his wife at the workhouse at Ely had just gone to bed, when the woman exclaimed, "Sam, I hear a child crying."

"Oh, nonsense," the man replied, drawing the bed-clothes higher over his head, "it is the wind; it's been whistling all day."

The woman was silent but not convinced. Presently she sat up in bed. "I tell you, Sam, it's a child; don't you hear it, man? It's a child outside the gate. On such a night as this too. Get up, man, and see; if you won't I will go myself."

"Lie still, woman, it's all thy fancy."

"You are a fool, Sam Dickson," his wife said sharply. "Do you think I have lived to the age of forty-five, and don't know a child's cry when I hear it? Now are you going to get up, or am I?"

With much grumbling the porter turned out of bed, slipped on a pair of trousers and a great coat, took down the key from the wall, lighted a lantern, and went out. He opened the gate and looked out. There was nothing to be seen, and he was about to close the gate again with a curse on his wife's fancies, when a fresh cry broke on his ears. He hurried out now, and, directed by the voice, found lying near the gate a child wrapped in a dark-coloured shawl, which had prevented him from seeing it at his first glance. There was no one else in sight. The man lifted his lantern above his head, and gave a shout. There was no answer. Then he raised the child and carried it in, locked the door and entered the lodge.

"You are right, for once," he said. "Here is a child, and a pretty heavy one too. It has been deserted by some one, and a heartless creature she must have been, for in another half-hour it would have been frozen to death if you had not heard it."

The woman was out of bed now. "It is a boy," she said, opening the shawl, "about two years old, I should say. Don't cry, my boy, don't cry. It's half frozen, Sam. The best thing will be to put it into our bed, that has just got warm. I will warm it up a little milk. It's no use taking it into the ward to-night."

Ten minutes later the child was sound asleep, the porter, who was a good-natured man, having gone over to sleep in an empty bed in the house, leaving the child to share his wife's bed.

In the morning the foundling opened its eyes and looked round. Seeing everything strange it began to cry.

"Don't cry, dear," the woman said. "I will get you some nice breakfast directly."

The kindness of the tone at once pacified the child. It looked round.

"Where's mother?" he asked.

"I don't know, dear, we shall find her soon enough, no doubt; don't you fret."

The child did not seem inclined to fret; upon the contrary, he brightened up visibly.

"Will she beat Billy, when she comes back?"

"No, my dear, she shan't beat you. Does she often beat you?"

The child nodded its head several times emphatically.

"Then she's a bad lot," the woman said indignantly.

The child eat its breakfast contentedly and was then carried by the porter's wife to the master, who had already heard the circumstance of its entry.

"It's of no use asking such a baby whether it has any other name," he said, "of course it would not know. It had better go into the infants' ward; the guardians will settle what its name shall be. We will set the police at work, and try and find out something about its mother. It is a fine-looking little chap, and she must be either a thoroughly bad one, or terribly pressed, to desert it like this. Most likely it is a tramp, and in that case it's odds we shall never hear further about it. Any distinguishing mark on its clothes?"

"None at all, sir. It is poorly dressed, and seems to have been very bad treated; its skin is dirty, and its little back is black and blue with bruises; but it has a blood-mark on the neck, which will enable its mother to swear to it, if it's fifty years hence; but I don't suppose we shall ever hear of her again."

That afternoon, however, the news came that the body of a tramp had been found frozen to death in a ditch near the town. She had apparently lost her way, and when she had fallen in was so numbed and cold that she was unable to rise, and so had been drowned in the shallow water. When the master heard of it he sent for the porter's wife.

"Mrs. Dickson," he said, "you had better take that child down, and let it see the tramp they have found frozen to death.

The child is too young to be shocked at death, and will suppose she is asleep. But you will be able to see if he recognizes her."

There was no doubt as to the recognition. The child started in terror when he saw the woman lying in the shed into which she had been carried. It checked its first impulse to cry out, but struggled to get further off. "Moder asleep," he said in a whisper. "If she wake she beat Billy."

That was enough. The woman carried him back to the house. "She's his mother, sir, sure enough," she said to the master, "though how she should be, puzzles me. She is dressed in pretty decent clothes, but she is as dark as a gipsy, with black hair. This child is fair, with a skin as white as milk, now he is washed."

"I dare say he takes after his father," the master, who was a practical man, said. "I hear that there is no name on her things, no paper or other article which would identify her, in her pockets; but there is £2 12s. in her purse, so she was not absolutely in want. It will pay the parish for her funeral."

An hour later the guardians assembled, and upon hearing the circumstances of the new-comer's admission and the death of the tramp, they decided that the child should be entered in the books as "William Gale," the name being chosen with a reference to the weather during which he came into the house; and against his name a note was written to the effect that his mother, a tramp, name unknown, had, after leaving him at the door of the workhouse, been found frozen to death next day. William Gale grew and thrived. He was a quiet and contented child: accustomed to be shut up all day alone, while his mother was out washing, the companionship of other children in the workhouse was a pleasant novelty; and if the food was not such as a dainty child would fancy, it was at least as good as he had been accustomed to. The porter's wife continued to be the fast friend of the child whom she had saved from death. The fact that she had done so gave her an interest in it. Her own children were

out in service or at work in the fields, and the child was a pleasure to her. Scarce a day passed then that she would not go across the yard up to the infants' ward and bring Billy down to the lodge, where he would play contentedly by the hour, or sit watching her and sucking at a cake while she washed or prepared her husband's dinner.

Billy was seldom heard to cry. Perhaps he had wept all his stock of tears away before he entered the house ; he had seldom fits of bad temper, and was a really lovable child. Mrs. Dickson never wavered in the opinion she had first formed, that the dead tramp was not Billy's mother ; but as no one else agreed with her she kept her thoughts to herself. The years passed on and William Gale was now no longer in the infants' ward, but took his place in the boys' school. Here at once he showed an intelligence beyond that of the other boys of his own age. The hours which he had each day spent in the porter's lodge had not been wasted. The affection of the good woman had brightened his life, and he had none of the dull down-cast look so common among children in workhouses. She had encouraged him to talk and play, had taught him the alphabet and supplied him with an occasional picture-book with easy words ; indeed she devoted far more time to him than many mothers in her class of life can give to their children. The guardians, as they went in and out to board-meeting, would delight her by remarking :—

"That is really a fine little fellow, Mrs. Dickson ; he really does you credit. A fine sturdy independent little chap."

The child of course wore the regular uniform of workhouse children ; but Mrs. Dickson, who was handy with her needle, used to cut and alter the clothes to fit him ; and thus entirely changed their appearance.

"He looks like a gentleman's child," one of the guardians said one day.

"I believe he is a gentleman's child, sir. Look at his white skin ; see how upright he is, with his head far back as if he was somebody ; he is different altogether from

the run of them. I always said he came of good blood, and I shall say so to my dying day."

"It may be so, Mrs. Dickson ; but the woman who left him here, if I remember right, did not look as if she had any good blood in her."

"Not likely, sir. She never came by him honestly, I am sure ; I couldn't have believed she was his mother, not if she had sworn to it with her dying breath."

Mrs. Dickson's belief was not without influence upon the boy. When he was old enough to understand, she told him the circumstance of his having been found at the workhouse door, and of the discovery of the woman who had brought him there ; and impressed upon him her own strong conviction that this was not his mother.

"I believe, Billy," she said over and over again, "that your parents were gentlefolk. Now, mind, it does not make one bit of difference to you, for it aint likely you will ever hear of them. Still, please God, you may do so ; and it is for you to bear it in mind, and to act so as, if you were to meet them, they need not be ashamed of you. You have got to earn your living just like all the other boys here, but you can act right and straight and honourable. Never tell a lie, Billy ; not if it's to save yourself from being thrashed ever so much ; always speak out manful and straight, no matter what comes of it. Don't never use no bad words, work hard at your books and try to improve yourself. Keep it always before you, that you mean to be a good man and a gentleman some day ; and, mark my words, you will do it."

"You're spoiling that child," her husband would say, "filling his head with your ridiculous notions."

"No, I am not spoiling him, Sam, I'm doing him good. It will help keep him straight, if he thinks that he is of gentle blood and must not shame it. Why, the matron said only yesterday, she could not make him out, he was so different from other boys."

"More's the pity," grumbled the porter ; "it mayn't do him harm now—I don't say

as it does ; but when he leaves the house, he'll be above his work, and will be discontented and never keep a place."

"No, he won't," his wife asserted stoutly, although in her heart she feared that there was some risk of her teaching having that effect. So far, however, there could be no doubt that her teaching had been of great advantage to the boy, and his steadiness and diligence soon attracted the attention of the schoolmaster. Schoolmasters are always ready to help pupils forward who promise to be a credit to them, and William Gale's teacher was no exception. He was not a learned man, very far from it. He had been a grocer who had failed in business, and having no other resource had accepted the very small salary offered by the guardians of Ely workhouse, as the only means which presented itself of keeping out of one of the pauper wards of that institution. However, he was not a bad reader, and wrote an excellent hand. With books of geography and history before him he could make no blunders in his teaching, and although he might have been failing in method, he was not harsh or unkind ; and the boys, therefore, learned as much with him as they might have done with a more learned master of a harsher disposition. He soon recognised not only William's anxiety to learn, but the fearlessness and spirit with which he was always ready to own a fault and to bear its punishment. On several occasions he brought the boy before the notice of the guardians when they came round the school ; and when questions had to be asked before visitors, William Gale was always called up as the show boy. This prominence would have made him an object of dislike among the other lads of his own age, had it not been that William was a lively good-tempered boy ; and if, as sometimes happened on these occasions, a sixpence or shilling was slipped into his hand by some visitor who was taken by his frank open face and bright intelligent manner, it was always shared among his school-fellows. At one of the examinations, the wife of a guardian, who

was present with her husband, said on returning home—

"It must be very dull for those poor boys : I will pack up some of the boys' books and send them. Now they have gone to college they will never want them again, and they would make quite a library for the workhouse boys. There must be twenty or thirty of them at least."

If ladies could but know what brightness they can infuse into the lives of lads placed like these in Ely workhouse, by a simple act of kindness of this kind, there would not be an institution in the kingdom without a well-supplied library.

The gift infused a new life into the school. Hitherto the world outside had been a sealed book to the boys. They knew of no world save that included within the walls of the house. Their geography told them of other lands and people, but these were mere names until now. Among the books were "Robinson Crusoe," "Midshipman Easy," "Peter Simple," three or four of Cooper's Indian tales, Dana's "Life before the Mast," and several of Kingston's and Ballantyne's books. These opened a wonderland of life and adventure to the boys. The schoolmaster used to give them out at twelve o'clock, and they were returned at two when school re-commenced ; and only such boys as obtained full marks for their lessons were allowed to have them. In this way, instead of the "library" being a cause of idleness, as some of the guardians predicted when they heard of its presentation, it was an incentive to work. Certainly its perusal filled the minds of most of the boys with an intense longing to go to sea, but as there is always a demand for apprentices for the Yarmouth and Lowestoft smacks, the guardians did not disapprove of this bent being given to their wishes ; indeed, as no premium had to be paid with apprentices to smack-owners, while in most trades a premium is required, a preference was given to the sea by the guardians.

When William Gale reached the age of fifteen, and was brought before the board to choose the trade to which he would be

apprenticed, he at once said that he would go to sea. There were applications from several smack-masters for apprentices, and he, with the five other boys brought up with him, were all of one opinion in the matter.

"Mind, lads," the chairman said, "the life of an apprentice on board a North Sea smack is a hard one. You will get a great many more kicks than halfpence. It will be no use grumbling when you have once made your choice. It is a rough hard life, none rougher or harder. When you have served your time it will be open to you either to continue as smacksmen or to ship as seamen in sea-going ships. Sailors who hail from the eastern fishing ports are always regarded as amongst the best of our seamen. Still it is a rough life and a dangerous one; the hardest life on shore is easy in comparison. There is time to change your minds before you sign; when you have done so it will be too late. Are you all determined?"

None of them wavered. Their signatures were attached to the indentures, and they were told that the porter would take them to Yarmouth on the following day. William Gale obtained leave to spend his last evening at the porter's lodge, and there he talked very seriously with Mrs. Dickson over his future prospects.

"I know," he said, "from Dana's book, that the life is a very rough one, but that will not matter. A sailor, when he has been four years at sea, can pass his examination as a mate, and I mean to work hard and pass as soon as I can. I don't care how much I am knocked about, that's nothing; there's a good chance of getting on in the end."

"You will meet a great many bad boys, Bill; don't you let them lead you into their ways."

"Don't be afraid of that," he answered, "I won't do anything I should be ashamed of afterwards. You have taught me better."

"I suppose the guardians gave you a Bible to-day; they always do when boys goes out."

Will nodded.

"Be sure you read it often, my boy. You read that and stick to it, and you won't go far wrong. You know what the parson said last Sunday, 'No one is strong in himself, but God gives strength.'"

"I remember," Will said. "I made up my mind then that I'd bear it in mind and act upon it when I could. I think the thought of God, and the thought that I may meet my parents, and they must not be ashamed of me, will help me to be honest and firm."

"I hope, Bill, you will come sometimes and see me when you are ashore."

"I shall be sure to do that when I can," he answered. "But, of course, I shall have no money, at first; and it may be a long time before I can pay my railway fare here; but you may be sure I will come. Whoever may be my real mother, you are the only mother I ever knew, and no mother could have been kinder. When I grow to be a man, and go to sea in big ships, I will bring you all sorts of pretty things from abroad; and if ever you should want it, you may be sure that my wages will be quite as much yours as if I had been really your son!"

(To be continued.)

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(NEW SERIES)

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OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

1.—WATER-COLOUR DRAWING: AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Only three drawings have reached us, a most disappointing result after the long interval allowed for preparation. We hardly feel justified in awarding the prizes, but two at least of the drawings show such evidence of care and painstaking that in this instance we waive our right and bestow them both. For a group of single dahlias, excellently composed and coloured, we place Miss Rachel Edith Knapton in the place of honour. The second prize we award to Miss B. M. Dowie, who also sends a study of the same flowers differently arranged, and as far as merit is concerned, very inferior to Miss Knapton. Miss Winifred Elliot's effort is fairly well done.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Miss Rachel Edith Knapton, College School, Taunton.
(Prize). | Miss W. Elliot, South Lodge, Lampton Road, Heunallow. |
| 2. Miss B. M. Dowie, 19, S. Michael's Place, Brighton (2nd Prize). | |

2. DOLL'S HOUSE IN WOOD. NO ENTRY.

3. NEEDLEWORK. ANY SUBJECT.

Our lady friends have, in each competition, this month proved themselves much more industrious than our boys, and the articles submitted for this subject are one and all excellent pieces of work of very varied character. After careful consideration by a competent judge, the competitors are arranged in the following order:—

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Miss May Fuller, Shelburne Villa, Lansdown, Bath (Prize). | Miss Louisa Finch, Tyspane, Braunton. |
| 2. Miss Grace Fitzgerald, Cross Bow Cottage, Trinity, Jersey (2nd prize). | Miss Margaret B. Elliot, South Lodge, Hounslow. |
| Miss Evelyn H. Pollard, 30, Cranley Gardens, South Kensington. | Miss Sevilla Pollard, 30, Cranley Gardens, S.W. |
| | Miss Lucy C. Pollard, 30, Cranley Gardens, S.W. |
| | Miss Grace E. Pollard, 30, Cranley Gardens, S.W. |

4.—SHORT PAPER: "BACK TO SCHOOL."

Such a subject as this, of which every one might have been able to say something, ought to have resulted in a very much better competition than is represented by the few papers before us. If there is nothing very original, the essays are for the most part fairly good; and the competitors, in order of merit, are:—

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Miss Edith M. Stuckey, 44, Oxford Road, Kilburn, N.W.
(Prize). | J. Bamford, Shorlca, Oldham. |
| 2. S. Wyndham, 18, Norham Road, Oxford (2nd Prize). | Miss A. Amy, Cross Bow, Trinity, Jersey. |
| Miss C. A. Cruickshank, 25, Rua da Bandeira de Mello
Espinho, Portugal. | G. S. Paternoster, Cricklade Street, Cirencester. |
| C. Hogg, Square, Kelso. | S. A. Hankey, The Mount, Bexley. |
| | C. Dick, 22, Brunswick Square, W.C. |
| | G. Newmarch, 4, Albion Terrace, Ramsgate. |

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| 5. Odd People. | 23. The White Chief: A Legend of Northern Mexico. | 33. The Tiger Hunter. |
| 6. The Forest Exiles. | 24. The Wild Huntress. | 34. The Fatal Cord and The Falcon Rover. |
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| 11. The Boy Hunters. | | 39. The Lost Mountain. |
| 12. Afloat in the Forest. | | |
| 13. The Boy Slaves. | | |
| 14. The Cliff Climbers. | | |
| 15. The Giraffe Hunters. | | |
| 16. The Ocean Waifs. | | |

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"WE BEHELD A TEAM OF DOGS COMING UP WEARY AND WORN."—p. 56

THE BIG OTTER.

A TALE OF THE GREAT NOR'WEST.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Author of "The Wild Man of the West;" "The Red Eric;" "Dusty Diamonds;" "The Life Boat;"
"The Coral Island," &c.

CHAPTER III. (*continued.*)

IT was late when our solitaire completed that evening's addition to his already voluminous letter, and he was thinking about going to bed when a stamping in the porch outside announced that a visitor was clearing the snow from his moccasins.

"One o' the men forgot something, I fancy," muttered Macnab to himself.

The latch was lifted, for locks were not deemed necessary in those regions, and the door opening slowly disclosed the copper-hued visage and tall bony figure of a very powerful and handsome native of

the soil—perhaps I should rather say—of the snow!

"Hallo! hey! come in," shouted Macnab, giving way to a gush of his pent-up social feelings, "why it's good for sore eyes to see a new face, even a red one. What cheer? what cheer? Where d'ye hail from? Come in, come in, and welcome!"

The hearty Highlander spoke the Indian tongue fluently, but in the excitement of his feelings mingled it with a good deal of English and an occasional growl of expressive Gaelic.

The Indian, whose horned cap and person were well powdered with snow, stepped slowly over the threshold, extend-

ing his hand to the Highlander's grasp, and looking cautiously round with rolling black eyes, as if he half expected a dynamite explosion to follow his entrance. His garments bore evidence of rough usage. Holes in his moccasins permitted portions of the duffle socks underneath to wander out. Knots on his snow-shoe lines and netting told of a long rough journey, and the soiled greasy condition of his leathern capote spoke of its having been much used not only as a garment by day but as a shirt by night.

Placing his gun and snow-shoes in a corner, after solemnly responding "watchee, watchee," to Macnab's "what cheer," the red man seated himself on the floor beside the stove, with silent disregard of the chair that his host politely offered.

It is the custom of North American Indians—on arriving at an establishment—to withhold the most interesting portion of what they may have to communicate until after they have had a pipe, or a feed, and have answered the questions put on the less interesting objects of their visits. Being well aware of this trait of character Macnab forebore to question too closely this fine-looking Indian until he had well thawed and smoked himself. Ultimately, however, he brought him to the point.

To the north-westward of Muskrat House, many long days' march, he said (of course in his native tongue), there was a grand country full of fine furs and fine people, who found it a very long journey indeed to come all the way to Muskrat House to trade their furs. Would his white father go and build a house there, near lake

Wichikagan, and shoot, and fish, and trade?—waugh!

To which Macnab replied that he was glad to hear about the plenty of furs and the friendly natives and the fine country, and that he would take the matter into his consideration—waugh!

To this the red-man responded "ho!" and then "how!"—not interrogatively but interjectionally—with much gravity.

That night Macnab took the matter into consideration with his wonted vigour, and came to the conclusion that it was of sufficient importance to warrant a visit on his part to head-quarters—Dunregan being headquarters to Muskrat House. Accordingly, he went to the men's house and introduced the stranger whose name in the Indian tongue signified Big Otter. The men received him with as much joy as if he had been an angel of light.

"Get a sled and four of the best dogs ready to start by day-break to-morrow," said Macnab to one of his men, "and have breakfast sharp," he added, turning to the cook. "You'll go with me to Dunregan, won't you, Big Otter?"

Big Otter was ready for anything, at a moment's notice!

When daylight glimmered faintly in the east the following morning, Macnab sat at his table devouring venison steaks, pancakes, and tea. Big Otter sat opposite to him, having condescended to use a chair in order to be on a level with the table. The chair gave him much anxiety, however. He evidently feared to fall off or upset it, for, on rising to reach some food opposite, he had tilted it back, and received a tremendous though unacknowledged start from the crash that followed.

Half-an-hour later, Macnab, having left his interpreter in charge of the establishment, was beating the track on snow-shoes through the forest, his four wolfish-looking dogs following with a sled-load of provisions and bedding, and Big Otter bringing up the rear.

The day turned out to be bright, calm, and frosty. It was in thorough unison with

Macnab's feelings, for the near prospect of soon meeting with men somewhat like himself produced a calm and bright condition of mind which he had not experienced for many a day. It is true that the frost can scarcely be said to have represented the Highlander's temperament, but if there be truth in the saying that extremes meet, it may be admissible to say that intense cold which had the effect of expanding water into ice so that it rent the very rocks, might be appropriately compared with that intense warmth of Macnab's feelings which had the effect of all but bursting his very bosom! There was not a breath of air stirring when the two men passed from the forest, and struck out upon the marble surface of the great lake which lay at the distance of about two miles from their establishment. The sun was rising at the time on the horizon of the ocean-like lake, gloriously bright and cheering, though with no appreciable warmth in its beams. Diamonds innumerable glittered on the frosted willow-boughs; the snow under the travellers' tread gave forth that peculiar squeak, or chirping sound, which is indicative of extreme Arctic frost, and the breath from their mouths came out like the white puffs of a locomotive, settling on their breasts in thick hoar-frost, and silvering such of their locks as straggled out beyond the margin of their caps. There was no life at first in the quiet scene, but, just as they passed through the last clump of bushes on the margin of the lake, a battalion of ptarmigan, seemingly a thousand strong, burst with startling whirr from under their very feet, and skimmed away like a snow-cloud close to the ground, while an Arctic fox, aroused from his lair by the noise, slunk quietly off under the false belief that he had not been seen.

The rise of the ptarmigan had another effect, on which the travellers had not counted. The four wolfish dogs were so startled by the whirr, that their spirits were roused to the mischievous point. Up to that moment they had been toiling and panting through the soft snow in the woods.

They had now emerged upon the hard wind-beaten snow of the open ground, and the lake. The sudden freedom in the action of their limbs, coupled with the impulse to their spirits, caused the team to bound forward with one accord. The sled swung round against Macnab's legs, and over-turned him; and the tail-line was jerked out of Big Otter's grasp. In a vain effort to recover it, that solemn savage trod, with his right, on his own left snow-shoe, and plunged into a willow bush. Thus freed altogether, the dogs went away with railway speed over the hard snow, ever urged to more and more frantic speed by the wild boundings of the comparatively light sled behind them.

"After them, lad!" shouted Macnab, as he cast off his snow-shoes and gave chase.

The Indian followed suit in desperate haste, for his receptive mind at once perceived the all but hopeless nature of a chase after four long-legged dogs, little removed from genuine wolves, over a hard level course that extended away to the very horizon.

Happily, there was a small island not far from the shore of the lake, on which grew a few willow bushes whose tops protruded above the overwhelming snow, and whose buds formed the food of the ptarmigan before mentioned. Towards this island the dogs headed in their blind race just as the white man and the red man began to regret the comparative slowness of human legs.

"Good luck!" exclaimed Macnab.

"Waugh!" responded his companion.

There was ground for both remarks, for, a few minutes later, the dogs plunged into the bushes and the sled stuck fast and held them.

This was a trifling incident in itself, but it shook out of the travellers any remains of lethargy that might have clung to them from the slumbers of the previous night, and caused them to face the tramp that lay before them with energy.

"Oh, you rascals!" growled Macnab, as he went down on his knees beside the

leading dog to disentangle the traces which had been twisted up in the abrupt stoppage.

I know not whether those dogs, being intellectually as well as physically powerful beyond their fellows, understood the uncomplimentary term and lost their tempers, but certain it is that the words were no sooner uttered than the hindmost dog made an unprovoked assault on the dog in front of it. Of course the latter defended itself. The dog next to that, being probably pugnacious, could not resist the temptation to join in, and the leader, feeling no doubt that it was "better to be out of the world than out of the fashion," fell upon the rest with remarkable fury. Thus the sled, traces, and dogs, instantly became a tumultuous mass of yelling, gasping, heaving, and twisting confusion.

Big Otter carried a short, heavy whip. Without uttering a word, he quietly proceeded to flog the mass into subjection. It was a difficult duty to perform, but Big Otter was strong and persevering. He prevailed after some time. The mass was disentangled; the subdued dogs went humbly forward, and the journey, having been thus auspiciously begun, was continued until nightfall.

They had left the lake and Muskrat House some thirty miles behind them, and had got into a thick and profoundly still part of the great wilderness when the waning light warned them to encamp.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WINTER JOURNEY.

IT was not long before our travellers had a large space cleared of snow, its floor spread with pine branches, a roaring fire kindled, a couple of ptarmigan roasting and the teakettle bubbling, while the dogs in the back-ground solaced themselves with raw birds to their heart's content.

Then the red man and the white man smoked a friendly pipe. They would pro-

bably have smoked even if it had been an unfriendly pipe!

"I wonder," said Macnab, who was apt to become speculative and philosophical over his pipe after supper, "I wonder if dogs ever envy us our pipes! You look so comfortable, Big Otter, as you sit there with half-shut eyes letting the smoke trickle from your mouth and nose, that I can't help thinking they must feel envious. I'm sure that I should if I were not smoking!"

The Indian, who was neither a speculator nor a philosopher—though solemn enough for either or both—replied, "Waugh!"

"Very true," returned the Highlander, "I have no doubt your opinion is quite correct, though not as clearly put as might be wished. Have you ever been at Fort Dunregan?"

"Once when Big Otter was a little boy, he stood beside the great river," answered the Indian, gravely, "but the white man had no tent there at that time."

"The white man has got some pretty big tents there now—made of wood most of 'em," returned Macnab. "In a few days you shall judge for yourself if all goes well."

The red man smoked over this remark in silence for a considerable time, evidently engaged in profound thought. He was one of those children of nature whose brains admit ideas slowly, and who, when they are admitted, turn them round and round and inside out without much apparent advantage.

At last he looked earnestly at his companion and asked—"Is there fire-water at Fort Dunregan?"

"Well, no—I believe not. At least there is none for red men. Why do you ask? Did you ever taste fire-water?"

The Indian's dark eyes seem to gleam with unwonted light as he replied in tones more solemn than usual:—

"Yes. Once—only once—a white brother gave some fire-water to Big Otter."

"Humph!" ejaculated Macnab, "and what did you think of it?"

"Waugh!" exclaimed the red man, sending a cloud out of his mouth with such

energy that it seemed like a little cannon-shot, while he glared at his friend like a superannuated owl. "Big Otter thought that he was in the happy hunting-grounds with his fathers; his heart was so light and his limbs were so strong, but that was only a dream—he was still in this world. Then he took a little more fire-water, and the dream became a reality! He was away with his fathers on the shining plains; he chased the deer with the lightness of a boy and the strength of a bear. He fought, and his foes fell before his strong arm like snow-flakes on the river, but he scalped them not. He could not find them—they were gone. Big Otter was so strong that he had knocked both their lives and bodies into the unknown! He saw his father and his mother—and—his wife and the little one who—died. But he could not speak to them, for the foes came back again, and he fought and took some more fire-water to make him fight better; then the world went on fire, the stars came down from the sky like snow when the wind is high. Then Big Otter flew up into the air, and then—forgot——"

"Forgot what?" asked Macnab, much interested in his red friend's idea of intoxication.

"Forgot everything," replied the Indian with a look of solemn perplexity.

"Well, I don't wonder; you must have had a good swig, apparently. How did ye feel next morning?"

If the Indian's looks were serious before, they became indescribably solemn now.

"Big Otter felt," he replied with bated breath, "like bags of shot—heavy like the great stones. He could scarcely move; all his joints were stiff. Food was no longer pleasant to his tongue. When he tried to swallow, it would not remain, but came forth again. He felt a wish to drink up the river. His head had an evil spirit inside which squeezed the brain and tried to burst open the skull. His eyes, also, were swelled up so that he could hardly see, and his nose was two times more big than the day before."

"That must have been an awful size, Big Otter, considering the size of it by nature!

And what d'ye think was the cause of it all?"

As this question involved thought, the Indian smoked his pipe in silence for some time, staring for inspiration into the fire.

"It must have been," he at length replied, "hunting with his fathers before the right time had come. Big Otter was not dead, and he chased the deer too much, perhaps, or fought too much. It may be that, having only his earth-body, he ate too much."

"Don't ye think it's just possible," suggested Macnab, "that, having only your earth-body you *drank* too much?"

"Waugh!" replied the red man. Then, after a few minutes' devotion to the pipe, he added, "Big Otter would like very much to taste the fire-water again."

"It's well for you, my boy," returned the other, "that you can't get it in these regions, for if you could you'd soon be in the happy hunting-grounds (or the other place) without your earth-body."

At this point the Highlander became more earnest, and treated his companion to what would have passed in civilized lands for a fair temperance lecture, in which he sought to describe graphically the evils of strong drink. To this the Indian listened with the most intense attention and an owlish expression, making no audible comment whatever—with the exception, now and then, of an emphatic "Waugh!" but indicating his interest by the working of his features and the glittering of his great eyes. Whether the reasoning of Macnab had much influence at that time could not be ascertained, for he was yet in the middle of one of his most graphic anecdotes when the Indian's owlish eyes shut with a suddenness that was quite startling, and he roused himself just in time to prevent his chin from dropping on his chest.

"Waugh!" he exclaimed with a slightly confused look.

"Just so," replied Macnab with a laugh, "and now, boy, we'll turn in, for it strikes me we're going to have warmish weather, and if so, we shall have to make the most of our time."

Soon the blankets were spread; the fire was replenished with mighty logs; the travellers lay down side by side and in a few minutes snored in concert; the flames leaped upwards, and the sparks, entangling themselves on the snow-encrusted branches of bush and tree, gleamed there for an instant, or, escaping, flew gaily away into the wintry sky.

While the two men were sleeping, a change came over the scene—a slow, gentle, scarce perceptible change, which, however, had a powerful influence on the prospects of the sleepers. The sky became overcast; the temperature, which had been down at arctic depth for many months, suddenly rose to that of temperate climes, and snow began to fall—not in the small sharp particles to which the fur-traders of the great northern wilderness are accustomed, but in the broad, heavy flakes that one often sees in England. Softly, silently, gently they fell, like the descent of a sweet influence—but steadily, persistently, continuously, until every object in nature became smothered in the soft white garment. Among other objects the two sleepers were buried.

The snow began by powdering them over. Had any one been there to observe the process, he would have seen by the bright light of the camp fire that the green blankets in which they were wrapt became pie-bald first; then assumed a greyish green colour which speedily changed into a greenish grey, and finally into a pure white. The two sleepers might thus have represented those figures in chiselled marble on the tombs of crusaders, had it not been that they lay doubled up, for warmth—perhaps also for comfort—with their knees at their chins, instead of flat on their backs with their hands pressed together. By degrees the correct outline of their forms became an incorrect outline, and gradually more and more rotund—suggesting the idea that the buried ones were fat.

As the night wore on the snow accumulated on them until it lay several inches deep. Still they moved not. Strong, tired

and healthy men are not easily moved. The fire of course sank by degrees until it reached that point where it failed to melt the snow; then it was quickly smothered out and covered over. The entire camp was also buried; the tin kettle being capped with a knob peculiarly its own, and the snow-shoes and other implements having each their appropriate outline, while some hundredweights, if not tons, of the white drapery gathered on the branches overhead. It was altogether an overwhelming state of things, and the only evidence of life in all the scene was the little hole in front of each slumberer's nose, out of which issued intermittent puffs of white vapour.

So, the night passed by and the morning dawned, and the wintry sun arose like a red-hot cannon ball. Then Macnab awoke with a start and sat up with an effort.

"Hallo!" was his first exclamation, as he tried to clear his eyes, then he muttered something in Gaelic which, being incomprehensible, I cannot translate, although the worthy man has many a time since the day of which I write tried to explain it to me!

It may have been his action, or it may have been indignant northern fairies, I know not, but certain it is that the Gaelic was instantly followed by an avalanche of snow from the branch over the Highlander's head, which knocked him down and re-buried him. It also knocked Big Otter up and drew forth the inevitable "Waugh!"

"Humph!" said Macnab, on clearing himself a second time, "I was half afraid of this. We've got our work cut out for us."

The Indian replied not, but proceeded to light the fire and prepare breakfast, while his companion cleared the camp of some of its snow. The wolfish dogs took a lively interest in these proceedings, but lent no assistance beyond wagging their tails, either in approval or in anticipation of breakfast.

Of course breakfast was a repetition of the previous supper, and was soon disposed of both by men and dogs. Then the latter were harnessed to their sledge, the snow-shoes were put on, and the journey was

resumed — Macnab manfully leading the way.

And let not the reader imagine that this leadership involved little or no manhood. Northern snow-shoes are about five feet long, and twelve or fifteen inches broad. The netting with which the frames are filled up—somewhat like the bottom of a cane chair—allows fine well-frozen snow to fall through it like dust, and the traveller, sinking, it may be, only a few inches in old well-settled-down snow, progresses with ease. But when a heavy fall such as I have described takes place, especially in spring, and the weather grows comparatively warm, the traveller's circumstances change greatly for the worse. The new snow being light permits him to sink deep into it—perhaps eight or ten inches—at every step; being also soft, that which falls upon the shoes cannot pass through the netting, but sticks there, giving him many extra pounds weight to lift as he goes heavily along. Add to this that his heavy winter garb becomes oppressive in mild weather, and you will perceive that Macnab's duties as beater of the track were severe.

At first their progress was very slow, for it was through the thick woods, where fallen trees and bushes obstructed them as well as deep snow, but towards noon they came out on a more open country—in summer a swamp; at that time a frozen plain—and the travelling improved, for a slight breeze had already begun to make an impression on the new snow in exposed places.

"Now Big Otter," said Macnab, coming to a halt, "we'll have some grub here, and then you will take a turn in front."

The Indian was ready for anything. So were the dogs—especially for grub. Indeed, it was obvious that they understood the meaning of that word, for when Macnab uttered it they wagged their tails and cocked their ears.

It was a cold dinner, if I may describe the meal by that name. The work was too hard, and the daylight in which to do it too brief, to admit of needless delay. A

frozen bird thrown to each of the dogs, and a junk of equally frozen pemmican cut out of the bag with a hatchet for the travellers, formed the repast. The latter ate it sitting on a snow-wreath. They however had the advantage of their canine friends, in the matter of hard biscuits, of which they each consumed two as a sort of cold pudding. Then they resumed the march and plodded heavily on till near sunset, when they again selected a suitable spot in the woods, cleared away the snow and encamped as before.

"It's hard work," exclaimed Macnab with a Celtic sigh, as he sipped his tea that night in the mellow light of the log fire.

"Waugh! Big Otter has seen harder work," returned the Indian.

"No doubt ye have, an' so have I," returned Macnab; "I mind, once, when away on a snow-shoe trip on the St. Lawrence gulf, bein' caught by a regular thaw when the snow turned into slush, an' liftin' the snow-shoes was like to tear one's legs out o' their sockets, not to mention the skinning of your toes wi' the snow-shoe lines, an' the wet turning your moccasins into something like tripe. Yes, it might be worse, as you say. Now, boy, I'll turn in."

The next day, travelling was no better, and on the next again it became worse, for although the temperature was still below the freezing point, snow continued to fall all day as well as all night, so that our travellers and their dogs became like animated snowballs, and beating the track became an exhausting labour.

But difficulties cannot finally stop, though they may retard, a "Nor'wester." On the sixth day, however, they met with a foe who had power to lay a temporary check on their advance. On the night of the fifth day out, another change of temperature took place. A thermometer, had they carried one, would probably have registered from ten to twenty below zero of Fahrenheit. This, however, was so familiar to them that they rather liked the change, and heaped up fresh logs on the roaring fire to counteract the cold; but when a breeze

sprang up and began to blow hard, they did not enjoy it so much, and when the breeze increased to a gale, it became serious; for one cannot face intense cold during a gale without the risk of being frost-bitten. In the shelter of the woods it was all right, but when, towards noon, they came out on an extended plain where the wild winds were whirling the wilder snow in blinding drifts, they halted and looked enquiringly at each other.

"Shall we try it?" asked Macnab.

The Indian shook his head and looked solemn.

"It's a pity to give in without——"

A snow-drift caught the Highlander full in the mouth and literally shut him up! The effect was not to subdue, but to arouse.

"Yes," he said in a species of calm ferocity, when the gale allowed him the power of utterance, "we'll go on."

He went on, followed by the obedient native and the unhappy dogs, but he had not taken half a dozen steps when he tripped over a concealed rock, and broke a snow-shoe. To walk with a broken snow-shoe is impossible. To repair one is somewhat difficult and takes time. They were compelled, therefore, to re-enter the sheltering woods and encamp.

"You're better at mending than I am," said Macnab to the Indian. "Set to work on the shoe when the camp is dug out, an' I'll go cut some firewood."

Cutting firewood is not only laborious, but attended with danger, and that day ill-fortune seemed to have beset the Highlander; for he had barely cut half a dozen logs, when his axe glanced off a knot and struck deep into the calf of his left leg.

A shout brought Big Otter to his side. The Indian was well used to such accidents. He bound up the wound securely, and carried his comrade into camp on his back. But now Macnab was helpless. He not only could not walk, but there was no hope of his being able to do so for weeks to come.

"Lucky for us we brought the dogs," he remarked when the operation was completed.

"Waugh!" exclaimed the Indian by way of assent, while he busied himself in preparing food.

It was indeed lucky, for if they had dragged the provision-sled themselves, as Macnab had once thought of doing, it would have fallen to Big Otter's lot to haul his comrade during the remainder of the journey. As it was, the dogs did it, and in the doing of it, despite the red man's anxious and constant care, many a severe shake, and bump, and capsize in the snow did the unfortunate man receive, before that journey came to a close. He bore it all, however, with the quiet stoicism characteristic of the race from which he sprang.

CHAPTER V.

THE WOUNDED MAN.

It is needful now to return to Fort Dunregan.

The long winter is not yet past, but there are symptoms, as I have said, that it is coming to a close. Snow and ice are still indeed the prevailing characteristic of the region, but the air is no longer intensely cold. On the contrary a genial warmth prevails, inducing the inhabitants to discard flannel-lined leathern capotes and fur caps for lighter garments. There is a honey-combed look about the snow-drifts, which gives them an aged appearance; and, above all, there is an occasional dropping of water—yes, actual water—from the points of huge icicles! This is such an ancient memory that we can scarce believe our senses. We sniff, too, as we walk about; for there are scents in the air—old familiar smells of earth and vegetation—which we had begun to fancy we had almost forgotten.

The excitement caused by the arrival of the winter-packet had also by that time passed almost out of memory, and we had sunk back into that calm state of patient waiting which may probably be familiar to the convict who knows that some months of monotonous existence still lie before him; for, not until the snow and ice should com-

pletely clear away and the summer be pretty well advanced could we hope for the blessed sight of a new face and the cheering sound of a fresh human voice. Of course we had the agreeable prospect of hearing ere long the voices of wild-fowl in their noisy northern flight, but such a prospect was not sufficient to satisfy poor secluded humanity!

"Oh that I were a bird!" exclaimed Spooner one morning as we were seated round the Carron stove in our hall.

"No need to wish that," said Lumley, "for you're a goose already!"

"Well, I'd even consent to be a real goose," continued Spooner, "if I could only thereby use my wings to fly away over the snowy wilderness and alight in my old home."

"What a surprise you'd give them if you did," said Lumley, "especially if you came down with your ruffled feathers as clumsily as you tumbled into the saw-pit the other day when——"

He stopped, for at that moment I said "Hush!" and held up a finger.

"Sleigh-bells!" exclaimed Spooner, with a catch of his breath.

"Nothing new in that," said Lumley: "we hear them every day."

"Nothing new," I retorted, "to your unmusical ear, but these bells are not *our* bells—listen!"

I started up as I spoke, flung open the outer door and we all listened intently.

Clear and pleasant they rang like the music of a sweet new song. We all gave a shout, clapped on our caps, and ran out to the fort gate. There an almost new sensation thrilled us, for we beheld a team of dogs coming up weary and worn out of the wilderness, preceded by a gaunt yet majestic Indian, whose whole aspect—haggard expression of countenance, soiled and somewhat tattered garments, and weary gait—betokened severe exhaustion. On the sled, drawn by four lanky dogs, we could see the figure of a man wrapped in blankets and strapped to the conveyance.

"Who *can* it be?" exclaimed Lumley, as he hastened out to meet the new arrivals.

"A sick man from somewhere," suggested Spooner.

"Perhaps the governor," said I, "on an unexpected tour of inspection."

As we drew near we could see that the recumbent figure waved a hand and cheered.

"Macnab," said I, as the familiar voice struck my ear.

"Ill—dying!" gasped the anxious Spooner.

"No dying man ever cheered like that!" cried Lumley, "except a hero of romance in the hour of death and victory!"

A few seconds more and the matter was put at rest, while we warmly shook the hearty and genial Highlander by both hands.

"Help me out, boys," he said, "I'm tired o' this sled and think I can do the little remaining bit o' the journey on foot, with your help."

We disentangled him from the sledge and set him on his feet.

"Hold on, Lumley," he said, with a smile on his haggard and unshaven face, "I want to embrace you, like the Frenchmen. There—my arm round your neck—so. Now, Max, I want to embrace you likewise wi' the other arm. I've grown awful affectionate in my old age. You are rather short, Max, for a good crutch, but you're better than nothing. You see, I've only got one good leg."

"But what has happened to the other—when, how, and where?" we exclaimed in chorus.

Macnab answered the questions to our chief, who came forward at the moment, with welcome in his visage and extended hands.

"It's only a cut, sir, stupidly done with my own hatchet when we had been but a few days out. But rest will soon put me to rights. My poor man, Big Otter, is more to be pitied than I. But for him I should have perished in the snow."

"What cheer! what cheer!" said our chief, grasping the Indian's hand on hearing this.

"What cheer!" we all exclaimed, following his example.

"Watchee! watchee!" echoed Big Otter, returning the hearty salutation as well as his tongue could manage it, and giving us each a powerful squeeze with his huge bony hand, which temporary exhaustion had not appreciably reduced in strength.

The native was obviously a sociable well-disposed man, for his eyes glittered and his white teeth gleamed and his bronzed visage shone with pleasure when Macnab explained the cause of our sudden burst of affection for him.

Thus chatting and limping we got the Highlander slowly up to the hall, set him down in our only arm-chair—a wooden one without stuffing—and fetched him a basin of hot soup, that being a liquid which our cook had always more or less frequently on hand.

"Ha! boys!" cried Macnab, smacking his lips, "that's the thing to put life into a man! I've not had anything like it for many a day. You see, we had a small misfortune soon after my accident, which cost us our kettle and rendered soup or tea impossible."

"How was that?" enquired our chief, sitting down, while we gathered round the stove to listen.

"Well, you see, sir, not long after my accident, there came a sharp frost which made the surface of the snow hard after the thaw, so the dogs could run on the top of the crust without breaking it, but Big Otter, bein' heavy, broke through—by the way, I hope he's bein' looked after."

"You may be sure of that," said Spooner. "I saw him safely placed in the men's house, and Salamander, who, it turns out, is a sort of relation of his, set to work to stuff him with the same sort of soup you think so much of. I only hope they've enough to keep him going, for before I left the house he had drunk off two bowls of it almost without taking breath, though it was scalding hot."

"Good. He'll do it ample justice," returned Macnab, taking another pull at his own bowl. "I hope you're well provisioned, for Big Otter's an awful consumer

of victuals. Well, as I was saying, the surface of the snow got frozen thinly, and the work o' tramping after the sled and holding on to the tail-line was uncommonly hard, as I could see, for I lay with my head to the front, looking back on the poor man. But it was on the exposed places and going down the slopes that the greatest difficulty lay, for there the dogs were keen to run away. Once or twice they did fairly get off, and gave me some rough as well as long runs before my man could catch them up. At last we came one afternoon to an open plain where the snow had felt the thaw and been frozen again pretty hard. The moment we got on it away went the dogs. Big Otter tried to run, but one of his shoes went through the crust and the other didn't, so down he came, and had to let go the line. I felt easy enough at first, for the plain was level, but after a time it became lumpy, and I got some ugly bumps. "Never mind," thought I, "they'll be sure to come to some bushes, and that'll pull them up. Just as I thought so, we came to a slope, and the team went slap over a bank. The sled and I threw a complete somersets. Fortunately we came down on the dogs, which broke our fall, though it half killed them !

"When Big Otter came and turned me right side up, I found that I had sustained no damage whatever, but, woe's me ! our tin kettle was almost knocked flat. The worst of it was that in trying to put it right we drove a big hole in the bottom of it, so we had to bid farewell to hot food, except what we roasted. We could also melt snow

by plastering up the hole so as to get enough to drink, but boiling water was quite out of the question."

"Well, Macnab," said our chief, rising, "since you have got the soup over at last, come along with me and let's hear about your Indian friend's proposals."

We assisted our visitor into the mess-room, which was also our principal council-chamber, and there left him to talk business with Mr. Strang while we returned to Bachelor's Hall to let off our effervescing spirits by indulging in a running commentary on the unexpected visit, and a minute analysis of the characters of Macnab and Big Otter, which, I must add, was decidedly favourable.

"It seems to me a piece of good luck that he has got here at all," said Lumley, after we had finished the analysis.

"Why so?" asked Spooner.

"Because there are unmistakable symptoms that winter is about over, and that snow-shoe and dog-sleigh travelling will soon be impossible."

That Lumley was right, the change of weather during the next few days clearly proved, for a thaw set in with steady power. The sun became at last warm enough to melt ice and snow visibly. We no longer listened with interest to the sounds of dropping-water from eaves and trees, for these had become once more familiar, and soon our ears were greeted with the gurgling of rills away in mysterious depths beneath the snow. The gurgling ere long gave place to gushing, and it seemed as if all nature were dissolving into liquid.

(To be continued.)

HEROES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

BY HENRY FRITH.

I.—EDWARD, THE “BLACK PRINCE.”

“ In war was never lion rag’d more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.”

CHAPTER I.—BIRTH AND BOYHOOD OF THE PRINCE.



HE young and princely gentleman with whose warlike deeds this narrative will principally concern itself, was the son of Edward III. and his Queen Philippa of Hain-

ault. The child destined to be so celebrated in English annals was born on the 15th June, 1330,* at the Palace of Woodstock. The birth of the heir to the throne was welcomed by the king, who not only rewarded the messenger who brought him the tidings, but gave pensions to the nurse and to Matilda Plumtre, a girl who was occupied in rocking the princely cradle.

It will not be possible, even were it requisite, to go into the history of the events and the troublous condition of the times when the young Prince of Wales came into the world. We know that the king was but a puppet in his mother's hands, but burning to snap the leading strings which caused him to move at the will of the ambitious Mortimer.

The young king and father presently confided his wishes and hopes to Lord Montacute, who advised him to free himself from the meshes which surrounded him. The king lent a willing ear to this counsel, and when Mortimer and the queen were at

the Castle of Nottingham was the time chosen. But Mortimer was not to be caught napping. He had made all secure; so it became necessary to enlist the help of the governor (Sir W. Eland) in the young king's service under oath of secrecy. The measures taken were effectual. Nine armed nobles were admitted by a secret passage to Mortimer's room where he was in consultation with his advisers. Edward had already joined them on the staircase as they ascended.

Noiselessly they advanced, and suddenly forced the door. Two knights endeavoured, in vain, to oppose the rush, and were slain. Mortimer was arrested, in defiance of the queen's-pleading to "spare her gentle Mortimer;" who was subsequently the first individual executed at Tyburn, which now gives its name to a western metropolitan district.

Edward III. now set about to improve and aggrandize the kingdom. The Scots were conquered at Halidon Hill, and Baliol placed again on the throne of which the adherents of Bruce had deprived him. At this juncture the Scots barons appealed to France, and from this alliance sprang the "Hundred Years' War" so eventful in European history.

The Black Prince, as he was subsequently called, was only seven years old when he was created Duke of Cornwall in full Parliament, and the child dubbed twenty knights on the strength of his dukedom, the first ever created. His education was

* Harleian Miscell. says 1329.

entrusted to Walter Burley, Doctor in Divinity of Merton College, Oxford, and at an early age the prince was also instructed in all the games and martial exercises as well as the chivalric practices of the time. The king's campaign in Flanders was concluded in 1340, and during the interval Edward went over to Flanders with his son and established his firm friendship with Van Artevelde, who was, however, soon afterwards murdered by the populace. In 1343 young Edward was created Prince of Wales.

But the king never ceased his preparations for a war with France when the truce should expire, and a large force was levied, the great proportion being archers, to which arm of the service Edward attached very great importance. The grand muster of troops was fixed for mid-lent, but storms scattered the ships, and the meeting was postponed until Easter, 1346, at Portsmouth.

It was not until July, however, that the king, accompanied by his son, then but fifteen, quitted the Isle of Wight. They were followed by about 32,000 men, and assisted in the command by twenty-four of the bravest leaders ever known in Christendom.

The Duchy of Aquitaine was held by the English king whose rights were so seriously disputed by the French, and in Guienne, which was included in the duchy, the Earl of Derby had already conducted a successful struggle with the French forces. Thither then did Edward make his way, but while at sea a Norman named Godfrey de Harcourt persuaded the king to land in Normandy, where an easy conquest was attainable in consequence of the undefended condition of the province. The king consented, and proceeded to La Hogue, where he landed, and conferred the honour of knighthood upon the Prince of Wales. This apparent change of purpose has been put down to vacillation and the immature plans of the king. It is more consistent with his character to believe that the descent upon Normandy had been kept secret, and the French put off the scent.

Some time was occupied by the king in needful rest and preparations, and then the

advance was made in three divisions, commanded by Edward, Godfrey of Harcourt, and the Earl of Warwick. The Earl of Huntingdon in the fleet cleared the coast of the enemy's ships and "kept touch" of the army in its advance along shore.

Pillaging, burning, sacking, the army advanced to Caen, which, after a vain resistance, surrendered. Other cities followed the example. Edward pressed on to meet Philip of France, and desired to cross the Seine at Rouen. But the inhabitants had destroyed the bridges, and the English army was compelled to advance along the left bank, penetrating almost to the gates of Paris.

Philip was at Poissy, but declined to give battle, as he knew that the English would in time be surrounded. Edward perceived his danger and made a feint at an advance upon Paris. This the French endeavoured to check, and hastened in the same direction, Edward then retreated again to Poissy where he had already made arrangements to cross the Seine. The crossing was successfully managed, and on the 16th August Edward marched upon Beauvais.

The French endeavoured to catch him before he joined his Flemish allies, and Philip offered battle. Edward replied that he, as ruler, would not accept his vassal's time and place for fighting, but fight he would when it suited him to do so. The English, however, were much harassed and getting weary. Philip pressed on hard behind the English, who sought to cross the river Somme.

But the fords and bridges were all protected. The English were between the Somme and Seine. They gained and quitted Airaines, which was quickly entered by the French, who found a quantity of food ready cooked and the tables laid for a meal. But the army had proceeded to Oisemont, where at nightfall Edward promised liberty to twenty of his prisoners if anyone of them would lead the army over the Somme.

A peasant named Gabin Agace offered to indicate the nearest ford, which was, however, defended by Godemar du Fay, at the

place called "La Blanche Tache." Here the English encountered Du Fay's troops, routed them, and when the tide retreated, crossed the river. Philip came up almost immediately, but the water came up too, and the French were obliged to wait. The archers led by Edward had gained the day, and again demonstrated their supremacy. This success quite upset Philip's plans. The French were obliged to cross at Abbeville by the bridges, while Edward continued his march, all the time looking out for a favourable position in which to give battle.

He was now in Ponthieu, and the army halted in the forest of Crécy while a detachment attacked and sacked the town of Crotoy, which rendered up an ample provision of food and wine. Here, near Crécy, Edward determined to give battle, where he accordingly chose his ground, and drew up his plan of the intended engagement. The place of danger and honour was accorded to the Black Prince; for his father had determined to "let the day be his son's," and that the young warrior should "win his spurs" in his first field.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.—CONDUCT OF THE PRINCE.—REPULSE OF THE FRENCH FORCES FROM CRÉCY.

KING EDWARD made up his mind to await the attack of the French army in the position he had selected.

"We will remain here," he said, and with good reason. "I am now upon the ground inherited from my mother, to whom it was assigned as a marriage portion; and I mean to defend it against Philip de Valois."

So the army was bivouacked in the plain, while the French forces remained in Abbeville five leagues away. The news was carried to Philip that the English army had halted near Crécy and the king resolved to advance against his royal enemy. When he had thus determined, he gave orders that a banquet should be made ready for

the full entertainment of his generals and great leaders of the army. They all met and feasted, promising to serve faithfully, without jealousy, in the positions relatively assigned to them next day. It appears from the old chronicles that the French king was very confident of victory on the morrow; the whole army was in excellent spirits, and the revellers did not separate until a late hour.

But while the French were enjoying themselves in this light-hearted fashion, and pledging each other, the Englishmen were employed in a far different manner. The king and his attendants were engaged in prayer to the God of battles to incline victory to their side. At daybreak Edward and the Black Prince "heard divine service and partook of the sacrament." This duty concluded, the king proceeded to give directions to the forces under his command, and drew up his army in three divisions. The most complete and concise directions were then issued to each commander and subordinate, so that no one would have any reason to doubt what part he would have to play in certain eventualities.

Edward, mounted upon his white charger, went in person to every battalion and inspected the ranks. From regiment to regiment he passed, says the narrative, in such a pleasant manner encouraging the men and captains, that he inspired all with his confidence, and confirmed them in their allegiance.

This inspection over, he gave orders that the men should have refreshment, for it was nearly mid-day, while he retired to his pavilion. When the soldiers had had their dinners, every man seated himself upon the ground in his place easily, his helmet and his bow laid before him, ready at a moment's notice to resume his gear. But not one man moved from the order in which he had been placed. Edward had thrown the onus of the attack upon the enemy.

Philip and his captains had also been early astir and heard mass. His army had been scattered in various places, for his 60,000 Frenchmen, besides Genoese archers

and irregulars, could not be so easily handled as the poor 25,000 men who

served with Edward III. The entire distance between Abbeville and Crécy was



thickly occupied by the French array, and only nine miles intervened between the advanced guard and the English position.

The advance was not commenced till

late, and then it was conducted in a very irregular manner. The length of the column prevented any of the centre or hindmost battalions from seeing the enemy, and the

lateness of the hour precluded the latter from any hope of sharing in the battle. The promises of the previous evening were all forgotten. It was a case of individual advancement, and there were so many leaders, each wanting his own way, that no one obeyed the contradictory orders.

The populace, armed, brandished their knives and other weapons, calling to the troops to fight to the death. But they themselves prudently declined to go to the front, while they considerably impeded the advance of the regular soldiers.

The king was requested to maintain some degree of order, and to send out scouts. He listened to this prudent counsel, and despatched four well-mounted knights to reconnoitre the English position. This duty they performed, and reported the enemy standing and lying at ease, waiting, in three lines, the French advance.

"Sire," said Moine de Basile, who was commanded to report, "the English are drawn up in three lines, and have no intention of retreating. If you will permit me to advise, I would have the army encamped here until the rearmost forces have arrived. The troops are tired with long marching; the enemy is quite rested. To-morrow we may attack them, when fresh, and they will not avoid the encounter."

This prudent suggestion found favour with the king of France, and he decided to act upon it. He, therefore, commanded a halt, "in the name of Heaven and Saint Denis!"

Immediately the foremost troops halted, but unfortunately those in the rear pressed on. They wanted to "see the fun," and ascertain the position of the enemy. All the promises, as we have said, were forgotten in the desire to be first. So the army pushed on in broken array, every company acting for itself, and each arm mingling with the others, till horse, foot, and archers became entangled in wild confusion.

In this condition the French advanced ranks came in sight of the English sitting or standing calmly, in the same unbroken order which they had maintained all day. The

Black Prince and his men were near the front. The English archers were in advance of them, arranged "in the form of a harrow." Far from being sobered by the steadiness of the English the French became more ragged in formation. At last the king commanded the Genoese Archers to separate themselves from the disorder, and open upon the English.

"Send the Genoese forward! God and Saint Denis for France!"

But the Genoese did not care to go forward. They were tired, and did not want to engage fresh troops. The Duc d'Alençon threatened to charge them, and they then sulkily made ready their crossbows and bolts to oppose the English longbow shafts.

While thus employed, a sudden storm arose, and the rain wetted the bow-strings. "And with the rain came a number of carrion crows, which wheeled about the armies; and this omen was declared indicative of much effusion of blood."

When the thunder had ceased and the rain was over, the declining sun poured his full rays upon the fields from the western sky. The bright beams illuminated the opposing ranks, holding the English in strong relief, while the Frenchmen and their allies faced the glowing sunlight. All this time the English had not moved. They had resumed their helmets, indeed, but their bows remained unbent, and unexposed to the rain, in their cases.

The Genoese at length condescended to begin, and shouted their battle-cry. This concert had no effect upon the unmusical English, who never stirred, until the Genoese advanced a few paces and discharged their bolts into the enemy's ranks.

Then the quiet English rose, and with their strung bows and fitted arrows made one step forward. Immediately a rain of arrows ensued such as the Genoese had never encountered. The cloth-yard shafts, aimed with unerring skill, rang on helm and morion, on coat and breastplate, pierced the caps and clothing like so many knives, and spared neither stalwart arms nor swarthy faces. This cruel hail never ceased; flight

after flight succeeded ; the air was thick with arrows, and the hissing of the shafts was as a wind in the ears of the poor Genoese crossbow men. They threw away their weapons, or cut the bow-strings, and turned to fly.

"Kill me this rabble ! they are only in our way," exclaimed fiery Philip, who rode behind with the men-at-arms.

Then the slaughter commenced, and the Genoese archers fell rapidly, as the French cut a lane through their allies, to encounter in their turn the storm of pitiless arrows from the unbroken files of the English ranks.

While Philip was killing his archers, the Duc d'Alençon had divided his horsemen ; and leading one division, while the Count of Flanders headed the other, they rode from different flanks upon the Black Prince, who commanded the vanguard. By this movement the French avoided the arrows of the English archers, which still continued to fly through the other ranks, and bore down upon the Prince of Wales. But young Edward met the onset bravely ; and, keeping his men in hand, the charge of the French horsemen was repulsed.

Every man stood steady in his place—nothing moved the sturdy English but death. Again the French came on, and the Duc d'Alençon fell ; the young Count of Blois even penetrated to where the Black Prince fought, and engaged him hand to hand. But Edward's youthful skill prevailed, and Blois as well as the Count of Flanders rose no more.

All this time Philip was struggling to free his men-at-arms from the Genoese who hampered them. But before the battle had continued long, Charles of Luxemburg and his Germans came down in a compact cloud upon the Prince of Wales' men-at-arms. The assailants broke through the storm of archers and penetrated the prince's lines. Scarcely recovered from the steady onslaught of the Duc d'Alençon, the Black Prince and his nobles manfully received this new shock of battle, sustained as it was by 40,000 of the allies.

It was indeed a terrible moment. The

Earls of Arundel and Northampton came up to the prince's assistance, and upheld the fight, while Warwick, who feared the worst, sent to the king for reinforcements, which Edward still held in reserve near a small hill, whence he had been observing the fortunes of the struggle.

Sir Thomas Norwich rode in haste to the English monarch and delivered his message, begging the king to send succour to his son, as he was sore pressed by the enemy.

"Is my son killed, unhorsed, or so badly wounded, that he cannot help himself?" asked the king.

"Nothing of the sort, thank God," replied Sir Thomas, "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help."

"Now, Sir Thomas," replied the king, "go back to those who sent you, and tell them from me not to send again for me this day, or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life. Say, that I command them to let the boy win his spurs ; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honour of the day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have intrusted him."

This message had the effect that Edward probably calculated upon. His refusal to send troops inspired the prince and his men with fresh courage and determination to conquer without assistance. So they again bore up against the thick ranks of the French, who continued to pour upon them. The Welsh who supported the prince darted in and out amongst the horsemen, cutting and slashing the enemy and horses with their knives and short spears, until even the immense mass of French men-at-arms began to waver and then to recoil.

In the prince's force was serving Godfrey de Harcourt, whose brother Count Harcourt, uncle of the Duc d'Aumale, was in the French ranks on this occasion. Godfrey tried all he could to assist his brother, but the *mêlée* was too great and the struggle too violent. "Many gallant deeds of arms,"

says Froissart, "were performed that day that were never known!"

The poor old blind King of Bohemia was all this time seated on horseback, listening to the roar of battle but unable to mingle in the fray. He had fought all over Europe, and had accompanied the French army to Crécy with some devoted knights. These nobles told him how the day went, and related to him the confusion of the Genoese and the stubborn resistance of the Black Prince's battalions. But tidings of his son they could give him none.

"Gentlemen, ye are all my people, my friends, and brethren in arms this day. Therefore, as I am blind,* I beg of you to lead me so far into the engagement that I may strike one stroke with my sword.

Two nobles then fastened their bridles to the king's bridle, and, surrounded by their companions, the devoted band charged with the blind king down upon Edward's gallant band. Many a good stroke did the old king deal ere he and his brave knights were slain. They lay as they fell, men and horses together, dead on the field amid the English ranks.

One horseman actually clove his way through the English, assisted by his powerful black horse, a present from the King of France. The animal, when its rider urged it to return, fell and threw him in a ditch, where he lay till his page, coming round the English ranks, found and rescued him. The English soldiers made them not prisoners: they never quitted their ranks and order, but stood as they had been commanded.

The resistance of the English now bore down all opposition. The French turned and fled as night advanced. The encounter did not commence until the hour of vespers, and it was almost dark night when Sir John Hainault remounted Philip and induced him to quit the field, saying:—

"Sir, retreat while you have an opportunity; do not expose yourself thus simply. If you have lost this battle, some other time you will be the conqueror." Then King

Philip was persuaded, and rode away to the castle of La Broyes, and thence to Amiens, where he arrived at daybreak.

Meantime Edward had descended from his post of observation, and, with all his reserve force, came to meet and welcome the Black Prince. The king embraced his son before the army, saying:

"Sweet son, God give you good preservation. You are my son, for most loyally have you acquitted yourself this day. You are worthy to be a sovereign."

The prince was quite overcome by this proud and affectionate greeting. Such praise from such a warrior as his father was indeed commendation, and the lad sank down,— "bowed down very low and humbled himself, giving all honour to the king his father," and merely desiring his blessing.

Such was the nobility and earnestness of the character of the Prince of Wales, then scarce sixteen years old, after having won a sanguinary and decisive engagement against the finest chivalry of France.

Night fell upon the scene. The French army was in full retreat. But that evening the English never quitted their ranks. They lay on the field while the fog gathered round them, and thus ended the battle of Crécy.

The English lighted torches and surveyed the field, counting the slain. The tale they brought to the king was "eighty banners, the bodies of eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and about thirty thousand common men."

Next day, Sunday, some fresh bodies of French soldiery were defeated, and then, marching towards the coast, the army came on the Thursday within sight of Calais.

We have not before referred to the doubtful statement concerning the Prince of Wales's plumes which an old historian has made. The feathers were supposed to have been borrowed from the device, or one of the devices, worn by the King of Bohemia, who is said to have been slain by the prince, who adopted his motto "*Ich Dien*." Another fiction—or very questionable state-

* His blindness was the effect of poison administered in Italy.

ment—refers to the use of cannon at Crécy, but they could scarcely have been employed there.

CHAPTER III.

THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.—THE BATTLE OF POITIERS.—THE BLACK PRINCE AT BORDEAUX.—HIS RETURN.—DEATH OF THE PRINCE.

"As the splendour of the sun darkens the stars, so did the presence of the father obscure the actions and virtues of the son." So says an old writer when speaking of the Siege of Calais under Edward III.

This memorable siege can only be referred to here. The Black Prince was with the army, but very little information can be gathered concerning him. It was not till after the capitulation, when the "six burgesses of Calais marched into the History of England with ropes round their necks," that we find the prince in command of a separate force to devastate or subdue the provinces as far as the Somme. He executed his duty with skill and success, and returned with plunder.

Calais surrendered on the 3rd of August, 1347. On the 12th of October, King Edward, his queen, and the Black Prince, returned to England, and had a bad passage; for we find the king complaining that the weather is always favourable for his crossing to France, but "heavy misfortunes and adverse winds happen" in returning to England.

The Black Prince, so named from the armour he wore at Poitiers, afterwards, accompanied his father to Calais again when the treachery of the governor was discovered. A party of French knights were admitted with the connivance of King Edward, who went to punish them. The party was ostensibly commanded by Sir Walter Manny. The English set upon the French knights; and, after a severe struggle, defeated them. Edward then had the vanquished ones to supper, where he and his

son waited upon them. Not till then were the French aware with whom they had fought. The Gallic leader had nearly vanquished Edward himself, and the king presented him with a chaplet of pearls for his bravery.

We must pass by many details of the reign—the founding of the Order of the Garter, of which the Black Prince was of course a knight, and other events—to reach the period when John of France having conferred the Duchy of Aquitaine upon the Dauphin, Edward, as King of France, bestowed it on the Prince of Wales, and bade him go and fight for his territory. Before this, however, the prince had won other laurels at sea, in a fight with a Spanish fleet off Sandwich,—a contest in which Edward III. also participated.

France was again invaded. Edward sailed to Normandy with one army, but soon returned to initiate "Burnt Candlemas" in Scotland. The Black Prince descended on Bordeaux. The Duke of Lancaster went to Brittany to aid the Countess of Montfort, but we will follow the latter expedition under the command of the Black Prince. The greatest desire to accompany him was manifested, and armour "went up in the market."

The Black Prince landed at Bordeaux in September, 1355, and marched on Toulouse—ravaging the districts through which he journeyed, plundering and burning as he went. Ruin followed the advance, and the Black Prince's name was as terrible to the people as was the Black Douglas in Scotland. The English returned to Bordeaux, where they spent the winter in festivities, and in occasional captures of towns from the French.

In the following summer the Prince of Wales again sallied forth from Bordeaux, through Auvergne as far as and into Berry. The French king sent three great barons to resist the enemy, who defeated their ambuscade. The prince then took Remorantin Castle, and thence marched south-west, while the king of France with an army was advancing towards him with a view to inter-

cept the English force of 8,000 men with his 50,000 warriors.

Near Chauvigny the French and English scouts encountered each other, and the former pursued the latter till the pursuers found themselves surrounded by the prince's force. After a skirmish they all yielded, and then the Black Prince learned the dangerous position in which he was placed. The king was in front, between the prince and Poitiers, and when Edward heard that, he exclaimed, "God be our help, let us think how we can encounter them to the best advantage."

The prince posted his men very carefully upon a little hill surrounded by hedges, and only accessible by a narrow lane. The French scouts told their commander that the English were posted with great judgment—the lane was only wide enough to hold four men abreast. At the end were posted the 2,000 men-at-arms; in front of them were the archers, in the form of a harrow, 4,000 strong; and the 1,500 footmen lined the hedges.

All Sunday the Cardinal de Perigord endeavoured to make up a peace, and the prince was "ready to listen to any reasonable terms." But the king insisted on the surrender of the prince and a hundred of his knights. This proposal was declined. Meanwhile the English entrenched themselves, though as regards food they were badly off.

The prince was quite ready when the French began the attack. The cavalry entered the lane, and were soon thrown into the greatest confusion by the archers, who assailed them on both sides. Men fell fast, the horses threw many more, and the animals, writhing in pain and rearing, darted about, increasing the confusion. Lord James Audley, who had asked permission of the prince to keep in front, chose him three squares, and performed marvels in front of the prince's battalion.

The advancing French were soon thrown into confusion by the discomfiture of the advanced troops, and panic set in. The English men-at-arms mounted and pursued

the enemy. The prince was in the thick of the fight with Sir John Chandos. King John of France fought most bravely, while his little son of fifteen assisted his father nobly. This lad was afterwards known as Philip the Bold of Burgundy.

The king had already been twice wounded, when a young knight called upon him to surrender. The king wished to yield only to the Prince of Wales, but eventually consented and was made prisoner, and led to the prince's tent. In the evening a great banquet was made and the Black Prince waited on the king, bidding him be of good cheer, and comforting him with the reminder that he had fought well and nobly—an example to the whole French army.

Thousands of prisoners were made and ransomed. Immense booty was won, and the French dead numbered nearly as many as the whole English force. The prince and his royal prisoners returned to Bordeaux, where he was welcomed with every demonstration of delight. "It is not possible to relate all the feasts and entertainments which the city made for the prince, and with what joy they received him and the King of France."

The prince remained at Bordeaux all the winter, revelling, and then made preparations to return to England. The Gascons objected to the removal of the king, but on payment of a large sum, they at last consented; and for 100,000 florins they closed the bargain. Truce was made with France and the fleet sailed for England. The ships reached Sandwich in twelve days. Thence the cavalcade proceeded to Canterbury, where all worshipped at St. Thomas' shrine: and so, on to Dartford and London.

The whole city was afoot and dressed to receive the prince, who, seated on a small "hobby," rode beside the king's white steed. Over London Bridge, up Cornhill, and past St. Paul's old cathedral. So along the Strand, bordered by green fields, to Whitehall and Westminster. The concourse was very great, and nine hours were consumed in the progress. Edward, throne &

in Westminster, welcomed the prince and his captive, who was received with every kind attention, and had full liberty on *parole*.

The truce concluded with France came to an end in 1359, and Edward III. collected an immense army to invade France. The Black Prince went, as did also Chaucer, after of poetical renown. The king besieged Rheims, but retired and after a while reached Paris, when the Pope persuaded the dauphin to make peace. The French King's ransom was fixed at 30,000,000*l.* of our money (3,000,000 crowns of gold) and King John returned to France after the treaty of Bretigny; but came back to England, and died there, after his son had broken his *parole*.

In October, 1361, Edward Prince of Wales married his cousin Joan of Kent, who had once been named the "Fair maid of Kent." She was a widow when the Black Prince sought her, but was still beautiful. Edward created his son Duke of Aquitaine on his marriage. In a year after he proceeded to his duchy, and held a brilliant court at Bordeaux. By espousing the cause of Don Pedro of Castile, the prince found himself involved with Spain, and war ensued. The prince marched against the French under Du Guesclin and Henry of Trastamare, and conquered them at Navarette with complete success. Don Pedro was reinstated as King of Castile, and Henry forced to fly.

This success placed the Black Prince at the summit of his ambition, but he had undermined his constitution and crippled his means. Pedro proved faithless, and the prince grew moody and discontented. Du Guesclin obtained his liberty, aided

Henry again, and Don Pedro was murdered. The prince's position in Aquitaine became precarious: the people grumbled at its occupation, and the French invaded the prince's territory. In this business the prince lost his friend Chandos. Charles V. advanced against Aquitaine, and Limoges was captured. The prince, though too ill to ride, was carried to the place and regained it, sparing none: he was so inflamed by passion and revenge he showed no mercy. After that he left Aquitaine to John of Gaunt, and sailed for England with his wife and their son Richard in 1371; for Edward, the elder child, had died.

John of Gaunt subsequently married Don Pedro's daughter, and assumed the title King of Castile. This annoyed Spain, which sided with France and made the contest hotter for England. The English fleet was defeated at Rochelle, and Aquitaine was lost. The Black Prince, much affected, withdrew himself into seclusion until the conduct of John of Gaunt aroused him, and he attended Parliament in April, 1376,—the Good Parliament by which Lord Latimer was impeached and John of Gaunt's evil counsellors check-mated. The Black Prince espoused the cause of the Commons, but he could do no more. He rapidly sank, and died after taking a farewell of all his friends. He was laid at Canterbury according to his wish, where his tomb is still to be seen. A splendid warrior, a chivalrous knight, a dutiful son, a good husband and father, the Black Prince nevertheless was not fitted to rule a nation: he was a soldier, not a politician; and our greatest warlike achievements in history are still associated with the name of Edward, the Black Prince.

THE MODERN SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

BY CHARLES KENT.

"Vital spark of heavenly flame."—ALEXANDER POPE.

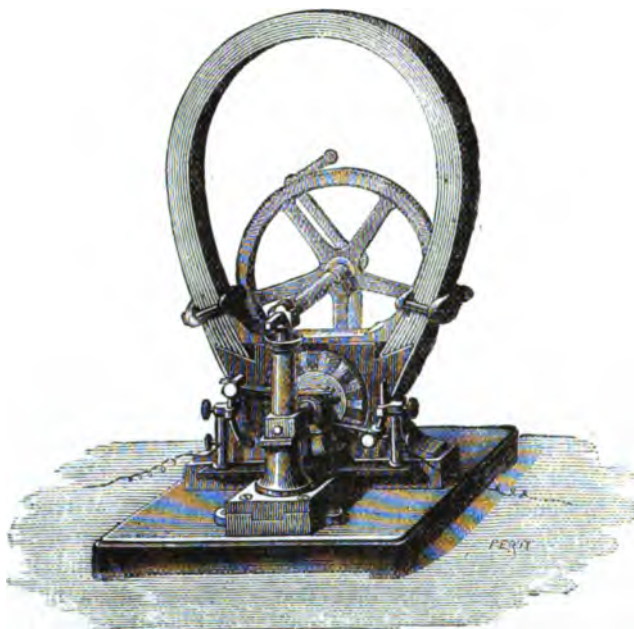
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.



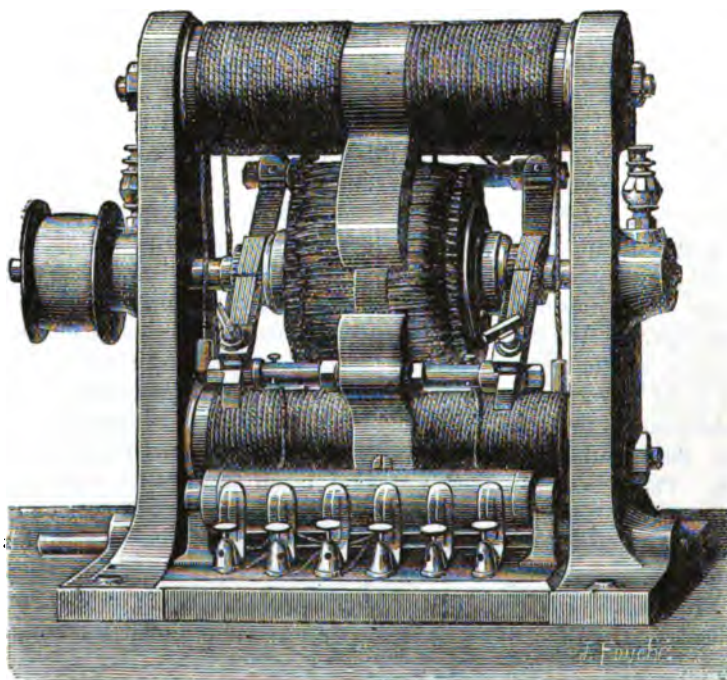
S affording the readiest means for ensuring that the same wire should be moved swiftly again and again past a given magnet, it soon became evidently advisable in the fabrication of these electric generators that it (the wire) should be attached to the circumference of a wheel which with the help of steam power could be caused to revolve with wonderful rapidity in the immediate neighbourhood of the poles of the magnet. By the invention of the Gramme machine especially a new impetus was given to electric lighting. A Lontin machine, which in many respects was not unlike the Gramme machine, but which has now altogether disappeared, was what first familiarized Londoners with the radiance of the electric light outside the Gaiety Theatre in the Strand. It was the Gramme machine, however, which, later on, demonstrated upon a far larger scale, along the Thames Embankment, the adaptability of electricity to the lighting of our great thoroughfares. Then it was that there was employed for the first time upon a large scale a contrivance called the Distributor, whereby, instead of a single light, several lights were produced. In effecting this most desirable result, two Gramme machines were employed. One of them supplied the electric current which the other then distributed.

The American machine invented by Brush is, everything considered, about the most powerful direct current generator ever constructed. Its revolving portion consists of a huge and ponderous iron wheel, into the rim of which, at regular intervals, are cut a number of deep notches. Insulated wire is then so wound in these notches that, as the result, a number of separate coils are ranged round the wheel's periphery. A single Brush machine, weighing two tons, and having a working power of thirty horses, was first seen at the Paris Exhibition, burning on one circuit forty arc lamps, each of which had a radiance equal to from 800 to 1000 candles. What was otherwise remarkable in regard to this gigantic generator was that the massiveness of its structure was about equalled by the exquisite finish of its adornment. Another Brush machine for moving wires past magnets, or, *vice versa*, magnets past wires, according to option, vied with the one last mentioned in its colossal character. This was a generator contrived to produce one giant light for light-house illumination. In bulk four feet square, by five feet high, its insulated copper wires had a diameter of three-quarters of an inch, its carbon rods a diameter each of actually two and a-half inches—its illuminative power being the equivalent of 150,000 candles.

A Gramme machine has this striking peculiarity of structure—that its revolving portion is a wheel with a flat iron rim three inches in width, round which the insulated wire is wound in a rather singular manner. How, may be clearly enough indicated. Supposing you were to wind a length of



Experimental Gramme Machine.



Gramme Machine, with 3 Horizontal Electro-Magnets.

whipcord round a flexible lath or strip of whalebone in a spiral coil, from one end of it to the other; and were afterwards to bend the flexible lath or whalebone into a ring, the form of the involutions on the flat rim of the wheel of the Gramme machine would be apparent. It is a ring so constructed that revolves between the poles of two or four magnets, the poles of which, though wide, are not so wide as those of a Siemens' machine. One of the commonest Gramme machines now in use is the one above represented. This is the experimental Gramme machine, in which, as its chief feature, the ring, just described, may be readily recognised. Another entirely different form of Gramme machine is one in which the ring is placed between electro-magnets, the latter being eight in number, fixed sometimes horizontally, as in this instance; sometimes, as in the next instance, vertically. Electric generators of this character, worked by a steam engine, have an extraordinary electromotive force.

A Russian engineer, of the name of Jablochhoff, may be said to have first awakened the attention of inventors, in 1876, to the applicability of magneto-electric power to the purposes of illumination. He did this by his ingenious discovery in that year of the electric candle, thenceforth identified with his own name. As the result of his contrivance, the two following years, 1877 and 1878, were remarkable for this, that within their compass more patents for electric illumination were taken out than had ever before been enrolled at the Patent Office. Nor can this be in any way wondered at. For the Jablochhoff candle by its extraordinary simplicity at once swept aside as valueless all the expensive and complicated regulators which had been previously employed. His contrivance, besides, was wonderfully well timed, seeing how many admirable, powerful, and almost perfect magneto-electric generators had already come to be constructed.

In the Jablochhoff candle, as a glance at the accompanying woodcut will shew upon

the instant, the carbons, instead of confronting one another, are placed vertically, side by side, with a thin slip of plaster of Paris



Jablochhoff Candle.

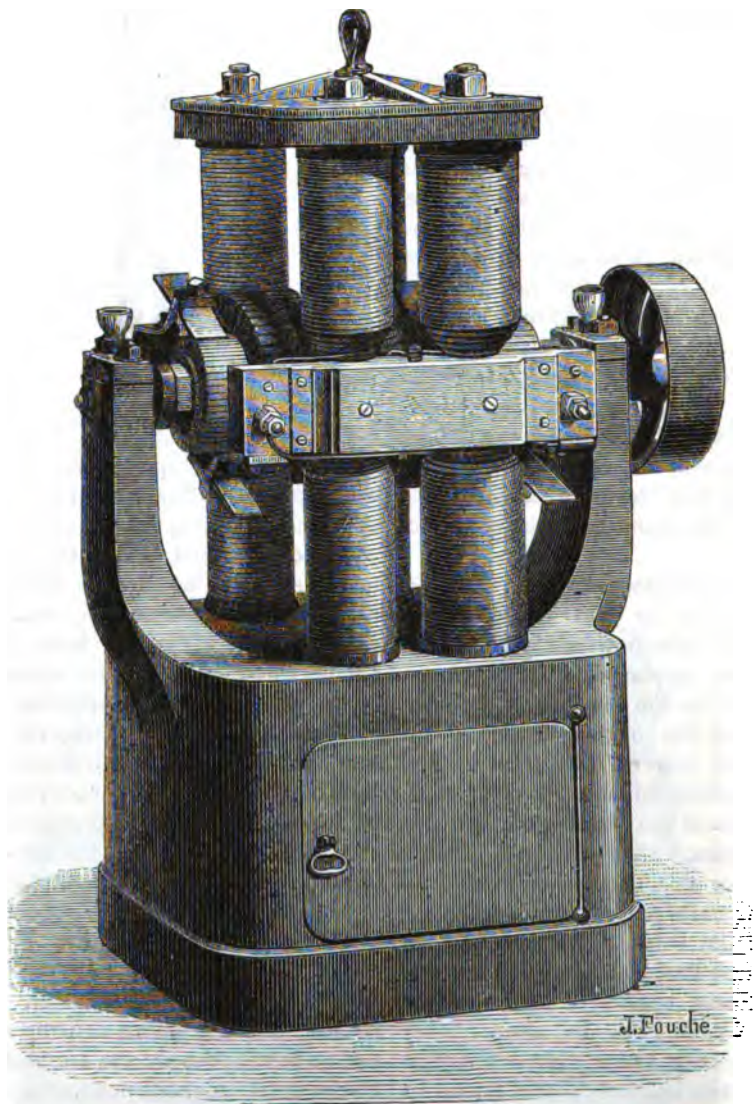
between them, keeping them apart from each other by a distance of three-sixteenths of an inch. Seeing that the positive carbon always consumes at double the rate of the negative, it will be obvious that the application of a continuous current to the Jablochhoff candle would have caused the parallel carbons to burn down askew. Aware of this, the inventor, by applying alternate currents to the two—rendering each in turn, now positive, now negative—caused the pairs of carbons to burn steadily down after the manner of (what he called it) a candle.

Another description of electric candle in which the carbons were separated from each other by space, instead of being divided from one another, as in the Jablochhoff candle, by a strip of plaster of Paris, was devised by Wilde, of Manchester. In their construction, the points actually touched; but, so soon as the arc was established, they sprang apart in obedience to the action of a magnet, the electric light being, upon that, vividly maintained between the two electrodes.

It was towards the end of 1879 that Edison in America and Swan in England, quite independently of each other, first produced practical systems of subdivision in electric lighting. Each, in carrying out his

views, acted upon the same principle. In the hands of each, the lamp consisted of a fine filament or thread of carbon from 1-100th to 3-100ths of an inch in diameter, and hav-

ing a length of from one-and-a-half to five inches—these delicate carbons being securely fixed inside a glass globe or bulb. So enclosed, the ends of the carbon were



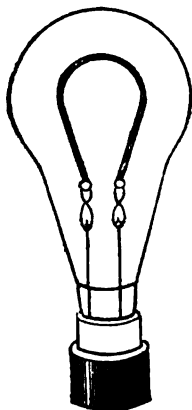
Gramme Machine, with 8 Vertical Electro-Magnets.

attached to metal wires, which, passing through the glass, were hermetically sealed in it. Immediately prior to their enclosure, every particle of air was carefully removed from the interior of the glass vessel, which was only then sealed up upon

the instant of its being thus rendered a vacuum. These preliminaries having been scrupulously attended to, directly a current of electricity was sent, by means of the wires, through the carbon-thread, the latter became white hot—its glow, in the

first experiments, yielding about as much light as there is in an ordinary gas jet. Filaments of carbon were eventually tried which were formed from one kind or another of vegetable fibre, such as bamboo, which had been carbonized by heating it to whiteness in a crucible carefully guarded from the atmosphere. In selecting the filament of carbon, the difficulty, from the very outset, was obviously to discover one fine enough to have a sufficiently high power of resistance, and which would last a considerable time without crumbling away under the wear and tear of the fierce heat to which it was subjected.

Edison's electric lamp has assumed to itself this elegant bulbous shape—



Edison's Electric Lamp.

Inside it at the time of its first formation—bent into horse-shoe form, and attached at either extremity to the positive and negative platinum wires,—was a slender carbon produced from thin strips of the charred residuum of drawing-paper which had been placed in a mould and baked at a high temperature. Edison's electric lamp of later construction is no more than one-and-a-half inch in diameter. Inside it, arched under the miniature dome of glass, is the apparently slight but tough filament of carbon, the ends of which are securely fastened to the two platinum wires. These are melted into glass tubes on to which, in its turn, has been carefully melted down the neck of the

glass vessel itself. The whole structure, it should be added, is rendered scrupulously air-tight, every vestige of air before the lamp is brought into use being removed through a small aperture by means of air pumps of special construction. Otherwise, the least trace of air in the interior would, very rapidly indeed, cause the thread of carbon to perish and disappear. A current of electricity having been sent through the filament to drive all the gas in the carbon out, the last suction is made by the air-pump, and, while the filament is yet glowing, the globe is sealed up hermetically. The original cost of an Edison lamp is no more than two shillings. It keeps in good working order for seven months together—before the breaking down of the filament. Even when it does break down, it can be replaced by a new one at the cost of one shilling; while its construction is so simple that it can be readily attached by any servant. So easy is the application of the electric light now, thanks to the young American wizard, that the current can be turned on and off by a brass tap exactly resembling, so far as its external appearance goes, the ordinary gas tap—with this advantage in favour of electricity, that, whereas the gas jet needs the striking of a match to light it, the electric lamp is a self-illuminator. Whenever, in Edison's direct current lamps, the filament breaks down, it is invariably found to do so close to the positive end of the horseshoe. But it is still worthier of notice that in his alternating current lamps, the wearing away being perfectly equal on both sides the carbon thread lasts much longer. Essentially different though the electric light and gas light are in themselves, the fact is nevertheless remarkable that in each the illuminating power arises directly from the ignition of carbon. How it is so in the instance of the electric light, has been already clearly explained. Enough if it be now added that the light of a gas flame is distinctly caused by the heating to whiteness or rather to yellowness of the particles of carbon afloat in the gas. So rapidly has electric lighting advanced in

New York under the auspices of Edison, that whereas he began there at his central station in Pearl Street by opening, on the 5th of September, 1882, twenty miles of electric mains, the following year had not very far advanced before he was laying down five hundred miles of electric mains in the same great Empire City. His aim is to bring into every house, and into every room in every house, one of his pearl-like incandescent lamps, each of them being cheap, luminous, and manageable. Simple though it is in its construction, Edison's electric lamp passes through no less than two hundred stages in the process of its manufacture. Yet, of these lamps, there are turned out every day in his factory, 10,000. Upon a less wholesale scale, but still with marvellous rapidity, he is turning out from his machine works, in another part of New York, dynamos, large and small, of the most skilled and solid manufacture. His laboratory is at Menlo Park, where, with a singularly youthful look but with the hand and eye of a master, he conducts his scientific necromancy.

On Tuesday the 11th April 1882, Professor Edison's representative in London, Mr. Johnson, established, at 57 Holborn, a central station for supplying electricity, in this way, for lighting purposes, to the adjacent Viaduct and to the buildings in its immediate neighbourhood. Sufficient electro-motive force, to this end, was supplied, by means of two gigantic dynamos, to feed 2360 incandescent lamps, each of sixteen candle power. The smaller of these two huge machines, weighing twenty-two tons, and resting, engine and all, upon a ponderous base of hollow iron, furnished light to exactly 1000 lamps. Its field magnets were twelve in number—its armature, the shaft of which was connected directly with the driving-wheel of the steam-engine, making as many as 350 revolutions in a minute. As for the larger dynamo, its dimensions may be readily inferred from the fact of its being enabled to drive as many as 1360 lamps altogether. From Edison's central station, in London, insu-

lated wires are laid in mains under the street pavements—from which mains, sub-mains, or branch wires, also carefully insulated and enclosed in tubes, enter the buildings in which magneto-electricity is laid on as readily and effectively as gas or water. While it should be especially borne in mind that all the wires thus trailed under that portion of Holborn and its vicinity, are fitted with the patent fusible plug, which effectually prevents any possible risk of fire, from an excess of electricity passing along those metallic conductors, it is particularly worthy of note that Edison's system of electric lighting requires only a very low pressure current which in itself is perfectly harmless. Insomuch is this the case that one of Edison's wires may be handled with impunity, whereas it is instant death to touch one of those employed by the Brush or indeed by any of the other formidable arc systems of electric lighting, all of which use by necessity a high-pressure current. Along the Holborn Viaduct, from Newgate street to Holborn Circus, as many as 200 street lamps were brilliantly illuminated thus in the spring of 1882 from Edison's central station—175 more electric lamps being supplied thence to Dr. Parker's City Temple and 160 more to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Terminus. During that same year—the Brush Light illuminated the great main thoroughfare of London from Cheapside to Blackfriars; the Lontin and the Siemens system each had a district allotted to it within which to make clear its relative excellence; while the Laing Light rendered Regent Street luminous under the driving power of a sixteen-horse steam-engine secreted in the zebra-striped wooden shed which for a while disfigured the open space between the Duke of York's column and the Guards' Memorial. At Sydenham, again, in that ever memorable year in the history of the electric light, a yet more concentrated demonstration was given of the respective merits of the different systems in the great International Electric Exhibition. There, high up in the roof of the Tropical department, the Brush Arc

Light burnt resplendently with 150,000 candle power between a couple of carbons each two inches in diameter. There, at the south end of the palace, shone the arc light of Dr. Siemens. Here, in the Chinese court was the electric light contrived by Crompton—yonder, in the Western Gallery that of Hawkes—yonder, again, were the incandescent lamps of Lane Fox, while those of Edison lit up the whole of the North Nave. Perhaps the two most interesting departments of the entire exhibition, however, were the Eastern Gallery which was set apart, under many bright electric lights, for the purposes of a grand telephonic demonstration, and the Entertainment Court which was never worthier of its title, seeing that there were collected together the numerous wonderful inventions of Professor Edison each of which was worked and explained with admirable lucidity by his agent Mr. Johnson.

Harmless lightning was, there, caught and set playing under that roof of glass and iron. Electric rollers were seen sorting bran from flour. Electric lamps burnt brightly under deep water. Electric tills were employed in which every separate payment was recorded. Electric telephones talked conversationally from all but incredible distances. Electric burglar-scarers and thief-detectors clicked and clanged inexorably in aid of the law. Electric ploughs were shewn at work ripping deep furrows in the soil. Electric clocks, cutting time very fine indeed, automatically regulated themselves to the merest fractions of seconds. Electric surgical instruments were displayed all but magically adapted for diagnosis and operations. Electric musical recorders were fitted on to pianofortes which according to the vibration of the notes struck upon the keyboard jotted down on an endless ribbon of paper ruled with the stave lines any improvisation indulged in by the performer.

In aid of all these marvels and of many others yet more marvellous, which were brought to view, in 1881, under the glare of the electric light, there has to be added that astounding support to electro-magnetic force

which has brought within reach of the electrician his grand reserve of the secondary battery. More than twenty years prior to the great Electric Exhibition at Sydenham, Planté, in 1860, had hit upon his wonderful device of Electric Storage. His secondary pile consisted of two long plates of lead rolled together, with strips of gutta-percha between them to prevent their actual contact. Having placed this roll in a jar of diluted sulphuric acid, he then connected it with a couple of Grove or Bunsen cells, or, in other words, with a primary electric battery. Thereupon, very gradually, at first all but imperceptibly, a change began to take place in the rolled-up lead plates. The one by which the current from the primary battery entered, became, little by little, covered with a coating of peroxide of lead—caused by the action upon it of the oxygen liberated from the acid water. Remembering that the peroxide thus formed is powerfully electro-negative to the metallic lead of the other plate, and to the hydrogen accumulated by it,—it will be understood that when the cell has once arrived at this condition it has become capable of yielding an electric current. Planté found, during the course of his experiments, that long-sustained action of the primary battery, extending over several weeks, was imperatively requisite before the coating of the peroxide had become sufficiently thick to yield an appreciable result in the way of a strong electric current.

Twenty-one years after Planté's discovery of electric storage, M. Faure, by a very slight modification of his plan, immensely facilitated and strengthened its operation. This he accomplished by painting the lead plates with a mixture of acid and minium (otherwise red lead) so that Planté's tedious process of forming the peroxide was done away with completely—the improvised battery being strong enough to yield an electric current almost as soon as it was constructed. It has been, reasonably enough, pointed out that in both Planté's and Faure's cells the action is quite as much chemical as it is electrical, and that storage of energy would,

perhaps, be a better name for it than storage of electricity. As a writer in the *Edinburgh* happily expressed it, the whole process is an ingenious piece of electro-chemical legerdemain.

Faure's secondary or condensing battery—in contradistinction to Planté's, already described,—consists of a couple of leaden plates, coated with red lead, covered with porous felt, and then rolled, each of them, into the shape of a spiral scroll. Thus rolled up, these two scrolls are placed side by side in a vessel of water slightly acidulated. In this manner placed near one another but not in communication, they form a sort of inert or inactive voltaic pair. From each of the two scrolls a strip of lead is left projecting over the rim of the jar or vessel in which they are enclosed. These strips of lead furnish the means of completing a circuit connection between them and the poles of an ordinary voltaic battery. Directly a circuit has been thus rendered complete, a chemical action begins and a voltaic current is established through all the involutions of the two spiral plates. As the result of this, the red lead on the plate connected with the positive terminal is very soon fully oxidised, while the red lead on the plate connected with the negative terminal is, on the contrary, completely *de*-oxidised, or, in other words, reduced to the metallic condition. In this state the battery is said to be loaded. Sir William Thomson, indeed, has not unhappily likened the storing up of electricity thus to the winding-up of a clock!

The voltaic current, having changed all the red lead upon one plate into a peroxide of the metal, and having transferred the red lead upon the other into metallic lead, has in this way generated the store of—call it whichever you please—energy or electricity.

If, when it has arrived at this condition, the wires of the primary battery are disconnected with the leaden strips, the electric store is then securely retained or immured in the spiral scrolls for after use wherever or whenever it may be required. A Faure apparatus, weighing no more than 200 lbs., it has been calculated, gives storage thus for enough electric energy to perform the same amount of mechanical labour that might be accomplished in one hour by a horse. It is on record that during the earlier half of 1881 four leaden cases of this kind of condensed electricity were despatched from M. Faure, at Paris, to Sir William Thomson, at Glasgow. These four little cases, which were contained in a wooden box one foot square, after making that long journey of seventy-two hours in charge of a special messenger, it was found by Sir William Thomson, had enough force in it to lift 1,000,000 lbs. a foot high! Yet the whole apparatus weighed itself but seventy-five lbs., while each cell was a leaden cylinder of no more than five inches diameter and only ten inches high. If the electric light may be compared, not inaptly, as it has been compared here, to the Genie of the Lamp in the history of Aladdin, electric storage may be likened, not inappropriately also, to the Genie of the Brass Pot in the Arabian tale of the Fisherman. While, to add to the wonder, Faure's secondary battery, charged with that potent reserve of electric power, can be carried about just as easily as the fisherman carried about the brass pot, and can be delivered at the house door quite as readily as a can of milk or a sack of coals. Out of those little rolled-up plates of lead a force can be summoned at pleasure which can work greater marvels than were ever dreamt of even by the imagination to which the world is indebted for the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

FOR NAME AND FAME;

A TALE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

BY G. A. HENTY.

Author of "Out with Clive;" "Facing Death;" "By Sheer Pluck;" "Under Drake's Flag;"
 "The Young Buglers;" "Cornet of Horse;" "Friends, though Divided," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.—(continued.)



SAM DICKSON gave a snort. It was very good of the boy, but he considered it his duty to snub him, in order to counteract what he considered to be the pernicious counsels and treatment of his wife.

"Fine talk," he said, "fine talk. We shall see."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Sam Dickson," his wife said wrathfully. "The boy means what he says, and I believe him. If anything was to happen to you, and that boy was growed-up, I believe he would come forward

to lend me a helping hand, just as he says, as if he were my son. The gals is good gals, but gals in service have plenty to do with their wages, what with dress and one thing or another; we must never look for much help from them; but if Bill is doing well, and I ever come to want, I believe as his heart would be good to help a bit."

"Well," the porter said drily, "there's time enough to see about it yet. I aint dead, and you aint a pauper, and he aint a man, not by a long way."

"Well, you needn't go to be short-tempered over it, Sam. The boy says as he'll be as good as a son to me if the time ever comes as how I may want it. There

is no call for you to fly out as if he'd said as he'd poison me if he'd the chance. Anyhow, you'll write to me regular, won't you, Bill?"

"That I will," the boy said. "Every time I gets back to port, I'll write; and you'll write sometimes, won't you? and tell me how you are, and how every one is, schoolmaster and all. They have all been very kind to me, and I have nothing to say against any of them."

The next morning, William Gale laid aside for ever his workhouse dress, and put on a suit of rough blue cloth, fitted for his future work. Then, bidding adieu to all his friends, he, with his five fellow-apprentices, started by rail under charge of Sam Dickson for Yarmouth. The journey itself was to them a most exciting event. They had in all their remembrance never been a mile from the workhouse, and the swift motion of the train, the changing scenery, the villages and stations, were a source of immense interest. As they neared Yarmouth, their excitement increased, for now they were nearing the sea, of which they had read so much but could form so little idea. They were disappointed, however, inasmuch as no glimpse was obtained of it as they crossed the flat country leading to the town; but, failing the sea, Yarmouth itself—the town which was henceforth to be their head-quarters—was in the highest degree interesting. Presently the train reached the station, and then Sam Dickson, who had made many annual journeys to Yarmouth on the same errand, at once started off with them to the smack-owners who had written to the workhouse.

These lived at Gorleston, a large village on the south side of the river. Walking down from the station, the boys caught a glimpse of the river, and were delighted at the sight of the long line of smacks and coasters lying by the wharves opposite.

Presently they left the road and made their way down to the river-side. Their guardian had great difficulty in getting them along, so interested were they in the smacks lying alongside. Presently they stopped at a large wooden building, over which was the name of "James Eastrey."

"Here we are," Sam Dickson said. "Now stop quietly outside, I will call three of you up, when I have spoken to Mr. Eastrey."

Presently the porter re-appeared at the door, and called three of the boys in. William Gale was one of the number, James Eastrey being the name of the owner to whom he had signed his indentures. A smell of tar pervaded the whole place. Nets, sails, and cordage were piled in great heaps in the store; iron bolts and buckets, iron heads for trawls, and ship's stores of all kinds.

Mr. Eastrey came out from a little wooden office.

"So," he said, "you are the three lads who are going to be my apprentices. Well, boys, it is a rough life; but if you take the ups and downs as they come, it is not a bad one. I always tell my captains to be kind to the boys, but when they are at sea they do not always act as I wish them. When you are on shore, between the voyages, I give you eight shillings a week to keep yourselves, or I put you in the smack-boys' home and pay for you there. The last is the best place for you, but some boys prefer to go their own way. I suppose you are all anxious to go to sea—boys always are for the first time. One of my boats is going out to-morrow. You," he said, pointing to William Gale, "shall go in her. What is your name?"

"William Gale, sir."

"Very well, William Gale, then you shall be off first. The others will only have a day or two to wait. I can only send one

new hand in each smack. They will go to the Home till the smacks are ready. They can have a day to run about the town and get at home; I shall find plenty of work for them afterwards. I will send a man with them at once to the Home. You, Gale, will stop on board the smack, I will take you on board in half-an-hour, when I have finished my letter."

The three lads said good-bye to their comrades and to Sam Dickson. A sailor was called up and took two off to the smack-boys' Home, and Will Gale sat down on a coil of rope to wait till his employer was ready to take him down to the craft to which he was henceforth to belong.

CHAPTER III.

"Now come along, Gale," Mr. Eastrey said at last, "the *Kitty* is close by."

Following his master the lad went out from the store, and along the wharf, and presently stepped upon a smack on which several men and a boy were at work.

"Harvey," Mr. Eastrey said, "I have brought you a new lad. He will sail with you to-morrow. I have a very good account of him, and I think you will find him quick and ready."

"So as he's not up to tricks I shall do very well with him, I don't doubt," the skipper said; "but boys are an awful trouble the first voyage or two. However, I will do my best for him. Are you ready to begin work at once, young'un? what is your name?"

"William Gale, and I am quite ready."

"Very well, Bill, chuck off your jacket then, and pass these bags along from the wharf."

The boy was soon hard at work. He was a little disappointed at finding that the skipper was in dress and manner in no way superior to the rest of the crew. The *Kitty* was a yawl of forty-five tons, deep in the water, and broad in the beam. Her deck was dirty and at present in disorder, and

she did not come up to the perfection of neatness and cleanliness which William Gale had read of in the pages of his favourite author. However, as he told himself, there must of course be a good deal of difference between a man-of-war, where the crew have little to do but to keep things neat and bright, and a fishing-smack. The work upon which he was at present engaged was the transferring of the provisions for the voyage from the quay to the hold. These consisted principally of barrels of salt meat and bags of biscuits, but there were a large tin of tea, a keg of sugar, a small barrel of molasses—or treacle—two or three sacks of potatoes, pepper and salt. Then there was a barrel of oil for the lamps, coils of spare rope of different sizes, and a number of articles of whose use William Gale had not the most remote idea.

After two hours' work the skipper looked at his watch. "Time to knock off work," he said, "and we've got pretty near everything on board. Now be sure you are all here by six in the morning. Tide will begin to run out at eight, and I don't want to lose any of it. Bill, you are to come home with me for the night."

It was but a hundred yards to the sailor's cottage, which stood on the edge of the sharp rise a short distance back from the river.

"Here, wife," he said as he entered, "I've got a new apprentice, and I expect he's pretty hungry; I am, I can tell you, and I hope tea's ready. His name's Bill, and he's going to stop here to-night."

"Tea is quite ready, John, and there's plenty of mackerel. I thought you would not be getting them again for a spell. Do you like fish?" she asked the boy.

"I don't know, ma'am, I never tasted them."

"Bless me!" the woman cried in astonishment, "never tasted fish. To think now!"

"I've been brought up in a workhouse," William said, colouring a little as he spoke, for he knew the prejudice against the House.

"Ah," she said, "we have had a good

many of that sort, and I can't say as I likes 'em for the most part. But you hav'n't got the look about you. You don't seem that sort."

"I hope I shall turn out none the worse for it," the boy said; "at any rate I'll do my best."

"And none can't do more," the good woman said, briskly. "I like your looks, Bill, and you've a nice way of talking; well, we shall see."

In a few minutes tea was upon the table, and Will sat down with the skipper, his wife, and two daughters, girls of ten and twelve. The lad enjoyed his meal immensely, and did full justice to the fish.

"You will have plenty of them before you eat your next tea on shore. We pretty nigh live on them when we are on the fishing grounds."

"The same kind of fish as this?"

"No, mackerel are caught in small boats with a different sort of gear altogether. We get them sometimes in the trawl, not shoals of 'em, but single fish, which we call horse mackerel."

After tea the skipper lit his pipe, and his wife, after clearing up, took some knitting and sat down and began to question the new apprentice.

"It's lucky for you, you found such a good friend," she said when he had finished his story. "That's how it is you are so different from other boys who have been apprenticed from the House. I should never have thought you had come from there. And she gave you good advice as to how you should go on, I'll be bound."

"Yes, ma'am," Will said, "and I hope I shall act up to it."

"I hope so, Bill; but you'll find it hard work to keep yourself as you should do among them boys. They are an awful lot, them smack boys."

"Not worse nor other boys," her husband said.

"Not worse than might be looked for, John, but they are most of 'em pretty bad. The language they use make my blood run cold often. They seems to take a delight in

it. The hands are bad enough, but the boys are dreadful. I suppose you don't swear, Will; they look too sharp after you in the House; but if you take my advice, boy, don't you ever get into the way of bad language. If you once begin, it will grow on you. There aint no use in it, and it's awful to hear it."

"I will try not to do so," Will said firmly. "Mother—I always call her mother—told me how bad it was, and I said I'd try."

"That's right, Will, you stick to that, and make up your mind to keep from liquor, and you'll do."

"What's the use of talking that way?" the skipper said. "The boy's sure to do it. They all do."

"Not all, John; there's some teetotalers in the fleet."

"I won't say I'll never touch it," Will said, "for I don't know yet how I may want it; they say when you are cold and wet through at sea it is really good; but I have made up my mind I'll never drink for the sake of drinking. Half the men, aye, nineteen out of twenty in the House, would never have been there, I've heard mother say, if it hadn't been for drink; and I told her she need never fear I'd take to that."

"If you can do without it on shore, you can do without it at sea," the skipper said. "I take it when I'm on shore, but there's not a drop goes out on the *Kitty*. Some boats carries spirits, some don't. We don't. The old man puts chocolate on board instead, and of a wet night a drink of hot chocolate's worth all the rum in the world. As for giving it up altogether, I see no call for it. There are men who can't touch liquor but they must go on till they get drunk. That sort ought to swear off and never touch it at all. It's worse than poison to some. But for a man who is content with his pint of beer with his dinner, and a glass of grog of an evening, I see no harm in it."

"Except that the money might be better spent, John."

"It might be, or it might not. In my case the saving would be of no account.

The beer costs threepence, and the rum as much more. That's sixpence a day. I'm only at home ten days once every two months, so it come to thirty shillings a year, and I enjoy my dinner and my evening pipe all the better for them."

"The thing is this, Will, you don't know when you begin, whether you are going to be one of the men who, like my John, is content with his pint of beer and his glass of grog, or whether you'll be one of them as can't touch liquor without wanting to make beasts of themselves. Therefore the safest plan is, don't touch it at all, leastways till you've served your time. The others may laugh at you at first, but they won't like you any the worse for it."

"Thank you, ma'am. I will make up my mind to that—not to touch liquor till I am out of my apprenticeship. After that, I can see for myself."

"That's right, lad. When you come back from your first trip, you can join the lodge if you like. I and my girls are members."

"Thank you, ma'am," Will said; "but I won't take any pledge. I have said I will not do it, and I don't see any use in taking an oath about it. If I am so weak as to break my word, I should break my oath. I don't know why I shouldn't be able to trust myself to do as I am willed, in that way as in any other. If I'd a craving after it, it might be different; but I never have tasted it, and don't want to taste it; so I don't see why I can't trust myself."

"Yes, I think as how you can trust yourself, Will," the woman said, looking at him; "and I've noticed often that it isn't them who say most as do most. Now, I daresay, you are sleepy. There's my boy's bed for you. He is fourth hand in one of the smacks at sea."

The next morning, Will was out of bed the instant he was called, excited at the thought that he was going really to sea. The skipper's wife had tea made, and the table laid.

"Here," she said, "are some oilskin suits my boy has given up. They will suit you well enough for size; and, although they are

not as good as they were, they will keep out a good deal of water yet. You will get half-a-crown a week while you are at sea, so by the time you get back you will have enough to buy yourself a fresh suit."

Half an hour later, Will was at work, getting two spare sails and the last of the stores on board.

"Now, Bill, come below," the skipper said. "I will show you your bunk."

The cabin was larger than Will had expected. It was about twelve feet square, and lofty enough for a tall man to stand upright. By the side of the companion stairs was a grate, on which a kettle was boiling; and this, as he afterwards learned, was a fixture, except when cooking was going on, and the men could have tea whenever they chose. Round three sides of the cabin extended lockers, the top forming seats. Above were what looked like cupboards running round the sides, but the skipper pushed open a sliding door, and showed a bed-place.

"That is your bunk," he said. "You see there are two at the end, and one each side, above, and as many under them—eight bunks in all. You will have to help Jack, that is the other boy, in cooking, and make yourself useful generally in the day. The crew are divided into two watches, but you will not have much to do on deck. If the night is clear, you can sleep, except when the trawl is being got up. Of a thick or stormy night you will keep your watch. Now, as the other lad is more handy on deck than you are, you can take charge here. All you have to do is to see that the kettle is kept boiling. You can come on deck and lend a hand if wanted, but you must come down sometimes and see the fire is all right."

After inspecting the contents of the kettle, and seeing that it was full, Will climbed up the steep ladder again; and was soon working away coiling down the ropes with the other lad, while the crew hoisted sails, and got the boat under weigh.

"Are there only two hands under the captain?" he asked the other boy.

"There are four others," the boy said. "They will come on board after we get out of the river, and you'll see they will be just as drunk as they can stand."

"What, drunk at this time in the morning?"

"Yes, they got drunk last night, and as they won't have fairly slept it off, they will be beginning again this morning. The old man will look them up and get them off."

"Who is the old man?"

"Old Eastrey, of course, stupid. I wish they were all on board. There's a fine breeze, and I hate wasting four or five hours off the bar, waiting for the hands to come off."

"I wonder the old man stands it," Will said.

"He can't help it," the other answered. "Scarce a smack goes out of Yarmouth without half the hands being drunk when she starts. They don't get much chance afterwards, you see, and they sleep it off by night, so it don't make any odds. Our skipper is always sober, and that's more than many of them are. I have gone out when me and the other boy were the only two sober on board."

"But isn't it very dangerous?"

"Dangerous! no," the boy said; "one of them is sure to be sober enough to manage to stand at the helm, and though I've bumped pretty heavy on the sands sometimes, we generally strike the channel. There is no fear of anything else. We never start if a gale is blowing, and the smacks are safe in anything but a gale. They are too deep to capsize, and at sea there's no more drinking."

The smack dropped down the river and stood off and on near its entrance. Will was delighted with the bright sea, dotted with ships and fishing-craft. The sun was shining, and there was just enough wind to send the smack along briskly through the water, without raising any waves sufficiently high to give her a perceptible motion. At eight o'clock the captain went on shore in the boat with a man to look after the absent sailors, leaving only one hand and the two

boys on board. At ten the boat was again seen coming out.

"One, two, three, four," the boy said, "he has got them both. Now we shall be off."

The boat was soon alongside, the two drunken men were helped on board, and at once went below to sleep themselves sober. Then the boat was hoisted on board, and the second hand taking the helm, the *Kitty* started fairly on her way.

"Now," the captain said, "let us get her a little tidy."

It took some hours' work before the deck was washed, the ropes coiled down, and everything ship-shape. By the time all was done the low coast of Norfolk had sunk below the horizon, and the smack was far out at sea. There was more motion now, but the wind was still light. The skipper was pleased with the earnestness and alacrity which the new apprentice showed.

"Now, Tom," he said to the other boy, "take Will below with you and show him how to make tea."

The process of tea-making on board a smack is not a difficult one to master; the sole operation consisting in putting a few more spoonfuls of tea into the kettle boiling over the fire when it begins to get low, and filling up with fresh water. But simple as the thing was, William Gale did not learn it on that occasion. He had been feeling somewhat shaky even while on deck, and the heat of the cabin and the smell of some grease which Jack had just put in the frying-pan preparatory to cooking some fish brought off from shore, completed the effect of the rising sea. Until next morning he was not in a condition to care even had the tea remained unmade to the end of time. He did not go below, but lay under the shelter of a tarpaulin on deck. In the morning the skipper roused him up.

"Now, lad, just take off your coat and shirt; here is a bucket of water, put your head in that, and give yourself a good sluice, and then come down and have a cup of tea and a bit of biscuit, and you will find yourself all right again."

Will followed the instructions and found himself wonderfully better.

"Now, lad, lend a hand in tidying up on deck; there is nothing like work for keeping off sea-sickness. Jack shall cook for to-day."

The boy set to work with a will, and felt so refreshed that by one o'clock he was able to go below and take his share of the dinner. At present, while on their way to the fishing-grounds, their meals were taken at the same time as on shore; but once at work, there were only two meals a day: of these the first was taken when the fishing was over, the fish cleaned, picked, weighed, and packed—the hour varying between nine and eleven. The second meal was taken before the trawl was lowered at six or seven o'clock in the evening.

After five days' sailing the smack arrived off the fishing-ground, but another two days were spent in finding the fleet, as the fishing-grounds extend over a distance of some hundreds of miles. When they came up with it William Gale was astonished at the vast number of boats that dotted the sea.

In the Yarmouth fleet there are between four and five hundred vessels; and, were it not that the most perfect order and discipline reign, the number of accidents which would occur, from so many boats fishing close to each other at night, would be terrible. The fleet is commanded by one of the most experienced skippers, who is termed the admiral. His authority is absolute: he leads the fleet to the grounds he selects for fishing, and by signals by day and rockets by night issues his orders:—when the nets are to be lowered down and drawn up, the course which is to be steered, and the tack on which they are to stand.

The fishing is entirely done at night. The trawls are let down about dusk, and the fleet attached to these moving anchors forge slowly ahead and to leeward until daybreak. Then the trawls are got in, and the fleet sail in a body to the spot where the admiral decides that fishing shall be

continued in the evening. At 10 o'clock at night the trawls are hauled in and the nets emptied. All hands are called up for this operation; when it is concluded the trawl is again lowered and the fish cleaned and packed, by the light of a torch formed of rope dipped in tar. The watch who have hitherto been on deck, turn in, and the others remain on deck until morning, when the nets are again hauled in.

There is not, indeed, much for the watch to do, as the smack needs no steering, and the attention of the men on deck is directed chiefly to see that no other smack drifts down upon them. Should there appear any danger of this, a flare or torch is lit to warn the other smacksmen. The trawl rope is slacked out or hauled in as the case may require, and generally volleys of strong language pass between the respective crews. The trawl beam is a heavy pole, some 30 or 35 feet long; at each end are fitted strong iron hoops of about three feet in diameter. These keep the pole from touching the ground and keep open the mouth of the net, one side of which is attached to the pole while the other drags along the bottom.

The net resembles in shape a long deep purse, and has various pockets and other contrivances by which, when a fish has once entered its mouth, it is prevented from returning.

The trawl rope, which is from 40 to 80 yards in length, according to the depth of water, is hauled in by means of a winch, and its great weight taxes the united strength of the crew to get it level with the bulwark. When it is up, the net is hauled on board, the small end is opened, and the fish tumble on to the deck; they are then separated and packed in trunks, as the wooden cases in which they are sent to market are called. Soles fetch by far the highest price, and fortunate are the crew who get a good haul of this fish, for the men work upon shares, an account being kept of all the sales made during the fishing trip. The owner deducts the cost of the pro-

visions and stores which have been put on board and takes one or more shares for the vessel. Each man has one share, the skipper and mate receiving rather a larger proportion than the others; thus the men have a lively interest in each haul, and great is the satisfaction when the net comes up well filled, and there is seen to be a good proportion of soles among the contents.

The coarse fish, as they are called, include brill, haddock, haik, ling, whiting and many others. Turbot are also caught.

In each haul there would probably be a vast number of objects which would delight the heart of a naturalist. Dog-fish, too, are sometimes taken, as are conger-eels and horse mackerel; stones and oysters too come up in the nets, and the latter are the *bêtes-noirs* of the fishing. Sometimes when the fleet gets over a bed of oysters a score of nets will be lost in a single night; for when the bag becomes full of oysters, its weight is so great that the utmost power of the fishermen's exertions on the winch is insufficient to lift it from the bottom, and there is nothing to be done but to cut the rope and abandon trawl and net. Upon these occasions the language applied to the admiral is scarcely of a kind for polite ears.

The food of the crews, when once upon the fishing-ground, consists almost wholly of fish. With the exception of soles, each man may select any fish he fancies from the glistening mass upon the deck, and the amount which each consumed at a meal at first astonished William Gale, accustomed as he was to meagre workhouse rations. He soon however found himself able to keep up with the rest, but the operation of frying seemed sometimes unbearable, so many times had the pan to be filled and emptied.

Hard biscuits were eaten with the fish, and the whole washed down with copious glasses of tea without milk. Two or three times a week the men would, as a change, have a meal of salt meat; and on Sundays a duff or pudding of flour and currants was made.

A few days after joining the fleet the

weather changed, the sky became gloomy and threatening. The wind blew hard and a heavy sea got up. Will found that keeping watch at night, which was pleasant enough on a fine star-light night, was a very different thing now. It was no joke looking ahead with the wind blowing fiercely and showers of spray dashing into the eyes; and yet a vigilant watch must be kept, for if the rockets which ordered the hauling of the trawl were not noticed, some other smack moving rapidly when released from the drag of its net might at any moment come into collision with the smack.

Still more important was it to notice upon which side the trawl was to be lowered, after being emptied, and upon which tack the vessel was to proceed. For a mistake in this respect would be certain to bring the smack across another, in which case the trawl ropes would become entangled, involving, in a heavy sea, the certain loss of one or the other. Many of the smacks carry dogs, and it is found that these become even better watchers than their masters; for they can be relied on to call the attention of the watch, by sharp barking, to the letting up of the rockets, however distant.

A rocket may seem to be an easy thing to see, but in a large fleet the sternmost smacks may be three or four miles away from the leaders, and in a dark thick night it is exceedingly difficult to make out even a rocket at that distance.

The wind increased to a gale; the trawls were up now, and the fleet lay-to. It may be explained that this operation is performed by bringing a ship nearly into the eye of the wind, and then hauling the fore-sail across, and belaying the sheet. The aft sail or mizen is then hauled tight, and the tiller lashed amidships. As the fore sail pays the vessel off from the wind, the after sail brings her up again, and she is thus kept nearly head to sea, and the crew go below and wait till the storm abates.

CHAPTER IV.

WILLIAM Gale was astonished at the fury of the tempest and the wildness of the sea. Although at the workhouse he had often heard the wind roaring round the walls, there was nothing to show him the force that was being exerted. There were but few trees in the neighbourhood, and William had hardly ever been without the walls except in fine summer weather. He was, therefore, almost bewildered by the force and fury of the gale, and by the noise as it shrieked through the rigging and howled across the water. The occasional flapping of the sails and the rattling of the heavy blocks added to the din, and it seemed to him that the *Kitty*, which, like all fishing-smacks, was very deep in the water, must be completely engulfed by the great waves which swept down upon her.

Several times, indeed, he was obliged to leap down into the cabin to avoid being swept away by the great masses of green water which, pouring over her bows, swept aft, carrying away all before them.

But the Yarmouth smacks are admirable sea boats; and, pounded and belaboured as she was, the *Kitty* always shook off the water that smothered her, and arose again for the next wave. In twenty-four hours the gale abated, the scattered fleet were assembled, each making their numbers, and it was found that three were missing, having either foundered, or been driven away from their consorts.

With the return of fine weather the fishing began again, and William thoroughly enjoyed his life. The skipper was kind and forbearing; he neither ill-treated the boys himself nor permitted any of the crew to do so, and everything went on regularly and comfortably. There were a few books on board, and of an evening after the trawl was lowered, and before the watch below turned into their bunks, William, who was the best reader on board would be asked to read aloud for an hour. Sometimes there were songs, and as the *Kitty* was fortunate,

and her taking of fish good, the men were all cheerful and good-tempered.

Once, every three or four days, the collecting steamer came in sight, then there was a general race in the fleet to put the trunks of fish on board her. Each did his best to be in good time, for when the catch had been heavy the steamer was sometimes unable to take the whole of it, in which case the portion left behind would be wholly spoilt before the arrival of another steamer.

The whole of the fleet, therefore, ran down towards the steamer as soon as she was seen; the heavy boats were tossed overboard, and the trunks lowered into them, and two hands jumped in to row them to the steamer. Round her a swarm of boats would soon be collected, each striving to get alongside to deliver the fish.

In calm weather the scene was simply amusing, but when the sea was high it was exciting and even dangerous; indeed, in the course of a year, more lives are lost in the process of taking the fish from the smack to the steamer than in vessels foundered by gales.

Sometimes the fleet will be joined by Dutch trading-smacks, who exchange fresh bread and meat, tobacco, and spirits for fish. This traffic is the cause alike of loss to the owners by the fish thus parted with, and of injury to the men by the use of spirits. Fortunately the skipper of the *Kitty*, although not averse to the use of spirits on shore, was a strict man at sea, and saw that no one took more than a single glass of grog of an evening.

Over and over again Will congratulated himself that he had the good fortune to make his first voyage under such a skipper, for he shuddered at the stories Jack told him of the cruelties and barbarities with which apprentices are treated on board some of the smacks. Although, however, there are no doubt many brutal skippers hail from Yarmouth, the fleet from that town bears a good reputation in comparison with that of Grimsby, where the number of apprentices who are returned as drowned each year is appalling.

One night, when the wind was high and

the fleet trawling lower down the North Sea than usual, Will, who was on deck, was startled at seeing a great ship bearing down upon the smack. He gave a shout of terror and warning, which was joined in by the crew on deck. One ran for the hatchet to cut the trawl, and thus give steerage way to the smack. It was too late; in another moment the great ship bore down upon them with a crash, and the *Kitty* sunk beneath the waves.

The bowsprit of the vessel projected across the deck, just at the point where William Gale was standing; and in a moment he caught at the bob-stay, and quickly hauled himself on to the bowsprit. Climbing along this he was soon on board. Two or three sailors were leaning over the bows, peering into the darkness. They had not seen the smack, until too late to avoid it; and the collision which had proved fatal to the *Kitty* had scarcely been felt by the ship. Will was at once taken to the captain, who spoke English; the boy implored him to turn back, but the captain shook his head.

"It would be useless," he said; "the sea is heavy, and in those long boots"—and he pointed to the sea-boots up to the thigh which all fishermen wear—"no man could swim for two minutes, nor would there be a chance, if they could, of our finding them on so dark a night. I am very sorry, my lad, but it cannot be helped; it would take half-an-hour to bring the ship about and go back to the spot where the smack sunk, and we might not get within half-a-mile of it. You know that as well as I do."

Will had been long enough at sea to recognise the truth of what the captain said. As he was led forward he burst into tears at the thought of the loss of his kind friend the captain, and the rest of his mates. The sailor who accompanied him, patted him on the back, and spoke cheerily to him in a foreign language, and he was soon between decks with the crew. Several of these could speak English, and Will found that he was on board a Dutch merchantman, bound with troops for Java. The wind got up, and in the morning it was blowing a heavy gale from the

coast, and the vessel with reefed topsails was running for the straits between Dover and Calais at twelve knots an hour. After breakfast the captain sent for William.

"I am sorry for your sake, that the state of the weather will prevent our communicating with any ship we may meet. But I promise you that if the gale breaks before we are fairly out from the channel, I will heave to and get you on board a homeward-bound ship."

Such a chance did not occur; for four or five days the gale continued with great severity, and before it ceased the ship was well down the coast of Spain on her way south. When the captain saw that there was but small chance of his being able to tranship his involuntary passenger, he again said—

"Look you, my lad. I fear that you will have to make the voyage with me, for we shall not touch at any port until we arrive at our destination. If you like, I will ship you as a hand on board as from the day of the collision. A hand, more or less, will make no difference to the owners, and the money will be useful to you when you leave the ship. Of course, you can return in her if you think fit; but it is likely enough that when we reach Java, we may be sent up to China for a homeward cargo, in which case I will procure you a passage in the first ship sailing for your home."

Will gladly accepted the offer. He was, however, by no means penniless; for upon the morning after his coming on board, the Dutch officers and passengers, hearing what had happened in the night, made a collection among themselves, and presented the boy with a purse containing fifteen pounds.

It was a long voyage, but not an unpleasant one for William; his duties were

not very heavy—he had far less to do than had been the case on board the smack. A month on board the *Kitty* had done much towards making a sailor of him, for there are no better seamen in the world than the Yarmouth smackmen. Going aloft was at first a trial, but he soon learned his duties; and being a strong and active lad, he was soon able to do efficient work, and speedily gained the good opinion of the Dutch sailors by his good temper and anxiety to please.

They ran some little distance to the south of the Cape before shaping an easterly course, to avoid the bad weather so frequently met with there; and, beyond encountering two or three gales of no exceptional severity, nothing occurred to break the monotony of the voyage, until the coasts of Java were in sight. Upon their arrival in port, they found no vessel there about to sail for Europe, and the captain's expectation was fulfilled, as he found orders awaiting him to proceed to China when he had landed the troops and discharged his cargo. Will determined to continue his voyage in her to that place.

Among the ship boys on board, was one between whom and Will Gale a great friendship had been struck up. He was a year or two Will's senior, but scarcely so tall; upon the other hand he was nearly twice his girth. He talked but little, but his broad face was ever a-light with a good tempered grin. He spoke a few words of English, and Will had, when first picked up, been given specially into his charge. Will's superior activity and energy astonished the Dutch lad, whose movements were slow and heavy; while Will, on his part, was surprised at the strength which Hans could exert when he chose.

(To be continued.)

KÉRABAN THE INFLEXIBLE;

OR, ADVENTURES IN THE EUXINE.

BY JULES VERNE.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH.

PART II.—CHAPTER II.—(continued).



HE *araba* stopped at the little town of Archawa about 9 A.M. They were ready to start again in an hour without Van Mitten having found time to touch upon his famous project of the loan from his friend Kéraban.

Accordingly Bruno questioned him.

"Well, sir, have you done it?"

"No, Bruno, not yet."

"But it is time."

"At the next town."

"At the next town?"

"Yes: at Witze!"

And Bruno, who in a pecuniary sense depended on his master as Van Mitten was dependent upon Kéraban, took his place in the *araba*, not without ill-humour which he failed to conceal.

"What is the matter with that fellow now?" asked Kéraban.

"Nothing," replied Van Mitten hastily, with a view to turn the conversation. "He is a little fatigued perhaps."

"He!" exclaimed Kéraban. "He looks splendid. I think he is growing fatter!"

"I?" cried Bruno, touched to the quick by this remark.

"Yes: you have all the appearance of becoming a good Turk of a majestic corpulence."

Van Mitten seized his servant's arm, for Bruno was ready to explode at this left-handed compliment. So Bruno was silenced.

Meanwhile the *araba* continued its rapid course, and with the exception of the jolting which caused somewhat rough shocks, and consequent contusions to the occupants, there was nothing to complain of.

The route was by no means deserted. Some Lazes were visible descending the slopes of the Pontic Alps, on business connected with their wants or their commerce. Had Van Mitten been less occupied with his meditated request, he would have noted the difference in the costume, which exists between the Caucasians and the Lazes. A kind of Phrygian bonnet, the ribbons of which are tied around the head in the manner of a "coiffure," replaces the Georgian cap. These fine, tall, well-made mountaineers of fair complexion, carry two cartridge-pouches arranged like pan-pipes. A short gun, a long-bladed poignard stuck in a girdle edged with copper, constitute their ordinary accoutrements.

Some donkeys followed after them, and carried to the villages on the coast the fruits of all kinds which grow in the "middle zone." In fact, had the weather been less unsettled, the travellers would have had little to complain of in the journey, even made under such conditions.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, they reached Witze on the ancient Pyxites, whose Greek name *buis* ("box") is sufficiently justified by the abundance of that plant in the neighbourhood. At Witze they had breakfast, too quickly as it seemed to Kéraban's taste, who, this time, made no concealment of his ill-humour.

Van Mitten, then, of course, found no favourable opportunity to mention his little

business ; and at the moment of departure, Bruno, drawing him aside, said—

“ Well, master ? ”

“ Well, Bruno, at the next town—— ”

“ What ? ”

“ Yes ; at Artachen.”

Bruno, disgusted at such weakness, lay down, grumbling, in the *araba*, while his



The mountaineers of Lazistan.

master took a rapid survey of the romantic country which unites in itself all the cleanliness of Holland with the picturesqueness of Italy.

It was the same at Artachen as it had been at Witze and Archawa. They arrived at three, and started at four P.M. with fresh horses ; but after a serious protest by Bruno,

who would hear of no more temporising, his master pledged himself to make the demand at Atina, where it had been agreed to pass the night.

There were five leagues to be traversed before this next town was reached, and then fifteen leagues of the journey would be accomplished. This, after all, was not ex-

cessive; but the rain which was threatening, would no doubt render the roads heavy and less practicable.

Ahmet saw with anxiety the period of bad weather obstinately setting in. The stormy clouds grew larger. The heavy atmosphere rendered breathing difficult. It was evident that, during the evening or in the night, a storm would break over the sea. After the first peals of thunder, the squall would be let loose, and the tempest would bring up the vapour to be discharged in rain.

There was only room for three travellers in the *araba*. Neither Ahmet nor Nizib could find shelter under the tilt, which would, perhaps, not resist the force of the tempest. So the riders, as well as the others, were anxious to urge the horses on to the next village.

Two or three times Kéraban put his head outside the awning, and studied the sky, which became more and more overcast.

"Shall we have a storm?" he asked.

"Yes, uncle," replied Ahmet. "Let us endeavour to reach the next relay before the rain commences."

"As soon as it begins to fall, you can come inside here," said Kéraban.

"And who will give up his place?"

"Bruno. That brave fellow will take your horse."

"Certainly," added Van Mitten, quickly, for his faithful follower. The Dutchman would have had bad taste to decline.

But we may be sure Van Mitten did not look at Bruno when he made this answer. He did not dare to do so. It was as much as Bruno could do not to break out. His master felt it was so.

"The best thing we can do is to push on as quickly as possible," said Ahmet. "Should the storm come on, the covering of the *araba* will be torn away in an instant, and the place will be untenable."

"Hurry on," cried Kéraban to the postillion, "and do not spare your cattle."

And, indeed, the postillion, who was quite as anxious as the travellers to arrive

at Atina, did not spare his horses. But the poor beasts, exhausted by the sultriness of the atmosphere, could not maintain the trot upon the road, which had not yet been macadamized.

How Seigneur Kéraban and his companions envied the "Cahapar," whose carriage passed their *araba* about seven o'clock in the evening. This is the English courier, who every two weeks carries European despatches to Teheran. He only requires twelve days to go from Trebizond to the Persian capital, with two or three horses, which carry his valises, and his escort of Zapties. But in the matter of relays, he has the preference over all other travellers, and Ahmet began to be afraid that, when they arrived at Atina, they would find only jaded cattle.

Fortunately, this idea never occurred to Kéraban. Else he would have had legitimate occasion to make more complaints, and would have gained a great deal by them, no doubt! Perhaps he was seeking such an opportunity elsewhere. At anyrate one was furnished by Van Mitten.

The Dutchman could no longer avoid the performance of his promises made to Bruno, and at length he took the chances, but with all the skill of which he was master. The bad weather appeared to afford him an excellent text.

"Friend Kéraban," he began, in the tone of a man who has no wish to give advice, but to seek it, "what do you think of the state of the atmosphere?"

"What do I think?"

"Yes; you know the autumnal equinox is close upon us, and it is to be feared that the latter portion of our journey may not be so pleasant as the former."

"Well then, it will be less pleasant, that's all," was Kéraban's dry reply. "I cannot alter atmospheric conditions at will; I am not aware that I command the elements, Van Mitten!"

"No, evidently," replied the Dutchman, who was not particularly encouraged by this opening. "But that was not what I meant, my worthy friend."

"What did you mean then?"

"That after all, perhaps, it is only threatening a storm, and that it will pass over us."

"All storms pass over, Van Mitten. They continue for a greater or less time—like discussions—but they pass away, and fine weather succeeds, naturally."

"At least, if the atmosphere were less disturbed," continued Van Mitten, "if the period of the equinox were not so near——"

"When it is the equinox, it is as well to resign oneself to the conditions," replied Kéraban. "I can't do anything to prevent it. One might imagine that you are finding fault with me, Van Mitten!"

"No, I assure you. Reproach you? I find fault, friend Kéraban?" replied Van Mitten.

Things were not progressing favourably, that was plain. Perhaps, had Bruno not been behind him, Van Mitten would have abandoned this dangerous topic of conversation and resumed it later. But there were no means of retreat, particularly as Kéraban pointedly enquired as he bent a frowning brow upon him—

"What possesses you, Van Mitten? It would appear as if you had some hidden meaning in this!"

"I?" exclaimed Van Mitten.

"Yes you. Let us consider this. Be frank with me. I do not like people who put on these lugubrious looks without giving any reason."

"I—have I appeared discontented?"

"Have you anything to reproach me with? If I have invited you to dinner at Scutari, am not I taking you thither? Is it my fault if that chaise was smashed by that confounded train?"

Oh yes, indeed, it was his fault and his fault solely. But the Dutchman was careful not to reproach him.

"Is it my fault that the weather is not favourable?" continued Kéraban, "or that an *araba* is the only means of conveyance? Come, let us see. Speak!"

Van Mitten, sorely perplexed, had no answer to make to this. He forced himself,

however, to ask his peremptory companion whether he intended to remain at Atina for the night, or at Trebizond in the event of the journey proving more difficult in consequence of the bad weather.

"Difficult is not the same as impossible, is it?" retorted Kéraban, "and, as I intend to reach Scutari by the end of the month, we will continue our journey though all the elements warred against us."

Van Mitten then screwed up all his courage, and, not without evident hesitation, formulated his famous proposition.

"Well, Kéraban," he said, "if it will not inconvenience you very much, I would request permission for Bruno and myself—yes, permission to remain at Atina."

"You ask my permission to remain at Atina," repeated Kéraban, dwelling on each syllable.

"Yes, permission—authority—for I do not wish to run counter to your wishes—and——"

"You wish to separate from me, is that so?"

"Oh, temporarily, only for a very short time," Van Mitten hastened to add. "We are very much fatigued—Bruno and I. We would rather return to Constantinople by sea—yes, by sea."

"By sea!"

"Yes, friend Kéraban. Oh, I am aware you do not like the sea—I do not say so to annoy you. I can quite understand that the idea of crossing the sea is distasteful to you. So it is only natural that you should continue to follow the route along the shore. But fatigue makes this jolting very disagreeable to me, and you can plainly perceive that Bruno is growing much thinner."

"Ah, Bruno is growing thinner, is he?" said Kéraban, without even turning towards the unfortunate servant, who with a shaking hand was clutching the ample garments which covered his emaciated figure.

"These are the reasons, friend Kéraban, why I beg you not to be offended with us if we remain at Atina, whence we may reach European territory again under more

pleasant conditions. I repeat, you will find us again at Scutari, and you may depend upon us not to keep you waiting to solemnize the wedding of our young friend Ahmet."

Van Mitten had now said all he wanted to say and he waited for Kéraban's answer. Would it be a simple acquiescence with so natural a demand, or would he burst into an angry one-sided argument?

The Dutchman bent his head, without daring to lift his eyes to his terrible companion's face.

"Van Mitten," said Kéraban, in a calmer tone than had been anticipated, "Van Mitten, you must admit that your suggestion is calculated to astonish me, and even of a nature to provoke——"

"Friend Kéraban," interrupted Van Mitten, who at this juncture began to fear some violence was imminent.

"Let me conclude, if you please," said Kéraban. "You must admit that I cannot regard this separation without real pain, and I may add that I could not have anticipated such conduct on the part of a correspondent bound to me by business relations extending over thirty years."

"Kéraban," said Van Mitten——

"Eh, by Allah, cannot you let me finish?" exclaimed Kéraban, who could not restrain his habitual gesture. "But after all, Van Mitten, you are free. You are neither my relation nor my servant; you are only my friend, and a friend may permit himself anything, even to break the bonds of old friendship."

"Kéraban, my dear Kéraban," replied Van Mitten, much distressed by this reproach.

"You will accordingly remain at Atina if you please to stay there, or at Trebizond if you prefer it."

Then Seigneur Kéraban withdrew into his corner with the air of a man who has no association with any others present, whom he regards as mere strangers that chance has thrown in his way, *en route*.

In fact, if Bruno were pleased at the course which things had taken, Van Mitten

was much moved at having caused so much pain to his old friend. But, after all, his plan had succeeded, and although it came into his mind to withdraw the suggestion he did not do so: besides Bruno was present.

The question of the money still remained: the loan must be arranged, for they might have to remain in that country for some time, or to continue the journey under new conditions. There would be no difficulty on this point. The important sum which stood to Van Mitten's credit in Rotterdam would soon be transmitted to the Bank at Constantinople, and Seigneur Kéraban would only have to repay himself the sum lent by means of the cheque which the Dutchman would hand to him.

"Friend Kéraban," said Van Mitten, after a silence of some minutes' duration, which had been interrupted by no one. "Friend Kéraban——"

"What is it, monsieur?" asked Kéraban, in the tone he would have addressed to an intruder.

"When we arrive at Atina," continued Van Mitten, who felt cut to the heart by the word "monsieur."

"Well, when we reach Atina, we will separate," replied Kéraban. "That is understood."

"Yes—no doubt, Kéraban."

Van Mitten did not dare to say, "my friend Kéraban," but he continued——

"Yes, of course; but I would ask you to lend me a little money."

"Money! what money?"

"A small sum, which I will repay you through the Bank of Constantinople."

"A small sum?"

"You know," said Van Mitten, "that I left with very little money, as you were so generous as to defray all the expenses of this journey——"

"The expenses concern me only."

"Quite so—I do not wish to discuss that."

"I would not have permitted you to spend a single livre," said Kéraban. "Not a single one."

"I am extremely grateful to you," replied Van Mitten. "But at this moment I do not possess a single *pará*; and I should be much obliged if——"

"I have no money to lend you," replied Kéraban, brusquely. "I have only sufficient remaining to carry me through this journey."

"Nevertheless you may give me——"

"Nothing—I tell you."

"What?" exclaimed Bruno.

"Bruno, I think, is permitting himself to make an observation," remarked Kéraban, in a menacing tone.

"Certainly," replied Bruno.

"Hold your tongue, Bruno," said Van Mitten, who did not wish the discussion embittered by any observations from his servant.

Bruno was silent.

"My dear Kéraban," continued Van Mitten, "it is after all only a question of a relatively insignificant sum, which will suffice to maintain me at Trebizond for a few days."

"Insignificant or not, monsieur," replied Kéraban, "you must expect absolutely nothing from me."

"A thousand piastres would suffice."

"No, not a thousand, nor a hundred, nor ten, nor one," replied Kéraban, who was beginning to get angry.

"What? nothing at all?"

"Nothing at all."

"But then——"

"Then you have only to continue your journey with us, Monsieur Van Mitten. You shall want for nothing. But as for lending you a piastre, a *pará*, or half a *pará* to enable you to travel by yourself——never!"

"Never?" echoed Van Mitten.

"Never!" replied Kéraban decisively.

The tone in which this "never" was pronounced was quite enough to carry conviction to Van Mitten, and even to Bruno, that the resolution of the Inflexible One was irrevocable. When he had once said "No," he had, as it were, said it ten times.

Whether Van Mitten was really hurt at this

refusal of his quondam friend and correspondent, it would be difficult to explain, so reserved and phlegmatic is the human heart—particularly the human Dutch heart! Bruno, however, was outraged! What! was he to continue his journey under such conditions, and, it might be, in worse? He might be compelled to prosecute this mad journey in a cart, on horseback, even on foot—who could tell? And all because it suited a headstrong Osmanli before whom his master trembled! He (Bruno) was perhaps condemned to lose even the little rotundity he still possessed, while Seigneur Kéraban, in spite of crosses and fatigues, continued to maintain his usual corpulence.

Yes, but what was to be done? Bruno had no resource but to grumble, and so he did grumble in his corner. For one instant he thought of staying by himself, to abandon Van Mitten to all the consequences of such tyranny. But the money question arose before him, as it had uprisen before his master who had not sufficient to pay his wages even. So he was obliged to remain with him.

While these discussions were proceeding the *araba* continued its way with difficulty. The sky had become very threatening and the clouds seemed to be resting on the water. The roaring of the breakers on the shore indicated the rising of the sea, and in the offing the wind was already blowing a gale.

The postillion pressed his horses as hard as he could, but the poor animals only proceeded with great difficulty. Ahmet, on his part, encouraged them, as he was in a great hurry to reach Atina, which it was now evident would not be gained before they were overtaken by the storm.

Kéraban remained silent with his eyes closed. This silence weighed upon Van Mitten, who would have preferred to hear some snappish remark from his old friend. He felt that by the latter complaints were being accumulated against him, and when the shell burst the explosion would be terrible.

At length Van Mitten could contain himself no longer, and leaning towards



"THE 'ARABA' CONTINUED ITS WAY WITH DIFFICULTY."—p. 92

Kéraban so that Bruno should not hear, he said—

"Friend Kéraban!"

"What is it?" asked Kéraban.

"How could I yield to this idea of leaving you, for a moment?"

"Yes—how?"

"Indeed, I cannot understand it."

"No more can I," answered Kéraban.

That was all. But the hand of Van Mitten sought the hand of Kéraban, who acknowledged the repentance by a generous squeeze, which made the Dutchman's fingers tingle for a long time.

It was then 9 P.M. The night was very dark. The storm burst with tremendous violence. The horizon was illuminated by frequent flashes of lightning, but the thunder was as yet inaudible. The hurricane soon became so violent that many times the occupants of the *araba* fancied it would be overturned. The horses, worn out and weary, stopped every minute and reared and backed so that the postillion had great difficulty to maintain his seat.

What was to be done under such circumstances? They could not halt in such an unsheltered locality, swept by the fierce west wind; and there was yet half an hour's journey before they could reach the town.

Ahmet, who was very uneasy, did not know what to do, when on turning to the right, a light became visible like a flash from a gun. This came from the lighthouse of Atina, which, built on the cliffs in advance of the town, projected a bright gleam of light into the surrounding darkness.

Ahmet had conceived the idea of asking for shelter for the night from the caretakers of the lighthouse, so he knocked at the door of the hut erected at the foot of the building.

Some minutes later, Seigneur Kéraban with his companions, unsheltered, must have succumbed to the fury of the tempest.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH BRUNO PLAYS NIZIB A TRICK WHICH THE READER WILL KINDLY PARDON HIM.

AN immense wooden structure, divided into two chambers, with windows opening seawards, a scaffolding supporting a catoptric apparatus—that is to say, a lanthorn with reflectors, and topping the roof by sixty feet—such was the very primitive lighthouse of Atina.

But such as it was, it rendered very excellent service to navigation in the midst of that wild water. It had been only erected a short time, so what a number of vessels must have been driven ashore before the difficult channels of the port had been illuminated! Against the power of adverse winds, from north to west, a steamer can scarcely make headway, and much less could sailing vessels withstand the storm which drives them upon a lee shore.

Two light-keepers resided in the small wooden hut erected at the base of the lighthouse. The first chamber was the common sitting-room, another contained the two beds, which were never occupied at the same time. One of the men was on duty every night, as much to attend to the lanthorn as to signal any ships which might venture without pilots into the intricate channels of Atina.

The door of the hut was opened in response to a loud knocking, and Seigneur Kéraban, under the violent impulse of the storm—a storm in himself—entered precipitately, followed by Ahmet, Van Mitten, Bruno, and Nizib.

"What do you want?" enquired one of the lighthouse keepers; while his companion, rudely awakened from sleep, joined his associate almost immediately.

"Shelter for the night," replied Ahmet.

"If that is all you want, the house is open to you," replied the man.

"Shelter till daybreak, and something to appease our hunger meanwhile," added Kéraban.

"Very well," replied the keeper. "But you would do better at one of the inns in Atina."

"How far is the town from here?" asked Van Mitten.

"About half a league under the cliffs," replied the man.

"Half a league in such weather as this!" exclaimed Kéraban. "No, my brave fellows, no! Here are benches upon which we can



"What do you want?"

pass the night. If our *araba* and our horses can find shelter under the lee of your lighthouse, that is all we shall require for them. To-morrow, as soon as it is light, we will proceed to the town; and may Allah find us some more convenient vehicle——"

"And one more rapid," added Ahmet.

"And less rough," muttered Bruno between his teeth.

"—Than this *araba*," continued Kéraban, "of which it will not do to speak slightly, nevertheless," he concluded bending a severe brow upon Van Mitten's spiteful follower.

"Seigneur," replied the keeper, "I repeat that our habitation is quite at your disposal. Many travellers have before now availed themselves of its protection from the weather, and have been satisfied."

"And with which we will know how to content ourselves," replied Kéraban.

Then the travellers made their arrangements for passing the night in the little house. In any case they could not but congratulate themselves upon having discovered such a refuge, uncomfortable though it was, when they listened to the wind, and to the torrents of rain which raged and fell outside.

But as to sleep—that was very well, on the condition that rest was preceded by some supper. Naturally it was Bruno who made this observation, at the same time calling attention to the fact that the supplies which had been carried in the *araba* were all consumed.

"Well, what have you to offer us, my fine fellows—on payment, of course?" asked Kéraban.

"Good or bad," replied one of the keepers, "there is only what there is, and all the gold in the imperial treasury would not avail to discover anything more than the little which remains of the provision allotted to the lighthouse."

"That will do very well," replied Ahmet.

"Yes, if there is enough of it," muttered Bruno, whose teeth were growing longer under the influence of real hunger.

"Go into the next room," replied the keeper, "what you will find on the table is at your service."

"And Bruno shall wait upon us," said Kéraban, "while Nizib assists the postillion to put up the horses and carriage as comfortably as possible under the lee of the lighthouse."

At a sign from his master, Nizib went out immediately to make things as snug as possible. Meanwhile Kéraban, Van Mitten, and Ahmet, followed by Bruno, entered the other room and sat down before a flaming wood fire beside a small table. On this they found some large dishes of cold meat, to

which the travellers did full justice. Bruno, as he watched them eat, kept thinking that they were going rather far!

"But we must not forget Bruno and Nizib," said Van Mitten at last, after a quarter of an hour of mastication, which to the servant appeared interminable.

"No, certainly not," replied Kéraban, "there is no reason why they should die of hunger any more than their masters."

"That is very true," murmured Bruno.

"Nor is it necessary to treat them like the Cossacks," added Kéraban. "Ah, those Cossacks! I would hang a hundred of them."

"Oh!" exclaimed Van Mitten.

"A thousand—ten thousand—a hundred thousand," said Kéraban shaking his friend's hand violently. "Yes, until none were left. But it is getting late. Let us go to sleep."

"Yes, that will be better," said Van Mitten, who by his thoughtless "Oh!" had apparently provoked the massacre of a great part of the nomad tribes of the Russian Empire.

Kéraban, Van Mitten, and Ahmet retired to the first chamber at the moment when Nizib came in to join Bruno at supper. Then the three, wrapped in their cloaks, lay down upon the benches and sought to pass in slumber the long hours of the tempestuous night. But it must have been very difficult to sleep under such conditions.

Meantime Bruno and Nizib seated themselves opposite each other at table, and prepared to give a good account of such viands as remained; Bruno all the while "lording it over" Nizib, who was extremely deferential *vis-à-vis* of Bruno.

"Nizib," said Bruno, "my opinion is that when the masters have supped it is only right that the servants should eat all that is left."

"You are always hungry, Monsieur Bruno," said Nizib, admiringly.

"Always, Nizib, particularly after twelve hours have elapsed since the last meal."

"You do not look like it!"

"Not look like it! Don't you perceive

that I have lost ten pounds in eight days? My clothes have become loose enough to accommodate a man twice my size!"

"It is very extraordinary that you should do so. I have grown rather stouter."

"Ah, you grow fatter, do you?" murmured Bruno, looking askance at his companion.

"Let us see what is in that dish," said Nizib.

"Hum! not much," replied Bruno, "There is scarcely sufficient for one indeed—not enough for two."

"When travelling one must put up with what one can get, Monsieur Bruno."

"Ah, you are playing the philosopher," said Bruno to himself, "and yet you manage to get fat upon it!"

Then, pulling Nizib's plate towards him, he continued—

"Eh! what the deuce have you got here?"

"I don't know, it looks to me like mutton," replied Nizib, recovering his plate.

"Mutton!" exclaimed Bruno, "I say, Nizib, take care! I believe you are making a mistake."

"I will soon ascertain," replied Nizib, putting a piece in his mouth.

"No, no," cried Bruno, seizing his friend's hand. "Don't be in such a hurry. By Mahomet I believe it is the flesh of an animal forbidden to a Turk—not for a Christian—do you understand?"

"Do you think so, Monsieur Bruno?"

"Let me assure myself on the point," said Bruno.

So saying he transferred the food from Nizib's plate to his own, and under the pretext of tasting it, ate it in a few mouthfuls.

"Well?" asked Nizib, with a certain uneasiness of manner.

"Well," replied Bruno, "I was not mistaken. It is pork. Horrible! Fancy you were about to eat pork!"

"Pork!" exclaimed Nizib; "that is forbidden."

"Absolutely!"

"Nevertheless it seemed to me——"

"What do you mean, Nizib? Are you going to dictate to a man who knows so much better than yourself?"

"But then, Monsieur Bruno——"

"Then—in your place!—I would content myself with this morsel of goat's-cheese."

"It is very poor," replied Nizib.

"Yes, but it looks excellent."

(To be continued.)



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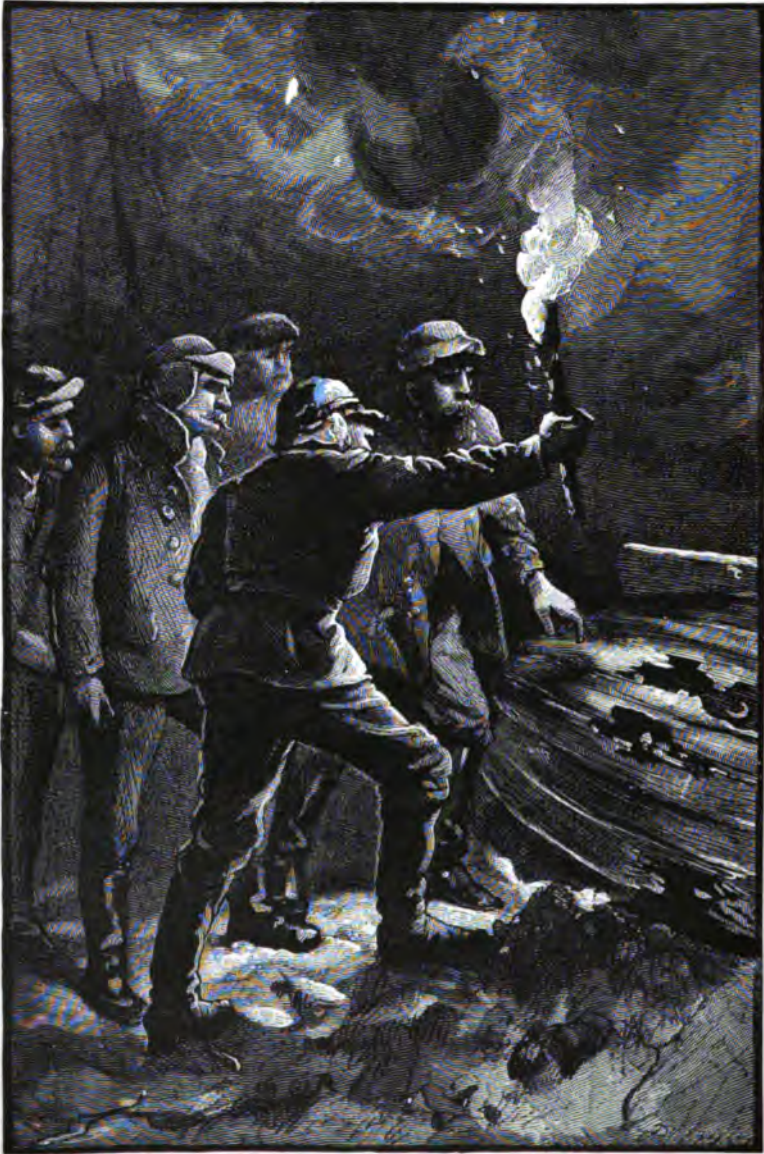
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"A light revealed the fact that our boat, in being rolled bodily up the bank by the gale, had got several of her planks damaged, and two of her ribs broken."

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CHAPTER V.—(continued).



WHILE this pleasant change was going on we awoke with song and laugh and story the echoes of Bachelor's Hall—at no time very restful echoes, save perhaps in the dead hours of early morning; and even then they were more or less disturbed by snoring. For our sociable Highlander, besides having roused our spirits by his mere presence to the effervescing point, was himself much elated by the mighty change from prolonged solitude to joyous companionship.

"My spirit feels inclined," he remarked one day, "to jump clean out of my body."

"You'd better not let it then," said Lumley, "for you know it might catch cold or freeze."

"Not in this weather, surely," retorted Macnab, "and if I did feel coldish in the circumstances, couldn't I borrow Spooner's blanket-capote? It might fit me then, for I'd probably be a few sizes smaller."

"Come, Mac," said I, "give us a song. You know I'm wildly fond of music; and, most unfortunately, not one of us three can sing a note."

Our visitor was quite willing, and began at once to sing a wild ditty, in the wilder language of his native land.

He had a sweet, tuneful, sympathetic

voice, which was at the same time powerful, so that we listened to him, sometimes with enthusiasm swelling our hearts, at other times with tears dimming our eyes. No one, save he who has been banished to a wilderness and long bereft of music, can understand the nature of our feelings—of mine, at least!

One evening after our wounded man had charmed us with several songs, and we all of us had done what we could, despite our incapacity, to pay him back in kind, he pulled a sheet of crumpled paper out of his pocket.

"Come," said he, unfolding it, "I've got a poet among the men of Muskrat House, who has produced a song, which, if not marked by sublimity, is at least distinguished by much truth. He said he composed it at the rate of about one line a week during the winter, and his comrades said that it was quite a picture to see him agonising over the rhymes. Before they found out what was the matter with him they thought he was becoming subject to fits of some sort. Now then, let's have a good chorus. It's to the tune of 'The British Grenadiers.'"

THE WORLD OF ICE AND SNOW.

Come listen all good people who dwell at home at ease,
I'll tell you of the sorrows of them that cross the seas
And penetrate the wilderness,
Where arctic tempests blow—

Where your toes are froze,
An' the pint o' your nose,
In the world of Ice and Snow.

You've eight long months of winter an' solitude profound,
The snow at your feet is ten feet deep and frozen hard the ground.
And all the lakes are solid cakes,

And the rivers all cease to flow—
Where your toes are froze,
An' the pint o' your nose,
In the world of Ice and Snow.

No comrade to enliven; no friendly foe to fight;
No female near to love or cheer with pure domestic
light;
No books to read; no cause to plead;
No music, fun, nor go—
Ne'er a shillin', nor a stiver,
Nor nothin' whatsomediver,
In the world of Ice and Snow.

Your feelin's take to freezin', so likewise takes your
brain;
You go about grump-and-wheelin', like a wretched dog
in pain;
You long for wings, or some such things,
But they're not to be had—oh! no—
For there you are,
Like a fixed star,
In the world of Ice and Snow.

If you wished you could—you would not, for the very
wish would die.
If you thought you would—you could not, for you
wouldn't have heart to try.
Confusion worse confounded,
Would aggravate you so—
That you'd tumble down
On the frozen ground
In the world of Ice and Snow.

But "never-give-in" our part is—let British pluck have
sway;
And "never-say-die" my hearties—it's that what wins
the day.
To face our fate in every state,
Is what we've got to do,
An' laugh at our trouble
Till we're all bent double—
In the world of Ice and Snow.

Now all ye sympathisers, and all ye tender souls;
Ye kind philanthropisers, who dwell between the poles,
Embrace in your affections
Those merry merry men who go—
Where your toes are froze
An' the pint o' your nose
In the world of Ice and Snow.

It almost seemed as though the world of
ice and snow itself had taken umbrage at
Macnab's song, for, while we were yet in
the act of enthusiastically prolonging the
last "sno-o-ow," there sounded in our ears
a loud report, as if of heavy artillery close
at hand.

We all leaped up in excitement, as if an
enemy were at our doors.

"There it goes at last!" cried Lumley,
rushing out of the house followed by
Spooner.

I was about to follow when Macnab
stopped me.

"Don't get excited, Max, there's no
hurry!"

"It's the river going to break up," said I,
looking back impatiently.

"Yes, I know that, but it won't break up
to-night, depend on it."

I was too eager to wait for more, but ran
to the banks of the river, which at that
place was fully a mile wide. The moon
was bright and we could see the familiar
sheet of ice as still and cold as we had seen
it every day for many months past.

"Macnab's right," said I, "there will be
no break-up to-night."

"Not so sure of that," returned Lumley;
"the weather has been very warm of late;
melting snow has been gushing into it in
thousands of streams, and the strain on the
ice—six feet thick though it be—must be
tremendous——"

He was checked by another crashing
report; but again silence ensued, and we
heard no more till next morning. Of
course we were all up and away to the
river bank long before breakfast, but it was
not till after that meal that the final burst-
up occurred. It was preceded by many
reports—towards the end by what seemed
quite a smart artillery fire. The whole sheet
of ice on the great river seemed to be
rising bodily upwards from the tremendous
hydraulic pressure underneath. But though
the thaws of spring had converted much
snow into floods of water, they had not
greatly affected the surface of the ice, which
still lay hard and solid in all its wintry
strength.

A greater Power, however, was present.
If the ice had been made of cast iron six
feet in thickness, it must have succumbed
sooner or later.

At last, as Macnab said, "She went!"
but who shall describe *how* she went? It
seemed as if the mighty cake had been
suddenly struck from below and shattered.
Then the turmoil that ensued was grand
and terrible beyond conception. It was
but an insignificant portion of God's waters

at which we gazed, but how overwhelming it seemed to us. Mass rose upon mass of ice, the cold grey water bursting through and over all, hurling morsels as large as the side of a house violently on each other till a mighty pile was raised which next moment fell with a crash into the boiling foam. Then, in one direction there was a rush which seemed about to carry all before it, but instead of being piled upwards, some of the masses were driven below, were thrust deep into the mud and a jam took place. In a few minutes the ice burst upwards again, and the masses were swept on to join the battalions that were already on their way towards the distant lake amid noise and crash and devastation. It seemed as if ice and snow and water had combined to revive the picture if not the reality of ancient chaos!

Thus the drapery of winter was rudely swept away, and next morning we had the joy of seeing our river sweeping grandly on in all the liquid beauty of early and welcome spring.

CHAPTER VI.

AN EXPRESS AND ITS RESULTS.

SOME weeks after the breaking up of the ice, as we were standing at the front gate of fort Dunregan, we experienced a pleasant surprise at the sight of an Indian canoe sweeping round the point above the fort. Two men paddled the canoe, one in the bow and one in the stern.

It conveyed a message from headquarters directing that two of the clerks should be sent to establish an outpost in the regions of the far north, the very region from which Macnab's friend Big Otter had come. One of the two canoe-men was a clerk sent to undertake, at Dunregan, the work of those who should be selected for the expedition, and he said that another clerk was to follow in the spring-brigade of boats.

"That's marching orders for you, Lumley," said Macnab, who was beside us when the canoe arrived.

"You cannot tell that," returned Lumley. "It may be that our chief will select Max, or Spooner. Did you hear any mention of names?" he asked of the new clerk, as we all walked up to the house.

"No, our governor does not tell us much of his intentions. Perhaps your chief may be the man."

"He's too useful where he is," suggested Macnab. "But we shall know when the letters are opened."

Having delivered his despatches, the new arrival returned to us in Bachelor's Hall, where we soon began to make the most of him, and were engaged in a brisk fire of question and reply, when a message came for Mr. Lumley to go to the mess-room.

"I've sent for you, Lumley," said our chief, "to say that you have been appointed to fill an honourable and responsible post. It seems that the governor, with his wonted sagacity, has perceived that it would be advantageous to the service to have an outpost established in the lands lying to the westward of Muskrat House, on the borders of Lake Wichikagan. As you are aware, the Indian, Big Otter, has come from that very place, with a request from his people that such a post should be established, and you have been selected by the governor to conduct the expedition."

As our chief paused, Lumley, with a modest air, expressed his sense of the honour that the appointment conferred on him, and his willingness to do his best for the service.

"I know you will, Lumley," returned Mr. Strang, "and I must do you the justice to say that I think the governor has shown his usual wisdom in the selection. Without wishing to flatter you, I think you are steady and self-reliant. You are also strong and big, qualities which are of some value among rough men and Indians, not because they enable you to rule with a strong hand, but because they enable you to rule without the necessity of showing the strength of your hand. Bullies, if you should meet with any, will recognize your ability to knock them down without requiring proof thereof. To

say truth, if you were one of those fellows who are fond of ruling by the mere strength of their arms, I should not think you fit for the command of an expedition like this, which will require much tact in its leader. At the same time a large and powerful frame—especially if united to a peaceable spirit—is exceedingly useful in a wild country. Without the peaceable spirit it only renders its possessor a bully and a nuisance. I am further directed to furnish you with the needful supplies and men. I will see to the former being prepared, and the latter you may select—of course within certain limits. Now go and make arrangements for a start. The lakes will soon be sufficiently free of ice, and you are aware that you will need all your time to reach your ground and get well established before next winter sets in."

"Excuse me, sir," said Lumley, turning back as he was about to depart. "Am I permitted to select the clerk who is to go with me as well as the men?"

"Certainly."

"Then I should like to have Mr. Maxby."

Our chief smiled as he replied, "I thought so. I have observed your mutual friendship. Well, you may tell him of the prospect before him."

Need I say that I was overjoyed at this prospect? I have always felt something of that disposition which animates, I suppose, the breast of every explorer. To visit unknown lands has always been with me almost a passion, and this desire has extended even to trivial localities, insomuch that I was in the habit, while at fort Dunregan, of traversing all the surrounding country—on snow-shoes in winter and in my hunting canoe in summer—until I became familiar with all the out-of-the-way and the seldom-visited nooks and corners of that neighbourhood.

To be appointed, therefore, as second in command of an expedition to establish a new trading post in a little-known region, was of itself a matter of much self-gratulation; but to have my friend and chum Jack Lumley as my chief, was a piece of

good fortune so great that on hearing of it I executed an extravagant pirouette, knocked Spooner off his chair by accident—though he thought it was done on purpose—and spent five or ten minutes thereafter in running round the stove to escape his wrath.

As to my fitness for this appointment, I must turn aside for a few moments to pay a tribute of respect to my dear father, as well as to tell the youthful reader one or two things that have made a considerable impression on me.

"Punch," said my father to me one day—he called me Punch because in early life I had a squeaky voice and a jerky manner—"Punch, my boy, get into a habit of looking up, if you can, as you trot along through this world. If you keep your head down and your eyes on the ground, you'll see nothing of what's going on around you—consequently you'll know nothing; moreover, you'll get a bad habit of turning your eyes inward and always thinking only about yourself and your own affairs, which means being selfish. Besides, you'll run a chance of growing absent minded, and won't see danger approaching; so that you'll tumble over things and damage your shins, and tumble into things and damage your clothes, and tumble off things and damage your carcass, and get run over by wheels, and poked in the back by carriage-poles, and killed by trains, and spificated in various ways—all of which evils are to be avoided by looking up and looking round and taking note of what you see as you go along the track of life—d'ye see?"

"Yes, father."

"And this," continued my father, "is the only mode that I know of getting near to that most blessed state of human felicity, self-oblivion. You won't be able to manage that altogether, Punch, but you'll come nearest to it by looking up. Of course there are times when it is good for a man to look inside and take stock—self-examination, you know—but looking *out* and *up* is more difficult to my mind. And there is a kind of looking up, too, for guidance and

blessing, which is the most important of all, but I'm not talking to you on that subject just now. I'm trying to warn you against that habit which so many people have of staring at the ground, and seeing and knowing nothing as they go along through life. I've suffered from it myself, Punch, more than I care to tell, and that's why I speak feelingly, and wish to warn you in time, my boy.

"Now, there's another thing," continued my father. "You're fond of rambling, Punch, and of reading books of travel and adventure, and I have no doubt you think it would be a grand thing to go some day and try to discover the North Pole, or the South Pole, or to explore the unknown interior of Australia."

"Yes, father," I replied, in a tone which made him laugh.

"Well, then, Punch, I won't discourage you. Go and discover these places by all means, if you can; but mark me, you'll never discover them if you get into the habit of keeping your eyes on the ground, and thinking about yourself and your own affairs. And I would further advise you to brush up your mathematics, and study navigation, and learn well how to take an observation for longitude and latitude, for if you don't know how to find out exactly where you are in unknown regions, you'll never be a discoverer. Also, Punch, get into a habit of taking notes, and learn to write a good hand, for editors and publishers won't care to be bothered with you if you don't, and maybe the time will come when you won't be able to make out your own writing. I've known men of that stamp, whose penmanship suggested the idea that a drunk fly had dipped its legs in the ink-pud an' straggled across his paper."

These weighty words of my dear father I laid to heart at the time, and, as a consequence I believe, have been selected on more than one occasion to accompany exploring parties in various parts of the world. One very important accomplishment which my father did not think of, but

which, nevertheless, I have been so fortunate as to acquire, is, sketching from Nature, and marking the course of rivers and trend of coasts. I have thus been able not only to make accurate maps of the wild regions I have visited, but have brought home many sketches of interesting scenes of adventure, which words alone could not have sufficed to pourtray.

But, to return from this long digression. I set about my preparations without delay, and was soon ready with a small but very select amount of baggage. You may be sure also that Lumley was active in his preparations, and the result was that, on a fine afternoon in the early spring, we—that is, Lumley, Macnab, Big Otter, and myself,—set out on our expedition in a strong new boat, which was manned by two Indians, two Scotchmen, and a number of Canadian half-breds, all picked men.

I must not, however, drag my readers through the details of our arduous voyage, not because those details are devoid of interest or romance, far from it, but because I have other matters more interesting and romantic to relate. I will, therefore, pass them over in silence, and at once proceed to the remote region where our lot at that time was to be cast.

One beautiful evening we encamped on the margin of one of those innumerable lakelets which gleam like diamonds on the breast of the great wilderness through which for many weeks we had been voyaging. The vast solitudes into which we had penetrated, although nearly destitute of human inhabitants, were by no means devoid of life, for aquatic birds of varied form and voice made sweet music in the air as they swept over their grand domains on whirring wing, or chattered happily in their rich feeding-grounds.

Those pleasant sounds were augmented by the axes of our men as they busied themselves in cutting firewood, and preparing our encampment.

The spot chosen was a piece of level sward overhung by trees and surrounded by bushes, except on the side next the

little lake where an opening permitted us to see the sheet of water gleaming like fire as the sun sank behind the opposite trees. By that time we had traversed hundreds of miles of wilderness, stemming many rivers and rivulets; crossing or skirting hundreds of lakes which varied from two hundred miles to two hundred yards in length; dragging our boat and carrying our baggage over innumerable portages, and making our beds each night, in fair weather and foul, under the trees of the primeval forest, until we had at last plunged into regions almost unknown—where, probably, the foot of a white man had never before rested. On the way we had passed Muskrat House. There, with feelings of profound regret, we parted from our genial Highlander, promising, however, to send him an unusually long account of all our doings by the packet, which we purposed sending to head-quarters sometime during the winter.

The particular duty which Lumley and I undertook on the evening in question was the lighting of the fire, and putting on of the kettles for supper. We were aided by our guide, Big Otter, who cut down and cut up the nearest dead trees, and by Salamander who carried them to the camp.

"Three days more, and we shall reach the scene of our operations," said Lumley to me, as we watched the slowly rising flame which had just been kindled; "is it not so?" he asked of Big Otter who came up at the moment with a stupendous log on his shoulders and flung it down.

"Waugh?" said the Indian interrogatively.

"Ask him," said Lumley to Salamander, who was interpreter to the expedition, "if we are far now from the lodges of his people."

"Three times," replied the red man, pointing to the sun, "will the great light go down, and then the smoke of Big Otter's wigwam shall be seen rising above the trees."

"Good; I shall be glad when I see it," returned Lumley, arranging a rustic tripod over the fire, "for I long to begin the

building of our house, and getting a supply of fish and meat for winter use. Now then, Salamander, fetch the big kettle."

"Yis, sar," replied our little servant, with gleeful activity (he was only sixteen and an enthusiast) as he ran down to the lake for water.

"Cut the pemmican up small, Max. I've a notion it mixes better, though some fellows laugh at the idea and say that hungry men are not particular."

"That is true," said I, attacking the pemmican with a small hatchet; "yet have I seen these same scoffers at careful cookery doing ample and appreciative justice to the mess when cooked."

"Just so. I have observed the same thing—but, I say, what is Big Otter looking so earnestly at over there?"

"Perhaps he sees a bear," said I, "or a moose-deer."

"No, he never pays so much attention to the lower animals, except when he wants to shoot them. He shakes his head, too. Let's go see. Come, Salamander, and interpret."

"Big Otter sees something," said Lumley, through Salamander, as we approached.

"Yes, Big Otter sees signs," was the reply.

"And what may the signs be?"

"Signs of wind and rain and thunder."

"Well, I suppose you know best, but no such signs are visible to me. Ask him, Salamander, if we may expect the storm soon."

To this the Indian replied that he could not tell, but advised that preparation should be made for the worst.

It may be well here to remark that although Lumley and I, as well as some of our men, had acquired a smattering of the Indian tongue, our chief deemed it expedient to give us a regular interpreter whose knowledge of both languages was sufficiently extensive. Such an interpreter had been found in the youth whom we had styled Salamander, and whose real name I have now forgotten. This lad's knowledge of Indian was perfect. He also understood

French well, and spoke it badly, while his comprehension of English was quite equal to any emergency, though his power of speaking it was exceedingly limited. What he spoke could scarcely be styled a broken tongue; it was rather what we may call thoroughly smashed-up English! Such as it was, however, it served our purpose well enough, and as the lad was a willing, cheery, somewhat humorous fellow, he was justly deemed an acquisition to our party. While on this subject I may add that Blondin, who brought the winter packet to Dunregan, was one of our number—also, that both our Scotsmen were Highlanders, one being named Donald Bane, the other James Dougall. Why the first called the second Shames Tougall, and the second styled the first Tonal' Pane is a circumstance which I cannot explain.

Among the French Canadian half-breeds our blacksmith, Marcelle Dumont, and our carpenter, Henri Coppet, were the most noteworthy; the first being a short but Herculean man with a jovial temperament, the latter a thin lanky lugubrious fellow with a grave disposition. Both were first-rate workmen, but indeed the same may be said of nearly all our men, who had been chosen very much because of their readiness and ability to turn their hands to anything.

Soon the kettles boiled. In one we infused tea. In another we prepared that thick soup so familiar to the Nor'wester, composed of pemmican and flour, and known by the name of *robiboo*. From a frying-pan the same substances, much thicker, sent up a savoury steam under the name of *richeau*.

There was not much conversation among us at the commencement of the meal, as we sat round the camp-fire, but when appetite was appeased muttered remarks were interchanged, and when tobacco-pipes came out, our tongues, set free from food, began to wag apace.

"Dere is noting like a good *souper*," remarked Marcelle Dumont the blacksmith, extending his burly form on the grass the more thoroughly to enjoy his pipe.

"Shames Tougall," said Donald Bane, in

an undertone, and with the deliberate slowness of his race, "what does he mean by soopy?"

"Tonal'" replied Dougall with equal deliberation, "Ye'd petter ask his nain sell."

"It be de French for *supper*," said Salamander, who overheard the question.

"Humph!" ejaculated Dougall and Bane in unison; but they vouchsafed no further indication of the state of their minds.

"You're a true prophet, Big Otter," said Lumley, as a low rumbling of distant thunder broke the silence of the night, which would have been profound but for our voices, the crackling of the fire, and the tinkle of a neighbouring rill.

Soon afterwards we observed a faint flash of lightning, which was followed by another and deeper rumble of heaven's artillery. Looking up through the branches we perceived that the sky had become overcast with heavy clouds.

Suddenly there came a blinding flash of lightning, as if the sun in noon-day strength had burst through the black sky. It was followed instantly by thick, almost palpable darkness, and by a crash so tremendous that I sprang up with a sort of idea that the end of the world had come. The crash was prolonged in a series of rolling bumping thunders, as though giants were playing bowls with worlds on the floor of heaven. Gradually the echoing peals subsided into sullen mutterings and finally died away.

CHAPTER VII.

A TREMENDOUS STORM AND OTHER EXPERIENCES.

It need hardly be said that we all sprang up when the thunder-clap shook the earth, and began hastily to make preparation for the coming storm. The broad flat branches of a majestic pine formed a roof to our encampment. Dragging our provisions and blankets as near as possible to the stem of the tree, we covered them up with one of

our oiled-cloths, which were somewhat similar in appearance and texture to the tarpaulings of sea-faring men, though light in colour. Then we ran down to the lake, carried all our goods hastily to the same spot, covered them up in like manner, and finally dragged our boat as far up the beach as we could.

Several blinding flashes and deafening peals saluted us while we were thus employed, but as yet not a drop of rain or sigh of wind disturbed us, and we were congratulating ourselves on having managed the matter so promptly, when several huge drops warned us to seek shelter.

"That will do, boys," cried Lumley, referring to the boat, "she's safe."

"*Viola! vite!*" shouted Marcelle, our, volatile son of Vulcan, as the first big drops of rain descended on him.

He sprang towards the sheltering tree with wild activity. So, indeed, did we all, but the rain was too quick for us. Down it came, with the suddenness and fury of a shower-bath, and most of us were nearly drenched before we reached our pine. There was a good deal of shouting and laughter at first, but the tremendous forces of nature that had been let loose were too overwhelming to permit of continued levity. In a few minutes the ground near our tree became seamed with little glancing rivulets, while the rain continued to come down like straight heavy rods of crystal which beat on the earth with a dull persistent roar. Ere long the saturated soil refused to drink in the superabundance, and the crystal rods, descending into innumerable pools, changed the roar into the plash of many waters.

We stood close together for some time, gazing at this scene in silent solemnity, when a few trickling streams began to fall upon us, shewing that our leafy canopy, thick though it was, could not protect us altogether from such a down-pour.

"We'd better rig up one of the oiled-cloths, and get under it," I suggested.

"Do so," said our chief.

Scarcely had he spoken when a flash of

lightning, brighter than any that had gone before, revealed to us the fact that the distant part of the hitherto placid lake was seething with foam.

"A squall! Look out!" shouted Lumley, grasping the oiled-cloth we were about to spread.

Everyone shouted and seized hold of something under the strong conviction that action of some sort was necessary to avert danger. But all our voices were silenced in a dreadful roar of thunder which, as Donald Bane afterwards remarked, seemed to split the universe from stem to stern. This was instantly followed by a powerful whirlwind which caught our oiled-cloth, tore it out of our hands, and whisked it up into the tree-tops, where it stuck fast and flapped furiously, while some of our party were thrown down, and others seemed blown away altogether as they ran into the thick bush for shelter.

For myself, without any definite intentions, and scarce knowing what I was about, I seized and clung to the branches of a small tree with the tenacity of a drowning man—unable to open my eyes while sticks and leaves, huge limbs of trees and deluges of water flew madly past, filling my mind with a vague impression that the besom of destruction had become a veritable reality, and that we were all about to be swept off the face of the earth together.

Strange to say, in this crisis I felt no fear. I suppose I had not time or power to think at all, and I have since that day thought that God perhaps thus mercifully sends relief to His creatures in their direst extremity—just as he sends relief to poor human beings, when suffering intolerable pain, by causing stupor.

The outburst was as short-lived as it was furious. Suddenly the wind ceased; the floods of rain changed to slight droppings and finally stopped altogether, while the thunder growled itself into sullen repose in the far distance.

But what a scene of wreck was left behind! We could not of course see the full extent of the mischief, for the night

still remained intensely dark, but enough was revealed in the numerous uprooted trees which lay all round us within the light of our re-kindled camp-fire. From most of these we had been protected by the great pine under which we had taken shelter, though one or two had fallen perilously near to us—in one case falling on and slightly damaging our baggage.

Our first anxiety, of course, was our boat, towards which we ran as if by one impulse the instant the wind subsided.

To our horror it was gone !

Only those who know what it is to traverse hundreds of leagues of an almost tenantless wilderness, and have tried to push a few miles through roadless forests that have grown and fallen, age after age, in undisturbed entanglement since the morning of creation, can imagine the state of our minds at this discovery.

"Search towards the woods, men," said Lumley, who, whatever he might have felt, was the only one amongst us who seemed unexcited. We could trace no sign of anxiety in the deep tones of his steady voice.

It was this quality—I may remark in passing—this calm equable flow of self-possession in all circumstances, no matter how trying, that rendered our young leader so fit for the work with which he had been entrusted, and which caused us all to rely on him with unquestioning confidence. He never seemed uncertain how to act, even in the most desperate circumstances, and he never gave way to discontent or depression. A gentle, good-humoured expression usually played on his countenance, yet he could look stern enough at times, and even fierce, as we all knew.

While we were stumbling in the dark in the direction indicated, we heard the voice of Salamander shouting :—

"Here it am ! De bot—busted on de bank !"

And "busted" it was, certainly, as we could feel, for it was too dark to see.

"Fetch a blazing stick, one of you," cried Lumley.

A light revealed the fact that our boat, in being rolled bodily up the bank by the gale had got several of her planks damaged and two of her ribs broken.

"Let's be thankful," I said, on further examination, "that no damage has been done to keel or gun'le."

"Nor to stem or stern-post," added Lumley. "Come, we shan't be delayed more than a day after all."

He was right. The whole of the day that followed the storm we spent in repairing the boat, and drying such portions of the goods as had got wet, as well as our own garments. The day turned out to be bright and warm, so that when we lay down to rest, everything was ready for a start at the earliest gleam of dawn.

"Lumley," said I, next day, as we rested after a good spell at the oars, "what would have become of us if our boat had been smashed to pieces or bodily blown away?"

"Nothing very serious would have become of us, I think," he replied with an amused look.

"But consider," I said ; "we are now hundreds of miles away from Muskrat House—our nearest neighbour—with a dense wilderness and no roads between. Without a boat we could neither advance nor retreat. We might, of course, try to crawl along river banks and lake shores, which would involve the wading or swimming of hundreds of rivulets and rivers with provisions and blankets on our backs, and even then winter would be down on us and we should all be frozen to death before the end of the journey. Besides, even if we were to escape, how could we ever show face after leaving all our supply of goods and stores to rot in the wilderness?"

"Truly," replied my friend with a short laugh, "the picture you paint is not a lively one, but it is I who ought to ask *you* to consider. There are many ways in which we might overcome our supposed difficulties. I will explain ; and let me begin by pointing out that your first error lies in conceiving an improbability and an

impossibility. In the first place it is improbable that our boat should get 'smashed to pieces.' Such an event seldom occurs in river navigation, except in the case of going over something like Niagara. In the second place it is impossible that a boat should be blown bodily away. But let us suppose that, for the sake of argument, something of the kind had happened, and that our boat was damaged beyond repair, or lost; could we not, think you, fabricate a couple of birch-bark canoes in a country where such splendid birch-trees grow? and with these proceed to our destination?"

"Very true," said I, "that did not occur to me; but," I continued, waxing argumentative, "what if there had been no birch-trees in this part of the country?"

"Why then, Max, there would be nothing to prevent our placing most of our goods *en cache*, construct a small portable raft for crossing streams, and start off each man with a small load for Big Otter's home, at which we should arrive in a week or two, and there set about the erection of huts to shelter us, begin a fishery, and remain until winter should set fast the lakes and rivers, cover the land with snow, and thus enable us to go back for our goods, and bring them forward on sledges with aid, perhaps, from the red men."

"True, true, Lumley, that might be done."

"Or," continued my friend, "we might stay where the disaster overtook us, remain till winter, and send Big Otter on to tell his people that we were coming. When one plan fails, you know, all you've got to do is to try another. There is only one sort of accident that might cause us a deal of trouble, and some loss—and that is, our boat getting smashed and upset in a rapid, and our goods scattered. Even in that case we might recover much of what could swim, but lead and iron would be lost, and powder damaged. However, we won't anticipate evil. Look! there is a sight that ought to banish all forebodings from our minds."

He pointed as he spoke to an opening

ahead of us, which revealed a beautiful little lake, whose unruffled surface was studded with picturesque bush-clad islets. Water-fowl of many kinds were swimming about on its surface, or skimming swiftly over it. It seemed so peaceful that I was led to think of it as a miniature paradise.

"Come, Henri, chante, sing," said Lumley, with a touch of enthusiasm in eye and tone.

Our carpenter, Coppet, was by general consent our leading singer. He possessed a sweet tenor voice, and always responded to a call with a willingness that went far to counteract the lugubrious aspect of his visage. On this occasion he at once struck up the canoe-song, "*À la claire fontaine*," which, besides being plaintive and beautiful, seemed to me exceedingly appropriate, for we were at that time crossing a height of land, and the clear, crystal waters over which we skimmed formed indeed the fountain-head of some of the great northern rivers.

The sudden burst of song had a wonderful effect upon the denizens of Clear Lake, as we named the sheet of water; for, after a brief momentary pause in their chatter—as if of incredulity and blazing surprise—they all arose at once in such myriads that the noise of their wings was not unlike what I may style muffled thunder.

Before the song was well-finished we had reached the other end of the lakelet and found that a deep river ran out of it in a nor'easterly direction. The current of the river was powerful, and we had not proceeded many miles down its course when we came to a series of turbulent rapids.

As we entered them I could not help recalling Lumley's remarks about the risks we ran in descending rapids, but no thought of actual danger occurred to me until I saw Blondin, who was our bowman, draw in his oar, grasp a long pole with which he had provided himself, and stand up in the bow, the better to look out enquiringly ahead.

Now, it must be explained that the bowman's is the most important post in river navigation in the Nor'west—equal, at all

events, to that of steersman. In fact the two act in concert; the bowman, whose position commands the best view of rocks and dangers ahead, giving direction, and the watchful steersman acting sympathetically with his long oar or sweep, so that should the bowman with his pole thrust the head of the boat violently to the right the steersman sweeps its stern sharply to the left, thus causing the craft to spin round and shoot aside from the danger, whatever it may be. Of course the general flow and turmoil of a rapid indicates pretty clearly to skilled eyes where the deepest water lies; nevertheless, in spite of knowledge, skill, and experience, disasters will happen at times.

"Monsieur," said Blondin in French to Lumley, as we gained a smooth piece of water at the foot of a short rapid, "I know not the rocks ahead. It may be well to land and look."

"Do so, Blondin."

We ran the boat's head on shore, and while the bowman and our leader went to look at the rapids in advance, most of our men got out their pipes and began to chat quietly.

Our scouts quickly returned, saying that the rapids though rough were practicable. Soon we were among them, darting down with what would have seemed to any inexperienced eye perilous velocity. The river at the place was about a hundred yards wide, with an unusually rugged channel, but with a distinctly marked run—deep and tortuous—in the middle. On both sides of the run, sweeping and curling surges told of rocks close to the surface, and in many places these showed black edges above water which broke the stream into dazzling foam.

"Have a care, Blondin," said our chief in a warning voice, as the bowman made a sudden and desperate shove with his pole. A side current had swept us too far in the direction of a forbidding ledge, to touch on which might have been fatal. But Henri Coppet, who acted as steersman as well as carpenter, was equal to the occasion. He bent his lanky form almost double, took

a magnificent sweep with the oar, and seconded Blondin's shove so ably that we passed the danger like an arrow with nothing but a slight graze.

That danger past we were on the brink of another almost before we had time to think. At the time I remember being deeply impressed in a confused way with the fact that, whatever might await us below, there was now no possibility of our returning up stream. We were emphatically "in for it," and our only hope lay in the judgment, boldness, and capacity of the two men who guided our frail bark—doubly frail it seemed to me when contrasted with the waters that surged around and the solid rocks that appeared to bar our way in all directions. Even some of our men at the oars, whose only duty was to obey orders promptly, began to show symptoms of anxiety, if not of fear.

"Smooth water ahead," muttered Lumley, pointing to a small lake into which the turbulent river ran about a quarter of a mile further down.

"All right soon," I said, but just as I spoke the boat lightly touched a rock. Blondin saw that there was not sufficient depth in a passage which he had intended to traverse. With a shout to the steersman he thrust his pole over the side with all his might. The obedient craft turned as if on a pivot and would have gone straight into a safe stream in another second if Blondin's pole had not stuck fast either in mud or between two rocks.

In a moment our bowman was whisked over the side as if he had been a feather. Letting go the pole he caught the gunwale and held on. The boat was carried broadside on the rocks, and the gushing water raised her upperside so high that she was on the point of rolling over when all of us,—I think instinctively—sprang to that side and bore her down.

"Over the side, some of you," cried Lumley, leaping into the water on the lower side, followed by six of us, including myself. Some of us were breast deep; others, on rocks, stood higher.

"Now—together—shove!—and hold on!"

There was no need to give us the latter caution. Our boat shot into deep water and we all held on for life. Fortunately the more open part of the rapid had been gained. The steersman without aid could keep us in deep water, and before we had fairly scrambled back into our places, we were floating safely on the quiet lake into which the river ran.

You may be sure that we had matter not only for gratulation but for conversation that night at supper; for, after discussing our recent adventure in all its phases, nearly every one of our party had numerous similar incidents to tell of—either as having occurred to himself or to his friends. But the pleasure of that night's intercourse and repose was materially diminished by a pest with which for some time previously we had not been much afflicted.

Who has not heard of mosquitoes? We may inform those who have never seen or felt them that they are peculiarly virulent and numerous and vicious and blood-thirsty in the swampy lands of North America, and that night we had got into a region of

swamps. It may also, perhaps, be unknown to some people that mosquitoes do not slumber—unless, indeed, they do it on a preconcerted plan of relieving guard. Either there is a "day and night shift," or they do not rest all. As a consequence *we* did not rest. Groans and maledictions were the order of the night. We spent much time in slapping our own faces and immolated hundreds of the foe at each slap, but thousands came on to refill the ranks. We buried our heads under our blankets, but could not sleep for suffocation. Some of the men left their faces exposed; went to sleep in desperate exhaustion, after hours of fruitless warfare, and awoke with eyes all but shut up, and cheeks like dumplings. Others lay down to leeward of the fire and spent the night in a compound experience of choking and blood-sucking. One ingenious man—I think it was Salamander—wrapped his visage in a kerchief, leaving nothing exposed save the point of his nose for breathing purposes. In the morning he arose with something like a huge strawberry on the end of his prominent feature.

Indeed it was a wearing night to follow such a trying day!

(*To be continued.*)

HEROES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

BY HENRY FRITH.

II.—CHARLES THE GREAT.

"Noble Charlemagn, the whiche for the gretenes of hys body, puyesuance and opperacions virtuouse, by merite is called grete."

CHAPTER I.—BIRTH AND EARLY DAYS OF CHARLEMAGNE.—HIS ACCESSION WITH HIS BROTHER.—HE OBTAINS THE KINGDOM.—WAR WITH THE SAXONS AND LOMBARDS.



IN the year 742 A.D. Bertha, wife of Pepin, "the Brief," presented her husband with a son who was called Charles. Pepin, or Pippin, was Mayor of the Palace and vir-

tually Ruler of the Kingdom, for the Frankish king in those times had no responsibility; he wore his crown, his title, his long hair and beard—privileges exclusively his own, and badges of royalty,—but of actual domination he was as completely shorn as were the locks of his subjects.

When King Hilderic was deposed by the orders of Pope Stephen, and placed in a monastery, Pepin was mayor, and with his brother Carloman ruled the Franks, until the latter wished to retire from the cares of state to a monastery, when Pepin reigned alone, having been crowned king at Soissons. He died in Paris in 768 A.D., and the kingdom of the Franks was divided between his two sons, just as it had been divided between the sons of Charles le Martel, or "the Hammerer," for a distinction was made between those provinces which were immediately under Frankish rule, and those governed by native dukes.

Charles was thus appointed ruler over the territories of the late King Pepin the Short, and Carloman over the realm of his uncle: the coronations were respectively

celebrated at Noyon and Soissons. The brothers agreed to rule in this manner as the Austrasian and Neustrian kings respectively, but a little dispute arose concerning Aquitaine. Fortunately, ill feeling never culminated in war between the brothers. But Hunald of Aquitaine headed a revolt against this joint authority; and Charles, the energetic, called upon Carloman, the weak, to assist in putting down Hunald.

Carloman did not respond to this suggestion with any alacrity. True, he met his brother and conferred with him, but he refused to join in the expedition.

Charles, already at this early age, possessed all the qualities which subsequently won for him the title of "Great." Undaunted, he advanced with such vigour and rapidity against Hunald, that the duke fled without fighting into the protection of Lupo of Gascony.

When Charles perceived this, he did not hesitate to demand the surrender of the fugitive. Lupo also without hesitation complied with the young king's demand, and delivered up his uncle to the ruler, to do as he pleased with him after the manner of those times.

Charles, however, was as merciful as he was strong. He merely put Hunald in safe ward, and spared Lupo's duchy. This energetic and yet peaceful solution of the revolt did not please Carloman at all. He was sorry he too had not reaped glory in such cheap, because well-directed, fashion; and he felt jealous of Charles. This feeling,

though one-sided, led to disputes; and Bertha, mother of the monarchs, had some difficulty in solacing Carloman and uniting the brothers again in peace.

This was Charles' first campaign, and, with the exception of the occasion when, at Pepin's request, he proceeded to meet Pope Stephen, the first incident of his youthful days which we have on record. It is certainly curious that the childhood and youth of such a celebrated ruler as Charles the Great should be so plunged in obscurity. The emperor's biographer, Edinhard, himself confesses his inability to treat of these early times, "because there is no written record concerning them, nor is anyone now known to survive who can speak from personal knowledge."

We are thus precluded from entering into any details concerning the youth of Charles the Great, and though many legends are in existence concerning him, we must, like the historian above quoted, give our attention to relating and explaining "the actions and habits of his life which are not matters of uncertainty."

Bertha managed to appease the angry feelings which existed between the young kings, her sons; and she also endeavoured to reconcile them with the King of Lombardy and the Duke of Bavaria. The power of the Lombards or "Longbeards" had been broken by King Pepin, but he had neglected to build up any power in the place of the dominion he overthrew. The Lombards came originally from along the borders of the Oder and Elbe. Hence the title, for "along the borders," or Longbeards (Lombards), has been given as a derivation of the name of this warlike Teutonic Tribe, which, first introduced for fighting purposes into Italy by Justinian, subsequently overran the country; but in the time of Pepin and subsequently, the Lombards, though tamed to a certain extent, were thorns in the sides of popes and kings. King Pepin waged war against them for the Pope, Stephen. So Bertha thought that by uniting her son Charles to the daughter of the Lombardian king, Desiderius, all

complications would be avoided, and European peace be established.

But the Pope objected, and endeavoured in every way to prevent the alliance. Yet the marriage took place, and Stephen no longer hurled his thunder-bolts against the Frankish king. Desideria was married, but for reasons of state, Charles sent the lady home again and married Hildegard.

This insult to the Lombards, their king did not forget. But about this time Carloman died—Charles was crowned sole King of the Franks, "and thenne, after alle, the gouvernement hoolly of the royaume of fraunce abode to the sayd Charles."

When Carloman was dead his widow and children fled to the Lombard Court. This step led to serious complications subsequently, for when Stephen died, the new Pope begged Charlemagne to help him against the Lombards, as we shall see shortly. But Charles' first efforts as a conquering king, were directed against the Saxons, who had for a long time been a predatory race on land and sea. They ravaged the French borders, and Charles determined, as a first contribution to his proposed edifice of conquest, to subdue this warlike people and bring them into subjection. Thus in 772, the year after his accession to the Crown, he turned his arms against the Saxons. At the diet at Worms this resolution was approved. Preparations were made; the warlike Charles soon entered and laid waste the Saxon territory, seized the castle of Eresburg and the temple of Mars—Irminsula—the great war-god of the heathen nation.

All this work took some time to execute. A temple and a shrine cannot be demolished in a day. The weather was exceedingly sultry; water was scarce, and as the surrounding country had been already, to a great extent, laid waste, the prospects of the invaders were not very hopeful. The absence of water was severely felt, and the dry bed of the river close by mocked the parched and superstitious soldiers, who had destroyed a "deity,"—an idol it is true,—but

then perhaps the idol might be wreaking its revenge!

The Franks were thus in a sorry plight, when, as they reached the river—repenting of their condition,—behold a deep torrent of water began to rush down in the bed of the lately dry stream. This wonderful interposition in their favour, they regarded as nothing short of a miracle, and it was accepted as a sign of the clemency of Heaven. After this, the advance, which had appeared impossible, was continued. The Saxons however did not wait to fight. They responded to the demands of Charlemagne by submission, and gave him hostages for their good behaviour in future.

Charlemagne, having quieted the Saxons, returned to his own dominions, whence in the following year he was again summoned to war—this time against the Lombards. It has already been mentioned how the widow of Carloman (Gilberga) had fled to Lombardy, whose king, Desiderius, had been so offended by Charlemagne. The Pope, who was a firm friend of the young Charles, now in his turn annoyed Desiderius by refusing to make Gilberga's son joint king in France, as Carloman had been. The Lombard ruler determined to wreak his vengeance on Pope Adrian, and quickly marched on Rome at the head of a large army.

Adrian, hearing of the intended attack upon his "Eternal City," made all possible preparations to resist; and, while the old defences were being replaced by new and stronger ones, messengers were despatched to Charlemagne to beg his assistance against the Lombards. A long time was expected to elapse before the result would be known, as the invaders occupied the intermediate territory, and the only way in which the embassy could travel was by water—a formidable voyage in those days.

Charles was residing at Thionville when the Pope's appeal reached him, and he took prompt measures to relieve the Pontiff. But while he made ready for war he endeavoured to ensure peace by representing to the Lombards that the Franks would surely

come to the assistance of the Pope if Desiderius did not cease his operations against Rome.

The King of the Lombards laughed the message to scorn. How was it possible that the French army could cross the Alpine chain at all, and even supposing that Charlemagne, was mad enough to emulate and rival Hannibal, the army, or what would remain of it, would be of little use at that late period. So Desiderius mocked Charlemagne, and bade the messenger inform his master that the King of Lombardy would do as he pleased, and let Charles do his worst.

This polite message, or one to the same effect, was repeated to Charlemagne, whose army was ready to proceed. By the time he was able to start, winter had set in; but, nowise daunted, the bold monarch sent his brave troops into far Italy in two divisions by two routes. Duke Bernard commanded one division and crossed the Mont Joux, upon which he bestowed his name, while Charlemagne himself elected to go by way of the Mont Cenis and unite his forces with his uncle's on the Italian side.

This tremendous undertaking was commenced with vigour, and carried out with all the pertinacity and rapidity of Charles' nature. He permitted no obstacles to daunt him, no combinations to thwart him. The conditions under which the expedition was carried out were enough to alarm and deter the Franks amid the deep snows and desolate scenery of the passes. But they marched steadily on from Geneva where they had assembled, and succeeded in crossing the Alps, as Hannibal and others had done before them, and as Napoleon did long afterwards.

The arrival of Charlemagne at the base of the Alps was unexpected. The Franks appeared at Aosta, and both bodies of warriors met at La Cluse, which was quickly seized. Desiderius in haste advanced to encounter his enemy; but Charles, becoming aware of the intention, detached a force to operate on the flank of the Lombardian army.

Alarmed at such tactics, and fearful of being surrounded, Desiderius prudently retraced his steps, and the Franks marched on to Pavia.

Pavia, the Lombard capital, was, equally with Verona, the object of the care of Desiderius. He himself occupied the former city, and placed his son Adalgisus in Verona under the care and martial superintendence of an old and experienced nobleman, Autcarius. In these two places the Lombards staked the existence of their kingdom, for the other towns, we are informed, were virtually neglected.

But Charlemagne was quite equal to the occasion. He determined to kill both birds at once ; and, having formed an intrenched camp around Pavia, and sat down before it to wait till famine did his work, he despatched another portion of his army to Verona, where the king's son was nominally in command. Adalgisus, however, was stricken with fear at the approach of the renowned Charlemagne, and quitted Verona without beat of drum. He fled to Constantinople eventually.

His cowardly example disheartened the Veronese, who made no resistance to the invader. Verona surrendered, and then Charles directed his whole force against Pavia, which, however, resisted. But Charlemagne would not wait idly for capitulation. He detached bodies of troops to attack the other cities of the kingdom ; and, if any of the Lombards had any doubt of his resolution and determination, they were undeceived when Charles sent to France to bid his wife and family join him in his camp.

This resolve to reduce the city did not alarm Desiderius, who for a whole year held out, and defied the Franks. Charlemagne got tired of waiting in inactivity ; and, without relaxing his hold upon Pavia, he traversed the already conquered kingdom to Rome, where he was welcomed with all the homage and acclamation due to such a conqueror and benefactor. All the principal inhabitants met him thirty miles from the city, and escorted him with branches of olive

and palm, singing and praising him and his deeds.

At St. Peter's he was met by the Pope, who embraced him warmly before the multitude, for the reverence and respect which Charlemagne entertained for Adrian were equalled by the admiration and gratitude which the Pope felt for his young deliverer.

This friendship continued till death put an end to it. Charles was welcomed as the King of Italy by the Romans, and he was crowned by the patrician diadem. He subsequently was saluted as emperor, but always exercised the sovereign power. The new conqueror, at Adrian's request, bestowed upon the Papacy a grant of land which has remained the base for the erection of the temporal power of the Popes ever since.

Matters having been arranged to the satisfaction of king, Pope, and people, Charles hurried back to Pavia to reduce that city without delay, for other events required his presence in his own land. The treacherous Saxons had taken advantage of his absence, and again were ravaging the Frankish borders. This bad news only stimulated Charlemagne to prosecute the siege of Pavia with greater severity. He was too firm of resolve to quit it. Bull-dog tenacity characterized his purposes, and he held on. The results of the blockade soon became apparent. Every possible inlet was stopped ; no body, no thing, save birds or insects, found their way into the Lombard capital, and Desiderius became desirous of surrender. He counted on the good nature of Charles not to press for hard conditions ; and, at length, Pavia opened its gates to the conqueror.

The inhabitants, however, did not take quite the same view of the case ; and, in order to shield themselves, they took Desiderius and his family prisoners, and gave them to Charlemagne to wreak his vengeance upon, relying on his clemency, nevertheless, for themselves. Notwithstanding the illogical nature of their proceedings, Charles did not disappoint them. He prevented massacre and indiscriminate

plunder in the city. The palace certainly suffered : the soldiers enriched themselves with the royal treasures in kind, and in gold and silver money, while Charles seized only the Iron Crown.

This celebrated fillet or diadem was the gift of the pious Theudelinda. It was of gold, set with precious stones, and lined with a rim of iron supposed to be one of the nails from the Cross. It dates from the year 590, A.D., and Napoleon the First, it will be remembered, caused himself to be crowned with it in 1805.

Charlemagne then adopted the crown and title of King of Lombardy, but did not interfere with existing laws and institutions. Clemency and toleration followed in his footsteps. Never was so great a conqueror so merciful or so tolerant. He was "too strong to be fearful, too noble to be suspicious." Desiderius, his wife, and daughter, were carried to France, and immured in conventual or monastic houses, while the fugitive prince Adalgisus at Constantinople was eating his heart away in envious and jealous regrets and anticipations of conquest of the Italian realm.

CHAPTER II.

INVASION OF SAXONY.—DEFEAT OF WITIKIND.—CHARLEMAGNE IN SPAIN.—HIS EXPLOITS.—SURPRISED AT RONSVALLES.—WARFARE WITH BAVARIANS AND HUNS.—HE VISITS ROME.—HIS DEATH AND CHARACTER.

CHARLEMAGNE'S first act on his return was to send four detachments of his army against the Saxons. Three of these corps succeeded in finding spoil and conquest, the other found no resistance, but achieved plunder. The warlike Saxon did not know when he was beaten, however. He continued his depredations, and Charles himself undertook the business of chastising the "rebels." He marched with more than his usual rapidity, and surprised the Saxon

leader, who at once submitted and gave hostages for his good behaviour.

Charles, with his usual clemency, acceded to the Saxon prayer ; but, while keeping open his retreat, advanced into the Saxon territory. The Westphalians, however (also "Saxons"), perceived a grand opportunity to cut off the line of Frankish troops who kept open the communications, such as they were ; for the country was wild, wooded, and well watered by streams ; which gave the strangers some trouble to "keep touch" of each other's posts. Discipline relaxed as Charles increased his distance from his Frankish troops on the Weser, and the Saxons took advantage of the relaxation to attack the camp and lines.

It was night when the savage hosts broke in upon the unsuspecting Franks. But, though surprised, they fought well, and finally drove the Saxons out of the district, and into the arms of Charles himself, who having been apprised of the intended treachery, was hastening back to save his camp. His well-disciplined and angry soldiery met the flying hordes ; and, thus caught, the Saxons suffered severely. Charlemagne made no attempt to stay the fearful slaughter of the treacherous tribe, whose hatred of the Franks arose from the mere fact that the latter were more civilized than themselves.

The country was apparently subdued. Charles returned home, but scarcely had he reached it, when news came of the intended return of the Lombard prince, Adalgisus ; who, with the Grecian emperor, wished to rule Italy. Adrian sent the news to Charles, and the latter, by one of his quick marches, though checked by the winter's snow, reached Italy before Leo the emperor had roused himself from his lethargy. The conspirators, ignorant of the rapid advance of Charlemagne, were attacked, and their leader, Rodgand, slain. From place to place Charlemagne moved, striking heavy blows with startling rapidity, tactics afterwards emulated by Napoleon I., and everywhere successful. The revolted towns were put in charge of French officers ; and, in an

incredibly short space of time, the great king had swept his enemies from his path and put it in order again.

Charles, however, had no time to sit down and watch the result of his efforts. No sooner had Lombardy been quelled than the king, like a baited bull, was attacked on the other flank by the Saxon spears again. The tribes were once more in arms against him. No time was lost, and with sudden impetuosity he came.

"Jussit, et ut venit velox, sic inde recessit."

Before the Saxons knew where he was, Charlemagne had burst in amongst them and was devastating the country like a whirlwind. Once again on the Lippe the same homage was tendered. Men, women, and children were baptized, and Charles once more left them, after taking the precaution to erect, fortify, and garrison several strongholds, as well as to restore the Castle of Eresburg. The campaign was over. "During the year he had carried on war in person on the shores of the Gulf of Venice, on the banks of the Weser, had crossed the Alps and the Rhine, and led his army more than three thousand miles." Such an achievement as this alone would have gained for Charles the title of "the Great ;" and, when we remember the weight of armour and arms ; the state of the country, and the Alpine passes ; the absence of roads, and the presence of enemies, these achievements stand out on the pages of history in gigantic relief.

But Witikind, chief of the Westphalians, would not endure the Frankish yoke. He attempted to revolt, when Charles again marched in, and Witikind was obliged to seek refuge in Denmark. As soon as this little expedition had ended satisfactorily, the Frankish king was invited by the Emir of Arragon to go into Spain and help him to resist the Caliph of Cordova, who had oppressed the Goths. Charles agreed to assist them, lured by the hope and promises of conquest. In the spring of 778 he crossed the Pyrenees, while his allies of Burgundy and Lombardy came over the hills of Roussillon. Victory declared for

the allies, who met at Saragossa, and Pampeluna was also reduced. Arragon and Navarre were thus conquered, and the Goths relieved. But the Saracens were not going to submit tamely ; they attacked the Frankish army at Saragossa, yet, after a terrible battle, were defeated. So far safe, Charlemagne then hastened to return, as the news from the Rhine was disquieting. He himself hurried away in light marching order, yet the rear-guard or second corps suffered greatly, but not from the Saracens.

It is in this expedition that the deeds of Roland and Oliver, with those of many other brave knights, come before us in the old romances and songs. The attack which gave cause for all these gallant deeds was owing to Gascon treachery and not to open enemies. Lupo, duke of Gascony, now found himself surrounded by the territories which Charles had inherited or subjugated. He was by no means a friend of the French, and he thought that now he might strike an unsuspected blow from his concealment.

The time and place were well chosen, for the way through the Pyrenees was encumbered with all kinds of physical obstacles. Narrow, precipitous, and often running through ravines, dominated by overhanging rocks, or skirting thick woods—the mountainous "roads" offered every facility for an ambushade, and the Gascons (or Basques) took advantage of all points.

It was when the second corps, which guarded the baggage and treasure, had reached the ravine of Roscida—the Roscida Vallis or Roncesvalles—that the attack commenced. Overhead, from behind rocks and trees, the storm of arrows pierced the Frankish warriors. Driven into the defiles, the French could make no resistance. In vain Roland and others performed prodigies of valour ; they could prevail nothing. Roland was implored to wind his horn to warn the king in front, and his other companions who were behind. The brave Roland, whose deeds are still the theme of local tradition and song, hewed his way by sheer strength through his enemies. A huge fissure in the mountains is still well



The Rout of the Saxons.

known as the Brèche de Roland. But the fierce struggle was ended at last. Roland, with many other celebrated knights, fell dead amid the stones; and the baggage treasure, &c., were carried away secretly and hastily by the victors.

Charlemagne heard of this, and was inclined to turn round and chastise the Gas-

con duke who had so treacherously slain the trusty Franks. But more important events called him northwards. He left the duke for a while to his mountain haunts, but he was afterwards taken and executed. The Gascons dispersed, and the Spanish people remained faithful to the new conqueror.

Charlemagne pushed on, pursued the retreating Saxons across France and into Hesse. As they were crossing a river, he attacked and slew them mercilessly. Very few escaped. Again the following year, he continued his progress, but the Saxons again submitted. The country was subsequently incorporated with the Frankish territory.

Charlemagne was destined never to repose. Disputes again called him into Italy, where the Prince Adalgisus was plotting against him with the Dukes of Beneventum and Bavaria. In 780 Charles reached Pavia again, and visited Rome to confer with the Pope as to the Duke of Bavaria, Tassilio, who had married a daughter of the exiled Desiderius. Tassilio yielded to the gentle pressure of an embassy. An alliance with Constantinople then most effectually barred the other conspirators, and matters looked bright again. Charlemagne returned to France, and accepted the homage of the Duke of Bavaria as his vassal.

Next year he again visited Saxony, and after receiving embassies from the Danes and Hungarians (Avars) he returned. But the Sorabes from the Saxon frontiers arose, and Witikind again came to the fore. A dangerous rising seemed imminent, and the Frankish commander assembled his forces to meet Witikind at Sinthal. The Saxons gave battle, and in the event defeated the Franks with great loss. The tidings were carried to Charlemagne, who at once crossed the Rhine and carried terror into Saxon hearts. The people begged pardon and he pardoned them, but demanded that those who had actually been in arms must be surrendered. They were given up, and Charlemagne then caused them all to be

slain, to the number of four thousand, five hundred.

Even this lesson was not learnt by the Saxons. Witikind again formed an army, an enormous host, and waited for Charlemagne at Detmold, where a terrible battle ensued. The Saxons were annihilated, but the kingdom was still in revolt. In another month another army was defeated in Westphalia; and, for two years after, desultory war was waged, until 785, when Saxony was at length subdued, and Charles tried to pacify Witikind and Albion, the leaders of the revolt. He succeeded in persuading them to meet him and be baptised, when the whole of Saxony became Christian—for a while, at any rate.

Thus a little leisure was gained by Charlemagne to look into domestic affairs, which were not altogether promising. His queen, Hildegard, was dead, and her successor, Fastiada, managed to offend the nobles, who conspired against Charles. But he soon crushed the little bubble of revolt, and then turned his eyes towards Italy, where discontent had again showed itself through the Dukes of Bavaria and Beneventum. This conspiracy ended as the other had done, and we need not detail all the course of events. Charles marched against the Duke of Beneventum, and he submitted. Then Bavaria ate humble pie as soon as Charles appeared. But they could not rest, and within three years had again broken out. Charles then summoned his rebellious vassal of Bavaria in an apparently unsuspecting way. The duke assumed innocence and, being obliged to come, or revolt openly, came. He and his son were at once arrested and condemned to death. But Charles spared their lives and put them in a monastery for life. The Bavarian queen was "permitted" to assume the veil.

Charles, in 789, found himself engaged in a tremendous conflict with the Avars and Huns, which lasted seven years. He then proceeded into Pannonia and left the other provinces to the care of his son Pepin and the generals. The losses of the Huns were enormous; "the whole of their nobility

perished, and the glory of the nation was destroyed." The plunder obtained was something fabulous : the accumulated spoils of years were all carried away by the victors. On the other hand, the losses of the Franks were inconsiderable.

We must pass rapidly over the other events in the life of Charles the Great. He had to engage in two small wars against the Bohemians and Livonians, but these did not last long. In 810, however, he became embroiled with the Danes. But, before this, the French king had made great efforts to improve his people ; he established schools, and erected some beautiful churches and other works. His enemies were subdued, his friends powerful. Haroun Alraschid sent him the keys of Jerusalem, while the deference and the friendship of other monarchs attested the popularity of Charles the Great.

The Danes commenced their attacks by piratical warfare. Godfrey, the leader, talked of penetrating to Aix. Charlemagne, though nearly seventy years old, marched against him as rapidly as of old. But the invader was assassinated by one of his own followers. So the war ended. The trouble with Nicephorus also terminated with that usurper's death. Charlemagne found himself at peace, with an empire bounded by the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Rhine ; part of Spain and distant portions of Europe also acknowledged his sway, including most of Italy, Hungary, Bohemia, Dalmatia, Croatia, &c.

The greatest monarchs are not proof against the laws of nature ; and, with all the sternness of his character as a warrior, Charlemagne always preserved the tenderness of a father and a friend. This tenderness received many shocks from the hands of his daughters, with whom he would never part, nor permit to wed. His first great loss was his eldest daughter ; Pepin died, and

then Charles. He sincerely mourned his children, and Adrian the Pope, with tears. He appointed Louis his heir, and he was accepted by the nation.

His great age did not prevent Charlemagne from the chase or other exercises, and one day after swimming he was attacked with pleurisy. He refused food, believing that nature would perfect the cure, but his strength could not be regained, and the great king died at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the 28th January, 814, in the seventy-second year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his reign. He was buried the same day.

So passed away Charles the Great, a man of singular sobriety and tenderness of character ; a warrior who never abused his conquests, and was only cruel on one occasion, when a salutary lesson had to be enforced. His wars were almost all necessitated or forced upon him ; except the Spanish campaign, which he undertook for greed of fame and possession. He raised the tone of France, and inculcated civilization and Christianity in conquered nations. He was very indulgent in parental capacity and as a husband. He was brave, generous, frugal, prudent, just ; a firm friend, a merciful foe, a compassionate conqueror. He was very tall and strikingly handsome, with a fine open countenance. Simple in his dress, he was also frugal in his meals, a thorough lover of the chase and manly exercises, and never gave up to pleasure the hours he owed to the business of the state.

"No man that ever lived," concludes the historian, "combined in so high a degree those qualities which rule men and direct events with those that endear the possessor and attach his contemporaries. No monarch was ever more loved and trusted by his people, more respected and feared by other kings, more esteemed in his life-time, or more regretted at his death."

FOR NAME AND FAME;

A TALE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

By G. A. HENTY.

Author of "Out with Clive;" "Facing Death;" "By Sheer Pluck;" "Under Drake' Flag;"
 "The Young Buglers;" "Cornet of Horse;" "Friends, though Divided," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.—(continued).



NE day when Will had been plaguing him, and ventured within his reach, the lad had seized and held him out at arm's length, shaking him as a dog would a rat, till he shouted for mercy.

The two were soon able to get on in a queer mixture of Dutch and English, and when words failed, they would eke out their words by gestures. The vessel had sailed but a few days from Java, when there were signs of a change of weather.

Hitherto it had been

lovely; now a slight mist seemed to hang over the sea, while overhead it was clear and bright. There was not a breath of wind, and the sails hung listlessly against the masts. Will, who was leaning against the bulwarks chatting to Hans, observed the captain, after looking round at the horizon, go into his cabin; he re-appeared in a minute, and spoke to the officer, who immediately shouted an order for "all hands to shorten sail."

"What is that for?" Will said, wonderingly; "there is not a breath of wind."

"I exspect captain has looked at glass," Hans said; "find him fall; I exspect we going to have ztorm; very bad ztorms in dese zeas."

Will ran aloft with the sailors, and in ten

minutes every inch of canvas, with the exception of a small stay-sail, was stript from the ship; still there was not a breath of wind. The sea was as smooth as glass, save for a slight ground-swell. Although the mist did not seem to thicken, a strange darkness hung over the sky, as if high up a thick fog had gathered. Darker and darker it grew, until there was little more than a pale twilight. The men stood in twos and threes, watching the sea and sky, and talking together in low tones.

"I don't like this, Hans," Will said. "There is something awful about it."

"We have big ztorm," Hans replied, "zyclone they call him."

Scarcely had Hans spoken when the sky above seemed to open with a crash, a roar of thunder louder than ten thousand pieces of artillery pealed around them, while at the same moment a blinding flash of lightning struck the mainmast, shivering it into splinters, and prostrating to the deck five seamen who were standing round its foot. As if a signal had been given by the peal of thunder, a tremendous blast of wind smote the vessel, and, stripped though she was of sails, heaved her over almost to the gunwale.

For a moment, the crew were paralyzed by the suddenness of the catastrophe, stunned by the terrible thunder, and blinded by the lightning. None seemed capable of moving. Will had instinctively covered his eyes with his hands—it seemed to him for a moment that his sight was gone. Then the voice of the captain was heard, shouting—

"Helm hard up; out axes, and cut away the wreck at once!"

Those who were least stupefied by the shock sprang into motion. Will drew out his knife, and, in a dazed and stupid way, feeling rather than seeing what he was doing, tried to assist in cutting away the shrouds of the fallen mast—it had gone a few feet above the deck. Presently he seemed, as he worked, to recover from his stupor, and the power of sight came back to him. Then he saw that the vessel, taken on the broadside by the gale, was lying far over, with several feet of her deck to leeward under water.

So furious was the wind that he could not show his head over the weather bulwark. The sea was still smooth, as if the water was flattened by the force of the wind. The stay-sail had been blown into ribbons. The captain now gave another order, and the head of the jib was hauled up a few feet. It happened to be a new one which had been bent when last in port; and, although it bellied and lashed as if it would tear itself into fragments, it still stood. Again the captain gave an order, and the sail was hauled up to its full height. Still further the vessel heaved over, and Will expected every moment that she would capsize; then gradually her head payed off, and slowly she righted, and flew before the gale.

"That was a near squeak," Will said.

"What is zqueak?" Hans shouted.

"I mean a close shave," Will replied.

Hans' blue eyes opened wider than usual.

"A zhave," he repeated, "what are you talking about zhaving?"

"No, no," Will said, laughing, "I mean a narrow escape of being capsized."

Hans nodded. There was no time for talk, for orders were given for getting preventer stays on the foremast. The jib, having done its work, had been hauled down the instant the ship payed off, and a small storm-jib set in its place. The men now had time to attend to those who had been struck by lightning: three of them were found to be dead, but the other two, who were stunned and senseless, still lived, and were lifted and carried below.

Serious as the disaster had been, Will felt

that the stroke of lightning had saved the ship. The pressure of the wind upon two masts and hull had nearly sufficed to capsize her; had the main mast stood, he felt that she must have gone over. The sea got up in a very few minutes, but being now only in light ballast, the vessel rose easily over them. Four men were at the helm, for the waves soon became so high that the vessel yawed dangerously on her course.

The gale seemed to increase rather than diminish in fury, and the sea, instead of following in regular waves, became a perfect chaos of tossing water, such as Will had never before seen. He understood it, however, when half-an-hour after the outbreak of the gale, he heard one of the men, who had just been relieved at the wheel, say that in that time the ship had already run twice round the compass. She was therefore in the very centre of the cyclone, and the strangely tossed sea was accounted for. The motion of the ship was extraordinary, sometimes she was thrown on one side, sometimes on the other. Mountains of water seemed to rise suddenly beside her, and tumbled in great green masses over the bulwarks. So wild and sudden were her movements, that even the oldest sailors were unable to keep their feet, and all clung on to shrouds or belaying pins.

Will and Hans had lashed themselves by the slack of a rope to the bulwarks close to each other, and there clung on; sometimes half drowned by the waves which poured in above them, sometimes torn from their feet by the rush of green water as the ship plunged head-foremost into a wave or shipped one over her poop.

Presently there was a crash that sounded even above the fury of the gale—the fore topmast had gone at the cap. The axes were again called into requisition, for a blow from the floating spar would have instantly stove in the side. While engaged upon this the captain called two of the men with axes aft. These were set to work to chop through the shrouds of the mizen, and in a minute later the mast snapped asunder on the level of the deck and went

over the side with a crash, carrying away several feet of the bulwark.

This act was necessitated by the loss of the fore-topmast, as the pressure of the wind upon the mizen would have brought her head up and laid her broadside to the gale.

The motion of the vessel was now considerably easier, and there was no longer any difficulty in keeping her dead before the wind. She was now describing much larger circles in her course, showing that she was farther removed from the centre of the cyclone. After five or six hours, the extreme violence of the wind somewhat abated, and it seemed to settle down into a heavy gale.

For two days the vessel ran before it. She had made a good deal of water from the opening of the seams by straining, and the pumps were kept still going. These were, however, without difficulty enabled to prevent the water from gaining upon them, and all felt that they should weather the tempest, provided that they were not dashed upon any of the islands in which this portion of the ocean abounds.

The crew had had no regular meals since the gale began, for the caboose had been broken up and washed overboard soon after the commencement of the storm, and they had been obliged to be content with biscuits; there was little to be done on deck, and the watch over, they passed their time in their bunks.

In the afternoon of the third day of the tempest the cry was raised of "breakers ahead." Will, with his comrades of the watch below, sprang from their berths and hurried on deck.

Far ahead, as the vessel lifted on the waves, could be seen a gleam of white water. In anticipation of such a danger, a small spar had been erected upon the stump of the mizen, and steadied with strong stays. Sail was now hoisted upon this, and an effort was made to bring the vessel's head to wind. Watching for a favourable moment between the passage of the heavy seas, the helm was put down, and slowly her head came up into the wind. Under

such sail, the captain had no hope of being able to tack, in the teeth of the gale; but he hoped to be able to claw off the shore until clear of the land which lay to leeward of him.

That hope soon vanished. One of the mates was sent to the top of the foremast, and descended with news that as far as could be seen the line of breakers stretched away, both on her beam and quarter. As the minutes went by, the anxious crew could see, but too clearly, that the ship was drifting down upon the land, and that she must inevitably be wrecked upon it.

The outlines of the shore could now be seen—a forest of tossing trees, behind which high land could be made out through the driving clouds. Orders were now given to prepare to anchor, but all knew that the chances were slight indeed.

The water is, for the most part, deep close alongside the islands of the Eastern Archipelago; and, even were the holding-ground good, hemp and iron would hardly hold the vessel head to the gale and tremendous sea. When within a quarter of a mile of the shore, the man with the lead proclaimed a depth of ten fathoms. This was better than they had expected. The jib was lowered, and her head brought dead to wind. The captain shouted, "cut," and in an instant the stoppers were severed, and two heavy anchors dropped into the sea. One had a heavy chain-cable, the other hemp, and these were allowed to run to the bits. The vessel brought up with less shock than could be expected. A wave or two passed under her and still her cable held.

A gleam of hope began to reign, when a mountainous sea was seen approaching; higher and higher it rose, and, just as it reached the ship, toppled over, and crushed down upon her deck. The cables snapped like pack-thread, and a cry of despair arose from the crew. The captain was calm and collected, and shouted orders for the jib to be again hoisted, and the helm put up, so as to run her head-first on to the shore.

As they neared the line of breakers, they could see the heads of jagged rocks rising

among them; while beyond, a belt of smooth water, a quarter-of-a-mile wide, extended to the land. The ship's head was directed towards the point where no rocks appeared above the surface. Everyone held his breath, and clinging to the bulwarks awaited the shock.

The vessel lifted on a great wave just as they came to the line of broken water, and as she settled down struck with a tremendous crash.

So tremendous was the shock that the vessel broke in two amidships, as if she had been made of paper, the portion aft going instantly to pieces, and at once the sea around was covered with fragments of wreck, bales, boxes, and casks. Another great sea followed, filling the now open ship, forcing up the deck, and sweeping everything before it.

William Gale and Hans had gone as far forward as possible. "Come out to the end of the bowsprit," Will said to Hans, and the two lads crawled out together and sat on the end of the spar.

The sea beneath them was white as milk with the foam which poured over the reef, but Will thought that they were beyond the rocks. Every sea which struck the wreck added to the disaster, until a larger one than usual struck it, and broke it into fragments. The lads clung to the spar as it fell; it sank deep in the water, but they retained their hold until it came to the surface, and Will looked round. They were safely beyond the edge of the reef. The sea was still rough and broken, but it was quiet, compared with that beyond the reef. Taking out his knife he cut away the ropes which bound the spar to the ship. He saw that the fore-mast was floating near, and to it several men who had mounted the fore-top were clinging.

In a quarter-of-an-hour, the spar floated to land; the boys felt the bottom with their feet, and soon scrambled ashore. A few minutes later the topmast also drifted up, and several men clinging to fragments of the wreck were also cast ashore. In all, eleven men, including the first mate, were saved.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER waiting for two hours on shore, until all hope of any more of their shipmates surviving was at an end, the party, by the mate's orders, detached a sail from a yard that had drifted ashore, and carried it well into the wood, where they were sheltered to some extent from the force of the gale. A stout pole was then cut and lashed between two trees; the sail was thrown over this and pegged down at both sides. A fire was lit with some difficulty; then a quantity of ferns and branches of trees were cut: these made a soft and elastic bed, and the whole party slept heavily until the morning. Then they went back to the shore; it was littered thickly with fragments of wreck, casks, boxes, and other articles: here too were nearly a score of the corpses of their shipmates. The first duty was to dig a long shallow trench in the sand, beyond high-water mark, and in this the bodies of their drowned comrades were laid.

The storm was now breaking, glimpses of blue sky were visible overhead, and the wind had greatly abated. The sea, upon the reef, was however as high as ever. Setting to work they hauled a large number of boxes and bales beyond the reach of the waves. One of the casks contained biscuits, and, knocking in the head, they helped themselves to its contents, and sat down to talk over their position.

"I am not sure," the mate said, "that our poor comrades there"—and he nodded towards the grave—"have not the best of it. The inhabitants of most of these islands are bloodthirsty pirates, who if they find us will either cut our throats at once or keep us as slaves. Our only hope is that we may not be discovered until we have time to build a boat in which to sail away to Singapore or back to Java. Had we been wrecked further south things would have been more hopeful, for the Papuans are friendly and in-offensive people; these islands here are inhabited by Malays, the most bloodthirsty pirates in the world. However, we must hope that we may not be found before we

have finished a boat. My chest is among those which have been washed up, and there are a few tools in it. I always had a fancy for carpentry, and it's hard if we cannot make some sort of a craft, which will carry us, in a fortnight. Indeed, if we content ourselves with a strong framework covered with canvas, we may be ready in four or five days."

The men set cheerfully to work under his directions. In his chest were a hatchet, saw, and chisels. With these young trees of flexible wood were cut down and split; a keel was laid 25 feet in length; cross-pieces 12 feet long were pegged to this by trenails, nails formed of tough and hard wood, the cross-pieces were then bent upwards and fastened to the pieces which were to form the gunwale. Strengthening pieces were placed along at distances of 7 or 8 inches apart, and firmly lashed. When the whole was finished after three days' labour, the framework of a boat 25 feet long, 3 feet deep, and 7 feet in beam, stood upon the beach. A barrel of oil had been thrown ashore, and with this the mate intended thoroughly to soak the canvas with which the frame was to be covered. The boat would, he calculated, carry the whole of the men with an ample store of food and water for the voyage.

Upon the morning of the fourth day, as, on their way to work, they emerged from the wood upon the open beach, the mate gave a low cry and pointed along the shore. There, between the reef and the island, was a large Malay prahu. The party instantly fell back among the trees. The Malays were apparently cruising along the reef to see if the late storm had thrown up any wreckage which might be useful to them; and a loud shout proclaimed their satisfaction as they saw the shore strewn with the remains of the Dutch ship. The prahu was rowed to the shore, and fifty or sixty Malays sprang from the bows on to the sand.

Scarcely had they done so, when a shout from one of them called the attention of the others to the framework of the boat.

There was a minute's loud and excited chatter among them. They dashed up the track to the wood, the deep foot-steps in the sand showing plainly enough the direction from which the builders of the boat had come and gone. The latter, as the Malay boat neared the shore, had retired further into the wood, but from the screen of leaves they were able to see what was going on. As they saw the Malays rush in an excited and yelling throng towards the wood, the little party took to their heels.

"Scatter," the mate said; "together, they are sure to overtake us, singly, we may escape."

"Let us keep together, Hans," Will said as they dashed along through the wild jungle. Torn by thorns, often thrown down by projecting roots and low creepers, they kept on, and their pace quickened as shouts and screams told them that some of their comrades had fallen into the hands of the Malays. Presently they came upon the little stream which flowed into the sea, close to where they had been cast ashore.

"Let us follow this up," Will said; "they can track us through the forest, but the water will set them off our scent."

For a quarter-of-a-mile they followed the course of the stream, stopping breathlessly many times as they heard voices in the wood not far off. Presently Will pointed to a tree rising from a clump of bushes close to the bank.

"Let us go through those bushes," he said; "be careful, Hans, not to break a twig as you go; we can climb that tree; there are plants with stems like cords winding round it. The top is so thick and bushy, that I don't think they can see us there."

Very carefully they parted the bushes that overhung the stream, and entered the thicket; then they made their way with great difficulty to the foot of the tree. It was a very large one, with a trunk fully 15 feet in diameter; it rose some 40 feet without a branch, then a number of great arms grew out at right angles, these were

covered thickly with parasitic vegetation. Round the trunk, like a snake embracing its victim, a great climber had wound itself. The main stem was as thick as a man's arm and there were dozens of smaller cord-like climbers; by the aid of these the lads climbed like cats to the point where the branches grew out; above these were a number of others, all completely covered by the climbers, whose drooping sprays and branches gave the tree the appearance of a solid mass of verdure. The boys continued to climb until they were nearly at the top of the tree.

"There!" Will said, wiping away the perspiration which streamed from his face, "if they do not track us through the bushes to the very foot of this tree, I defy them to find us."

For some hours the wood was alive with noises; the Malays were evidently beating every foot of it, and were determined that none of their victims should escape. Several times parties of men came up the stream, searching the banks on both sides; but happily even their sharp eyes did not detect the spot where the boys had entered the bushes, and gradually the noises ceased, and at night a great glare by the sea-shore told the lads that their enemies had gathered again there, and were continuing by fire-light the work of breaking open and examining the treasures which the sea had cast up for them.

"What do you say, Will? Shall we get down and go further into wood, or shall we wait here?"

"I think anyhow we had better wait till to-morrow night," Will answered. "They may search again to-morrow, and might come upon our tracks. If they don't find us they may suppose that they have caught us all, or that we have escaped right into the interior; if they find no traces of us, they will likely enough set sail before night."

There was no difficulty in finding a place in which they could sleep, for the cord-like climbers from bough to bough formed natural cradles, in which they lay as securely

as if in a hammock on board a ship. In the morning they were woken at daybreak by the cries of the many birds which thronged the forests of the Eastern Archipelago. No one approached them during the day, and they doubted not that the Malays were all hard at work on the shore.

That night there was no reflection of a fire on the beach. In the morning they descended from their perches, and made their way carefully, and as noiselessly as possible, through the wood, to a point upon the shore a mile distant from the point where they landed. Going to the edge of the trees, they were enabled to take a view along the shore. It was deserted; the Malay prahu was gone.

Confident that none of their enemies would have remained behind, they walked boldly along the shore to the spot where the Malays had landed. Every box and barrel had been broken open, and the contents carried away; planks and beams had been split asunder to obtain the copper bolts and fastenings. The framework of the boat had been destroyed, and every portion of canvas and rope carried away. The lads sat down on the shore.

"What shall we do next, Hans?"

Hans shook his head.

"Perhaps some of the others may have got away, and may join us here to-day or to-morrow. If any are alive they would be certain to come back here when they thought the Malays had left."

Hans grunted an assent.

"Anyhow, the first thing to do," Will went on, "is to gather up the pieces of biscuits; they have wasted lots in breaking open the barrels, and I am famishing."

Hans rose with alacrity, and they soon were at work upon collecting pieces of biscuits.

"Let us gather up all the pieces up carefully, there are a good lot altogether, and we may want them badly before we have done."

In half an hour they had collected about 30 pounds of biscuits, and having gone to the stream and taken a drink they made for the spot where their tent had stood. As

they expected, they found the canvas was gone; they set to work with their knives, and cutting a number of boughs, erected a shelter sufficient to shield them from the night air. All day they hoped, but in vain, that some of their comrades would return, and listened eagerly to every sound in the forest, but no call or footstep met their ears. They had no means of lighting a fire, the first having been lit by the mate who being a smoker had had a small tin-box of matches in his pocket. This had fitted closely and kept out the water.

"What had we better do if no one comes back?" Will said as they sat in their little hut.

"Build anoder boat," Hans answered.

"But how are we to do that, Hans? We might make the framework, but we have no canvas to cover it with; besides, even if we had, I have no idea of the direction of Singapore, and I doubt if we could find our way back to Java."

Hans had no further suggestion to offer.

"I suppose we could live in the forest for some time," Will said. "I read a book called 'Robinson Crusoe,' and a sailor there lived on a desert island for years, but then he had a gun and all sorts of things. There are plenty of birds, but even if we could make bows and arrows I suppose we should be months before we could shoot straight enough to hit them."

Several days passed; the lads found plenty of fruit; but the season was advancing, and Will said one day to Hans—

"What on earth are we to do when the fruit and biscuits are all finished?"

Wandering in the woods they found the bodies of the whole of their companions. All were headless, the Malays having carried off these coveted trophies. They did not attempt to bury the bodies, for in such a climate, decomposition sets in rapidly, and swarms of insects complete the work. In the grass near the hut they found one treasure—the mate's axe—which had evidently fallen from his belt in his flight, and had been overlooked by the Malays.

"I tell you what, Hans," Will said one

day: "fruit is getting scarcer and scarcer, and there are not more than five or six pounds of biscuits left. I vote that we make through the forest into the interior of the island; there must be some villages scattered about. If we enter one boldly, they may not kill us. I don't know whether they have any respect for the laws of hospitality, as some savages have; but even if they did kill us, it's better than being starved to death here. It's a chance anyhow. What do you say, Hans?"

"I don't zay noding," Hans answered, "I don't have no obinion at all; if you dink zat is ze best plan let us do it."

So saying, Hans collected the biscuit, tied it up in his handkerchief, and was ready to start at once.

"There is no hurry, Hans," Will said, laughing; "still, if we are to make a start, we may as well go at once."

Turning their backs upon the sea, they struck into the wood. They had never before gone further than a mile from the shore. After an hour's walking they found that the character of the forest was changing: the ground rose rapidly, the thick tangled undergrowth disappeared, and they were able to walk briskly forward under the shade of the large trees. The hill became steeper and steeper as they advanced, and Will knew that they were ascending the hill that they had seen from the ship when she was coming towards the shore. Three hours after leaving the coast they were upon its top. The ground was rocky here, and in some places bare of trees. Inland, they saw hill rising behind hill, and knew that the island must be a large one.

"Look, Hans, there is smoke curling up at the foot of that hill over there, don't you see it? It is very faint, but it is certainly smoke. There must be a house there, and most likely a village. Come on, we shall get there before the sun sets. I don't think it can be more than a mile and a half away."

Hans as usual assented, and in about half-an-hour they saw a Malay village.

The aspect was curious, each hut being built in a tree. At the point where the lower branches started, a platform was made; the

tree above this was cut down, and on the platform the hut was erected ; access could be obtained to it by a ladder. Several of the inhabitants were walking about ; these, upon seeing the lads, uttered cries of warning and instantly flying to the ladders, which were constructed of light bamboo, climbed to the huts and raised the ladders after them. Then, at every door, men appeared with bent bows and pointed arrows, threatening the invaders. Will had cut a green bough, and this he waved as a token of peace, while Hans threw up his hands to show that he was unarmed. Then they bowed several times almost to the ground, held out their arms with outstretched hands, and finally sat down upon the ground.

The Malays apparently understood that their visitors came in peace. They held a long conversation among themselves and at last the ladder of one of the huts which appeared larger and better finished than the others, was lowered, and four men descended. One of these carried a kriss in his hand, his bow was slung behind his back ; the others kept their bows bent in readiness for instant action.

The chief was a tall and well-built man of about forty years of age. He, like his followers, was dressed only in a loin-cloth ; he had copper bracelets round his wrists. As he approached, the lads rose and bowed deeply ; then Will held out to him the axe, and placing it in his hand, motioned to him that it was a present. The chief looked pleased at the gift, placed his hands on Will's shoulder and nodded, and performed the same gesture to Hans ; then he led them towards his hut and motioned to them to sit down at the foot of the tree.

Curious-faces were watching from every hut, and as soon as it was seen that peace was established, the ladders were lowered and a swarm of men, women, and children, soon surrounded the visitors. At the chief's order, a woman approached them, bringing a dish of food. This was composed, the boys found, principally of birds cut up and stewed with some sort of vegetable. The dish was by no means bad, and after living

for nearly a fortnight upon biscuit and fruit, the lads enjoyed it.

Presently women brought bundles of dried fern and spread them at the foot of the tree, and soon after it was dark the boys lay down upon them. It was long, however, before they went to sleep ; for the din and chatter in the village continued until far into the night. The lads guessed that the reason and manner of their coming was warmly debated, and judged by their reception that the prevailing opinions were favourable, and that the visit from the two white men was considered to be a fortunate omen.

The next day they were again amply supplied with food, and were constantly surrounded by a little group of women and children, to whom their white skins appeared a source of constant wonder. Their movements were entirely unchecked, and they were evidently considered in the light of guests rather than prisoners.

The next night the village retired to rest early. The boys sat talking together for a long time, and then lay down to sleep. Presently Will thought that he heard a noise ; and looking up saw, in the moonlight, a number of savages stealthily approaching. They carried with them ladders, and intended, he had no doubt, to surprise the sleeping villagers. They were already close at hand. Will shook Hans, who had already gone off to sleep, and pointed out to him the advancing foes. These were already in the village, and separating, fixed a ladder against each of the huts. So far, the boys, who lay in the shadow of the hut, had not been noticed. The Malays, who belonged to a hostile village, began to climb the ladders ; when the lads, grasping the heavy sticks which they always carried, and springing to their feet with loud shouts, ran to the ladders before the Malays could recover from their astonishment at the approach of the white-faced men rushing upon them.

Half a dozen of the ladders were upset, the men who had mounted them coming heavily to the ground. Some of these, as

they rose, at once took to their heels; others drawing their krisses rushed at their assailants. But the lads were no longer alone. At the first shout the doors of the huts had opened, and the inhabitant rushed out with their arms; the remaining ladders were instantly overthrown, and a shower of arrows poured upon their assailants.

Will and Hans knooked down the foremost of their assailants, and the whole body, foiled in their attempted surprise, discomfited at the appearance of the strange white-faced men, and exposed to the arrows of the defenders, at once darted away, several of their number having already fallen under the shafts from above. With exulting shouts the warriors of the village poured down their ladders from the huts and took up the pursuit, and soon no one remained in the village save the white lads and the women and children. Towards morning the warriors returned, several of them bringing with them gory heads, showing that their pursuit had not been in vain.

The village was now the scene of great rejoicings; huge fires were lighted, and a feast held in honour of the victory. The chief solemnly placed the white men, one on each side of him, and made them a speech; in which, by his bowing and placing his hand on their heads, they judged he was thanking them for having preserved their village from massacre. Indeed, it was clear, from the respectful manner of all towards them, that they were regarded in the light of genii who had come specially to protect the village from the assaults of its enemies.

After the feast was over, the chief, after a consultation with the rest, pointed to a tree close to that in which his own hut was situated. The whole village set to work, ladders were fixed against it, and the men,

ascending, hacked away with stone hatchets at the trunk. Hans, seeing their object, made signs to the chief to lend him his axe, and, ascending the tree, set to work with it, doing in five minutes more work than the whole of the natives employed could have accomplished in a hour. After working for some time, he handed the axe to one of the natives, who continued the work.

The tree was not a large one. The trunk at this point being about 18 inches in diameter, half-an-hour's work sufficed to cut it through, and the upper part of the tree fell with a crash. In the meantime the women had brought in from the forest a quantity of bamboos, and with these the men set to work and speedily formed a platform. Upon this a hut was erected, the roof and sides being covered with palm-leaves laid closely together forming a roof impervious to rain. Two large bundles of fern for beds were then taken up, and the chief ascending solemnly invited the boys to come up and take possession.

A woman was told off to prepare food for them and attend to their wants, and by nightfall the lads found themselves in a comfortable abode of their own. Pulling up the ladder after the manner of the natives, they sat down to chat over their altered prospects. They were now clearly regarded as adopted into the village community, and need have no further fear as to their personal security or means of living.

"For the time we are safe," Will said, "but as I don't want to turn Malay and live all my life with no other amusement than keeping my own head on and hunting for those of the enemies of the village, we must think of making our escape somehow; though, at present, I own I don't see how."

(To be continued.)

KÉRABAN THE INFLEXIBLE;

OR, ADVENTURES IN THE EUXINE.

BY JULES VERNE.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.—(continued).



WHEN Bruno placed the cheese before his companion. Nizib began to eat it—not without grimaces—while his *vis-à-vis* began to devour the more substantial food which he falsely designated as pork!

"Your health, Nizib," he said, filling a goblet from a jug on the table.

"What is that drink?" asked Nizib.

"Hum," replied Bruno, "it seems to me——"

"What?" said the other, holding out his glass.

"It seems to me that there is brandy in it, and a good Mussulman cannot partake of it," replied Bruno.

"But I cannot eat without drinking."

"Without drinking—no—and here is a jugful of fresh water, which ought to satisfy you, Nizib. How happy you Turks ought to feel in being accustomed to such a wholesome beverage."

And while Nizib was drinking, Bruno muttered, "Get fat, my friend; get fat!"

But just then Nizib, turning round, perceived another dish on the mantel-shelf, in which some food of appetising appearance still remained.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I shall have something more satisfying after all."

"Yes: this time, Nizib, we will share like good comrades. Indeed, I was quite sorry to see you reduced to sup upon goat's cheese."

"This seems to be mutton, M. Bruno."

"I believe it is, Nizib."

And the Dutchman, taking the dish, began to cut the morsel which Nizib was devouring with his eyes.

"Well," he said at last.

"Yes, it is mutton," replied Bruno; "it ought to be mutton, for we have met with so many flocks of sheep on our journey. Indeed, I believe that there are only sheep in this country, now I come to think of it!"

"Very well," said Nizib, holding out his plate.

"Wait a moment, Nizib, wait. In your interest I must make certain of this. You understand, though we are at some distance from the frontier, the cooking is still Russian, and we must beware of the Russians."

"I tell you, M. Bruno, that in this case no mistake is possible."

"No," said Bruno, who was busy eating.

"No, it *is* really mutton, nevertheless——"

"Eh?" said Nizib.

"One might say," continued Bruno, as he bolted piece after piece. "One might say——"

"Not so fast, M. Bruno."

"Hum. If this *is* mutton it has a most peculiar taste."

"Ah! I will just know what it is," cried Nizib, who, despite his calm temperament, was beginning to be angry.

"Take care, Nizib, take care!"

So saying, Bruno quickly swallowed the remaining morsels of the food.

"That is the end of it, M. Bruno!"

"Yes, Nizib, that is the finish. I am convinced you were quite right this time."

"It was mutton then."

"Decidedly, mutton."



"I will soon ascertain," replied Nizib.—See page 96.

"Which you have devoured!"

"Devoured, Nizib! Ah, that is a word which I cannot admit. Devoured? No! I have merely tasted it."

"And a nice supper I have had!" said Nizib, in a piteous tone. "It seems to me, M. Bruno, that you might as well have left me my share, and not have eaten it all to satisfy yourself that——"

"That it was mutton in fact," said Bruno. "My conscience obliged me——"

"Say, your stomach rather."

"Obliged me to ascertain what it was," continued Bruno. "After all, there is not much room for regret, Nizib."

"But if——"

"No; you could not have eaten it."

"Why not?"

"Because it was dressed with lard, Nizib; you understand, lard! Lard is not orthodox."

Then Bruno rose from table with the air of a man who has supped well, and re-entered the common room, followed by the discomfited Nizib.

Seigneur Kéraban, Ahmet, and Van Mitten lay extended upon the benches, but had not been able to snatch a moment's repose. The tempest was increasing in fury. The planks of the wooden structure creaked loudly. The occupants feared that the lighthouse would be demolished. The hurricane shook the door and rattled the window-shutters as if they were being "buted" by a mad bull; and they had to be firmly secured. But by the shocks of the lighthouse "scaffolding" encased in the wall they were enabled to estimate what the force of the wind was fifty feet above the roof. Would the lighthouse be able to resist the tempest? would the gleam of the lanthorn be extinguished? would it still illumine the straits of Atina, when the sea now ran in "mountains high?" All this was doubtful, and such doubts were full of grave eventualities. It was then half-past eleven at night.

"It is quite impossible to sleep here," remarked Kéraban, as he rose and paced the apartment.

"No, indeed," replied Ahmet, "and if the storm should increase, this hut will be endangered. I think we should be prepared for any eventuality."

"Are you asleep, Van Mitten? Can you sleep?" asked Kéraban, as he shook his friend.

"I was dozing," replied Van Mitten.

"Look what placid people can do!" cried Kéraban. "Under circumstances in which no one else can snatch a moment's rest, a Dutchman will manage to sleep!"

"I never remember such a night as this," remarked one of the light-keepers. "The wind is dead ashore, and who knows but by morning the sea will be strewn with wreckage."

"Were there any vessels in sight this evening?" asked Ahmet.

NO. XXXIX.

"No, fortunately, at least not at sunset," replied the keeper. "When I went up to light the lanthorn I could see nothing in the offing. That is lucky, for the channels of Atina are dangerous; and even with the light, which can be seen for five miles, it is difficult to weather them."

At that moment a gust of more than ordinary fury blew the door into the middle of the room as if it would knock the whole thing to splinters.

But Seigneur Kéraban threw himself against the door, and, struggling with the furious wind, succeeded in closing the aperture with the assistance of the keeper.

"What a headstrong wind," he cried, "but I was the more determined!"

"A terrible tempest indeed," said Ahmet.

"Terrible," acquiesced Van Mitten. "It is almost comparable with the storms from the Atlantic which beat upon the coast of Holland."

"Oh!" said Kéraban, "you can scarcely compare them!"

"Just think a moment, Kéraban," said Van Mitten. "They are storms which come all across the ocean from America."

"And how can the tempests of the Atlantic compare with those of the Black Sea, Van Mitten?"

"Friend Kéraban, I do not wish to contradict you, but really——"

"Really you are about to contradict me," replied Kéraban, who was not in the best of tempers.

"No, I merely say——"

"You say——?"

"I say that, compared with the ocean—with the Atlantic—the Black Sea is but a lake!"

"A lake!" exclaimed Kéraban, drawing himself up! "By Allah! Did you say a lake?"

"An immense lake, if you please," replied Van Mitten, who sought to modify his terms, "a large lake, but a lake nevertheless."

"Why not a pond?"

"I said nothing about a pond."

"Why not a pool?"

"I did not say a pool."

"Why not a cistern?"

"I never hinted at a cistern."

"No, Van Mitten, but you thought so."

"I assure you——"

"Very well, so be it—a cistern, but when some cataclysm occurs and throws your Holland into this cistern it will be entirely swallowed up in it. Cistern indeed!"

And muttering this word between his teeth Seigneur Kéran continued to pace the room.

"I am quite certain I never used the word cistern," remarked Van Mitten, who was quite disconcerted. "Believe me, my young friend," he added, addressing Ahmet, "that I never even thought of such a term. The Atlantic——"

"Quite so, M. Van Mitten. But I do not think this is either the time or place to discuss the question," replied Ahmet.

"Cistern," muttered the inflexible Kéran. Then he halted to look his Dutch friend in the face, but Van Mitten did not dare to take up the cudgels for Holland, which Kéran had threatened with submersion in the Black Sea.

For quite an hour after this the tempest continued to increase in fury. The caretakers, very anxious, went out from time to time to observe the wooden structure which sustained the light. Their guests, overcome by fatigue, had once more stretched themselves on the benches, and sought repose for a few hours.

Suddenly, about two o'clock in the morning, masters and servants were all aroused from their lethargy. The windows, the shutters of which had already been wrenched off, were blown in with a crash; and, during the momentary lull which succeeded the furious gust, the report of a cannon was heard from the offing.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

ALL the occupants of the hut rose hurriedly and rushed to the windows to look

out upon the sea. The waves, scattered in foam by the wind, were dashing more violently against the lighthouse. The darkness was profound, and it was impossible to see anything, even at a few paces distant, unless when the vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the horizon.

It was in one of these flashes that Ahmet reported some object which appeared and disappeared in the distance.

"It must be a ship!" he cried.

"If there be a ship there, the crew must have fired that cannon," remarked Kéran.

"I will ascend into the gallery," said one of the light-keepers as he advanced towards a little wooden staircase which opened and led upwards from one of the corners of the sitting-room.

"I will accompany you," said Ahmet.

All this while, Kéran, Van Mitten, Bruno, and the other guardian, notwithstanding the tempest and the spray, remained standing in the bays of the broken windows.

Ahmet and his companion were not long in reaching the platform, which, on a level with the roof of the hut, served as a base for the scaffolding which sustained the lantern. Thence in the spaces between the beams which were fixed by cross-ties and formed the "tower," a rough staircase ascended in sixty steps to the upper part of the structure which contained the light.

The hurricane was so fierce, that it was an undertaking of no small danger to ascend this stairway. The solid supports oscillated from their bases. Ahmet frequently was obliged to cling to the balustrade so firmly that he began to imagine he would never be able to let go; but, taking advantage of a slight lull, he was able to ascend a few more steps, and, following the keeper, who was quite as embarrassed as Ahmet himself, he managed to reach the upper gallery.

What a sight he beheld! A terrific sea dashing its enormous waves against the rocks; thick clouds of spray drove like rain above the lantern, while great mountains of water reared their crests in the offing still distinguishable by the atmospheric reflection; a sky of inky hue, covered with low

clouds which chased each other with tremendous speed across the firmament, sometimes discovering as they parted, other masses of vapour more elevated, from which

at times escaped the long livid flashes—so silent and so pale—reflections which told of another storm raging at a still greater distance above.



"It was an undertaking of no small danger."

Ahmet and the light-keeper, crouching and holding tightly to the supports of the gallery, right and left, gazed seaward, seeking either the moving point already noticed or the flash of the cannon which would indicate the direction of the vessel.

Neither of the men spoke—it would have been impossible to hear each other, but their view embraced a considerable segment

of the sea. The light of the lanthorn, surrounded by powerful reflectors, could not dazzle them, as it threw its brilliant rays of light before them to a distance of several miles.

But there was also a continual fear that the lanthorn would be extinguished, and frequently the gusts of wind would reduce the flame to the very lowest ebb of light,

threatening to extinguish it altogether. Birds, too, blinded by the storm, came dashing blindly against the lanthorn, like so many insects attracted by the light of a lamp, and bruised themselves against the iron grating which protected the apparatus. The force of the wind was so great that the upper part of the lighthouse oscillated frightfully. Nor need we be surprised at this, for the stone lighthouses in Europe, at times, rock so much that the pendulums of the clocks are stopped. All the more reason therefore for the oscillation of these wooden structures, which cannot possess the solidity of stone-work. In the particular case of which we are writing, Seigneur Kéraban, who felt ill while crossing the Bosphorus, would have experienced all the horrors of sea-sickness had he stood on the gallery of the lighthouse.

Ahmet and the light-keeper sought to perceive the moving speck which they had already noticed in the sea. But, either it had disappeared or the flashes of lightning did not illuminate the spot it occupied. If it were a ship it was but too probable that the vessel had already been dashed to pieces by the tempest.

Suddenly Ahmet pointed towards the horizon. His eyes did not deceive him. An extraordinary meteor came along the surface of the sea, extending from the edges of the clouds.

Two columns, of vesicular shape, gaseous at the tops, liquid at the bases, united by a conical point and animated by a simultaneous rotatory movement of extreme velocity, presented a vast concavity to the wind, which was blowing fiercely over the waters, and causing the waves to form a whirlpool. In the intervals of the storm a sharp whistling noise could be heard, of such intensity that it must have been audible at a great distance. Frequent vivid flashes of forked lightning showed out the enormous body of the water-spout in strong relief, and then again it was lost in the darkness.

Suddenly, at a little distance from these water-spouts, the exact cause of which has never been accurately determined,

a vivid flash was succeeded by a loud detonation.

"A cannon!" exclaimed Ahmet, extending his hand in the direction of the sound.

The light-keeper also concentrated his gaze upon the spot indicated.

"There, there!" he exclaimed; and by the glare of a tremendous flash of lightning, Ahmet perceived a vessel of considerable tonnage battling with the storm.

It was a felucca, disabled, her great lateen-sail in ribbons: without any power of resistance, she was driving helplessly on shore. With the rocks to leeward, and in the vicinity of the water-spouts which were proceeding towards her, it appeared impossible that she could escape destruction. It seemed merely a question of minutes, whether she was dashed to pieces or swamped.

Nevertheless, she bore up bravely. Perhaps, if she could escape the water-spouts, she would find a current which would carry her towards the harbour of Atina. Even scudding under bare poles, she might hit upon the channel, the direction of which was indicated by the lighthouse. It was her sole chance.

So the vessel was endeavouring to rid herself of the nearer of the two columns of water which threatened to drag her into the vortex around its base. Hence the firing of the cannon: the shots were for defence, not signals of distress. It was necessary to break these columns of water, and the gunners succeeded in their aim, but imperfectly. A shot cut through the column about one-third of the way up; the two portions separated, floating in space like the "trunks" of some fantastic animal; then they re-united and resumed their rotatory movement, sucking up the air and water as they revolved.

It was then three o'clock in the morning, and the vessel was still driving towards the opening of the channel. At that moment, a tremendous blast shook the tower from base to summit. Ahmet and the keeper feared the timbers would be uprooted from the ground. They found it therefore advis-



"A cannon," exclaimed Ahmet.

able to descend and seek shelter in the hut as quickly as possible. But the descent was not accomplished without difficulty and danger.

"Well?" asked Kéraban, when they again appeared in the room.

"There is a ship," replied Ahmet.

"In danger?"



"The doomed vessel rushed to destruction."

"Yes," replied the keeper—"at least unless it happens to find the channel of Atina."

"But can it do so?"

"Yes, if the captain is acquainted with the straits; the light indicates their direction."

"Can we do anything to guide the crew, or carry them assistance?" asked Kéraban.

"Nothing!" was the reply.

As he spoke, a fearful flash of lightning, followed immediately by a tremendous peal of thunder, almost paralysed Kéraban and his companions. It was a miracle that none of them were struck, if not directly, by the return-stroke. At the same time, a loud noise was heard, and a heavy mass came falling through the roof. The furious wind entered through the aperture, and

levelled the wooden walls of the hut to the ground.

Providentially, none of those who were within were injured. The roof had fallen towards the right, while the travellers and their hosts were gathered in the left corner near the door.

"Outside, outside!" exclaimed one of the keepers, rushing out upon the rocks. They all followed him, and at once understood the cause of the catastrophe. The lightning had struck the lighthouse, and loosened the upper part, which in its fall, had demolished the roof, and the storm had completed the destruction of the hut.

Now, there was no longer a light to indicate the channel into the harbour of refuge. So, even if the vessel should escape the water-spouts, nothing could prevent her from being dashed to pieces on the reefs.

The spectators could perceive her carried helplessly along, while the columns of air and water whirled around her. Scarcely half a cable's length intervened between the vessel and an enormous rock which stood out of the water, some fifty feet or more from the north-west extremity of the harbour. On this rock, the vessel would inevitably strike, break up, and perish.

Kéran and his companions paced the beach, regarding with horror the sad and terrible sight; powerless to assist the crew of the distressed ship; scarcely able themselves to resist the violence of the wind which covered them with spray and sand mixed with sea-water.

Some fishermen came hurrying up, perhaps to dispute over the timbers of the doomed ship which the hurricane was driving to destruction on the rocks. But Kéran and his companions did not regard the men in that light. They wished them to do all they could for the rescue of the shipwrecked crew: they desired more—that they would indicate the passage, and guide the steersman to the channel; for might not some current carry them in, and so avoid the shoals right and left?

"Torches! bring torches!" cried Kéran. Immediately some resinous pine-branches,

torn from the adjacent trees, were lighted, and their dusky glare replaced in a measure the light of the lanthorn which had been extinguished.

Nevertheless, the doomed vessel rushed to destruction. While the lightning flashes lasted, the spectators could see the men on board working the ship. The captain was endeavouring to rig up a square sail, so as to steer her upon the beach, but, scarcely had he succeeded in getting it up when it was blown to ribbons, and the fragments were carried ashore like a covey of stormy petrels.

The prow of the little vessel was sometimes elevated high in air, and then plunged into a gulf where it was swallowed up, and appeared as if it had struck upon a submerged rock and would never rise again.

"Poor creatures!" cried Kéran. "Can nothing be done to save them?"

"Nothing," replied the fishermen.

"A thousand piastres—ten thousand—a hundred thousand—to any who will afford them assistance," exclaimed Kéran, excitedly.

But these offers were not accepted. It was impossible to swim in such a sea. Perhaps, with a rocket apparatus, one could have established communication; but no such apparatus was to be had, and the little port of Atina did not even boast a life-boat.

"But we cannot let the people perish!" repeated Kéran, who could contain himself no longer.

Ahmet and his companions were perfectly powerless.

Suddenly a cry from the deck of the doomed vessel made Ahmet start violently. He fancied he heard his name called—yes, his name had been pronounced distinctly amid all the uproar of the elements. In fact this was the case, for during a lull the cry was repeated plainly—

"Ahmet! Ahmet! Help!"

Who could be calling on him thus? His heart beat violently under the pressure of a terrible presentiment. That vessel! he seemed to recognize it, he had seen it be-

fore ! Where ? Was it not at Odessa, in front of the villa of the banker Selim, on the very day when he had left it ?

“ Ahmet—Ahmet ! ”

Again the cry resounded through the storm.

Kéran, Van Mitten, Bruno, Nizib came close to the young man, who with his arms



“ Ahmet succeeded in pulling himself up on the rock.”

extended towards the sea remained as if petrified.

“ Your name—it is your name,” said Kéran.

“ Yes, yes,” replied Ahmet — “ my name.”

At that moment a flash of lightning which must have lasted two seconds—for it extended from one side of the horizon to the

other—lit up the scene. In the midst of that brilliant illumination the vessel appeared as clearly as if it had been designed in white by some electrical effulgence. The main-mast was struck by the lightning, and burned like a torch in the midst of the hurricane.

At the stern of the felucca, two females, two young girls, stood wrapped in a close

embrace, and from their lips escaped the supplication—"Ahmet, Ahmet!"

"She! 'Tis she—Amasia!" exclaimed the young man as he leaped upon one of the rocks.

"Ahmet, Ahmet," cried Kéraban in his turn warningly.

He rushed towards his nephew, not to prevent but to assist him if necessary.

"Ahmet, Ahmet!"

Once more the name was carried across the raging water. Doubt was no longer possible.

"I come, I come," screamed Ahmet, and precipitating himself from the rock into the foaming water, he disappeared.

Almost at the same moment, one of the water-spouts reached the bow of the vessel, which was sucked into the vortex and cast upon the reefs to the left, not far from that particular rock which rose from the waves near the north-west point. On this the little vessel was beaten with a noise which was audible over the roaring of the tempest, then it sank in an instant, and the water-spout as if it too had been broken by the shock against the rock, exploded like a gigantic bomb-shell; the watery base mingling with the sea, while the whirling vapoury column was dissipated in the atmosphere.

It seemed certain that all on board the felucca had been lost, as well as the courageous young man who had gone to the assistance of the two girls.

Kéraban himself wished to plunge into the waves, and was only withheld forcibly by his companions from certain death.

Meanwhile, by the light of the flashes, Ahmet could be perceived. He had, by almost superhuman efforts, succeeded in pulling himself up on the rock, holding on his arm one of the shipwrecked maidens. The other clinging to his garments climbed up with him. But no others appeared. No doubt the crew had all perished, as they had cast themselves into the sea when the water-spout struck the ship; so these

two were the only survivors of the shipwreck.

Ahmet, as soon as he had climbed out of reach of the waves, paused for an instant to gaze upon the distance which separated him from the point of the channel. The space was more than fifteen feet, but, taking advantage of the retreat of an enormous wave which left but little water upon the sand, he rushed ashore with his burthen, followed by the other young woman, and reached the beach in safety.

A moment later he was surrounded by his friends, and fell on the shingle, overcome by emotion and fatigue, after he had placed in their arms the girl he had saved.

"Amasia, Amasia!" cried Kéraban.

Yes, it was Amasia, indeed: Amasia whom he had left at Odessa, the daughter of his friend Selim. She had been on board the felucca, and had been shipwrecked three hundred leagues away from Odessa, at the other extremity of the Black Sea! With her was Nedjeb, her servant. What could have happened? But neither Amasia nor the young Zingara could just then explain matters, for both girls had fainted.

Seigneur Kéraban took Amasia in his arms, while one of the lighthouse keepers assisted Nedjeb. Ahmet soon came to himself, but seemed like a man in a dream; he did not appear to realize the actuality of the scene. The whole party then made their way towards the little town of Atina, where one of the fishermen had offered them shelter.

Amasia and Nedjeb were placed before the hearth, on which a bright fire of vine-stalks was burning.

Ahmet bent down and raised up Amasia's head. He called her by her name, and said—

"Amasia, my dear Amasia! She does not hear me! She does not answer. Ah! she is dead. I will die too!"

"No, she is not dead," replied Kéraban. "She breathes, Ahmet. She is alive!"

A RESCUE FROM CANNIBALS.

By Lieut. C. R. LOW, I.N., F.R.G.S.



MUCH interest just now attaches to New Guinea, which our fellow countrymen, the colonists of Queensland and of Australia generally, seem determined to acquire for the British Crown, or at least to proclaim a protectorate over and the adjacent islands. At the present time this vast island, second in size only to Australia, and, with the neighbouring groups of islets, of greater extent than Borneo, is regarded as a *Terra incognita*, with its interior marked on our maps as a mere blank; but so much interest has been aroused as to its capabilities, and its importance both geographically and politically is so considerable, that not many years will, in all likelihood, elapse, before it is traversed from north to south and east to west, and its inmost recesses are penetrated and explored.

I will now tell of a dreadful shipwreck that took place nearly 50 years ago on one of the small Islands in Torres Straits, off the coast of New Guinea; and of the fate and sufferings of the crew and passengers, of whom all were killed except two boys, who were rescued by a vessel sent from Sydney by the Colonial Government. I came to know of this interesting narrative through the circumstance that, when writing the "History of the Indian Navy," I found that one of the ships of war of that service was sent from Bombay to discover the fate of the crew and passengers (among

whom were an Indian officer and his family) and, should they be living, if possible to effect their release from the savages into whose hands they had fallen. The Indian Navy 16-gun brig-of-war *Tigris* left Bombay for the scene of the shipwreck in Torres Straits on the 6th March, 1836. Her orders were to proceed to Sydney, which at that time was the capital and seat of government of the whole of that portion of Australia now subdivided into New South Wales, Victoria and Queensland; and thence, under instructions from the colonial government, to proceed to Torres Straits.

Owing to stress of weather when nearing Bass's Straits, the *Tigris* bore up for Hobart Town, in Tasmania, where she arrived on the 27th May, and whence she sailed on the 7th June. As this was the depth of the winter the brig experienced very bad weather, and was so knocked about that a stay of four weeks was necessary in Sydney to repair damages. Here they heard that the government had despatched the colonial armed schooner *Isabella*, commanded by Mr. Lewis, to the scene of the wreck, to make the necessary search for the missing crew and passengers of the ill-fated barque *Charles Eaton*. We will now trace the proceedings of the barque, and give the narrative of one of the survivors whom she rescued.

The *Isabella* sailed from Sydney on the 3rd of June 1836, and anchored off Murray Island on the 19th. As soon as the vessel was secured, the attention of the crew was directed to the shore, on the beach of which a group of natives were collected, showing signals of peace by extending their arms, and making gestures, and among them was plainly distinguishable a white boy. The natives were preparing to launch their canoes; and as there existed some doubts

as to the real disposition of these islanders, every preparation for defence was made on board the schooner; but, that they might not be deterred from visiting the vessel, the loaded guns were run in, and one half the crew were concealed below, in readiness to repel an attack. To the westward a canoe was observed under sail.

It was not long before four canoes came off, each of which contained sixteen men. On their approach they began to make signs of friendship, by rubbing their hands over the abdomen, and calling out in loud voices, "*pond, pond*," "*peace, peace*." Their object was to trade; and for that purpose they had brought tortoise-shell, cocoa-nuts and other trifles, which, as they approached the ship, they held up, calling out, "*tooree*" and "*toollick*," meaning iron tools, such as knives and axes. The crew, however, pretended by signs that they were not understood, in the hope that they would bring off the white boy to interpret for them; at the same time some axes were displayed, the sight of which made the natives very envious, but yet they showed great reluctance in producing the white boy. And it was not until they found that trade would not be allowed, and they began to be impatient to possess the valuable articles which they had seen, that they sent a canoe to the shore which returned in an hour with him; but he was not permitted to come on board until some axes were given in exchange. Upon interrogating him Mr. Lewis was very much gratified to find that he was one of the unfortunate crew of the *Charles Eaton*, an apprentice of the name of John Ireland.

Deferring any further inquiries for the present, Mr. Lewis gave the crew permission to trade with the natives; upon which an active barter commenced, and was carried on with great briskness, and in the most friendly manner. The first presents which were given them were some empty glass-bottles, which they called "*tarpoor*," on which a few lines, explaining the particulars and intention of the schooner's visit, had been scratched, in order that should any white people be on the island they might

be informed of the means of escape which were now open to them. Ireland informed Mr. Lewis that he had been treated with great kindness by the natives generally; and pointed out one in particular, whose name was Duppar, to whom he was indebted for his life and protection, and from whom he had received even parental kindness. A favourable opportunity was therefore afforded of rewarding him for his humanity. He was invited on board, presented with some clothes, and loaded with presents, which put the old man in high spirits.

Ireland now informed Mr. Lewis that the youngest son of Captain D'Oyly, of the Bengal Artillery, who, with his wife and two children, was one of the passengers of the *Charles Eaton*, was on shore. Upon applying to the natives to go for him, they said he was on the other side of the island, and could not be produced that night, but promised that they would bring him on board in the morning. Fearing, however, that their reluctance to part with the child might induce them to conceal him, all bartering was ordered to be suspended until he was given up; soon after which the canoes left the vessel and returned to the shore.

Mr. Lewis had now an opportunity of obtaining from Ireland an account of the loss of the *Charles Eaton*, but found great difficulty in understanding him; for the boy had forgotten his native tongue, and mixed the Murray Island language so much with his own, that he was, at first, scarcely intelligible; nor, indeed, was it until several days afterwards that the events which compose the following melancholy tale could be collected:—

The *Charles Eaton* left Sydney on the 29th July, 1834, bound to Canton, by way of Torres Straits, and experienced fine weather and favourable winds until she approached the Barrier Reef off the Australian coast, when the weather became thick and rainy.

About ten o'clock in the morning the reefs were suddenly perceived close at hand, upon which the ship was hove up to the wind, and both anchors let go, and the

cables paid out to the end ; but, nevertheless, she drifted on the reef, and fell over on her beam ends. The chief mate then cut her masts away ; but the bottom was soon bilged, and everything destroyed by the water, which broke over the decks, and the ship became a perfect wreck. However, the upper part of the vessel kept together, on which the crew and passengers collected. Soon after she struck, a vessel was observed three or four miles to windward, high and dry upon the reefs, with her masts standing, and royal-yards across, and sails set, in which position she must have been left by her crew.

During the confusion that ensued, one of the quarter-boats was lowered, but immediately swamped ; by which one man was drowned. Soon afterwards three of the crew, the third mate, carpenter, and one of the seamen, put sails, provisions, water, and arms, and all the carpenter's tools, into the other quarter-boat, and lowered her down, and kept near the wreck during the day and following night. The next day two seamen joined them, after which they refused to receive any more, although six of the crew made their way over the reef the next morning, and wished to be taken on board. The boat, however, bore away, and was seen no more. The master then, assisted by those that remained, attempted to make a raft, which was not completed before the expiration of seven days. During this interval they had managed to distil the contents of a cask and some bottles of water from the sea, by the aid of the ship's coppers and a leaden pipe from the quarter-gallery cistern, the whole of which they placed on a raft with a basket containing beer and a cask of pork. Whilst they were on the wreck they were upon a daily allowance of two wine-glasses of distilled water, and a few pieces of damaged biscuit.

As soon as the raft was completed they got upon it ; but, finding that it was not buoyant enough to hold them, they threw over the water, the pork, and beer. Still it did not support their weight, so the greater number returned on board,

leaving on the raft Mr. Moore, the master ; Mr. Grant, the surgeon ; Captain and Mrs. D'Oyley, and their two children, their nurse, a native of India, and Mr. Armstrong, passengers ; and two seamen, who determined to remain upon it all night. In the morning, however, it was found that the rope by which the raft had been made fast to the stern of the wreck had been cut, and nothing was seen of their companions. It is probable that the uncomfortable situation in which they found themselves, up to their waists in water, and the sea constantly breaking over them, induced the master to cut the rope, and trust to Providence to guide himself and the passengers to some place of safety.

Those that remained in the barque, including the boy Ireland, then made another raft of the vessel's topmasts, lashed together with coir rope, and made a sail out of some cloth which formed a part of her cargo. It took seven days before it was completed, when they, including the boy Ireland, bade adieu to the ill-fated vessel, which probably soon broke up.

Upon casting off they set their sail and steered before the wind ; but the raft was so heavy and deep that very little progress was made. She drifted rather than sailed, and probably did not go more than a mile or a mile-and-a-half an hour. After some time they came to a reef, upon which they remained for the night, and the next morning proceeded before the wind, but saw no more reefs.

After being two days and nights upon the raft, up to their waists in water, and having partaken of very little food, they passed an island, and then saw several more ahead.

Soon afterwards a canoe was perceived paddling towards them, containing ten or twelve natives, who, as they approached, stood up and extended their arms—to show they had no weapons, and were inclined to be friendly. On reaching the raft the natives got upon it, and conducted themselves very peaceably ; and, after a short time, proposed that they should leave the raft and go into the canoe, which they at

first hesitated to do, until Thomas Ching, a midshipman, said he would go, as he should then have a better chance of getting to England; upon which they all consented, and embarked in the canoe. Before they left, the natives searched the raft very narrowly for iron implements, but only found a few hoops, which they collected and took with them. They left the raft about four o'clock in the afternoon, and in less than an hour were landed on an island which they subsequently found was called Boydan.

Upon disembarking, the natives accompanied them round the island in search of food and water, but they were so exhausted by fatigue and hunger that they could scarcely crawl. Upon their return to the place where they landed they threw themselves on the ground in despair; as it was evident, from the ferocious bearing and conduct of the savages, who stood around the party grinning and laughing in the most hideous manner, that they were exulting in the anticipation of their murderous intentions. In this dreadful state of suspense, Mr. Claer, the first officer, addressing his companions, recommended them to be resigned to their fate, and read to them several prayers from a book which he had brought with him from the wreck; after which, commending themselves to the protection of the Almighty, they lay down, and, worn out by severe exhaustion, were soon asleep. But it was to them the sleep of death, for no sooner had they composed themselves, than, as Ireland describes, he was roused by a shout and noise, and upon looking up saw the natives murdering his companions by dashing their brains out with clubs. The first that was killed was poor Ching, and after him his companion Perry, and then Mr. Mayer, the second officer; after which the confusion became so great that Ireland could not distinguish what passed. The last, however, that met his fate was Mr. Claer, who, in his attempt to make his escape to the canoe, was overtaken by his pursuers, and immediately despatched by a blow on the head.

Ireland and another boy, named Sexton, were now left awaiting their fate: the former, the narrator of this melancholy tale, thus describes his deliverance:—

"A native came to me with a carving knife to cut my throat, but as he was about to do it, having seized hold of me, I grasped the blade of the knife in my right hand, and held it fast, struggling for my life. The native then threw me down, and, placing his knee on my breast, tried to wrench the knife out of my hand; but I still retained it, although one of my fingers was cut through to the bone. At last I succeeded in getting up—permost, when I let him go and ran into the sea, and swam out; but being much exhausted, and as the only chance for my life was to return to the shore, I landed again fully expecting to be knocked on the head. The same native then came up with an infuriated gesture, and shot me in the right breast with an arrow; and then, in a most unaccountable manner, suddenly became calm, and led, or dragged, me a little distance, and offered me some fish and water which I was unable to partake of.

"Whilst struggling with the native, I observed Sexton, who was held by another, bite a piece of his arm out; but after that knew nothing of him, until I found his life had been spared in a manner similar to my own.

"At a short distance off, making the most hideous yells, the other savages were dancing round a large fire, before which were placed in a row the heads of their victims; whilst their decapitated bodies were washing in the surf on the beach, from which they soon disappeared, having been probably washed away by the tide. Sexton and I were then placed in charge of two natives, who covered us with the sail of the canoe,—a sort of mat,—but paid no attention to my wound, which had been bleeding profusely."

The next day the natives collected all the heads; and, embarking, removed to another island where the women lived, which they called Pullan. On landing there, Ireland saw two of Captain D'Oyly's children, and

the ship's dog, called Portland ; the elder, George D'Oyly, told him that the first raft had landed on the island, and that all the passengers, excepting himself and his brother, had been instantly murdered ; that his mother was killed by a blow with a club, and that his little brother was in her arms at the time, but was saved by one of the women, who afterwards took care of him. The child was seen by Ireland, when they landed, in the woman's arms, crying very much. He also saw some pieces of the ship's cabin-doors, attached as ornaments to the heads of their canoes, which they appeared to prize very much ; and other relics, among which were the skulls of the passengers and crew of the first raft, those of Mrs. D'Oyly and Captain Moore being plainly distinguishable ; the former by the hair, the latter by the features. The heads were suspended by a rope to a pole that was stuck up near the huts of the women ; round which they danced every night and morning, accompanying their infuriated gestures with the most horrid yells.

The number of natives collected amounted to about sixty ; they were merely residing on the island during the fishing season, for their home, as it afterwards turned out, was at a considerable distance off. Their principal subsistence was turtle and small fish, which they caught with hook and line ; and shell fish, which abound on the reefs. The fish is broiled over the ashes of the fire, or boiled in the basin of a large shell.

The island of Pullan is covered with low trees and underwood, and the soil is sandy. In the centre of it is a spring which supplied the whole party with sufficient water for their consumption.

After remaining here two months the natives separated. One party, taking Ireland and the infant D'Oyly with them, embarked in a canoe, and after half a day's sail reached another islet to the northward, where they remained a day and a night on the sandy beach ; and the next morning proceeded and reached another island similar to Pullan, low and bushy, where they remained a fortnight. They then proceeded

to the northward, calling on their way at different islands, and remaining as long as they could procure food, until they reached one where they remained a month ; and then went on a visit to Darnley's Island, which they called Aroob, where, for the first time, Ireland says, he met with kind treatment.

After a fortnight they again embarked, and returning by the same way, came to an island where their voyage ended. Here they remained until purchased by Duppar, the Murray Islander, who, it appears, upon hearing that there were two white boys in captivity, embarked in a canoe with his wife, and went for the express object of obtaining them, taking for the purpose of barter, some fruit. The price of their purchase was a branch of bananas for each. They returned by way of Darnley's Island, where they stopped a few days, and then reached Murray's Island, where they remained and were most kindly treated. Duppar gave little D'Oyly to a native named Oby, to take care of ; a charge of which he faithfully acquitted himself, and both Oby and his adopted child soon became very fond of each other, for as the child was a mere infant he soon forgot his mother, and naturally attached himself to his nurse.

Ireland lived in the same hut with Duppar and his family. His employment was to cultivate a plantation of yams, and during the season to assist in taking turtle and shell-fish. On one occasion he accompanied them on an excursion towards New Guinea, where they went for the purpose of barter and trade ; which they frequently did to obtain bows and arrows, canoes and feathers, for which they gave in return shells, which, from their scarcity, the New Guinea people prized very much. As Duppar was fearful that the New Guinea people would steal or murder the European boy, he was left at Darnley's Island, in charge of a native until their return. Duppar and his friend, however, were not long away ; for having stopped at an island to pass the night, one of the islanders attempted to steal from one of the visitors, upon which a quarrel ensued, in which the Murray

Islanders used their bows and arrows, and wounded several, one being shot through the body. The other people then retreated to their huts, and Ireland's friends embarked; but instead of going to New Guinea, they returned to Darnley's Island, where, in a few days, they received a message offering peace; which, however, they would not accept, nor did they afterwards make friends.

About this time a European trading vessel arrived, but left without removing Ireland, though he was near enough to ask one of the people on the poop to throw him a rope, which was done. Owing to the sea running high he was obliged to let it go; upon which he asked for a boat to be lowered for him to get on board, which was also done. He said he would have made his escape had not a seaman stood up in the bow with a naked cutlass, and the others flourished their weapons over their heads, which frightened the natives so much that they pulled away on shore, followed by the boat for a little distance, and there concealed him.

When under the stern one of the crew offered him some tobacco which he declined, but had the captain offered an axe for his ransom, he would have been given up immediately, as well as little D'Oyly, who was on the beach in the arms of one of the natives. The natives knew that Ireland was anxious to be taken away, and were averse to his going off to the vessel, saying, "You shall not go there to be killed;" but as he hoped to make his escape he persisted, and the result was a bitter disappointment to him.

The next morning, five canoes came off to the *Isabella* to trade; but as they had not kept their promise of bringing off the child, no communication was allowed to be held with them. Mr. Lewis had now the advantage of Ireland's interpreting his wishes, and no mistake or misunderstanding could occur in his communication with the savages; but it was evident they were very reluctant to give the child up, and yet they coveted the *toolick* and *tooree* so much that he had great hope of effecting his

object without resorting to force. After waiting, however, for some time without any appearance of their sending for the child, Mr. Lewis began to employ threatening language; and, opening the ports, ran the guns out, and made demonstration of using force. This had the desired effect. They saw he was determined to gain his point, and sent a canoe ashore to bring the child off. It returned in a short time with a message that he was on the other side of the island, but should be given up if *tooree* were given for him. As it was evident that the natives had no intention of completing their part of the bargain, but merely wanted to obtain the articles, Mr. Lewis refused to comply with their proposal, and repeated his orders to stop trade.

Shortly after this, upon looking towards the shore, a group of about one hundred natives, evidently in deep consultation, were seen seated on a hill; and among them a little white child, perfectly naked, playing with others of the same size. After two or three hours, the group began to move down to the shore, and at four o'clock the child, surrounded by the islanders, was brought to the beach in the arms of a young native, who seemed by his kissing him to be very sorrowful at the idea of giving him up. The man, however, embarked in a canoe, and brought him alongside. The child was frightened, and cried very much at the idea of leaving his sable friend, whose neck he clung round, and pointed to the shore. Oby, however, brought his little charge on board, and descended into the cabin, where Mr. Lewis satisfied him with presents, and dressed him in clothes, at which he evinced no small delight. The bargain having now been completed, the canoes were permitted alongside, and the people began to trade. They had not, however, much to dispose of: a few yams and cocoa-nuts, a small quantity of tortoise-shell, bows, arrows, and shells of little value, were all they possessed.

Towards evening the canoes returned to the shore, but left Oby and Duppar on board; both of whom, particularly the former, who sobbed very much, were dis-

consolate at the idea of parting. Before leaving the vessel's side, the natives pressed Mr. Lewis to visit them on shore next day, which he promised to do.

Accordingly, he landed the following morning, and was immediately surrounded by upwards of one hundred natives, who expressed their great delight at the meeting, by hugging and caressing him, and shaking hands; but in order to prevent surprise, two boats were ordered to lie off on their oars, and be prepared with their arms should any hostility be shown. This movement appeared to frighten the women and children so much that they ran away to their huts; and it was some time before they mustered courage to approach. At last they were persuaded by the men, who were evidently amused by their timidity; and an old fat lady gradually drew near and took Mr. Lewis's hand and held it in one of hers, scratching the palm with the fingers of the other. Confidence being thus restored, the women and children were presented with handkerchiefs and toys, which seemed to delight them very much.

After remaining two hours with these friendly natives, Mr. Lewis embarked, with a view of examining the depth of water between Murray's Island and the smaller ones close to it. The northernmost of the two is called Dowar, and the southernmost Wyer. On Dowar, which is high and rocky, many cocoa-nut trees and several huts were noticed; but as it was not the fruit season they were not inhabited. Near the huts were observed several skulls strung up among the bushes, which Ireland described to be the memorials of departed friends.

Wyer was found to be very barren, and from its rugged and precipitous chasms bore a resemblance to a ruined fortress. In the sheltered parts, however, a few huts were seen, and near them some cocoa-nut trees. *Beche le mer* abounded on the beach, some being procured weighing three pounds. *Beche le mer*, or *Trepang*, is an animal which is frequently called the "sea slug." It is of cucumber shape, about ten or twelve inches long, and two inches in diameter. Some

are black, and other species of a grey colour. It is an object of considerable value to the Malays, who annually visit the north coast of Australia to procure the slug to sell to the Chinese, who use it as an article of food, principally on account of the highly stimulating effect it produces. When taken it is parboiled and dried in the smoke of a fire, and in that state is sold to the Chinese merchant at a great price. The north coast of Australia, and the shores of the gulf of Carpentaria abound with it; and it is also found plentifully on the coral reefs of Torres Strait.

The *beche le mer*, found upon the coast of Australia, is called by the Malays, *trepang marega*—marega being their name for the northern coast—and is of inferior quality to what is found in the eastern archipelago. The better quality, the *batu*, is of a black colour, and is found in deep water; the other is of a grey or sandy hue, and is called *passir* (sandy). The price varies according to the quality, but at this time the *trepang marega* was valued at about fifty rupees, or five pounds sterling for the *pekul* of one hundred and thirty-three pounds.

The *beche le mer* that are found on the reefs, left dry by the tide, or in shoal water, whether of grey or black colour, are of very inferior quality to those that are fished for in five or six fathoms. A large number of proas from Celebes annually visit the coast for this object. They are about twenty to twenty-five tons burden, and are so lightly constructed that it seems extraordinary that the crews of twenty or thirty men trust their lives in such frail machines, many having no timbers, and the sides being only kept apart by cross-beams, and the planks dowed together with wooden pegs. They carry provisions for six months, and the water is stored in joints of bamboo.

The next morning (June 22nd), five canoes came off to the *Isabella* to trade, but they brought little on board of any worth. Understanding that there was a water-hole near the west end of the island, eight casks were sent on shore to be filled. The well was about one

hundred yards from the beach, but it only contained enough water to fill one cask, and that was so muddy as to be unfit for use. It appears that the island is very deficient in water, and what they used was collected in the wet season in holes, and the valves of the *chama gigas** under the trees. They also drink the milk of the young cocoa-nut. Whilst filling a cask with water, one of the natives took the opportunity of stealing a cask, and concealing it in the scrub at some distance. It was, however, discovered, upon which the thief and his companions scampered off, for fear of punishment, as the party was well armed.

To return to the proceedings of the *Tigris*. The brig-of-war sailed from Sydney on the 10th July, and arrived at Murray Island on the 28th of the same month. The late Captain Kempthorne, then second lieutenant of the *Tigris*, (a friend of the writer of this paper), giving an account of the cruise of this ship, says that the savages, who boarded her in considerable numbers on her casting anchor off the island, brought a letter from Mr. Lewis, dated 26th June, stating that he had purchased from the islanders the boy Ireland and Captain D' Oyly's child.

The *Tigris* sailed from Murray Island on the 29th July, and anchored at Half-way Island about fifty miles distant, where a party of officers discovered, carved on a tree,

* The *chama gigas* is an enormous bivalved shell, the fish of which alone has frequently been found to weigh upwards of three hundred-weight, so that it would take the united strength of three or four men to move the shell when it contains its inhabitant. The valves may probably contain as much as three or four gallons of water.

the words "Dig under." In doing so they found a bottle containing a letter from Captain Lewis, dated the 28th of July, detailing his proceedings. On the following day they sighted the *Isabella* near the York Islands, and, after visiting her, landed at Double Island. The two vessels proceeded in company, and Commander Igglesden of the *Tigris* named a small islet, Grant Island, after the Governor of Bombay. Some officers landed at Wednesday Island, where the natives appeared very hostile, and at Booby Island, where records of passing ships were found in a bottle. On the 6th August the *Tigris* struck on a patch of coral rock, about one mile to the north of Cape Croker (not laid down in the charts), and was only saved from going to pieces by the strength of her teak timbers. The surf broke clean over the gunwale, and she lost her rudder, fore-foot, the whole of her false keel, and twenty feet of her main keel. On the following day the *Tigris* was steered into Raffles' Bay by her head and after-sails. In 1824 a settlement had been formed here (and also at Port Cockburn, in Melville Island) by Sir Gordon Bremer, of H.M.S. *Tamar*, which was abandoned in March, 1829, owing to the unhealthiness of the climate and the hostility of the natives. The only remains of the settlement were the debris of the fort and some railings. The *Tigris*, after having fitted a temporary rudder, and repaired other damages, proceeded, on the 17th of August, to Coupang, on the island of Timor, and thence to Batavia and Bombay, where she cast anchor on the 7th of November.



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CHAPTER VIII.

DEEP IN THE WILDERNESS WE FIND OUR HOME, WHICH IS SHARED WITH THE WILD
BEAST, THE WILD BIRD, AND THE SAVAGE.



AVAILING myself now of that wonderful power which we possess, of projecting the mind instantaneously through space and time, I will leave our adventurous fur-traders, and, conveying my reader still deeper into the heart of the great wilderness, set him down on the margin of one of those lesser sheets of water which lie some distance in a south-westerly direction from that mighty fresh water ocean called Athabasca.

This lake, although small when compared with the vast reservoirs which stud those northern wilds, is, nevertheless, of goodly dimensions, being about six miles in diameter, and studded here and there with numerous islets, some of which are almost bare rocks of a few yards in extent, while others are not less than a quarter-of-a-mile in circumference, and thickly wooded to the water's edge.

It is a somewhat peculiar lake. It does not lie, as many lakes do, in the bottom of a valley, from which the spectator lifts his eye to surrounding heights, but rests in a

little hollow on a height of land from many points of which the eye looks down on the surrounding low country. It is true, that in one direction, westward, a line of distant blue hills is seen, which are obviously higher than our lake, for the land rises gently towards them; but when you ascend a wooded knoll close by, the summit of which is free from underwood, it is seen at a glance that on all other sides the land is below you, and your eye takes in at one grand sweep all round the compass, a view of woodland and plain, mound and morass, lake, river, and rivulet, such as is probably unequalled—certainly unsurpassed—in any other part of the known world.

Solitude profound—as far as men and their works are concerned—marked this lovely region at the time of our arrival, though there was the most telling evidence of exuberant animal life everywhere, to the ear as well as to the eye; for the air was vocal with the plaintive cries and whistling wings of wildfowl which sported about in blissful enjoyment of their existence, while occasional breaks in the glassy surface of the water, and numerous widening circles, told that fish were not less jovial in the realms below. This was at last the longed-for lake Wichikagan.

Man, however, was not altogether absent, though less obviously present, at that time. At the extreme western end of the lake, where the view of the regions beyond was most extensive as well as most beautiful, there was a bright green patch of land, free

from underwood as well as trees—a sort of natural lawn—which extended with a gentle slope towards the lake ; ending in a pebbly beach on which the waters rested so calm and pure that it was difficult to distinguish the line where dry land and water met.

A little to the right of this beautiful spot there grew a small clump of bushes, and in the midst of these there crouched two Indians. One was middle-aged, the other was entering on the period of early manhood, and a strongly marked resemblance in feature and form indicated plainly that they stood to each other in the relation of father and son. Both were clothed in leather, with the usual ornamentation of beads, scalp-locks, and feathers. Their faces, however, were not disfigured with war-paint—a sign that at that time they were at peace with all mankind.

It might have struck an observer, however, that for men of peace they were in suspiciously warlike attitudes. The elder savage stooped low to conceal himself behind the foliage and held a long single-barrelled gun in readiness for instant action, while the youth, also stooping low, held an arrow ready fitted to his short bow. The eyes of both glared with expressions that might have been indicative of joy, hope, hate, revenge, expectation or anything else you please—for a glare is unquestionably an ambiguous expression at the best, needing a context to expound it.

“Let two die,” muttered the elder red-skin—of course in his own tongue. (I had the details from his own lips afterwards and translate them as literally as may be.)

“Ho !” replied the son, without moving his glare from the direction from which the two doomed ones were expected to emerge.

Presently a flock of grey wild-geese came majestically along, close to the margin of the lake—flying low, as well as slow, and following the curvings of the shore as if in search of a suitable feeding-place at which to alight. The green of the natural lawn had evidently attracted these birds, for they skimmed over the bushes behind which our Indians crouched almost within pistol shot.

Like statues the red men stood until the geese were over them ; then an arrow from the son’s bow quivered in the heart of one bird, and brought it fluttering heavily to the ground. At the same instant the echoes around answered to the father’s gun, and another goose lay dead upon the sward.

“Waugh,” exclaimed both Indians as they stepped forth and picked up their game.

These sons of the wilderness were not, however, very communicative, for they spake never a word more. Perhaps they were hungry, and it is well-known that hungry men are not sociable. At all events they maintained a profound silence while they cut down a small decayed tree, made a good fire, and prepared dinner, or—as the sun was beginning to decline at the time—I may call it supper.

The mode of preparation was simple. Of course they plucked the geese ; an operation which revealed the fact that both birds were plump and fat. Next they split them open with their scalping knives, and, going down to the lake, cleaned them out with the same weapons. Then, transfixing them on two pieces of stick, after the manner of red-men, they stuck them up before the fire to roast. The roasting did not take long, for they were either partial to underdone food or impatient, and began at once upon such portions of the birds as were first ready, by cutting them off and chewing away without removing the remainder of the roasts from the fire. By degrees the solid parts were devoured. Then the drumsticks and other extremities were picked ; after that the merry thoughts and smaller bones were cleaned, and not until every fragment of edible matter was consumed did father or son cease his toil or utter a word.

“Waugh !” exclaimed the father at last, regarding the skeleton of his meal with a sad look, as if grieved that all was over.

“Hough !” responded the son with a sigh of satisfaction, as he wiped his fingers on the grass and sheathed his scalping knife. Then, searching in their little pouches, which contained flint, steel, tinder, &c., they drew

forth two little stone pipes with wooden stems which they filled and began to smoke.

The first whiff seemed to break the magic spell which had hitherto kept them silent. With another emphatic "waugh!" the elder savage declared that the goose was good; that it distended him pleasantly, and that it warmed the cockles of his heart—or words to that effect. To which the son replied with a not less emphatic "hough!" that he was entirely of the same opinion. Thus, whiffing gently, letting the smoke slowly out of their mouths and trickling it through their nostrils, so as to get the full benefit—or damage!—of the tobacco, those sons of the wilderness continued for some time to enjoy themselves, while the sun sank slowly towards the western horizon, converting every lake and pond, and every river and streamlet, into a sheet, or band, or thread, of burnished gold. At last the elder savage removed his pipe and sent a final shot of smoke towards the sky with some vigour as he said, rather abruptly:—

"Mozwa, my brother must be dead!"

"I hope not, father," returned the youth, whose name, Mozwa, signifies in the Cree language "moose-deer," and had been given to the lad because he possessed an unusual power of running great distances, and for long periods, at a sort of swinging trot that left all competitors of his tribe far behind.

"I also hope not," said his father, whose name was Maqua, or "bear," "but I am forced to think so, for, when Big Otter promises he is sure to perform. He said to Waboose that he would be home before the berries were ripe. The berries are ripe and he is not home. Without doubt he is now chasing the deer in the happy hunting-grounds with his fathers."

Waboose, to whom this promise had been made, was a favourite niece of Big Otter, and had been named Waboose, or "rabbit," because she was pretty, innocent, soft and tender.

"My father," said Mozwa, rather solemnly, "Big Otter has not broken his word, for *all* the berries are not yet ripe."

He plucked a berry which chanced to be

growing near his hand, as he spoke, and held it up to view.

"Waugh!" exclaimed the elder savage.

"Hough!" returned the younger.

What more might have been said at that time no one can tell, for the conversation was cut short by a sound which caused both Indians to listen with intense earnestness. Their eyes glittered like the eyes of serpents, and their nostrils dilated like those of the wild-horse, while each man gently moved his right hand towards his weapon.

And if the too inquisitive reader should ask me how I could possibly come to know all this, seeing that I was not there at the time, I reply that the whole matter was related to me with minute and dramatic power by young Mozwa himself not long afterwards.

There was indeed ground for the excitement and earnest attention of those red men, for the sweet and distant notes of a Canadian canoe-song had at that moment, for the first time, awakened the echoes of that part of the Great Nor'west.

The two men were not indeed ignorant of the fact that such songs were sung by Canadian voyageurs—Maqua had even heard some of them hummed once by the men of Muskrat House, when, a good while before, he had paid a visit to that remote trading post—but never before had father or son listened to the songs sung in full chorus as they now heard them.

Spell-bound they waited until the sound of oars mingled with the gradually strengthening song. Then their fingers closed convulsively upon their weapons and they sprang up.

"What does my son think?"

"He thinks that the white man may be on the war-path, and it behoves the red-man to imitate the serpent—creep into the grass and listen."

The elder savage shook his head.

"No, Mozwa. The white man never goes on the war-path, except to track down murderers. When he goes through the land he travels as the red-man's friend. Nevertheless, it is well to be on our guard."

As he spoke, the song which had been increasing in strength every moment, suddenly burst forth with great power in consequence of the boat which bore the singers rounding a rocky point and coming into full view.

To sink into the grass, imitate the serpent, and vanish from the scene, was the work of a few seconds on the part of Maqua and his son.

Meanwhile the boat, which I need scarcely say was ours, came sweeping grandly on, for the fineness of the evening, the calmness of the lake, the splendour of the scene, and the prospect of a good supper, to be followed by a good night's rest, lent fresh vigour to the arms as well as to the voices of our men.

"Hold on a bit, boys," cried Jack Lumley, standing up in the stern and looking shoreward, "this seems a pretty good place to camp."

"There is a better place a few yards further on," said Big Otter, who pulled the stroke oar, "I know every foot of the country here. It is a soft——"

"What does Big Otter see," asked Lumley; for the Indian had come to a sudden stop and was gazing earnestly ahead.

"He sees the smoke of a fire."

"Is it likely to be the fire of an enemy?"

"No—more like to be the camp of some of my people, but their wigwams are two days beyond this lake. Perhaps hunters are out in this direction."

"We shall soon see—give way, lads!" said Lumley, sitting down.

In a few minutes the boat was on the beach. We sprang ashore, and hastened to the spot where a thin wreath of smoke indicated the remains of a camp-fire.

Of course we carried our arms, not knowing whom we should meet with.

After examining the spot carefully, Big Otter stood up and was about to speak to our chief, when a slight peculiar chirp was heard in the bushes. It is probable that we should have deemed it that of some small bird and paid no attention to it if our Indian had not suddenly bent his head on

one side as if to listen. At the same time he replied to the chirp. Again the sound was heard, and Big Otter, turning round quickly, without uttering a word, entered the bushes and disappeared.

"Stand ready, lads!" said Lumley in a quiet voice, bringing forward the muzzle of his gun, "there's no saying what may come of this."

Scarcely had he spoken when a rustling was heard in the bushes. Next moment they were thrust aside and Big Otter re-issued from them followed by two Indians whom he introduced to us as his brother and nephew. At the same time he gave us the gratifying information that his tribe had moved up from the region in which they usually dwelt for the purpose of hunting and fishing in the neighbourhood of the lake, and that the camp was not more than six or seven miles distant from the spot on which we stood.

To this Lumley replied by expressing his gratification at the news, and shaking hands with the two Indians, who, however, received the shake with some distrust and much surprise until Big Otter explained the nature and meaning of the white man's salutation. He also explained the meaning of "What-cheer." On hearing which Maqua, not to be outdone in politeness, extended his hand for another shake and exclaimed "Watchee," with profound gravity. Mozwa, with some hesitation, imitated his father's example.

While we were thus pleasantly engaged, a sonorous trumpet sound was heard behind the clump of small trees near us. A moment later and two magnificent wild swans sailed over the tree-tops and above our heads. They made a tumultuously wild swoop to one side on discovering the near proximity of their enemy, man, but were too late. Almost before any of the party had time to move a muscle, two sharp cracks were heard, and both swans fell stone dead, with a heavy splash, at the margin of the lake.

It was our chief, Jack Lumley, who had brought them down with his double-barrelled fowling-piece. I have omitted to mention that Lumley was one of the noted crack-

shots of the country at that time—noted not only for the deadly precision, but also for the lightning-like rapidity of his aim.

The Indians, albeit themselves pretty fair marksmen, were deeply impressed with this evidence of skill, and it went far to strengthen the influence which our chief's manly proportions and genial countenance had already begun to exercise.

"That's a good beginning, Lumley," said I, "for it not only impresses our new friends favourably, but provides excellent fresh meat for supper."

"Yonder comes better meat for supper," he replied, pointing towards a neighbouring height where we could see the forms of two men approaching with the carcase of a deer between them.

It was Donald Bane and James Dougall who had been thus successful. These sons of the Scottish Highlands, being ardent sportsmen as well as good marksmen, had been appointed to the post of hunters to our party, and were frequently sent ashore to procure fresh meat.

"The country is swarmin' wi' game, Muster Lumley," said Bane, as they came up, and flung down the deer. "Not only teer an' rabbits, but tucks an' geese, an' all sorts o' pirds. Moreover, Tougall, she got into a bog after wan o' the peasts an' I thought I wass goin' to lose him altogether. 'Shames Tougall,' says I, 'don't you go anither step till I come to you, or you're a lost man,' but Shames went on—he wass always an obstinate loon——"

"Dat is true," remarked Salamander."

"Hold yer noise!" said Bane. "Well, sur, Tougall went on, an' sure enough the very next step down he went up to the neck——"

"No, Tonald," interrupted Dougall, "it wass not up to the neck; it wass only to the waist. The nixt after that it wass up to the neck, but *then* I wass soomin'."

"Ye would hev bin soomin' yet, Shames, if I had not pulled ye oot," said his friend.

"Oo ay, Tonald Pane. That iss true, but——"

"Well, Dougall," interrupted Lumley at

this point, "it will be better to dry your garments than discuss the question just now. We will encamp here, so go to work, boys."

There was no need for more. During our long journey into these far off wilds each man had fallen into his allotted place and work, and the force of habit had made us so like machines that I think if we had suddenly become a party of somnambulists we would have gone through the same actions each evening on landing.

Accordingly, Lumley and I gathered small branches and re-kindled the Indians' fire, which had by that time almost gone out. Marcelle Dumont, being professionally a forger of axes, and Henri Coppet, being an artificer in wood, went off to cut down trees for firewood; and Donald Bane with his friend set about cutting up, and preparing the venison, while Blondin superintended and assisted Salamander and the others in landing the cargo, and hauling up the boat.

"Max," said Lumley to me that evening during an interval in our devotion to steaks and marrow-bones, "look around for a moment, if you can tear your gross mind from the contemplation of food, and tel me what you see?"

He made a sweep with his arm to indicate the surrounding scenery, which was at the moment irradiated by the after-glow of the setting sun, as well as the brightening beams of the full moon.

"I see," said I, looking up, "a lovely lake, dotted with islets of varied shape and size, with the pale moon reflected almost unbroken in its glassy waters."

"What else do you see?" asked Lumley.

"I see around and beyond a prospect of boundless wood-land, of plain, mound, hill, lake, and river, extending with a grand sweep that suggests ideas which can only be defined by the word Immensity. I see altogether a scene the like of which I never looked upon before—a scene of beauty, peacefulness, and grandeur which gladdens the eye to behold and fills the heart with gratitude to its Maker."

"You say well, Max," returned my friend

"and it seems to me that we may regard this Lake Wichikagan which we now look upon as our inheritance in the wilderness, and that the spot on which we now sit shall be, for some time at least, our future home."

CHAPTER IX.

A BRIGHT APPARITION—FOLLOWED BY RUMOURS OF WAR.

WHILE we were thus feasting and chatting on the green sward of the region which seemed destined to be our future home, an object suddenly appeared among the bushes, near the edge of the circle of light cast by our camp fire.

This object was by no means a frightful one, yet it caused a sensation in the camp which could hardly have been intensified if we had suddenly discovered a buffalo with the nose of an elephant and the tail of a rattlesnake. For one moment we were all struck dumb; then we all sprang to our feet, but we did not seize our fire-arms—oh no!—for there, half concealed by the bushes, and gazing at us in timid wonder, stood a pretty young girl, with a skin much fairer than usually falls to the lot of Indian women, and with light brown hair as well as bright blue eyes. In all other respects—in costume, and humble bearing—she resembled the women of the soil.

I would not willingly inflict on the reader too much of my private feelings and opinions, but perhaps I may be excused for saying that I fell over head and ears in love with this creature at once! I make no apology for being thus candid. On the contrary I am prepared rather to plume myself on the quick perception which enabled me not only to observe the beauty of the girl's countenance, but, what is of far more importance, the inherent goodness which welled from her loving eyes. Yes, reader, call me an ass if you will, but I unblushingly repeat that I fell—tumbled—plunged—headlong in love with her. So did every other man in the camp! There is this to

be said in excuse for us, that we had not seen any members of the fair sex for many months, and that the sight of this brilliant specimen naturally aroused many pleasant recollections of cousins, sisters, nieces, aunts, mothers, grandmothers—well, perhaps, I am going too far; though, after all, the tender loving-kindness in this girl's eyes might well have suggested grandmothers!

Before any of us could recover the use of our limbs, Big Otter had glided rapidly towards the girl. Grasping her by the hand, he lead her towards Lumley, and introduced her as his sister's daughter Waboose.

The red man was evidently proud as well as fond of his fair niece, and equally clear did it become in a short time that the girl was as fond and proud of him.

"Your relative is very fair," said Lumley. "She might almost have been the daughter of a white man."

"She *is* the daughter of a white man."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; her father was a white hunter who left his people and came to dwell with us and married my sister. He was much loved and respected by us. He lived and hunted and went on the war-path with us for many years—then he was killed."

"In war?" I asked, beginning to feel sympathetic regard for the father of one who had stirred my heart to—but, I forget. It is not my intention to bore the reader with my personal feelings.

"No," answered the Indian. "He perished in attempting to save his wife from a dangerous rapid. He brought her to the bank close to the head of a great waterfall, and many hands were stretched out to grasp her. She was saved, but the strength of the brave paleface was gone and we knew it not. Before we could lay hold of his hand the current swept him away and carried him over the falls."

"How sad," said Lumley. "What was the name of this white man?"

"He told us that his name was Weeum—but," said the Indian, turning abruptly to Waboose, whose countenance betrayed feelings which were obviously aroused by

other matters than this reference to her lost father, "my child has news of some sort. Let her speak."

Thus permitted, Waboose opened her lips for the first time—disclosing a double row of bright little teeth in the act—and said that she had been sent by her mother in search of Maqua and his son, as she had reason to believe that the camp was in danger of being attacked by Dogrib Indians.

On hearing this, Maqua and Mozwa rose, picked up their weapons, and without a word of explanation, entered the bushes swiftly and disappeared.

Big Otter looked after them for a moment or two in grave silence.

"You had better follow them," suggested Lumley. "If you should require help, send a swift messenger back and we will come to you."

The Indian received this with a quiet inclination of the head, but made no reply. Then, taking his niece by the hand, he led her into the bushes where his relatives had entered and, like them, disappeared.

"It seems like a dream," said I to Lumley, as we all sat down again to our steaks and marrow-bones.

"What seems like a dream, Max; the grub?"

"No, the girl."

"Truly, yes. And a very pleasant dream too. Almost as good as this bone."

"Oh! you unsentimental, unsympathetic monster. Does not the sight of a pretty young creature like that remind you of home and all the sweet refining influences shed around it by woman?"

"I cannot say that it does—hand me another; no, not a little thing like that, a big one full of marrow, so—You see, old boy, a band of beads round the head, a sky-blue cloth bodice, a skirt of green flannel reaching only to the knees, cloth leggings ornamented with porcupine quills and moccasined feet, do not naturally suggest my respected mother or sisters."

For the first time in our acquaintance I felt somewhat disgusted with my friend's

levity, and made no rejoinder. He looked at me quickly, with slightly raised eyebrows, and gave a little laugh.

With a strong effort I crushed down my feelings, and said in a tone of forced gaiety:—

"Well, well, things strike people in strangely different lights. I thought not of the girl's costume but her countenance."

"Come, then, Max," returned my friend with that considerate good nature which attracted men so powerfully to him, "I admit that the girl's face might well suggest the thought of dearer faces in distant lands—and especially her eyes, so different from the piercing black orbs of Indian squaws. Did you note the—the softness, I was going to say truthfulness, of her strangely blue eyes?"

Did I note them! The question seemed to me so ridiculous that I laughed, by way of reply.

I observed that Lumley cast on me for the second time a sharp enquiring glance, then he said:—

"But I say, Max, we must have our arms looked to, and be ready for a sudden call. You know that I don't love fighting. Especially at the commencement of our sojourn would I avoid mixing myself up with Indians' quarrels, but if our guide comes back saying that their camp is in danger we must help him. It would never do, you know, to leave women and children to the mercy of ruthless savages."

"Leave women and children!" I exclaimed vehemently, thinking of only one woman at the moment, "I should *think* not!"

The tone of indignation in which I said this caused my friend to laugh outright.

"Well, well," he said, in a low tone. "It's a curious complaint, and not easily cured."

What he meant was, at the time, a mystery to me. I have since come to understand.

"I suppose you'll all agree with me, lads," said Lumley to the men who sat eating their supper on the opposite side of the

fire, and raising his voice, for we had hitherto been conversing in a low tone: "if Big Otter's friends need help we'll be ready to give it?"

Of course a hearty assent was given, and several of the men, having finished supper, rose to examine their weapons.

The guns used by travellers in the Great Nor'west in those days were long single-barrels with flint locks, the powder in which was very apt to get wet through priming-pans and touch-holes, so that frequent inspection was absolutely necessary.

As our party consisted of twelve men, including ourselves, and each was armed—Lumley and myself with double-barrelled fowling-pieces—we were able, if need be, to fire a volley of fourteen shots. Besides this, my chief and I carried revolvers, which weapons had only just been introduced into that part of the country. We were therefore prepared to lend effective aid to any whom we thought it right to succour.

Scarcely had our arrangements been made when the lithe agile form of Mozwa glided into the camp and stood before Lumley. The lad tried hard to look calm, grave, and collected, as became a young Indian brave, but the perspiration on his brow and his labouring chest told that he had been running far at the utmost speed, while a wild glitter in his dark eye betrayed strong emotion. Pointing in the direction whence he had come he uttered the name—"Big Otter."

"All right. I understand you," said Lumley, springing up. "Now, boys, sharp's the word; we will go to the help of our guide. But two of you must stay behind to guard our camp. Do you, Donald Bane and James Dougall, remain and keep a bright look-out."

"Is it to stop here, we are?" asked Bane, with a mutinous look.

"Yes," exclaimed our leader so sharply that the mutinous look faded.

"An' are we to be left behind," growled Dougall, "when there's fightin' to be done?"

"I have no time for words, Dougall," said

Lumley in a low voice, "but if you don't at once set about preparation to defend the camp, I'll give you some fighting to do that you won't relish."

Dougall had no difficulty in understanding his leader's meaning. He and his friend at once set about the required preparations.

"Now then, Mozwa," said Lumley.

The young Indian, who had remained erect and apparently unobservant, with his arms crossed on his still heaving chest, turned at once and went off at a swift trot, followed by all our party with the exception of the ill-pleased Highlanders, who, in their eagerness for the fray, did not perceive that theirs might be a post of the greatest danger, as it certainly was one of trust.

"Tonal'd," said Dougall, sitting down and lighting his pipe after we were gone, "I wass vera near givin' Muster Lumley a cood threshin'."

"Hum! it's well ye didn't try, Shames."

"An' what for no?"

"Because he's more nor a match for ye."

"I don't know that, Tonal'd. I'm as stout a man as he is, whatever."

"Oo ay, so ye are, Shames; but ye're no a match for him. He's been to school among thae Englishers, an' can use his fists, let me tell you."

At this Dougall held up a clenched hand, hard and knuckly from honest toil, that was nearly as big as a small ham. Regarding it with much complacency he said, slowly:—

"An' don't you think, Tonal'd, that I could use my fist too?"

"Maybe you could, in a kind o' way," returned the other, also filling his pipe and sitting down, "but I'll tell ye what Muster Lumley would do to you, Shames, if ye offered to fight him. He would dance round you like a cooper round a cask; then, first of all, he would flatten your nose—which is flat enough already, whatever—wi' wan hand, an' he'd drive in your stummick wi' the other. Then he would give you one between the two eyes an' raise a bridge there to make up for the wan he'd destroyed on

your nose, an' before you had time to sneeze he would put a rainbow under your left eye. Or ever you had time to wink he would put another under your right eye, and if that didn't settle you he would give you a finishin' dig in the ribs, Shames, trip up your heels, an' lay you on the ground, where I make no doubt you would lie an' meditate whether it wass worth while to rise up for more."

"All that would be verra unpleasant, Tonal'd," said Dougall, with a humorous glance from the corners of his small grey eyes, "but I duffer with ye in opeenion."

"You would duffer in opeenion with the Apostle Paul if he wass here," said the other, rising, as his pipe was by that time well alight, and resuming his work, but we'll better obey Muster Lumley's orders than argufy about him."

"I'll agree with you there, Tonal'd, just to convince you that I don't always duffer," said the argumentative Highlander, rising to assist his not less argumentative friend.

The two men pursued their labour in silence, and in the course of an hour or so had piled all the baggage in a circle in the middle of the open lawn, so as to form a little fortress, into which they might spring and keep almost any number of savages at bay for some time; because savages, unlike most white men, have no belief in that "glory" which consists in rushing on certain death, in order to form a bridge of dead bodies over which comrades may march to victory. Each savage is, for the most part, keenly alive to the importance of guarding his own life, so that a band of savages seldom makes a rush where certain death awaits the leaders. Hence our two Highlanders felt quite confident of being able to hold their little fort, with two guns each and a large supply of ammunition.

Meanwhile Mozwa continued his rapid trot through wood and brake; over swamp, and plain, and grassy mound. Being all of us by that time strong in wind and limb we followed him without difficulty.

"Lads, be careful," said Lumley, as we went along, "that no shot is fired, whatever happens, until I give the word. You

see, Max," he continued in a lower tone, "nothing but the sternest necessity will induce me to shed human blood. I am here to open up trade with the natives, not to fight them, or mix myself up in their quarrels. At the same time it would be bad policy to stand aloof while the tribes we have come to benefit, and of which our guide is a member, are assailed by enemies. We must try what we can do to make peace, and risk something in the attempt."

Arrived at the Indian camp, we found a band of braves just on the point of leaving it, although by that time it was quite dark. The tribe—or rather that portion of it which was encamped in leathern wigwams, on one of the grassy mounds with which the country abounded—consisted of some hundred families, and the women and children were moving about in great excitement, while the warriors were preparing to leave. I was struck, however, by the calm and dignified bearing of one white-haired patriarch, who stood in the opening of his wigwam, talking to a number of the elder men and women who crowded round him. He was the old chief of the tribe; and, being no longer able to go on the war path, remained with the aged men and the youths, whose duty it was to guard the camp.

"My children," he said, as we came up, "fear not. The Great Spirit is with us, for our cause is just. He has sent Big Otter back to us in good time, and, see, has He not also sent white men to help us?"

The war party was detained on our arrival until we should hold a palaver with the old chief and principal braves. We soon ascertained that the cause of disagreement between the two tribes, and of the declaration of war, was a mere trifle, strongly resembling in that respect the causes of most wars among civilized nations! A brave of the one tribe had insultingly remarked that a warrior of the other tribe had claimed the carcase of a moose deer which had been mortally wounded, and tracked, and slain by him, the insulter. The insulted one vowed that he shot the deer dead,—he would scorn to wound a deer at all—and had left it in

hiding until he could obtain assistance to fetch the meat. Young hot-heads on both sides fomented the quarrel until older heads were forced to take the matter up; they became sympathetically inflamed, and, finally, war to the knife was declared. No blood had yet been shed, but it was understood by Big Otter's friends—who were really the injured party—that their foes had sent away their women and children, preparatory to a descent on them.

"Now, Salamander," said Lumley, who, although he had considerably increased his knowledge of the Indian language by conversing with the guide during our voyage, preferred to speak through an interpreter when he had anything important to say, "tell the old chief that this war-party must not go forth. Tell him that the great white chief who guides the affairs of the traders, has sent me to trade furs in this region, and that I will not permit fighting."

This was such a bold—almost presumptuous, way of putting the matter that the old red chief looked at the young white chief in surprise, but as there was neither bluster nor presumption in the calm countenance of Lumley—only firmness coupled with extreme good humour—he felt somewhat disconcerted.

"How will my white brother prevent war?" asked the old chief—whose name was Muskrat.

"By packing up my goods, and going elsewhere," replied Lumley directly, without an instant's hesitation, in the Indian tongue.

At this, there was an elongation of the faces of the men who heard it, and something like a soft groan from the squaws who listened in the background.

"That would be a sad calamity," said old Muskrat, "and I have no wish to fight, but how will the young white chief prevent our foes from attacking us?"

"Tell him, Salamander, that I will do so by going to see them."

"My young braves will be happy to go out under the guidance of so strong a warrior," returned Muskrat, quite delighted with the proposal.

"Nay, old chief, you mistake me, I will take no braves with me."

"No matter," returned Muskrat, "doubtless the white men and their guns will be more than a match for our red foes."

"Still you misunderstand," said Lumley. "I am no warrior, but a man of peace. I shall go without guns or knives—and alone, except that I will ask young Mozwa to guide me."

"Alone! unarmed!" murmured the old man, in astonishment almost too great for expression. "What can one do against a hundred with weapons?"

"You shall see," said Lumley with a light laugh as he turned to me.

"Now, Max, don't speak or remonstrate, like a good fellow; we have no time to discuss, only to act. I find that Muskrat's foes speak the same dialect as himself, so that an interpreter is needless. I carry two revolvers in the breast of my coat. You have a clasp-knife in your pocket; make me a present of it, will you? Thanks. Now, have our men in readiness for instant action. Don't let them go to rest, but let them eat as much, and as long, as they choose. Keep the old chief and his men amused with long yarns about what we mean to do in these regions, and don't let anyone follow me. Keep your mind easy. If I don't return in three hours, you may set off to look for me, though it will I fear be of no use by that time; and, stay, if you should hear a pistol-shot, run out with all our men towards it. Now, Mowza, lead on to the enemy's camp."

The young Indian, who was evidently proud of the trust reposed in him, and cared nothing for danger, stalked into the forest with the look and bearing of a dauntless warrior.

CHAPTER X.

SALAMANDER GIVES AND RECEIVES A SURPRISE AND WAR IS AVERTED BY WISE DIPLOMACY.

IT has been already said that our interpreter Salamander—whose real name, by

the way, if he had one, I never knew—possessed a spirit of humour slightly tinged with mischief, which, while it unquestionably added to the amusement of our sojourn in those lands, helped not a little to rouse our anxieties.

On returning to our men, after parting from Lumley, for the purpose of giving them their instructions, I found that Salamander was missing, and that no one could tell where he had gone. I caused a search to be made for him, which was unsuccessful, and would have persevered with it if there had not pressed upon me the necessity of obeying my chief's orders to keep the savages amused. This I set about doing without delay, and having, like my friend, been a diligent student of the language on the journey, found that I succeeded, more than I had ventured to hope for, in communicating my ideas.

As the disappearance of Salamander, however, was the subject which exercised my mind most severely at the time, and as he afterwards gave me a full account of the cause in detail, I shall set it down here.

Being possessed that evening, as he confessed, with a spirit of restlessness, and remembering that our two Highlanders had been left to guard the camp at Lake Wichikagan he resolved to pay them a visit. The distance, as I have said elsewhere, was not much more than six miles—a mere trifle to one who was as fleet as a young deer and strong as an old bear. He soon traversed the ground and came up to the camp.

At first he meant merely to give the men a surprise, but the spirit to which I have already referred induced him to determine on giving them a fright. Approaching very cautiously, therefore, with this end in view, he found that things were admirably arranged for his purpose.

Donald Bane and James Dougall, having finished their fortress in the centre of the open lawn, as already described, returned to their fire, which, it may be remembered, was kindled close to the edge of the bushes. There they cooked some food and devoured it with the gusto of men who had well

earned their supper. Thereafter, as a matter of course, they proceeded to enjoy a pipe.

The night, besides being fine and calm, was unusually warin, thereby inducing a feeling of drowsiness which gradually checked the flow of conversation previously evoked by the pipes.

"It is not likely the red skins will come up here to give us a chance when there's such a lot of our lads gone to meet them," said Bane, with a yawn.

"I agree with you, Tonal'd," answered Dougall grumpily.

"It is quite new to hev you agreein' with me so much, Shames," returned Bane with another yawn.

"You are right. An' it is more lively to disagree, whatever," rejoined Dougall with an irresistible because sympathetic yawn.

"Oo ay, that's true, Shames—Yie—a—ou!"

This yawn was so effusive that Dougall, refusing to be led even by sympathy, yawned internally with his lips closed and swallowed it.

The conversation dropped at this point though the puffs went on languidly. As the men were extended at full length, one on his side, the other on his back, it was not unnatural that, being fatigued, they should both pass from the meditative to the dreamy state and from that to the unconscious.

It was in this condition that Salamander discovered them.

"Asleep at their posts!" he said mentally. "That deserves punishment."

He had crept on hands and knees to the edge of the bushes and paused to contemplate the wide open mouth of Bane, who lay on his back, and the prominent right ear of Dougall, whose head rested on his left arm. The debris of supper lay around them—scraps of pemmican, pannikins, spoons, knives, and the broken shells of teal-duck eggs which, having been picked up some time before, had gone bad.

Suddenly an inspiration—doubtless from the spirit of mischief—came over Salamander. There was one small unbroken

egg on the ground near to Bane's elbow. Just over his head the branch of a bush extended. To genius everything comes handy and nothing amiss. Salamander tied the egg to a piece of small twine and suspended it to the twig in such fashion that the egg hung directly over Bane's wide-open mouth. At a glance he had seen that it was possible to lay a light hand on the inner end of the branch, and at the same time bend his mouth over Dougall's ear. He drew a long breath, for it was a somewhat delicate and difficult, being a duplicate, manoeuvre!

Pressing down the branch very slowly and with exceeding care, he guided the egg into Bane's mouth. He observed the precise moment when it touched the sleeper's tongue, and then exploded a yell into Dougall's ear that nearly burst the tympanum.

Bane's jaws shut with a snap instantly. Need we——no, we need not! Dougall leaped up with a cry that almost equalled that of Salamander. Both men rushed to the fortress and bounded into it, the one spurting out Gaelic expletives, the other rotten egg and bits of shell. They seized their guns and crouched, glaring through the various loopholes all round with finger on trigger ready to sacrifice at a moment's notice anything with life that should appear. Indeed they found it difficult, in their excited condition, to refrain from blazing at nothing! Their friendly foe meanwhile had retired, highly delighted with his success. He had not done with them however. By no means! The spirit of mischief was still strong upon him and he crept into the bushes to meditate.

"It wass an evil speerut, Shames," gasped Donald Bane, when he had nearly got rid of the egg. "Did you not smell his preath?"

"No, Tonal, it wass not. Spirits are not corporeal, and cannot handle eggs, much

less cram them down a man's throat. It wass the egg you did smell."

"That may be so, Shames, but it could not be a redskin, for he would be more likely to cram a scalpin' knife into my heart than an egg into my mouth."

"Iss it not dreamin' ye wass, an' tryin' to eat some more in your sleep? You wass always fond of over-eatin' yourself—what-iver—Tonal."

Before this question could be answered, another yell of the most appalling and complex nature rang out upon the night air, struck them dumb, and seemed to crumple up their very hearts.

Salamander had been born with a natural gift for shrieking, and, being of a sprightly disposition, had cultivated the gift in boyhood. Afterwards, being also a good mimic, he had made the subject a special study, with a view to attract geese and other game towards him. That he sometimes prostituted the talent was due to the touch of genius to which I have already referred.

When the crumpled-up organs began to recover, Bane said to Dougall, "Shames, this iss a bad business."

Dougall, having been caught twice that evening, was on his guard. He would not absolutely agree with his friend, but admitted that he was not far wrong.

Again the yell burst forth with intensified volume and complicated variation. Salamander was young; he did not yet know that it is possible to over-act.

"Shames!" whispered Bane, "I hev got a notion in my hid."

"I hope it's a coot wan, Tonal, for the notions that usually git into it might stop there with advantage. They are not much to boast of."

"You shall see. Just you keep talkin' out now an' then as if I wass beside you, an' don't, whativer ye do, fire into the bushes."

"Fery coot," answered Dougall.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

BY CHARLES KENT.

"Will speak with most miraculous organ."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE TELEPHONE.

WITH THE MICROPHONE AND THE PHONOGRAPH.



THAT two men, separated from each other by the distance of a thousand miles—the one at New York, the other at Chicago—should nevertheless be able, with the greatest ease, to converse quite audibly with one another across that enormous interval through the agency of a metallic wire, would, even in this age of marvels, have been pronounced, only the other day, the wildest of impossibilities. Yet this is precisely what was done at the two places just named—the Empire City and the capital of central North America

—on Sunday, the 25th March, 1883. And what perfects the wonder is this, that the apparatus attached to each end of the thousand miles of wire is so compact and so little complicated that it looks for all the world like nothing more important than the handle of a skipping-rope. So curiously simple also is it in its construction that, shortly after its invention was first announced, Professor Pepper delighted the boys of England by explaining how any intelligent urchin could make a perfect working model of the contrivance with such primitive appliances as a penny pop-gun glued into a wooden tooth-powder box. Such, in brief, to begin with, is the structural

simplicity, such are among the astounding achievements of that last, and certainly not least, of the modern seven world wonders, the telephone.

Yet marvellous though the telephone is in itself, there have grown out of it two other discoveries each of which is if possible still more astounding.

One of these so magnifies sound that it does for the ear what the microscope does for the eye. It renders loudly sonorous what would otherwise be inaudible, just as the microscope brings glaringly to view the invisible. Through its agency the delicate running of a fly can be heard like the tramping of a horse. And yet so readily can the contrivance be put together that the first one was actually built up by its inventor with no costlier materials than an empty match-box, a penholder, a bit of sealing-wax, and a morsel of string. This in one word is the Microphone.

As to the other outcome of the telephone, it may surely be said to top even that, when it has been remarked that by merely talking into the mouthpiece of the little instrument, and at the same time winding a handle, the words uttered are metallically recorded, and that then, upon merely shifting back to its original position the cylinder that has been put in rotation, and again winding the handle, the words thus placed upon record are absolutely repeated by the apparatus itself with the clearest and distinctest articulation. Such, as a mere matter of fact, is the Phonograph.

Having prepared the way with these few sentences for what is to follow, it merely

remains now to explain how it was, step by step, that this wonderful invention of the telephone came to be perfected, and, how very soon afterwards, there blossomed out of it the Microphone and the Phonograph.

More than two hundred years ago Robert Hooke, the reputed inventor of the barometer, wrote, in 1667, with reference to the possibility of a whisper being rendered audible at the distance of a furlong, "I have by a distended wire propagated the sound to a considerable distance in an instant, or with as seemingly quick motion as that of light, at least incomparably quicker than that which at the same time was propagated through the air; and this not only in a straight line or direct, but in one bended at many angles." Exactly 200 years afterwards, in 1867, the little toy known as the string telephone was invented, as nearly as possible on Dr. Hooke's principle. At each extremity of the string was a cylinder of metal or cardboard, the inner end of which was closed by a tightly stretched membrane of parchment having at its centre, held by a knot, the cord of communication. With this simple contrivance, two people, it was found, could readily converse even when 170 yards apart, provided always, of course, that the string were held taut between them, their whispers flying to and fro as the cylinder of each in turn was placed alternately at ear or mouth. Silk cord proved on experiment far preferable to hempen, but cotton as a rule was used instead of either. Thread telephones, have, in fact, it is believed by some, ever since 1860, been familiar in the nursery. Mere toys though these little instruments were, they happily had in their action a wonderful suggestiveness. Whoever spoke into one box, by the vibration of his voice caused the parchment membrane or diaphragm in it to vibrate. The vibrations of the diaphragm causing so many pulls upon the connecting thread, produced at its opposite extremity precisely similar vibrations in the other diaphragm, whereby the far-off whispers were distinctly

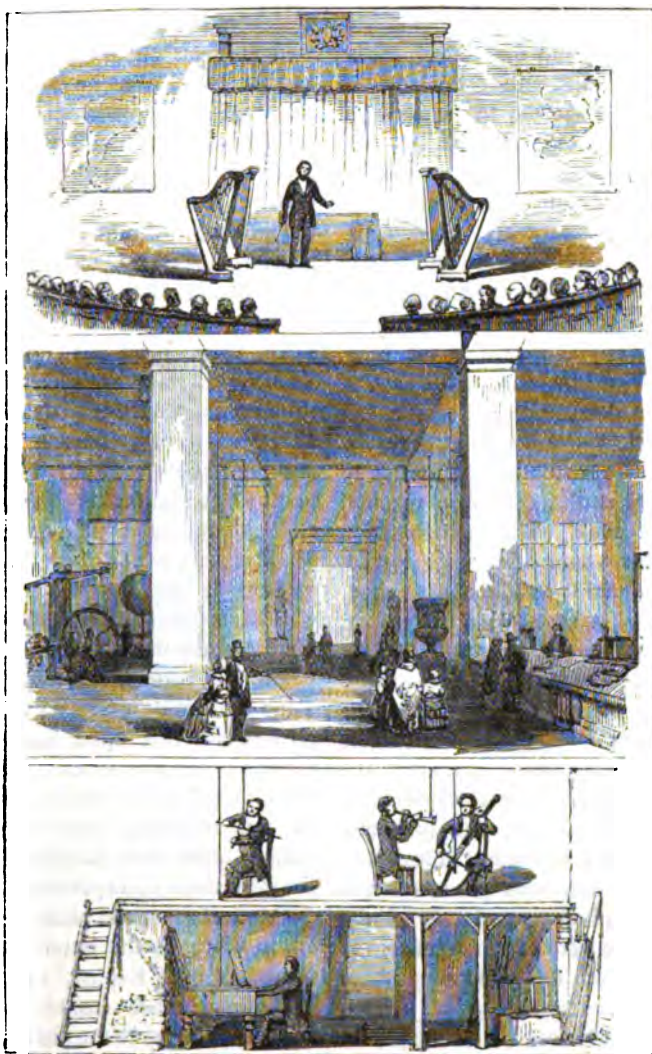
repeated in the ear of the listener. Obviously, therefore, if only some means could be found for throwing a diaphragm into motion at a distance, at any distance you please, so that its movements should correspond exactly with the movements of a diaphragm agitated by the voice of a speaker or singer, the original sounds, whatever might be the intervening distance, would be exactly reproduced. As early in the century as 1819 or 1820, however, Sir Charles Wheatstone, afterwards world-



Thread Telephone.

famous as the inventor of the electric telegraph, had contrived, with what was apparently a far more unwieldy medium than the metallic wire employed by Hooke, namely, with the vibrations of a deal rod, to transmit sound effectively in a wonderful manner from one distant story of a large building to another. With no less primitive agency than a deal rod he conveyed the sounds of a musical box from a cellar to one of the upper rooms of the building in which his ingenious arrangement was exhibited under the mysterious title of "The Enchanted Lyre." In the "Letters and Journals of Caroline Fox," of Penjerrick, edited by Horace Pym, and published in 1880, mention is made, under date 5 June, 1838, of an improvement upon this beautiful contrivance by its inventor. Caroline Fox, in fact, there speaks in her diary of having just listened with wonder to the performance at King's College of "Professor Wheatstone's harp, or rather sounding board with additaments, which communicates with a piano two stories higher and receives the sound from it quite perfectly through a conducting wire!" To this the editor of the work, by way of footnote (p. 30), puts the "Query: How far was this the origin of the telephone?" Eighteen years before the "Magic Harp" was heard at King's College, however, as has been

here shown, Wheatstone had already given promise of that portent of the coming telephone in his "Enchanted Lyre." While, later on it resulted in Wheatstone's "Telephonic Concert," at the now vanished Polytechnic Institution. There, as the accom-



Wheatstone's Telephonic Concert.

panying illustration will clearly show, performers in the basement and sub-basement, the sounds produced by whom on the piano, violin, cornet à piston, and violoncello, were inaudible in the intermediate hall, were heard with the utmost distinctness above stairs in the public lecture-room.

From Hooke to Wheatstone, at rare intervals during the better part of two centuries, experiments had thus demonstrated that sound could, under certain circumstances, be readily transmitted to a distance through wire, thread, lath, or string, purely by means of those con-

necting lines being thrown into a state of sympathetic vibration. A subtler agency than had yet been dreamt of was at length, however, to come in aid of the experimentalists. The first medium employed in the transmission of sound—the metallic wire—was to be reverted to and thenceforth exclusively employed to that end as the channel of communication. It was to be so used from that time forward, however, not mechanically, so to speak, as a mere vibrating line, but, with a far subtler potentiality, as a thing, one might almost say, magnetically vitalized, as a line thrilling from end to end with electricity. As a first step towards this result, an American named Page, in 1837, discovered what is now known as the Magnetic Tick. While he was in the act of magnetising and de-magnetising an iron bar by sending an electric current through the helix or coil of wire surrounding it, he found to his surprise, that the operation resulted in an audible click. This phenomenon arose, as Wertheim soon afterwards proved, from an infinitesimal lengthening or shortening of the iron rod accordingly as it was alternately magnetised and de-magnetised. Professor Joule even succeeded in demonstrating that the bar was thus elongated or the reverse each time by $\frac{1}{1000000}$ of its whole length. By making and breaking the electric current with sufficient rapidity, or in other words by causing the magnetic tick to be repeated so many times in a second, a musical note was produced, the higher being its pitch accordingly as the greater and swifter were the number of the repetitions. Out of this discovery there gradually grew up, in the lapse of years, a whole system of musical, or as they were called Tone Telephones. De la Rive, of Geneva, was one of the first, in 1843, to give any appreciable advance to the transmitting of musical sounds thus by means of magneto-electricity. Ten years afterwards, in 1853, Count du Moncel, in his "*Exposé des applications d'Electricité*," startled the world by describing M. Froment's apparatus for causing electricity so to set metallic plates in vibration as to render pianos,

organs, and other musical instruments audible at a distance, thereby producing what the theoretical inventor termed electric harmonica. His projected arrangement had not at that date, it is true, been anywhere put to the test, but it was rendered evident by his whole argument that its capacity for doing what he insisted it could do, admitted of the readiest demonstration.

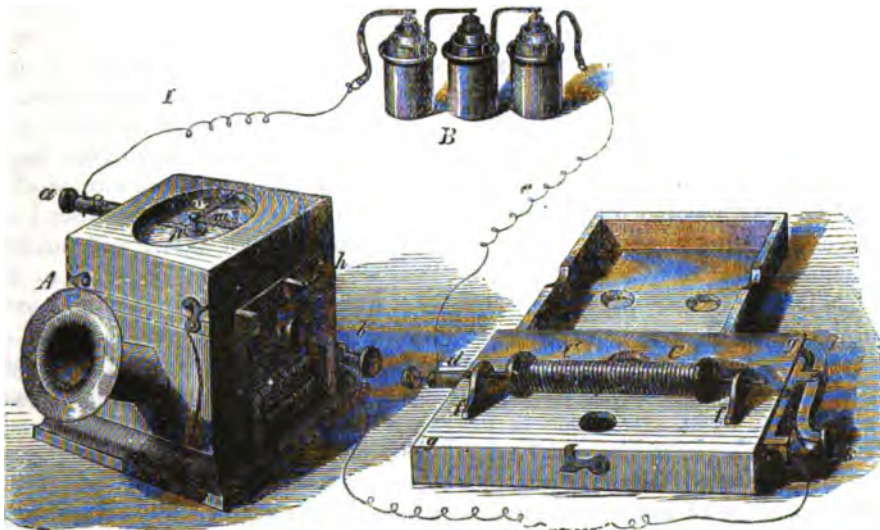
In 1854, M. Charles Bourseul published some yet more startling predictions in a treatise through which he insisted upon the perfect feasibility of the electric transmission, not merely of musical sounds, but of articulate speech, his argument distinctly foreshadowing much of what has, since then, been actually accomplished. With far-reaching sagacity he insisted that, to effect the wonders he described as certain of being a little later on accomplished, nothing more was required than an electric battery, two vibrating discs, and a wire! Commenting upon this daring theorem of M. Bourseul, it was, with perfect truth, remarked at the time by Mr. Preece, the well-known electrician of the Post Office, that the idea thus thrown out was magnificent.

On the 10th May, 1855, Wheatstone's Tone Telephone was so happily an accomplished fact that upon that afternoon Professor Pepper was lecturing upon it before the Queen at the Polytechnic Institution. In the following year, 1856, Pétrina of Prague more than justified the prediction put forth three years previously by the Count du Moncel (as made plain three years later on, in 1859, by the latter through the 4th volume of his "*Exposé*,") to the effect that electro-magnetism would, indeed, one of these days come to the aid of pianos, organs, and other instruments, by enabling them to be played and heard at a distance. By a happy coincidence it was just at this time, in the winter of 1855-'56, that M. Léon Scott of Martinville hit upon an invention which he called the phonograph, which realized at last for physicists what they had long been in search of, namely, a means of actually registering sound. It consisted, this little contrivance

of the phonautograph, of a stretched piece of some delicate membrane, such as gold-beater skin, or caoutchouc, having attached to the outside of it a feather held lightly in contact with a blackened revolving cylinder. And according to the vibrations of the voice or instrument resounding above it, the vibrating membrane traced, with the feather attached to it, sinuous lines on the blackened cylinder as it revolved below. Originally designed by its inventor merely

for the graphic representing of vibrations, it has since acquired for itself a value and interest of scarcely measurable importance, from the fact that it eventually proved to be the origin of the vibrating plate of the telephone.

By the 25th April, 1860, Philip Reiss of Friederichsdorf had constructed the first partially articulating telephone ever listened to, and the sound of which was likened by those who heard it to that of a child's



Philip Reiss's Telephone.

penny trumpet. It was exhibited by its inventor at Frankfort on the Maine, and its chief merit lay in the fact that its transmitter effectively controlled the number of electric contacts by the action of a vibrating diaphragm. Here is a representation of the instrument.

It consisted of a box, *A*, having a trumpet-shaped mouthpiece at its side. At the top of the box was a circular hole filled with a membrane or parchment diaphragm, *u*. In the centre of the diaphragm was a small piece of platinum, *p*, over which, but not touching it, was a metallic point, *m*. On singing into the mouthpiece, the parchment diaphragm vibrated, the piece of metal at its centre at each vibration touching the point suspended above it. According to the number of vibrations in every given

note articulated, a similar number of contacts were made. And both metal pieces being joined with the battery, *B*, and the line wire, *a*, these contacts being electrical effected the magnetisation of the iron bar, *CC*, which, with its copper helix, formed the receiving instrument at the distant station. Later on, in 1868, this instrument was perfected by M. Vander Weyde.

Cromwell Varley, in 1870, produced an entirely different instrument, in which the action of the common tuning-fork was ingeniously employed to make and break the electric current. This, later on, was the first form of telephone ever publicly exhibited in England, in which sounds were conveyed from any considerable distance. It was not until seven years had elapsed, however, that it overleaped the Thames

and connected Surrey with Middlesex. One end of it being, then, placed in the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, and the other in a transpontine music-hall; melodies performed in the latter were, on the 12th February, 1877, distinctly heard in the former by an astonished audience.

Meanwhile, four years after Cromwell Varley's first success, Elisha Gray of Chicago, in 1874, constructed an instrument of a somewhat similar character but considerably more effective in its operation. In it he employed a number of metal tubes like the reeds used in the building up of a harmonium, and the vents of which were similarly governed by pianoforte keys. These were so arranged that electro-magnets at the distant station actuated similar reeds, and in this way the original sounds were accurately reproduced.

A sounding-board, or rather box, pierced with holes like the letter S, was an important part of the apparatus, imparting to it something of the resonance of a violin. Elisha Gray, in constructing this musical telephone, was led to do so by his recognition of the fact that the molecular motion which takes place in the magnetic coil and its armature under the influence of alternate magnetisation and demagnetisation, suffices to produce vibrations corresponding to the velocity of these alternations and to emit sounds which became audible when they were magnified by his perforated box or sounding-board.

To complete, here, what yet remains to be said about several other remarkable kinds of musical or tone telephones, it may be added that conspicuous among these was the "Singing Cardcase" of MM. Pollard and Garnier, in which songs apparently issued from a kind of pocket book. Whenever a vocalist at the distant other end of the wire sang in front of the sender or mouthpiece of the apparatus, the condenser at the receiving end of the instrument emitted sounds like those of the hautboy or the violoncello. In the instance of Varley's musical telephone, the receiver was a drum of considerable dimensions, being, in fact, three or four feet in diameter.

Within this, parallel to the membrane of the drum, was the condenser, which consisted of four separate sheets of tinfoil, divided from each other by some insulating material. Another receiver, invented by M. Bréquet, resembled a kind of tambourine. M. Badet, again, contrived one in which parchment was used stretched upon frames of resonant wood. Millar of Glasgow, whose telephonic arrangement conveyed musical sounds readily through a telegraphic wire to a distance of 160 yards, employed drum-shaped discs variously made of wood, metal, or gutta-percha, discs having a wire invariably at their centre.

Heaviside and Nixon of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who found that No. 4 of the English gauge was the most effective wire of all for telephonic purposes, employed discs $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in thickness. With these, well stretched and motionless, it was possible to hear what was said at a distance of 230 yards. But Huntley, by using very thin iron diaphragms, and insulating the wire on glass supports, succeeded in transmitting speech 2450 feet, and this in spite of zigzags.

Macaulay, Wagner, Neef, and many more contrived at different times other admirable electric vibrators. Perhaps the most subtle and ingenious of all these, however, was the one contrived by M. Duchemin a little later on, when the speaking telephone had come to be invented, and when, to obtain vibrating plates of extreme tenuity, he employed very thin ones of mica sprinkled over with pulverised iron, which was fixed to the surface by a layer of silicate of potash. So effective was this as a means of communication, that with its help the gentlest utterance was audible. But so exquisitely fragile was the plate, that a loud voice shattered it.

Until 1876, however, articulate speech was only transmissible to a distance through indian-rubber tubes and string instruments. But then at last was solved the problem of its electric transmission. Put into the fewest words the problem which then found solution was this:—To contrive some means of throwing a diaphragm into motion at a

distance so as to correspond exactly with the movements of a diaphragm agitated by the voice. Do this, it was felt, and the original sounds, syllable for syllable, would, by necessity—at a distance—be instantaneously reproduced! The time being ripe for the discovery, two electricians, as a matter of course, put in their claims all but simultaneously for the honour of having achieved it. And certainly no two rival claimants ever ran each other so close as in this instance. Unknown to one another, each of them on the very same day—the 14th February, 1876—gave in at the American Patent Office an account of his invention. One of them was Graham Bell, a native of Edinburgh, but then some time naturalized as a citizen of the United States. The other was Elisha Gray of Chicago, already mentioned in these pages, and who later averred that a month previously all but one day, namely, on the 15th January, he had completed the arrangement of his system of a speaking or articulating telephone. However this may be, on Valentine's Day he deposited with the proper official his provisional specification. And on that same day, and in that same place his formidable rival had put in his request for securing the rights of a precisely similar invention. Professor Graham Bell certainly had the advantage of having brought his articulating telephone the earliest of all to the knowledge of the world in both hemispheres. It was on view that same year, 1876, at the Philadelphia Exhibition. In the September of that year at Glasgow it was spoken of by Sir William Thomson as a wonder of wonders, as a marvellous construction, and as capable of repeating, in the Morse code, four despatches at the same time. It was unquestionably the first telephone publicly to reproduce at a distance articulate words. And it spoke so loudly that it was in no way necessary to apply the ear to the receiving instrument. When, at its introduction into this country, it was first listened to by Sir William Thomson, Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," was

repeated to him, word for word, through the slender circular disc formed by the armature of an electro-magnet. While at the other extremity of the wire, Professor Watson in a loud and distinct voice, uttered the familiar lines in front of a tightly stretched membrane, carrying at its centre a small piece of soft iron which excited movements corresponding to the sound-vibrations of the air close to an electro-magnet introduced into the circuit. Graham Bell, in the first instance, made use, in his system, of the electric battery. For this, however, he very soon substituted a small permanent magnet of weak power, that having been found by him all sufficient. The advantage thus secured is obvious. By reducing the size and simplifying the construction of the instrument, it rendered it at once compact and portable. Another advantage it possessed was, that it was fitted both for sending and receiving, for speaking through and listening at. From the very first it became evident both to Bell and Gray that what was absolutely indispensable for the production of speech at a distance through the articulating telephone was the intervention of undulatory currents. Both of them, indeed, declared as much very distinctly on the 14th February, 1876, in their respective specifications. Each alike strove from the outset to solve the problem involved in the attempted transmission of articulate words by means of undulatory currents, obtaining those currents by the effect of induction. Graham Bell's telephones, it should be at once insisted upon, are distinctly electric, although they need no batteries. They are in no way whatever to be confused with the mere mechanically vibrating or string telephones. Electric currents, it should be remembered, are produced by two very distinct causes. There are those which are due, for example, to batteries, and there are those which are produced by the action of excited magnets on a conducting circuit properly managed. It is these latter—commonly known as induction currents—which are used in Bell's telephones.

(To be continued.)

CRUISE OF A SPANISH PIRATE.

By C. R. LOW, Lieut. (late) I.N., F.R.G.S.



NOTHING has more conduced to the extinction of piracy on the high seas than the introduction of steam. In old times the fast-sailing clippers, schooners, and barques managed sometimes to elude the ships of the Royal Navy, but a small steamer cannot carry the powerful engines that propel Her Majesty's ships. This, together with the enormous extension of com-

merce and the increased size of the vessels of the mercantile marine engaged in it, have rendered piracy a calling the carrying on of which does not pay. But fifty years ago it was not wholly extinct in the Atlantic, and it was prevalent in Chinese waters in the writer's experience less than thirty years ago.

In 1832 a schooner left Havana on a piratical mission which only closed by her capture by one of the cruisers of the Royal Navy. The schooner, which sailed under the Spanish flag, and was named the *Panda* (which, by the way, was the name of the father of Cetewayo, late King of Zululand), left Havana on the 23rd August in that year. She carried 3 guns and a crew of 131 men, and was laden with a cargo of cloth, fire-arms, and gunpowder, ostensibly for the African Coast, though the captain, Pedro Gilbert by name, evaded the last visit of the Spanish authorities.

The course was steered for the West Coast of Africa, but the *Panda* commenced her depredations before sighting land. The

first vessel made to heave to was an English ship, which did not offer a valuable prize; some necessaries and other articles for the schooner's use were taken out of her, and then she was suffered to go free. The next vessel did not fare so well. She proved to be an American brig. On sighting her at daybreak, the course was altered to intercept her, and the schooner, being a fast sailer, overhauled her, and by eight o'clock was near enough to hail. The pirate captain ordered her to send a boat on board. To this an answer was returned, that the boat was in such bad condition that she would not swim; but Pedro Gilbert was not a man to be trifled with, and he replied, with an oath, that if the boat was not lowered and sent on board immediately, he would sink the brig. There was no avoiding obedience to such an order when it could be enforced, and very soon the boat was seen coming towards the pirate.

As soon as she was alongside, the crew, consisting of the chief mate and four men, were ordered out of her, and half a dozen cut-throat looking fellows took their places and on arriving alongside the brig, sprang on deck and speedily showed the officers and men the nature of their instructions. No time was lost, as they were fearful of interruption from a ship of war of some nationality, especially the English, who had a squadron stationed on the Coast for the suppression of the slave trade. The captain of the brig was ordered to bring up any money on board; and on his demurring to do so, a knife was held to his throat, and he was given to understand unmistakably what his fate would be if he hesitated to comply with the demand. Very reluctantly he

made his way into his cabin and brought up 20,000 dollars, which were handed to the pirates. Meanwhile the crew were all sent forward into the top-gallant forecastle, to prevent their making an effort to drive the captors overboard, and a man with a brace of pistols and knife was set over the closed door.

The pirates then commenced their work of destruction. Cutlasses, axes, and anything that came to hand were employed, and the most wanton destruction ensued. The bulwarks, deck, cabin-fittings, gratings, combings and everything that would yield to steel were cut and hacked about, and the compasses were smashed. Some of the trimming gear, such as braces and tiller ropes, was cut away ; and though they did not go so far as to endanger the safety of the ship by cutting the standing rigging, the intention was not wanting among some of them, as they got tarpaulins and set fire to the caboose, which however was extinguished before much damage was done. Perhaps this was due to the fact that a strange sail hove in sight on the horizon, and they were fearful that the smoke would attract the attention of the crew. However this may be, the pirates scuttled the long boat of the brig ; and then, returning to their own ship in one of her own boats, left the imprisoned crew to break out of the forecastle as best they could. But they suffered for their iniquitous conduct, and it was through the evidence of the crew of the American brig that they were convicted of their crimes, and punishment was brought home to them.

Soon after this the *Panda* made the African Coast in the neighbourood of a place called Great Passim, where they watered. She then put to sea to continue her depredations, and, on the third day out, sighted a barque carrying the British flag, and bore up to her. At first the captain of the latter paid no attention ; but, apparently becoming aware of the suspicious appearance and conduct of the stranger, he crowded sail and shifted his course a couple of points. The commander of the *Panda* did likewise, and an exciting chase ensued. All that day it continued,

the slaver gaining on the barque the skipper of which trusted to night or the chapter of accidents to ensure his escape. In this case he did not count without his host, for at sunset a sail appeared in sight, which turned out to be one of the Royal Naval Squadron stationed on the African Coast for the suppression of the slave trade. The tables were now turned, and the pursuer became the pursued. It was too late, however, for the man-of-war to overhaul the schooner before night-fall, and when morning broke there was no sign of her.

Pedro Gilbert had a lucky escape ; and, as he feared the king's ship might be cruising about in the neighbourhood, he resolved to leave the sea temporarily in her undisputed possession, and put into the Nazareth to purchase slaves. Up this river the schooner remained for nearly two months, during which time a considerable number of slaves were bought, who were lodged in buildings on shore until a suitable time offered for shipment and a run across the sea. Meanwhile alterations were made in the *Panda*, including the removal of her figure-head, and then she sailed for Port Antonio in Prince's Island to refit. Having completed her refit, she sailed again for Nazareth to embark the slaves.

A few days after her departure H. M. sloop *Lapwing*, Captain J—— commanding, arrived at Prince's Island, and received a visit from the American Consul residing there, who informed him of the suspicious character of the *Panda* and of her officers and men, who appeared to expend dollars with lavish hand ; and expressed his opinion that she was the piratical craft that had plundered the American brig some four months before. He then produced from his pocket a paper called the "*Salem Commercial Advertiser*," published in the United States, giving particulars of the affair (the American brig belonging to that port) and of the appearance of the pirate, which coincided closely with that of the vessel that had cleared out of Port Antonio a few days before. With the shrewdness of his countrymen, the consul added that the

absence of a figure-head, so far from negating his belief, confirmed it, as he had taken the opportunity, while sailing in his pleasure-boat, to pass close under the bows of the *Panda*, and he could detect appearances as though the figure-head had recently been removed.

Captain J—— thanked his informant and cogitating the matter, came to the conclusion that the affair was worth following up, and having learned that the *Panda* had cleared for the Nazareth river, he sailed thither in search of her. On arriving off the mouth of the river, Captain J—— manned and armed three of the *Lapwing's* boats, and taking charge of them himself, proceeded up the Nazareth in search of the pirate, if such she proved to be after examination. The boats pulled all night, and at early morning came in sight of the object of their quest lying at anchor. It was impossible, owing to the nature of the river at the point where the *Panda* lay, to avoid being seen; and when within about a mile of her, the boats displayed their colours, and pushed boldly on to board her. On seeing their assailants there was some commotion on board the schooner, a minority of desperate men preparing to fight. This they could very well have done with a fair chance of success; for one or more of their three guns, one of which was a swivel, could have been brought to bear with effect on the advancing boats, and a body of twenty-five or thirty resolute men in open day, ought to have given a good account of forty grouped together in boats. But the latter were Englishmen and the former Spaniards, and Lords Nelson and Cochrane had taught their countrymen to believe that "one British sailor was equal to three Spaniards any day," and had proved it too in many a tough fight. So, like those wise men who regard "discretion as the better part of valour," the crew of the *Panda* took hastily to the boats, all except one man who was seen to follow some few minutes later in a canoe. Owing to the start it was unfortunately impossible to cut off any of the boats or even the canoe,

which reached the shore in safety; but Captain J—— with his boats made for the schooner, which they boarded. It was found that she was on fire near the magazine; and, on an examination, it was discovered that a match had been laid to the magazine in which were stored sixteen barrels of powder. The match was speedily cut, and the cotton, brimstone and other inflammables which had been set on fire, were extinguished. No papers or valuable property could be found on board the *Panda*, but ensigns of various nationalities and certain instructions were discovered, showing that she was the pirate schooner that had cleared from Havana for the West Coast of Africa. Soon after, a Portuguese seaman belonging to the schooner was brought off by the natives, and four others were afterwards seized; though it appeared these men had joined her after her arrival at Prince's Island, and were not concerned in the piracy.

Captain J—— now resolved to make every effort to procure the surrender of the captain and remainder of the crew of the *Panda*, who, he learned, were secreted by the native chief, or king, as all these small potentates are called on the West Coast. But all his persuasions and promises of reward were vain, and at length the captain of the *Lapwing* resolved to try the effect of strong measures. The *Panda* was anchored off the town, and Captain J—— went ashore and made a last appeal to the king to surrender his guests, pointing to the schooner, and threatening the destruction of his town in the event of a refusal. But the old chief was obstinate, and Captain J—— returned on board, and at the expiration of the time allowed him for consideration, he opened fire. Now a catastrophe occurred which delayed the conclusion of the affair.

A spark from the gun ignited some loose gunpowder left incautiously lying about the deck; this communicated with the magazine, and the *Panda* blew up. By this unfortunate explosion, the gunner, purser and three men of the *Lapwing* were killed;

and the captain, surgeon and others of the crew were blown into the water, and were picked up by the boats more or less injured. This put an end for the present to any further efforts at coercing the king, and Captain J—— rejoined his ship at the mouth of the Nazareth river, and sailed for the Gaboon in search of the second-mate of the pirate, concerning whom he had obtained some information. In this he was disappointed, and the *Lapwing* returned to Port Antonio, where he learned that two Spaniards, who had quitted the schooner when she lay there, had gone to Whidah. He now sailed for Cape Coast Castle, to pick up some of his men he had put as a prize crew on board a captured vessel; and, leaving one of the *Panda's* crew to identify his shipmates were any of them apprehended at Cape Coast, this indefatigable officer sailed for Whidah, where he learnt that one of the two men had gone to Bahia, and the other had joined the King of Dahomey. Thence the *Lapwing* proceeded to Fernando Po, and here some information was received which led to the apprehension of more of the delinquents.

Shortly before, a trading-vessel happened to be at Bimbia, at the mouth of the Camaroons, where the skipper met six Spaniards, who stated that they were shipwrecked mariners, and requested him to give them a passage to the Old Calabar river. This the skipper said was beyond his power, but he offered to take them to Fernando Po, and thence they could find their way to Old Calabar. They accepted the offer, and were on the point of leaving Fernando Po for Calabar, when he received from his agent at Bimbia, a quantity of Spanish dollars, which had been picked up there at low-water mark, and were supposed to have been lost from the canoe in which these men had arrived there. The skipper mentioned this strange circumstance to the governor of Fernando Po, who arrived at the conclusion that these men had plundered the vessel they stated they had been wrecked in, and had thrown away the dollars, fearing discovery. Captain J——, who had arrived

in the *Lapwing* a few days before, was informed of this suspicious circumstance; and on these castaway seamen being confronted with one of the Portuguese brought from the Nazareth river, they were identified as part of the *Panda's* crew. One of these men now turned king's evidence, and gave a full account of the piracies of the schooner. It was this trivial circumstance, of the dollars laid bare at low water by the receding tide, that brought about the apprehension of these men, who were now sent to the Island of Ascension, and were eventually brought to England by the *Lapwing*.

But Captain J——, who, throughout these protracted circumstances, displayed the patience, intelligence and dogged determination of the typical detective, could not rest satisfied until he had secured the person of the chief culprit, the captain of the schooner, who was still secreted at Nazareth, with an ample supply of dollars to procure another vessel if a suitable one could be obtained. His efforts to effect his purpose by force were not successful, owing to the other cruisers on the West Coast being engaged in more important work; but, at length, he succeeded in effecting his object by stratagem. The *Caroline*, a small British barque of 250 tons, was lying at Fernando Po, and her skipper fell in with the proposals of Captain J——, that he should, for a small consideration, place at his disposal his vessel, to proceed up the Nazareth river and be employed in effecting the capture of the pirate captain and his men. It was resolved after a consultation, that the *Caroline* should temporarily be placed under the command of an officer of the *Lapwing*, of the name of M——, who was to have 12 picked men of the man-of-war under his orders, in addition to the crew of the vessel, which, it was given out, was going on a trading voyage along the coast. To attain the object in contemplation, the king and his principal men were to be enticed on board the *Caroline*, and then seized and retained as hostages, pending the surrender of Pedro Gilbert and his companions in guilt.

Captain J—— would make his appearance in the *Lapwing* as soon as the native king had been secured, and prevent the chance of a rescue. Mr. M—— undertook a delicate and dangerous mission, and performed it with skill and courage.

The *Caroline* sailed for Cape Lopez, about 30 miles west of the Nazareth river; but the movements of the natives on her arrival seemed to denote a suspicion as to her character. Several canoes came off to reconnoitre the barque, but none of them would approach the vessel. Mr. M—— therefore determined to go ashore, to offer to trade with the natives, and to obtain information of the Spaniards. It was a dangerous mission; for were his disguise penetrated, he knew that a fearful death would be the reward of his temerity. Writing to Captain J—— at this time, he said:—"If I am detained, I think it would be better to trust to chance for an escape, and not sacrifice any more lives in carrying on what would prove an unequal warfare. I hope you will excuse my attempting to give advice, I only request that no lives may be lost on my account: if they think proper to make me suffer the fate of a spy, write to my friends, to say I have done my duty."

Sailing to the Nazareth river, Mr. M—— having disguised himself, landed alone to see the king. The first person he met was Pedro Gilbert, whom, however, he did not know. The pirate captain saluted the British officer, who returned the courtesy and passed on to the king's palace. But though Mr. M—— had, as he thought, effectually disguised the air and appearance of a gentleman under the rough exterior of the captain of a trading-vessel, the astute and wily Spaniard was not so easily deceived. His suspicions were aroused that all was not right, and making his way to the palace he communicated his ideas to the king. That potentate, however, pooh poohed the suggestion that the individual who had just left his presence was other than a peaceful trader. The visions of a roaring trade in rum and gunpowder, which

had inflamed his imagination, were not to be dispelled by idle surmises, and the pirate captain was informed by his host that he was satisfied of the *bona fides* of the visitor, and had accepted an invitation for his son and some of his principal chiefs to pay a visit to him on board the *Caroline*. Pedro Gilbert thereupon retired from the royal presence with a foreboding at his heart, which was soon amply justified.

Meanwhile, the *Lapwing* had left Fernando Po as arranged, and touching at the Isle of St. Thomas on the way, one of the Portuguese crew of the *Panda* on board her as a prisoner, accidentally saw and recognised a man on the island as his shipmate. An American merchant, of the name of Holmes, also came on board the *Lapwing* and volunteered the information that four others of the pirate crew were on the island; and that a Portuguese vessel, called the *Esperanza*, then lying in the harbour, had brought them from Cape Lopez. The Portuguese governor of St. Thomas denied that the *Esperanza* had come from Cape Lopez, or that men had been landed on the island without his permission; but, notwithstanding his denial, Captain J—— placed more faith in the assertions of the American gentleman. He could, however, do nothing more just then, as he had to keep his appointment with Mr. M——. At midnight the *Lapwing* tacked under the stern of the *Caroline*, when Mr. M—— proceeded on board his senior officer's ship, and reported that the king's son and principal men were sleeping on board his vessel under the influence of the intoxicating liquors they had imbibed.

Having arranged to proceed up the Nazareth River in company on the following day, Captain J—— stood out to sea again, and, at the appointed hour in the afternoon, the *Caroline* and *Lapwing*, the latter repainted and otherwise disguised to resemble a slaver, ran into the river with Portuguese colours flying, and anchored off the town. Fearing nothing, several of the chiefs came off to the *Lapwing* and were speedily secured and passed below. The king him-

self came off, but on approaching the ships, something struck him as unusual in their aspect, and he turned his canoe and fled to shore. The plot was now made manifest, and all was dismay among the prisoners on board the ships and the king and his people on shore.

Captain J—— lowered his gig, and with two boats fully manned and armed, proceeded on shore, and calling a palaver dictated his terms:—the surrender of Pedro Gilbert and his companions, on which the young prince and all his prisoners should be landed without molestation or loss of time. After some negotiation and much hesitation the king gave way, and on the following morning the pirate captain and three of his men were surrendered to the commander of the *Lapwing*, who therefore released his hostages. Amicable relations having been restored with the king, Captain J—— sailed for St. Thomas.

While at Nazareth the commander of the *Lapwing* had learned that it was quite true that the *Esperanza* had brought from Cape Lopez the mate, carpenter, and a few more of the crew of the pirate schooner, who had two thousand dollars with them. His views as to the credibility of the governor of the island were confirmed, and he was not very much astonished, after the experience of the corruption of these Portuguese officials, to learn on his arrival at the island from Mr. Holmes, that the *Esperanza*, which had sailed during his absence, had actually been purchased from the governor himself by the pirates, who were engaged fitting her out for sea when the arrival of the *Lapwing* on her last visit interrupted the process. It was very annoying that, owing to his promise of secrecy given to Mr. Holmes, who would have been ruined by exposure, he was unable to expose the duplicity and criminal connivance of the governor, but the fortune that had never deserted him thus far again befriended him. The *Lapwing* had been a fortnight lying at St. Thomas when Mr. Holmes informed him that he had received reliable intelligence of the arrival of the

Esperanza on the preceeding night at another part of the island, with the object of embarking the pirate-mate and his associates.

Captain J—— instantly despatched the boats of his ship round the island to intercept the fugitives and seize the vessel. After a long pull they gained the *Esperanza*, of which they took possession, but great was their disappointment to find that the pirates were not on board of her. The *Esperanza* was navigated round to the *Lapwing*, and an examination disclosed that she had the ample store of water-casks of a slaver, and was otherwise fitted to carry on her nefarious calling. The governor, now yielding to the perseverance of the captain of the *Lapwing*, or fearing exposure if he further threw the ægis of his protection round the pirates, gave information to him on the following day that he had learnt that Spaniards were concealed on a distant part of the island, and that he had given directions for their surrender to the British authorities. On the appearance of these men they were quickly identified as the mate, carpenter and seamen of the *Panda*, and were placed in confinement on board the *Lapwing* with Pedro Gilbert and his companions. The governor, who was seized with an intermittent fit of virtue, threw into prison the captain and mate of the vessel, who were on shore at the time of her seizure by the *Lapwing*, and confiscated and sold their property, the proceeds being deposited in the Royal treasury. Captain J——, having secured all the pirates, now sailed, in company with the *Esperanza*, for England, where he arrived in June, 1834, exactly eleven months after the seizure of the *Panda* in the Nazareth river.

The *Esperanza* was navigated to Lisbon by a crew from the flagship *Victory* in Portsmouth harbour, and made over to the Portuguese government, and the pirates were despatched in a man-of-war to Salem, the port in America whence sailed the brig which the pirates had seized in the open seas. By a strange coincidence this vessel was on the point of sailing on a foreign voyage, having on board the captain,

officers, and most of the crew that had been subjected to the ill-treatment detailed in the early part of this narrative. They were now detained as witnesses, and confronted the pirates, whose trial came off at Boston.

The case excited great interest in the States, and, after a lengthy trial, the unfortunate men were all convicted and sentenced to death. The capital sentence was, however, remitted in the case of the mate, as he had been instrumental in saving, three years before, the lives of 70 Americans from a foundering ship at sea, for which

service he had received the thanks of the President of the United States. The rest of the convicted prisoners, consisting of the captain, carpenter, and four seamen, were executed, expiating their crimes just two years after their commission.

In conclusion we should say that, in acknowledgment of their gallant and meritorious services, the commander of the *Lapwing* received the thanks of the American government and the high approbation of the Lords of the Admiralty, and was promoted to the rank of post-captain; and Mr. M.—— received a lieutenancy.



KÉRABAN THE INFLEXIBLE;

OR, ADVENTURES IN THE EUXINE.

BY JULES VERNE.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH.

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.—(*continued*).

That very time Nedjeb recovered consciousness; and, throwing herself upon Amasia, exclaimed—

"My mistress, my dearest mistress! Yes, she lives—her eyes are opening."

And in fact the lids were slowly rising and discovering the girl's eyes.

"Amasia, Amasia," cried Ahmet.

"Ahmet, my dear Ahmet," she replied. Kéraban enfolded them both in his embrace.

"But what felucca was that?" asked Ahmet at length.

"The same we visited, Seigneur Ahmet, after you left Odessa," replied Nedjeb.

"The *Guidare*, Captain Yarhud's ship?"

"Yes, he carried us off."

"For whom was he acting, then?"

"That we do not know."

"Whither were you bound?"

"That we are also ignorant of," replied Amasia. "But you are here: I can remember nothing else."

"I will not forget," said Kéraban sternly.

If he had turned round at that moment, he would have perceived a man, who had been spying at the door of the hut, hurry away at top speed.

It was Yarhud, the Maltese Captain, the only sailor surviving. Almost immediately he rushed away unnoticed in a direction opposite to the little town of Atina.

Yarhud had heard everything. He knew

now that, by some inconceivable fatality, Ahmet had reached the coast when the *Guidare* was wrecked, just as Amasia was about to perish.

Having passed the last houses, Yarhud stopped at a turn of the road.

"It is a long way from Atina to the Bosphorus," he muttered, "and on the road I will find a way to carry out Seigneur Saffar's orders."

CHAPTER V.

HOW OUR TRAVELLERS TALKED, AND WHAT THEY SAW, ON THE ROAD BETWEEN ATINA AND TREBIZOND.

How happy the young lovers were to be thus united again; how grateful they were to Allah for bringing Ahmet to the very place where the storm wrecked the vessel; and how they experienced one of those mingled impressions of joy and terror the remembrance of which is ineffaceable—it is useless to describe.

But it will be readily understood that Ahmet, as well as Kéraban, was very anxious to know all that had taken place since their departure from Odessa; so Amasia, aided by Nedjeb, could not delay to inform them of all the details.

It is of course understood that change of costume had been procured for the young girls, and that Ahmet himself was arrayed in rustic garb; that everyone, master as well as servant, was enjoying the fire, without any regard for the storm which was now blowing itself out.

With what feelings did the listeners learn all that had passed at the villa a few hours after Kéraban's departure. No, it was not to sell precious stuffs that Yarhud had cast anchor in the little bay. It was to carry out his vile plot, and everyone perceived that the scheme must have been maturing for some time.



"Everyone—master as well as servant—was enjoying the fire."

The vessel had put to sea as soon as the girls had been taken on board, but neither of them could tell that! Selim had heard their cries and that he had rushed out just as the *Guidare* had cleared the rocks at the extremity of the bay, that he had been wounded and had fallen—perhaps had died—without having been able to put anyone on the track of the ravishers.

Amasia had little to tell concerning their treatment on board. The captain had evidently taken particular care of her and Nedjeb, under powerful authority. The cabin occupied by the girls was most comfortable, and there they ate and slept. They were permitted to go on deck when they pleased; but they were closely watched, for fear they should attempt to escape



"The passage had at first been good."

by death the fate which threatened them.

Ahmet listened to their recital with beating heart. He wished to know whether the captain had acted on his own account, and carried off the girls to sell them in one of the slave-markets of Asia Minor; or whether he was acting for some rich citizen of Anatolia.

To that question neither Amasia nor Nedjeb could reply. To all their demands and protestations, Yaruhud had vouchsafed no reply. They could not tell for whom the captain had acted, nor—and this was what Ahmet particularly desired to ascertain—whither the *Guidare* had been bound.

The passage had at first been good, but slow because of calms. These delays were evidently very galling to the captain, who was at no pains to conceal his impatience. So the prisoners concluded—and Ahmet and Kéraban were of the same opinion—that Yaruhud had arranged to arrive at a specified time;—but where? Of that they were ignorant, though it was certain that the *Guidare* was expected at some port of Asia Minor on the Black Sea.

At length the calms ceased, and the vessel sailed eastwards, or, as Amasia said, towards the rising sun. For two weeks she proceeded thus without incident to break the monotony of the voyage. Many times vessels were perceived; steamers, warships, and merchantmen passed or overtook the *Guidare*; but Captain Yaruhud always obliged the prisoners to go below on these occasions, for fear they would give the alarm or show some signal of distress.

Then the weather began to look threatening: it got worse, and then very bad indeed. Two days before the *Guidare* was wrecked, a violent tempest arose. Amasia and Nedjeb perceived, from the anger of the captain, that he had been obliged to alter his course and that the storm was forcing him out of his way. The girls rather enjoyed the storm, inasmuch as it was removing them from the dreaded termination of the voyage.

"Yes, dear Ahmet," said Amasia in conclusion. "When I reflected on the fate

that awaited me, carried away where I should never see you again, my resolve was taken. Nedjeb knew it: she would not have prevented me. Before the vessel had reached her destination, I would have thrown myself into the sea. But the tempest came. The very thing which threatened to destroy us, was the means of our safety. My own Ahmet, you came through the furious waves to my assistance. Never shall I forget that: never!"

"Dearest Amasia," replied Ahmet, "Allah willed that you should be saved, and saved by me! But if I had not anticipated my uncle, he would have rushed to your assistance."

"By Mahomet, that is true, I believe," exclaimed Kéraban.

"Fancy such a hard-headed man having such a soft heart!" murmured Nedjeb, involuntarily.

"Ah! that little lady aroused me," said Kéraban. "And now, my friends, confess that my obstinacy does good sometimes!"

"Sometimes?" exclaimed Van Mitten, very incredulous on this point; "I should just like to know——"

"No doubt, friend Van Mitten. If I had yielded to Ahmet's fancies, if we had travelled by railway instead of skirting the shore, Ahmet would not have been at the place to save his *fiancée* from shipwreck."

"No! quite right," replied Van Mitten, "but if you had not compelled him to quit Odessa, the abduction would not have taken place, and ——"

"Ah! that is the way you argue, is it?" retorted Kéraban. "You want to discuss the subject?"

"No! no!" exclaimed Ahmet, who knew, that in a discussion of this kind, the Dutchman would come off second-best. "It is too late to go into all the *pros* and *cons* now; much better take some rest——"

"In view of our departure to-morrow," added Kéraban.

"To-morrow, uncle! To-morrow! Why Amasia and Nedjeb must have some repose."

"Oh! I am quite strong, Ahmet, and to-morrow——"

"Ah! nephew," said Kéraban, "you are not in such a hurry now you have got my little Amasia with you. Nevertheless, the end of the month is approaching—the fatal day draws near, and we have interests we cannot afford to neglect. You must permit an old merchant to be more practical than you. So let each one sleep as well as he, or she, can; and to-morrow, when we have found a conveyance, we will continue our journey."

They installed themselves as well as they could in the fisherman's hut, and were quite as comfortable as they could possibly have been in one of the inns of Atina. Every member of the party, after so much excitement, was quite ready to rest for some hours. Van Mitten dreamt that he was again engaged in a discussion with his intractable friend: the latter dreamed that he was face to face with Seigneur Saffar, upon whom he was heaping all the maledictions of Allah and his prophet.

Ahmet only could not sleep. The desire to ascertain for what purpose Amasia had been carried away by Yarhud disquieted him, not only as regards the past, but for fear in the future. He kept thinking whether all danger had disappeared with the *Guidare*. Certainly he had reason to believe that not one of the crew had escaped, and he was quite unaware that Captain Yarhud had emerged from the shipwreck safe and sound. But the catastrophe would soon become known in the adjacent districts. The person for whom Yarhud had been acting—some rich merchant no doubt, or perhaps some pacha of the Anatolian provinces—would soon become acquainted with what had occurred. It would not be very difficult for him to put himself upon the girl's track. Between Trebizond and Scutari, across the deserted province through which the highway ran—what dangers might not be accumulated, what traps set, what ambushes prepared!

Ahmet, therefore, made up his mind to watch most carefully. He would never again separate himself from Amasia. He would himself undertake the leadership of

the caravan, and would, when necessary, select some trustworthy guide who would be able to lead the party by the shortest route along the shore.

At the same time Ahmet determined to put the banker Selim in possession of all the circumstances relating to the abduction of his daughter. It was most important that Selim should be informed concerning Amasia's safety, so that he might appear at Scutari on the appointed day—in a fortnight. But a letter forwarded from Atina or Trebizond would not reach Odessa in time. So Ahmet resolved to "wire" without saying a word about it to his uncle—who would almost have a fit at the very mention of the word "telegram"—and forward a telegraphic message to Selim *via* Trebizond. He made up his mind to advise him that probably all danger was not over, and that Selim must not hesitate to come to meet the little caravan, *en route*.

Next morning, the 15th September, as soon as Ahmet met Amasia he acquainted her with his designs—partly at least—and without laying any particular stress upon the dangers which he fancied would ensue. Amasia perceived only one idea, viz., that her father would be re-assured concerning her safety, and in the very shortest possible time. So Ahmet and Amasia were very anxious to reach Trebizond, whence a telegram might be despatched without Uncle Kéraban knowing anything about it.

After some hours' sleep, Kéraban was more impatient than ever; Van Mitten resigned to all the caprices of his friend; Bruno endeavouring to ascertain how much of his figure still remained within his loose clothing, and only replying to his master in monosyllables.

First of all Ahmet searched Atina through. It is an unimportant town, which, as its name indicates, was formerly the "Athens" of the Black Sea. There are still existent some columns of the Doric order of architecture remaining in the Temple of Pallas. But if these ruins interested Van Mitten they had no attraction whatever for Ahmet. He would have much preferred to find some means of

conveyance less rough, less primitive than the cart he had secured on the frontier. But it was absolutely necessary to return to the *araba*, which was specially reserved for the

two young girls. Then there was need to provide mounts—horses, donkeys, or mules—so that masters and servants might reach Trebizond.



Bruno complained of the journey.

Ah, how Kéraban regretted the post-chaise smashed at Poti! And what recriminations and menaces did he not send to the address of the haughty Saffar, who was responsible, according to Kéraban, for all the mischief.

As for Amasia and Nedjeb nothing could be more agreeable to them than the journey in the *araba*. It was a quite new and unex-

pected experience. They would not have exchanged the vehicle for the finest carriage of the Padischah. How comfortable they would be under the tilt upon a litter of fresh straw, which could be easily renewed at every stage. From time to time they would offer a place beside them to Seigneur Kéraban, or young Ahmet, or Van Mitten! And the riders would escort them as if they

were princesses! In fine it was perfectly charming!

It will be surmised that these foolish ideas emanated from the brain of the simple Nedjeb, who was so transported as to look upon things only on the good side. Amasia could not complain, since Ahmet was near her, and the journey was about to be completed under conditions so different, and with so little delay, to Scutari.

"I am certain," repeated Nedjeb, "that if we stood on tip-toe we should see the place!"

In fact, in the whole company there were only two individuals who had any misgivings—Seigneur Kéran, who feared some delay in consequence of not finding a proper conveyance, and Bruno, who found that thirty-five leagues—and thirty-five leagues on mule-back—intervened between him and Trebizond, where, as Nizib confided to him, some more comfortable means of transport would surely be obtainable to cross the plains of Anatolia.

So, on the morning of the 15th September at eleven, the cavalcade quitted Atina. The tempest had been so violent that it had quickly subsided, and a perfect calm reigned in the atmosphere. The clouds which floated high in the air remained almost motionless though still lacerated by the wind. The sun shot out a few rays now and then, and lighted up the landscape. The sea alone was still agitated and beat fiercely on the beach.

Seigneur Kéran and his companions traversed Western Lazistan as quickly as possible, with the intention to reach Trebizond before nightfall. The roads were by no means deserted. The travellers passed many caravans in which camels were numbered by hundreds, and the ear was deafened by the clang and jingle of the various bells which the animals carried round their necks, while the eye was amused by the varied and brilliant colours of their trappings. These caravans were coming from Persia or proceeding thither.

The sea-shore was not any less lively than the roads. The entire fishing population

seemed to have assembled there. The fishermen at night-fall, their boats lighted up at the stern with burning resin, took in considerable quantities of the species of anchovy known as *khamsi*, of which they cure thousands all along the coast of Anatolia, and even as far as Central Armenia. The hunters on the other hand had no reason to envy the fishermen, for game was quite as plentiful as fish. Thousands of sea-birds of the grebe species—*konkarinas*—flock to these districts of Asia Minor. So the immense number slain for their feathers, which are much sought after, recompense the hunters for the time, the trouble, and the expense of ammunition incurred in procuring them.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the little caravan halted at Mapavra, situated at the mouth of the river of the same name, the waters of which are mixed with an oily stream of petroleum, which falls from the neighbouring springs. Three o'clock was a little too early for dinner, but as the party could not reach their camping place until quite late in the evening, it seemed only prudent to take some sustenance. This was at any rate Bruno's advice, and it had due weight.

Of course there was an abundance of *khamsis* on the table, which are the most esteemed food of the district. These anchovies are served cured and fresh, to please all palates; but there were, besides, more substantial dishes, to which our travellers paid their attention. So good humour reigned amongst them, and good humour is the best seasoning after all.

"Well, Van Mitten," said Kéran, "do you regret the wilfulness—the legitimate obstinacy—of your friend and correspondent, which has compelled you to make this journey?"

"No, Kéran, no," replied Van Mitten, "and I will continue it whenever you please."

"We shall see—we shall see," said Kéran. "And you, my little Amasia, what do you think of your wicked uncle who carried away your Ahmet?"

"That he is what I have always known him to be—the best of men," replied Amasia.

"And the most accommodating," added Nedjeb. "It seems to me that Seigneur Kéraban is not quite so obstinate as he used to be."

"Good!" cried Kéraban, with a loud laugh, "that stupid girl is quizzing me!"

"No, indeed, seigneur—no, indeed."

"But, yes, indeed! Bah! you are right: I no longer argue—I am no more obstinate. Even Van Mitten here would not succeed in provoking me."

"Oh! that remains to be proved!" replied the Dutchman, shaking his head dubiously.

"It has been proved, Van Mitten."

"If they were to get you on certain subjects——"

"You are quite mistaken, I swear!"

"Do not swear."

"But I will swear!" replied Kéraban, becoming excited. "Why should not I swear?"

"Because it's so often difficult to keep an oath."

"Less difficult to keep than to hold one's tongue, in any case, Van Mitten; for it is quite evident at this moment, and just for the pleasure of contradicting me——"

"I, friend Kéraban!"

"Yes, you; and when I tell you that I am resolved never again to be obstinate about trifles, I beg you will not be so, just to prove the contrary."

"You see you are quite wrong this time, Monsieur Van Mitten," said Ahmet, "absolutely wrong!"

"Entirely wrong," continued Amasia, with a smile.

"Altogether wrong," added Nedjeb.

So the worthy Dutchman, finding the majority against him, thought it best to say no more.

But, after all the lessons he had received, and particularly during this journey so imprudently entered upon, and which might yet end disastrously—was Kéraban so "tamed" as he wished people to believe? That was to be seen; but no doubt every-

one was secretly of Van Mitten's opinion. It was indeed an open question whether the bump of combativeness was reduced on the head of this Inflexible One.

"*En route*," said Kéraban, when dinner was over. "This meal has been an excellent one, but I know a better!"

"Which is that?" asked Van Mitten.

"The dinner which awaits us at Scutari!"

The party resumed their journey at four o'clock, and at eight the same evening reached the village of Rize. Then they found they must pass the night in a rather uncomfortable khan—so uncomfortable, indeed, that the young women of the party preferred to remain in the *araba*. The important question turned on rest and forage for the horses; fortunately straw and corn were in sufficiency in the racks. Kéraban and his companions had only one litter at their disposal, but it was dry and fresh, and they contented themselves with it. Next night they hoped to rest in Trebizond, with all the comfort that the best of the hotels in that town could afford.

As for Ahmet, whether the sleeping accommodation was good or bad, it made no difference to him. He would not be able to sleep with suspicion in his mind, for he was always in fear for the safety of Amasia, and confessed to himself that all danger had not been passed with the wreck of the *Guidare*; so he stood sentinel, well armed, near the khan.

Ahmet was right to do so. He had reason to fear, for Captain Yarhud had not lost sight of the party all day. He followed in their tracks, but kept out of sight; for Ahmet knew him as well as the two girls did. As he watched, he resolved upon his plans to recapture the prey which had escaped him, and at all hazards—he had written to Scarpante. This creature of Saffar's, as had been already arranged, was waiting at Trebizond, and Yarhud had appointed to meet him at the caravanserai of Rissar, about three miles from the town, without, however, telling him of the shipwreck and its sad consequences.

So Ahmet had only too good reason to be

on his guard. His presentiments did not deceive him. Yarhud approached near enough to assure himself that the young girls were sleeping in their *araba*. Fortunately for himself, he also saw Ahmet on the watch, and was enabled to retire without being perceived.

But this time, instead of remaining behind the caravan, he started westward along the road to Trebizond, so as to get in front of Kéraban and his party. Before their arrival in the town he wished to confer with Scarpante. So, mounting his horse, which he had ridden from Atina, he proceeded rapidly towards the caravanserai of Rissar.

Next day, the 16th September, as soon as daylight appeared, the whole party were on foot and in high spirits, except Bruno, who was wondering how many more pounds he would lose before he reached Scutari.

"My little Amasia," said Kéraban, rubbing his hands together, "come and let me embrace you."

"Willingly, uncle," she replied, "if you will let me always call you so."

"If I will permit you, my dear child! You may call me your father. Is not Ahmet as a son to me?"

"He is so, uncle Kéraban," said Ahmet, "so much so that he comes to give you an order, as it is right a son should do!"

"What order?"

"To depart at once. The horses are ready, and we must reach Trebizond this morning, you know."

"And so we will," cried Kéraban, "and quit it at sunrise to-morrow. Well, Van Mitten, you see it is fated that you shall visit Trebizond."

"Yes, Trebizond! What a splendid name for a town," exclaimed the Dutchman. "Trebizond and its hill where the Ten Thousand under Xenophon exhibited their games and combats under the presidency of Dracentius, if I may believe my guide-book. In truth, friend Kéraban, I shall not be at all sorry to see Trebizond."

"Well, you will carry away some impor-

tant reminiscences of this journey, Van Mitten."

"They might have been fuller, perhaps."

"At anyrate, you have had nothing to complain of."

"It is not over yet," whispered Bruno to his master, like an oracle of evil omen charged to remind men of the instability of human affairs.

The caravan left the khan at 7 o'clock A.M. The weather was improving, and the sky was rapidly clearing.

At mid-day, they halted at Of, on the Ophis of the ancients, where the old Grecian race still survives. They dined at a small inn, on the supplies obtained from the *araba*, which were, however, nearly exhausted.

Besides, the innkeeper did not trouble himself about his guests, for his wife was very ill, and he was at his wits' end. There was no doctor in the district, and to send to Trebizond for one would be too great an expense for a poor hotel-keeper.

So it followed that Kéraban, aided by Van Mitten, undertook the office of *hakim*, or physician, and prescribed some simple drugs which could be obtained easily at Trebizond.

"May Allah protect you, seigneur," said the stingy husband; "but what will these drugs cost me?"

"Twenty piastres," replied Kéraban.

"Twenty piastres!" exclaimed the man; "why, for that sum I can buy another wife!"

And so saying he turned away, not without thanking the visitors for their advice, by which, however, he did not intend to profit.

"There is a practical husband for you," said Kéraban. "You ought to marry in this country, Van Mitten!"

"Perhaps I ought," replied the Dutchman.

At five o'clock in the evening the travellers halted at Surmeneh. They continued their journey at six, with the intention to reach Trebizond before day declined. But there was delay occasioned by the

breaking of a wheel of the *araba* some six miles from the town,—about nine o'clock in the evening,—and they were thus compelled to pass the night in the caravanserai at the road side, a building well known to all travellers in that part of Asia Minor.

CHAPTER VI.

CONCERNING THE STRANGERS MET BY KERABAN AT THE CARAVANSERAI OF RISSAR.

THE caravanserai of Rissar, like all other buildings of its class, is entirely appropriated to the service of travellers. The host, or guardian, of this particular halting-place near Trebizond, was a certain Turk named Kidros, a cunning rogue and more "tricky" than are members of his race: he usually took great care of the place. He sought to please his guests, with much advantage to his own interests, which he understood thoroughly; he was always of their opinion, even to the extent of reducing their bills (which he had previously "swollen" with a view to this very reduction, and still left himself a handsome profit) out of pure regard for such honourable travellers!

The arrangement of the caravanserai was as follows:—A vast court-yard, encircled by four walls, out of which a gate opened into the country. At each side of this gate were two watch-towers, whence one could overlook the environs in case the roads were unsafe. In the thickness of the walls were doors giving access to separate rooms in which travellers could pass the night, for they were seldom occupied during the day. A few sycamore trees planted round the court-yard threw a little shade upon it. In the centre was a well, worked by an endless chain pump, the buckets of which could empty themselves into a trough which formed a semi-circular basin. Outside was a line of boxes in sheds where the horses found food and litter. Behind were the pickets, to which mules and dromedaries were attached as being less particular than horses in the matter of accommodation.

That evening of which we are writing, the caravanserai without being full, had a good many occupants; some on the way to Trebizond, others to the eastern provinces, Armenia, Persia, or Kurdistan. Twenty chambers were full, and the occupants were for the most part asleep.

About nine o'clock, only two men were walking up and down the court-yard; they were talking earnestly, and only interrupted their conversation to cast a suspicious look around occasionally. These two individuals, dressed so as not to attract particular notice, were Seigneur Saffar and his steward Scarpante.

"I repeat that it is here, Seigneur, that Yarhud has appointed to meet us. Here is the caravanserai Rissar," said the steward.

"Dog!" exclaimed Saffar. "Why is he not here then?"

"He will not tarry now."

"And why has he thought of bringing Amasia here instead of carrying her direct to Trebizond?"

Saffar and Scarpante, it must be remembered, were ignorant of the wreck of the *Guidare*, and of the succeeding events.

"Yarhud's letter to me came from the harbour of Atina," said Scarpante. "It makes no mention of the young lady, but begs me to meet him here."

"And he is not come," exclaimed Saffar, advancing towards the gate. "Ah, he had better beware how he tries my patience! I have a presentiment that some accident has occurred."

"Why, seigneur? The weather has been stormy, and perhaps the vessel could not reach Trebizond, so she put in at Atina."

"But who can tell whether Yarhud succeeded in the first instance in carrying Amasia away from Odessa?"

"Yarhud is not only a skilful seaman," replied Scarpante, "he is also a very sharp fellow!"

"Yet his sharpness is not always successful," replied the calm voice of the Maltese captain himself, who had for a few moments been standing motionless on the threshold of the caravanserai.

Seigneur Saffar and Scarpante both turned round suddenly, and the latter exclaimed—
“Yarhud!”

“At last you are here,” said Saffar, roughly, as he advanced towards the captain.

“Yes, Seigneur Saffar,” he replied, bowing. “Here I am—at last!”

“And Selim’s daughter? Did you succeed in carrying her away from Odessa?”

“The banker’s daughter,” replied Yarhud, “was carried away by me about six weeks ago, soon after the departure of Ahmet, who was obliged to accompany his uncle in his journey round the Black Sea. I at once set sail for Trebizond, but my vessel was carried to the eastward, and, notwithstanding all my efforts, was wrecked on the rocks near Atina, and all my crew were drowned!”

“All your crew?” exclaimed Scarpante.

“Yes.”

“And Amasia?” enquired Saffar, who seemed little affected by the loss of the *Guidare*.

“She was saved: saved with the young servant, whom I carried off with her.”

“But if she was saved——” said Scarpante.

“Where is she?” interrupted Saffar.

“Seigneur,” replied the Maltese. “Fate was adverse to me—or rather, to you.”

“Speak,” cried Saffar, menacingly.

“The banker’s daughter,” replied Yarhud, “was rescued by her *fiancé*, Ahmet, who was by some unfortunate chance on the spot.”

“Saved by him!” exclaimed Scarpante.

“And at this moment?” enquired Saffar.

“At this moment she is under the protection of Ahmet, of his uncle, and his companions on the way to Trebizond. Thence they propose to proceed to Scutari to celebrate their marriage.”

“Bungler!” roared Saffar. “Why did you let her escape instead of saving her yourself?”

“I would have done so at the peril of my life; if Ahmet had not come up, she would now be safe in your palace at Trebizond.”

“Ah, you are quite unworthy of any mission,” replied Saffar, who could not restrain an angry movement.

“Will you listen to me, seigneur?” said Scarpante. “When you are calmer you will recognize the fact that Yarhud did all that was possible.”

“All,” added the Maltese.

“All is not enough,” replied Saffar, “when the accomplishment of my orders fails.”

“The past is past, Seigneur Saffar,” said Scarpante. “Let us look at the present and see what chances it offers us. Amasia is not yet Ahmet’s wife—nothing is lost!”

“No, nothing,” added Yarhud. “After the shipwreck I followed her; I have watched Ahmet and his companions ever since their departure from Atina. They are travelling without any suspicion. The way is long across Anatolia from Trebizond to the shores of the Bosphorus. Now neither Amasia nor her servant have any idea whither the *Guidare* was bound. Besides, no one in the caravan knows Seigneur Saffar nor Scarpante. Can we not take them in a trap?”

“Scarpante,” said Saffar coldly: “this girl is necessary to me. If fate is against me I will fight against fate. It shall never be said that my wishes cannot be complied with.”

“It shall be as you desire,” replied Scarpante. “Yes; between Trebizond and Scutari, in those deserted plains, it is possible, even easy, to lie in wait for the caravan, perhaps to find a guide for it who will know how to lose his way: then you may attack it with your men. But that is force—better succeed by stratagem if we can.”

“But in what manner?” inquired Saffar.

“You said, Yarhud,” replied Scarpante, turning to the Maltese, “that Ahmet and his companions were making for Trebizond?”

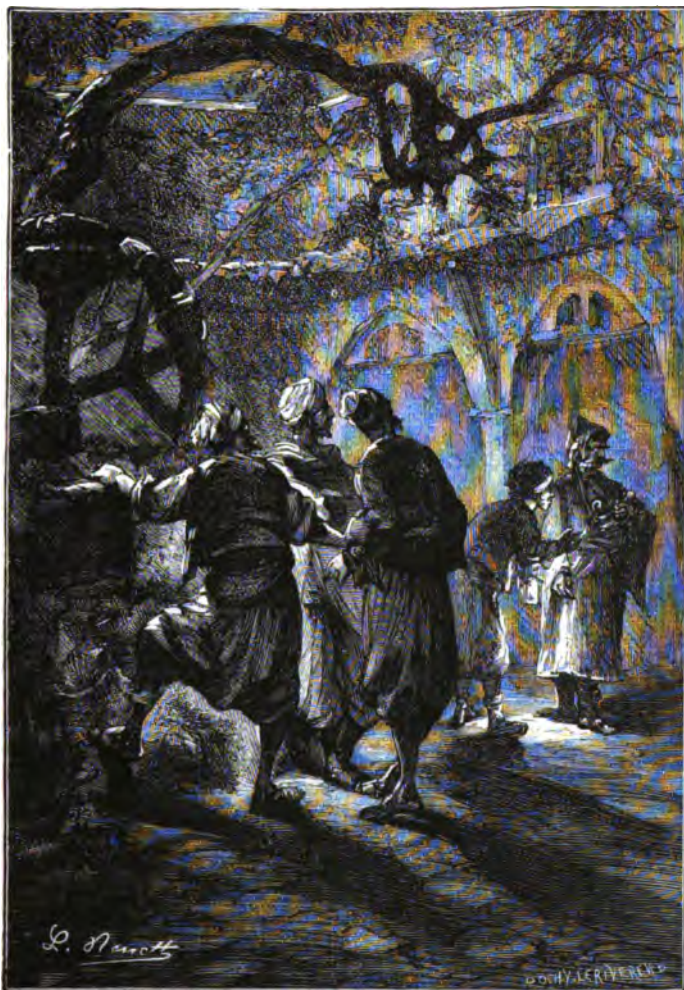
“Yes, and they will soon arrive here, and will certainly pass the night in the caravanserai,” said Yarhud.

“Well then,” said Scarpante, “cannot

we stir up some excitement which will detain them here—which will separate Amasia from her betrothed?"

"I have more faith in force," remarked Saffar, brutally.

"Very well," replied Scarpante. "We



"Silence, we are not alone!"

can use force if stratagem fail. But leave me here to watch what goes on."

"Hush, Scarpante," said the Maltese. "We are not alone."

As he spoke, two men entered the courtyard. One was Kidros, the other an important personage—at least by repute—who must be introduced to the reader.

Seigneur Saffar, Scarpante, and Yarhud moved away into an obscure corner apart. There they could listen at their ease, and so much the more easily, as the personage in question always spoke in very loud tones, and very haughtily.

This person was a Kurdish "lord," and his name was Yanar.

(To be continued.)

FOR NAME AND FAME;

A TALE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

BY G. A. HENTY.

Author of "Out with Clive;" "Facing Death;" "By Sheer Pluck;" "Under Drake's Flag;"
 "The Young Buglers;" "Coronet of Horse;" "Friends, though Divided," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ATTACK ON THE VILLAGE.



DAY or two later a Malay ran at full speed into the village, and said a few words which caused a perfect hubbub of excitement. The men shouted; the women screamed, and, running up the ladders to their tree abodes, began gathering together the various articles of value in their eyes. The chief came up to the boys, and by signs intimated that a large number of hostile natives belonging to several villages were advancing to attack them, and that they must fly into the interior.

This was very unwelcome news for the lads. Once removed farther from the sea the tribe might not improbably take up their abode there, as they would fear to return to the neighbourhood of their enemies. This would be fatal to any chance of the lads' being taken off by a passing ship.

After a few words together they determined to oppose the movement. Will, in a loud voice and with threatening gestures, intimated that he disapproved of the plan, and that he and his companion would assist them in defending their village. The Malays paused in their preparations. Their faith in their white visitors was very great, and after a few minutes' talk among themselves they intimated to the boys that they would obey their orders. Will at once signed to a few men to stand as guards round the village to warn them of the approaching enemy, and then set the whole

of the rest of the population to work cutting sharp-pointed poles, boughs, and thorny bushes. With these a circle was made around the trees upon which the village was built.

Fortunately the hostile Malays had halted in the forest two or three miles away, intending to make their attack by night; and, as the news of their coming had arrived at noon, the villagers had, before they ceased work late in the evening, erected a formidable hedge round the village. Some of the women had been set to work manufacturing a number of torches, similar to those used by them for lighting their dwellings, but much larger. They were formed of the stringy bark of a tree, dipped in the resinous juice obtained from another. Will had one of these fastened to each of the trees nearest to the hedge. They were fixed to the trunks on the outside, so that their flame would throw a light on the whole circle beyond the hedge, while within all would be shadow and darkness.

It was very late before all preparations were completed. Will then placed a few men as outposts some hundred yards in the forest, in the direction from which the enemy were likely to approach. They were ordered to give the alarm the moment they heard a noise, and were then to run in and enter the circle by a small gap, which had been let in the abbatis for the purpose. Many of the men then took their posts, with their bows and arrows, in the trees near the hedge. The others remained on the ground ready to rush to any point assailed.

For several hours no sound, save the calls of the night birds and the occasional distant

howls of beasts of prey; was heard in the forest; and it was not until within an hour of morning—the hour generally selected by Malays for an attack, as men sleep at that time the heaviest—that a loud yell at one of the outposts told that the enemy were close at hand.

Two or three minutes later the scouts ran in, and the gap through which they had entered was at once filled up with bushes, which had been piled close at hand for the purpose. Aware that their approach was discovered, the enemy abandoned all further concealment, and advanced with wild yells, intending to strike terror into the defenders of the village. As they advanced the torches were all lighted, and as the assailants came within their circle of light a shower of arrows from the Malays on the ground and in the trees above was poured into them.

Yells and screams told that the volley had been a successful one; but, discharging their arrows in turn, the Malays with demoniac yells rushed against the village. The advance, however, was arrested suddenly when they arrived at the abbatiss. From behind its shelter, so deadly a rain of arrows was poured in that they soon shrank back, and bounded away beyond the circle of light, while taunting shouts rose from its defenders.

For a time they contented themselves by distant shouting, and then with a wild yell charged forward again. Several dropped from the fire of arrows from those in the trees and behind the abbatiss; but, discharging their arrows in return, the assailants kept on until they again reached the impediment. Here they strove furiously to break through, hacking with their creases and endeavouring to pull up the stakes with their hands; but the defenders in the shade behind sent their arrows so fast and thick that the assailants again shrank back and darted away to shelter.

Throughout the night there was no renewal of the attack, and in the morning not a foe was visible. Two or three scouts went out to reconnoitre, but no sooner did

they enter the forest, than one of them was shot down and the rest sent flying back.

“I believe the scoundrels are going to try to starve us out,” Will said. “Let us speak to the chief and ask how much provisions they have got?”

After much pantomime, Will succeeded in conveying his meaning to the chief, and the latter at once ordered all the inhabitants to produce their stock of food. This was unexpectedly large, and Will thought that there was sufficient for a fortnight's consumption. He now made signs of drinking, but the reply to this was disheartening in the extreme. A few gourds full of water were brought forward, and two or three of the close-woven baskets in which water is often carried in this country: there was, in fact, scarce enough to last the defenders for a day.

The stream from which the village drew its supply of water was about a couple of hundred yards away; consequently the villagers fetched up their water as they needed it, and no one thought of keeping a store. Will looked in dismay at the smallness of the supply.

“If they really intend to starve us out, Hans, we are done for. No doubt they reckon on our water falling short. They would know that it was not likely that there would be a supply here.”

The natives were not slow to recognise the weak point of their defence. One or two of the men, taking water baskets, were about to go to the stream, but Will made signs to the chief that they must not do this.

The only hope was that the enemies would draw off, but if they saw that water was already short, they would be encouraged to continue to beleaguer the place. Will was unable to explain his reasons to the chief, but the latter seeing how great was the advantage that they had already gained by following the counsel of their white visitors in the matter of the hedge, acquiesced at once in their wishes.

Will then ascended to one of the huts, and carefully reconnoitred the whole ground. There was, he saw, at the end farthest from

the stream a slight dip in the land extending into the forest. Beckoning the chief to join him, he made signs that at night the warriors should issue silently from the village at this point, and make noiselessly through the wood; they would then take a wide circuit, till they came upon the stream, and would then, working up it, fall upon the enemy in the rear.

The chief was dubious, but Will made an imperative gesture and the chief in a humble manner agreed to do as he was ordered. The day passed slowly, and before nightfall the supply of water was entirely finished. Once or twice scouts had gone out to see if the enemy were still round the village, but returned each time with the news that they were there.

The last time, just before nightfall, Will directed two or three of them to take water-buckets, and to go in the direction of the stream; signing to them, however, to return the moment they saw signs of the enemy. They were soon back; and, as Will had expected, the sight of the water-buckets showed the enemy that the garrison of the village were badly supplied in that respect; and taunting shouts arose from the woods asking them why they did not go down to drink.

Will felt certain that the Malays would now draw the greater part of their number down to the side of the stream, and that there would therefore be the more chance of the garrison making their way out at the other end of the village.

Three hours after it was dark the chief mustered all his men, they were about five-and-forty in all. Will signed that each should take with him a water-basket or large gourd, so that, in case they failed in defeating the enemy and breaking up the blockade, they might at least be able to bring a supply of water into the village. Will then, with much difficulty, explained to the chief that the old men, boys, and women remaining in the village were, the moment they heard the sound of the attack upon the enemy's rear, to shout and yell their loudest and to shoot arrows in the direction of the enemy.

A few sticks had already been pulled up at the point of the hedge through which Will intended to make a sally, and the band now passed noiselessly out. The chief himself led the way, the white boys following behind him. Lying upon their stomachs they crawled noiselessly along down the little depression, and in ten minutes were well in the wood without having met with an enemy, although they had several times heard voices among the trees near them. They now rose to their feet and, making a wide detour, came down, after a quarter-of-an-hour's walk, upon the stream. Here the gourds and baskets were filled; and then, keeping along by the water-side, they continued their march.

Presently they saw a number of fires, round which many Malays were sitting. They crept noiselessly up until within a few yards, and then with a yell burst upon the enemy. Numbers were cut down at once, and the rest, appalled by this attack on their rear, and supposing that the inhabitants of some other village must have arrived to the assistance of those they were besieging, at once fled in all directions. Those remaining in the village had seconded the attack by wild shouts so loud and continuous that their besiegers had no reason to suppose that their number had been weakened.

For a few minutes the pursuit was kept up; then the chief recalled his followers with a shout. The water-baskets, many of which had been thrown down in the attack, were refilled, and the party made their way up to the village, where they were received with shouts of triumph.

The panic of the Malays had been in no slight degree caused by the appearance of the two boys, who had purposely stripped to the waist, and had shouted at the top of their voices, as, waving the creases which they had borrowed, they fell upon the foe.

The idea that white devils were leagued with the enemies against them had excited the superstitious fear of the Malays to the utmost, and when in the morning scouts again sallied from the village, they

found that the enemy had entirely gone, the fact that they had not even returned to carry off the effects which had been abandoned in the first panic, showing that they had continued their flight, without stopping, to their distant villages.

The chief, like an able politician, took advantage of the impression which his white visitors had created, and the same day sent off messengers to the villages which had combined in the attack against them, saying that the white men, his guests, were very angry; and that, unless peace was made and a solemn promise given that there should be no renewal of the late attempts, they were going to lay a dreadful spell upon the villages. Women and children would be seized by disease and the right arms of the warriors wither up.

This terrible threat carried consternation into the Malay villages. The women burst into prolonged wailings, and the bravest of the men trembled. The messenger said that the white men had consented to abstain from using their magical powers until the following day, and that the only chance to propitiate them was for deputations from the villages to come in early the next morning with promises of peace and offerings for the offended white men.

It was not for some time afterwards that the lads learned enough of the language to understand what had been done, but they guessed (from the exultation of the chief and the signs which he made that their late enemies would shortly come in, in an attitude of humiliation) that he had in some way succeeded in establishing a scare among them.

On the following morning deputations consisting of six warriors and women bearing trays with fruit, birds, and other offerings, arrived at the village. The men were unarmed. At their approach the chief made signs to the boys to take a seat at the foot of the principal tree; and then, accompanied by his leading warriors, led the deputation with much ceremony before them. The women placed their trays at their feet, and the men addressed them in long speeches

and with many signs of submission. The boys played their part well. As soon as they saw what was required of them, they signified with an air of much dignity that they accepted the offerings; and then went through the ceremony of shaking hands solemnly with each of the warriors. Then they made a speech, in which with much gesticulation they signified to the visitors that a terrible fate would befall them should they again venture to meddle with the village.

Much awed and impressed, the Malays withdrew. The boys made a selection from the baskets of fruit for their own eating, and then signified to the chief that he should divide the rest among the inhabitants of the village. When this was done the boys ascended to their tree and passed the day there quietly, the villagers indulging in feasting, singing, and rejoicing over their victory.

"The worst of all this is," Will said to Hans, "that the more they reverence us and the more useful they find us, the more anxious they will be to keep us always with them. However, there is one comfort: we are safe as long as we choose to remain here, and that is more than we could have hoped for when we first landed from the wreck. It is curious that the Malays, who have no hesitation in attacking English ships and murdering their crews, have yet a sort of superstitious dread of us. But I suppose it is something the same way as it was in England in the days of the persecution of old women as witches: they believed that, if left to themselves, they could cast deadly spells; and yet they had no hesitation in putting them to death. I suppose that it is something of the same feeling here."

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIGHT WITH THE PRAHUS.

VERY frequently, in the days that followed, William Gale and his friend Hans talked over the possibility of effecting an escape; but the difficulties appeared almost invincible. The various villages, which, so far

as the boys could understand, were scattered at some distance apart, had little dealings with each other, and indeed were frequently engaged in feuds. The particular people with whom they lived had nothing whatever to do with the sea. They used—at least so the boys understood by their signs—to fish at one time; but they had been robbed of their boats and maltreated by some of the cruising tribes who lived in villages on the coast or on creeks and rivers.

The possibility of escape seemed small indeed. To escape, they must get on board a ship; and to do this, they must first go out to sea, and this could only be done in a boat of their own or in one of the piratical *prahus*. The latter course could not be thought of, for the coast pirates were blood-thirsty in the extreme; and even could they change their residence to one of the sea-side villages and gain the friendship of the inhabitants, they would be no nearer to their end. For as these go out to attack and not to trade with European ships, there would be no chance of escaping that way.

Upon the other hand, they might build a boat of their own; but they considered it improbable that the Malays would allow them to depart, for they evidently regarded their presence as a prodigy, and revered them as having miraculously arrived at the moment when a great danger threatened the village; but even should they be allowed to build a boat and depart, they knew not whither to go. They knew nothing of navigation, and were ignorant of the geography of the Archipelago, and the chances of their striking upon the one or two spots where alone they could land with safety, were so small that it would be madness to undertake the voyage.

For three months they lived quietly in the Malay village. The people instructed them in the use of their blow-guns, in which they are wonderfully skilful, being able to bring down a bird sitting on a lofty bough of a tree with almost an unerring accuracy. They also taught them to shoot with the bow and arrow, and they found that the natives used the roots of various kinds of

plants for food. The time did not pass unpleasantly, and had they known that it would last but a few months only, they would have enjoyed it much.

At last, after much deliberation, they determined that they would, as a first step towards escape, construct a little boat under pretence of wanting to fish. Accordingly, one day when out with the chief and two or three of his men in the direction of the sea, they pointed there and signified that they wished to go there, for they had picked up a good many Malay words. The chief shook his head, but they insisted in so authoritative a manner that he gave way and followed them.

When they reached the shore they made signs that they wanted to construct a boat. Again the chief shook his head vehemently, and enforced his meaning by pointing along shore and going through the action first of rowing, then of fighting; intimating that they would certainly be killed by the fierce coast tribes if they ventured out. The boys nodded, to show that they understood what he wished to say; but pointing to the water a few yards from shore, went through the action of fishing; then, burdening themselves with imaginary fish, they pointed to the village and showed that they would supply it with food.

The Malays talked for some time among themselves. They had so vast a respect for the white men that they did not like to thwart their wishes. The thought too of a supply of fish, of which they had been long deprived owing to their feuds with some of the coast villages, also operated strongly in favour of their yielding an assent; and at last the chief made signs that he agreed, and pointing to the village intimated that assistance should be given in building a boat.

The next day, accordingly, ten or twelve men with hatchets came down to the shore. A tree was felled, the ends were pointed, and the whole formed roughly into the shape of a canoe; fires were lighted on the top, and by dint of flame and axe a hollow was dug out. The operation lasted three

days, the men having brought provisions with them, so as to avoid making the journey—two-and-a-half hours long—from and to the village each day. The boat when finished was but a rough construction, and would have excited the mockery of any of the coast villagers, as they are expert boat-builders; still it was amply sufficient for the purpose for which it was intended, namely for fishing inside the line of reefs.

It was heavy and paddled slowly, and the lads had a strong suspicion that the Malays had purposely made it more clumsy and unseaworthy than need be, in order that they should have no temptation to attempt a distant journey in her. There was no difficulty about lines, the Malays being skilled in making string and ropes from the fibres of trees. The hooks were more difficult; but, upon searching very carefully along the shore, the lads found some fragments of one of the ship boats, and in these were several copper nails, which, hammered and bent, would serve their purpose well. The lines were ready on the day the canoe was finished, and as soon as she was launched the chief and one of the other Malays and the boys took their seats in her.

The natives paddled her out nearly to the edge of the reef; four lines, baited with pieces of raw birds' flesh, were thrown overboard. A few minutes passed rather anxiously for the lads, who were most desirous that the fishing should be successful, so as to afford them an excuse for frequently pursuing it. Then there was a bite, and Hans, who held the line, found that it taxed his strength to haul in the fish which tugged and strained upon it. When it was got into the boat it proved to be of some fourteen pounds in weight. By this time two of the other baits had been taken, and in less than an hour they had caught upwards of thirty fish, most of them of considerable size.

The natives were delighted; and, paddling to shore, the burden was distributed among the whole party, with the exception of the chief and the two whites. Before starting, a young tree was cut down and

chopped into lengths of a few feet each, and on these rollers the canoe was hauled high up the beach. Then the party set out for the village, where their arrival, with so large a supply of food, occasioned great rejoicing.

After this the boys went down regularly every day to fish; at first three or four of the natives always accompanied them, under pretence of carrying back the fish, but really, as they thought, to keep a watch over them. To lessen their hosts' suspicions, sometimes one or other stayed in the village. As time went on, the suspicion of the Malays abated. The number of the guard was lessened; and, finally, as the men disliked so long a tramp, some of the boys were told off to accompany the white men and assist in bringing back their fish. They were in the habit of starting soon after day-break, and of not returning until late in the evening, accounting for their long absence by pointing to the sun.

The fishing was always performed immediately they reached the coast. When they had caught as many as they and the boys could carry, these were placed in a large covered basket, which was sunk in the water close to the shore, to keep the fish in good condition until they started. Then they would paddle about within the reef; or, during the extreme heat of the day, lie in the boat, shaded by bunches of palm leaves.

The Malay boys, who were set on shore after the fishing, were left alone, and amused themselves by bathing, or passed the time asleep under the trees.

After the first day or two it struck the boys that it was dangerous to leave the canoe high on the sand, as it would be observed even at a distance, by a passing *prahu*. Consequently, a deep trench was dug from the sea, far enough up to allow the canoe, when floating in it, to lie below the level of the beach. Before leaving her she was each day roughly covered with sea-weed, and might, therefore, escape observation by any craft passing at a short distance from the shore.

In their expeditions along the reef, the

boys discovered a passage through it. It was of about double the width of a ship, and of amply sufficient depth to allow a vessel of any size to cross. At all other points, for a distance of a mile or two either way, which was the extent of their excursions, the reef came very near to the surface, its jagged points for the most part showing above it.

Several months passed, and still no sail which promised a hope of deliverance had shown over the surface of the sea. Scarce a day passed without their seeing the Malay *prahus* passing up and down the coast; but these always kept some distance out, and caused no uneasiness to the fishermen. They had, during this time, completed the hollowing out of the boat, until her sides were extremely thin, and she was so light that she could be paddled at a high rate of speed.

They were both now expert with the paddle, and felt that if, in a light wind, a vessel should be seen off the coast, they would be enabled to row out and reach her. It might be, they knew, months or even years before such a ship could be seen. Still, as there were many vessels trading among the islands, at any moment an occurrence might arise.

One afternoon they had been dozing under their leafy shade, when Will, who first awoke, sat up and uttered a cry. Almost abreast of them, and but a quarter of a mile outside the reef, was a large brig. The wind was light, and, with every stitch of canvas set, she was making but slow progress through the water.

Hans, leaping up, echoed the cry; and, seizing their paddles, they rowed with all their strength away to the opening through the reef, passed through, and headed for the ship. They now saw what they had not at first observed. At a distance of some three miles astern were five large *prahus* with their sails set, and the banks of oars rising and falling rapidly. The brig was chased by the pirates. The boys rested on their paddles for a moment.

"They are more than a match for her,

I am afraid," Will said. "What do you say, Hans, shall we go on or not?"

Hans made no reply, he was never quick at coming to a decision.

"We had better go," Will went on. "We can see whether they mean to fight or not."

The boys were naked to the waist, for the thorns of the forest had long since torn in pieces the shirts which they had on when they landed from the wreck, and their skins were bronzed to a deep copper colour. Still they differed in hue from the natives of the island, and the men on board the brig regarded them with some surprise as they approached it.

"Throw us a rope!" Will shouted as they neared her.

There was a cry of surprise from the crew at being addressed in English, but a rope was thrown, and the boys soon sprang on board. They saw at once that the ship was an English one.

"Hallo! where do you spring from?" asked the captain.

"We were shipwrecked here six months ago," Will said, "and have been living with the natives."

"At any other time I should have been glad to see you," the captain said; "but just at present, if you will take my advice, you will get into your canoe, and row on shore again. As you see," and he pointed to the *prahus*, "we are chased; and although I mean to fight to the last, for there is no mercy to be expected from these blood-thirsty scoundrels, I fear the chances are small."

Will looked round, and saw that the six cannons which the brig carried—for vessels trading in the Eastern Archipelago are always armed—had already been loosened ready for action, and that a group of men were at work mounting a long gun which had just been raised from the hold. Knowing the number of men that the *prahus* carried, Will felt that the chance of a successful resistance was slight.

There were about eighteen men on deck, a number larger than the brig would carry in other seas, but necessary in so dangerous

a trading-ground as this. The *prahus*, however, would each carry from eighty to one hundred men; and these attacking at once from opposite sides would be likely to bear down all opposition. Suddenly an idea occurred to him.

"Look, sir, there is a passage through the reef there, with plenty of water and width enough for your ship. I can take her through. There is no other passage for some distance. If you take her inside and lay her across the channel, the *prahus* can only attack on one side, and you can bring all your guns and strength there."

The captain at once saw the advantage of this scheme.

"Capital," he exclaimed. "Take the helm at once, my lad. Ease off the sheets, men."

They were now nearly opposite the entrance, and the light wind was blowing towards the shore. The captain ordered all hands to reduce sail, only keeping on enough to give the vessel steerage way. Two boats were lowered and an anchor and cable passed into each, and, when the brig had passed through the opening, the rest of the sail was lowered.

The boats rowed to the reef, one on either side. The anchors were firmly fixed into the rock, and one being taken from the head and the other from the stern, the crews set to work at the capstan and speedily had her safely moored, broadside on, across the entrance to the reef.

The Malay boats were now about a mile astern. They had ceased rowing when they saw the vessel headed for the land, supposing that the captain was about to run on shore. When, to their astonishment, they saw her pass the reef with safety, they again set to at their work. The guns were now all brought over to the side facing the entrance and were loaded to the muzzle with bullets. A number of shots belonging to the long gun were placed by the bulwarks in readiness to hurl down into the *prahus* should they get alongside.

The sailors, though determined to fight till the last, had, when the boys

came on board, made the preparations with the silence of despair. They were now in high spirits, for they felt that they could beat off any attempt of the enemy to attack them. When the Malays were abreast of the ship, they ceased rowing and drew close together, and evidently held a consultation.

The brig at once opened fire with her long gun, and the first shot hulled one of the *prahus* close to the water's edge.

"That's right, Tom," the captain said, "stick to the same craft: if you can sink her there is one the less."

Several more shots were fired, with such effect, that the Malays were observed jumping overboard in great numbers, and swimming towards the other boats, their own being in a sinking condition. The other four *prahus* at once turned their heads towards shore, and rowed with full speed on towards the ship.

They knew that the entrance, of whose existence they had been previously unaware, was an exceedingly narrow one; and, as they neared the shore, could see by the line of breaking surf that it could at most be wide enough for one to pass at a time. Accordingly, one drew ahead, and discharging the cannon which it carried in its bow, rowed at full speed for the entrance, another following so close behind that its bow almost touched the stern.

"Train the guns to bear on the centre of the channel," the captain said; "let the three bow guns take the first boat, the other three the second. Do you, Tom, work away at the two behind."

The *prahus* came along at a great rate, the sweeps churning up the water into foam. The leading boat dashed through the channel, the sweeps grating on the rocks on either side; her bow was but two yards distant from the side of the ship when the captain gave the word. The three cannon poured their contents into her, sweeping her crowded decks and tearing out her bottom. Great as was her speed, she sank below the water just as her bow touched the side of the ship. Ten seconds

later, the command was again given, and a broadside as destructive was poured into the second boat. The damage done was somewhat less, and her bow reached the side of the ship.

A dozen Malays sprang on board as their boat sank under their feet ; but the sailors were ready, and with musket, pistol, and cutlass fell upon them, and either cut them down or drove them overboard. The sea around was covered with swimmers, but the ship was too high out of the water for them to attempt to board her, and the Malays at once struck out for the shore, the sailors keeping up the musketry fire upon them until out of range. The other two boats had not followed : the mate had plumped a shot from the long gun full into the bow of the first ; and, seeing the destruction which had fallen upon their leaders, both turned their heads and made for sea, the mate continuing his fire until they were out of range, one shot carrying away the greater part of the oars on one side of the boat previously struck.

When at a distance of upwards of a mile, they ceased rowing and for some time lay close together. The men of the injured boat were observed to be stopping the yawning hole in her bows a few inches above the water level, the other started off at full speed up the coast. It was now evening, and there was scarcely a breath of wind. The men crowded round the lads and thanked them warmly for having been the means of saving them from destruction.

"I am afraid you are not out of danger yet," Will said, as the captain shook him by the hand. "No doubt that boat has gone off with the news, and before morning you will have half-a-dozen fresh enemies coming down inside the reef to attack you."

"If we had but a breath of wind we might do," the captain said.

"I fear you will have none before morning ; then it generally blows fresh for two or three hours. I don't know how far it is to the village which is the head-quarter of the pirates : as far as I could make out from the Malays with whom we have been living,

it is about six hours' walking, but the boats will row twice as fast as a man would walk through the forest. In that case you may be attacked at two or three o'clock in the morning, and you wont get the breeze till after sunrise.

"Are there any other channels through the reef?" the captain asked.

"I do not know," Will replied. "We have never explored it very far either way, but as I should think from the action of the Malays that they did not know of this, they might not know of any other did it exist."

"Then," the captain said, "I will warp the brig out through the channel again, and anchor her, stem and stern, across it outside. They will find it as hard to attack us there as they did before. Then, when the breeze comes, we will slip our cable and run for it. She is a fast sailer, and can, I think, get away from the pirates even with their sails and oars ; besides, by shifting the long gun and two of the others to her stern, we can give it them so hot that even if they are the fastest we may sicken them."

"I do not know, sir," Will said. "They would be likely to hang about you until the breeze drops, and then to attack you on all sides at once. If we could but keep them from coming through the channel in pursuit we should be safe."

"Ah, but how on earth are we to do that?" the captain asked.

William Gale was silent for a minute or two.

"Have you plenty of powder on board the ship, sir?"

"Plenty—we use it for barter."

"It seems to me"—Will went on—"that if, before sailing, you could sink a couple of barrels of powder in the channel, with a fuse to explode them a few minutes after we had left, the Malays would be so astonished at the explosion that they would not venture to pass through."

"Your idea is a capital one," the captain said warmly ; "but how about a fuse which would burn under water? What do you think, Tom ; could it be managed?"

"I should think so, sir," the mate answered. "Suppose we take one of those empty 30-gallon beer casks, and fill that up with powder—it will hold ten or twelve of the little barrels; and then we might bung it up and make a hole in its head. Over the hole we might fix a wine-bottle with the bottom knocked out, and so fastened with tow and oakum that the water won't get in. Then we might shove down, through the mouth of the bottle and through the hole below it into the powder, a long strip of paper dipped in saltpetre to make touch-paper of it. I don't know as a regular fuse would do, as it might go out for want of air; but there would be plenty to keep touch-paper alight. We could sling three or four 18-pounder shots under the bottom of the cask, to make it sink upright. Just before we slip our cables, we might lower it down with the boats, lighting the fuse the last thing, and sticking in the cork. If we don't put too much saltpetre it might burn for some minutes before it reached the powder."

"It's worth trying, at any rate," the captain said, "but I fear it would not burn long enough. I think that, instead of a bottle, we might jamb a piece of iron tube, six or eight feet long, into the head of the cask, and cut a bung to fit it. In that way we could get a good length of fuse."

This plan was carried out. A large cask was filled with powder, and an iron tube three inches in diameter and six feet long fitted into it, and made watertight. A long strip of paper, after being dipped in water in which gunpowder had been dissolved, was then dried, rolled tight, and lowered down the tube until it touched the powder. A bung was cut to fit the top of the tube, a piece of wash-leather being placed over it to ensure its being perfectly water-tight; the top of the fuse was then cut level with the pipe. Several bits of iron were lashed to the lower end of the cask to make it sink upright, and the cask was steadily lowered into a boat lying alongside the ship, in readiness for use.

The sailors entered into the preparations with the glee of schoolboys, but the machine

was not ready until long after the ship had been towed out again through the channel, and moored broadside to it just outside.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TORPEDO.

It was about two o'clock in the morning when the watch awoke the crew with the news that they could hear the distant sound of oars coming along the shore. All took their places in silence. After a time the rowing ceased and all was quiet again. Half an hour passed and then there was a slight sound close alongside, and in the channel they could dimly make out a small boat which was rapidly rowed away into the darkness again, several musket-shots being fired after it.

"They have sent on ahead to find if we were lying in the same berth," the captain said. "I expect they will be puzzled when they hear that we are outside and that the entrance is guarded. I should not be surprised if they did not attack before morning. They had such a lesson yesterday, that I don't think they will try to force the channel in our teeth again; but will play the waiting game, sure that they will secure us sooner or later."

So it turned out. The hours passed slowly on, but no sound was heard. Then in the, dim morning light a pirate fleet of eight *prahus* was seen lying at a distance of half a mile within the reef. As the day broke the breeze sprang up, the sails were hoisted, and the captain prepared to slip his cables. A similar preparation could, through the glasses, be observed on board the Malay fleet.

"That will do very well," the captain said. "Those fellows will be along in about eight or ten minutes after we have started, and the fuse, according to the experiments we made as to its rate of burning, will last about seven. Now, quick lads, into the boat. Tom, you take charge of the sinking."

In another minute the boat was rowed to the channel and the cask lowered over the

side. It was held there for a minute while the mate struck a light and applied it to the touch-paper. Then he pressed the bung firmly into the top of the tube, the lashings of the cask were cut and the boat rowed back to the ship. The anchors were already on board, and the brig was getting way on her as the boat rowed alongside. The men jumped on board, and the boat was suffered to tow behind, while all hands set the whole of the sails. The vessel was soon running briskly before the land breeze.

The pirate fleet was instantly in motion. Every eye in the ship was directed towards them.

"They will be there in less than ten minutes from the moment I lowered the cask," the mate said, looking at his watch.

"Not much," the captain said, "they are rowing fast now, but the trees keep off the wind and their sails do not help them. They were a minute or two behind us in starting."

It was just eight minutes from the time when the cask had been lowered, that the first of the Malay boats rowed out through the channel.

"I hope nothing has gone wrong," the mate growled.

"I am not afraid of that, though we may be wrong a minute or two as to the length of the fuse."

Another boat followed the first; the third was in mid-channel, when suddenly she seemed to rise bodily in the air, and then to fall into pieces. A mighty column of water, a hundred feet high, rose into the air, mingled with fragments of wood and human bodies. A deep, low report was heard, and the brig shook as if she had come into collision with some floating body.

Although they were nearly a mile away, the yell of astonishment and fright of the Malays reached the ship. The *prahus* still inside the reef were seen to turn round, and row away along the coast at the top of their speed; while those which had passed the channel, after rowing wildly for some distance, lay on their oars, the crews apparently stupefied at what had taken place. The

craft which had been injured the day before, still lay seaward on watch, but now turned her head and rowed towards the shore to join her consorts.

The *Sea Belle* left the coast. The Malays attempted no pursuit, but, so long as they could be seen, remained inactive near the scene of the sudden and, to them, inexplicable catastrophe which had befallen their consort. Once fairly freed from all fear of pursuit, the captain invited the two lads into his cabin, and there heard from them an account of all the adventures through which they had passed. When they had finished he questioned them as to their plans. Hans said that he intended to take the first ship bound for Holland.

"And you?" he asked Will.

"I have no particular plan," Will said. "I am in no hurry to return to England, having no relatives there. After being so long absent—for it is now a year since I sailed from Yarmouth—I should not care to return and take up my apprenticeship as a fisherman."

"Will you ship regularly on board the *Sea Belle*?" the captain asked.

"Thank you, sir, I think I would rather not decide upon anything until we get to Calcutta. I have £30 in money, £15 of which were given me on board the Dutch ship, and the rest I received as wages for the voyage from England to Java. I carried the money in a belt round my waist, and have kept it ever since. So I need not be in any great hurry to settle upon what I shall do; but certainly, after a regular sea life, I should not like to go back to being a fisherman. I am now passed sixteen and in another three years shall be able to earn more wages."

"I should have taken you for at least two years older," the captain said; "you are as big and strong as many lads of eighteen."

"I have done a good lot of hard work in the last two years," Will said; "for on board the Dutch ship, although, of course, I was only rated as a boy, I used to do man's work aloft."

(To be continued.)

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EVERY BOY'S MAGAZINE

(NEW SERIES)

EDITED BY

EDMUND ROUTLEDGE

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GEORGE ROUTLEDGE
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"To prison! to prison!"

THE BIG OTTER;

A TALE OF THE GREAT NOR'WEST.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Author of "The Wild Man of the West;" "The Red Eric;" "Dusty Diamonds;" "The Life Boat;"
"The Coral Island," &c.

CHAPTER X.—(continued).



NOTHER moment, and Donald Bane glided over the parapet of their fort at the side nearest the lake; and, creeping serpent-fashion for a considerable distance round, gained the bushes, where he waited for a repetition of the cry. He had not long to wait. With that boldness, not to say presumption, which is the child of success, Salamander now began to make too many drafts on genius, and in-

vented a series of howls so preposterously improbable that it was impossible for even the most credulous to believe them the natural cries of man, beast, demon, or monster.

Following up the sound Donald Bane soon came to a little hollow where, in the dim light, he perceived Salamander's visage peering over a ridge in the direction of the fortress, his eyes glittering with glee, and his mouth wide open in the act of giving vent to the hideous cries. The Highlander had lived long in the wilderness, and was an adept in its ways. With the noiseless motion of a redskin he wormed his way through the underwood until close alongside of the nocturnal visitor, and then suddenly stopped a howl of more than demoniac ferocity by clapping a hand on Salamander's mouth.

With a convulsive wriggle the youth freed his mouth, and uttered a shriek of genuine alarm, but Bane's strong arm pinned him to the earth.

"Ye dirty loon," growled the man in great wrath, "wass you thinkin' to get the better of a Heelandman? Come along with ye. I'll give you a lesson that you'll not forget—whatever."

Despite his struggles, Bane held Salamander fast until he ceased to resist, when he grasped him by the collar, and led him towards the little fort.

At first, Salamander had been on the point of confessing the practical joke, but the darkness of the night induced him to hope for another escape from his position. He had not yet uttered a word; and, as he could not distinguish the features of the Highlander, it was just possible, he thought, that the latter might have failed to recognize him. If he could give him the slip, he might afterwards deny having had anything to do with the affair. But it was not easy to give the slip to a man whose knuckly hand held him like a vice.

"Shames," said Bane as he came near the fortress, "I've cot the peast! come oot, man, an' fetch a stick wi' you. I'll ha'd 'im while you lay on."

Salamander, who understood well enough what he might expect, no sooner heard Dougall clambering over the barricade than he gathered himself up for a tremendous wriggle, but received such a fearful squeeze on the neck from the vice-like hand of his captor that he was nearly choked. At the moment a new idea flashed in his fertile brain. His head dropped suddenly to one

side ; his whole frame became limp, and he fell, as it were, in a heap on the ground, almost bringing the Highlander on the top of him.

"Oh ! the miserable crater," exclaimed Bane, relaxing his grasp with a feeling of self-reproach, for he had a strong suspicion that his captive really was Salamander. "I do believe I've killed him. Wow ! Shames, man, lend a hand to carry him to the fire, and plow up a bit flame that we may see what we've gotten."

"Iss he tead, Tonal ?" asked Dougall, in a pitiful tone, as he came forward.

"No, Shames, he's no tead yet. Take up his feet, man, an' I'll tak' his shouthers."

Dougall went to Salamander's feet, turned his back to them, and stooped to take them up as a man takes a wheelbarrow. He instantly received a kick, or rather a drive, from Salamander's soles that sent him sprawling on his hands and knees. Donald Bane, stooping to grasp the shoulder, received a buffet on the cheek, which, being unexpected, sent him staggering to the left, while the sly youth, springing to his feet, bounded into the bushes on the right with a deep-toned roar ending in a laugh that threw all his previous efforts into the shade.

The Highlanders rose, but made no attempt to pursue.

"My friend," said Bane, softly, "if that wass not an evil speerut, I will be fery much surprised."

"No, Tonal, it wass *not* a speerut," replied the other, as they returned to their fortress. "Speeruts will not be kickin' an' slappin' like that ; they are not corporeal."

While these scenes were enacting on the margin of Lake Wichikagan, Lumley and Mozwa arrived at the enemy's camp. It was a war-camp. All the women and children had been sent away, none but armed and painted braves remained.

They were holding a palaver at the time. The spot was the top of an open eminence which was so clear of underwood that the approach of a foe without being seen was an impossibility. Although the night was rather dark, Lumley and his guide had

been observed the instant they came within the range of vision. No stir, however, took place in the camp, for it was instantly perceived that the strangers were alone. With the grave solemnity of redskin warriors, they silently awaited their coming. A small fire burned in their midst, for they made no attempt at concealment. They were prepared to fight at a moment's notice. The red flames gleamed on their dusky faces, and glittered in their glancing eyes, as Lumley and Mozwa strode boldly into the circle, and stood before the chief.

Intense surprise filled the hearts of the warriors at this unexpected apparition of a white man, but not an eye or muscle betrayed the smallest symptom of the feeling.

"The pale-face is welcome," said the chief, after a short pause.

"The pale-face is glad to meet with his dark-skinned brother, and thanks him," returned Lumley.

If the surprise at the sudden appearance of the pale-face was great, the astonishment to find that he spoke the Indian tongue was greater ; but still the feeling was not betrayed.

After a few short complimentary speeches, our hero came at once to the point.

"My brothers," he said, looking round on the dusky warriors, who remained sitting all the time, "the white chief of the fur-traders has sent me into this country to trade with you."

This statement was received with a "waugh" of satisfaction from several of the warriors.

"And," continued Lumley, "I have brought men—strong men, who can work well—to help me to build a house, so that we may live among you, and hunt together."

He paused here to let the statement have its full effect. Then he continued :—

"I have also brought plenty of guns, and powder, and lead."

Again he paused, and an emphatic "waugh" proved that the remark was fully appreciated.

"The white man knows," continued Lumley, in a more flowing style, "that his red brothers have need of many things which they do not possess, while the white man is in need of furs, and does not possess them. It is for the good of each that we should exchange. The Great Spirit, who is all-wise, as well as all-good, has seen fit to scatter His children over a wide world, and He has given some of them too much of one thing; some of them too much of another. Why has He done so? May we not think that it is for the purpose of causing His children to move about the world, and mingle, and help each other, and so increase Love? Some of the bad children prefer to move about and steal. But there is no need. It is easier to do good than to do evil. If all men would help and none would steal, there would be more than enough for all."

Again a pause. Some of the savages, who were thoughtful men, were greatly tickled in their minds by the arguments set forth. Others, who could not understand, were deeply impressed.

"Now," continued Lumley, coming to the marrow of his discourse, "the red-men have more than enough of furs."

"Waugh," in a tone of emphasis, that implied, "that's true."

"And the pale-faces have few furs, but want some very much."

"Waugh?" interrogatively, in a tone that implied "what then?"

"Well, but the pale-faces are not poor. They are rich, and have far too much of many things. They have too much of those pleasant sweet things called sugar and molasses (the Indians involuntarily licked their lips). Too much cloth as bright as the sun at setting, and as blue as the sky at noon (the Indian eyes glistened). Too many guns, and too much powder and shot (the savage eyes glared). They have more beads, and blankets, and hatchets, and tobacco, than they know what to do with, so they have sent some of these things here to be given to you in exchange for furs, and food, and leather."

The waughs! and hows! and hos! with which these remarks were followed up were so hearty, that Lumley thought it best to make a considerable pause at this point; then he resumed:—

"But, my brothers,"—he stopped for a considerable time, and looked so grave that the hearts of the red-men sank lest the glorious vision which had been suddenly revealed to them, should be as suddenly withdrawn in some way.

"But," repeated Lumley, again, with a sort of awful emphasis, "the pale-faces detest war. They can fight—yes, and when they *must* fight, they *will* fight, but they do not love fighting, and if they are to stay here and open up trade with their guns, and their powder, and their blankets, and beads, and cloth (he wisely went all over it again for the sake of effect), there must be peace in the land. If there is war the pale-faces will take all their good things and go away—waugh!"

Finishing off in the true red-man style, Lumley sat down with decision, as though to say, "Now, the ball is at your own feet, kick it which way you please."

Then the chief of the savages rose with dignity, but with a tinge of eagerness which he could not altogether conceal, and said:—

"Let not my white brother talk of going away. War shall cease at his bidding. Let him and his pale-faced warriors fell trees, and build wigwams, and hunt. We have plenty furs—the black fox, the red fox, the beaver, the martin, the minks, the bear and many other animals are plentiful. We will exchange them for the goods of the white man. We will bury the hatchet, and smoke the calumet of peace, and the sound of the war-whoop shall no more be heard in the land—waugh!"

"Are my brothers ready to go to the camp of Big Otter, and make friends at once?" asked Lumley.

This was a testing question, and for some time remained unanswered, while the chiefs and braves looked preposterously solemn. At last, however, they seemed to make up

their minds, and the chief replied, "We are ready."

That night the hostile savages met on the shores of Lake Wichikagan, and encamped with the fur-traders. Fires were lighted, and kettles put on, a royal feast was prepared; and the reunited tribes of red-men finally buried the war-hatchet there, and smoked the pipe of peace.

CHAPTER XI.

LUMLEY ON DUTY.—FORT WICHIKAGAN BEGINS TO GROW.

THE bold and prompt manner in which peace was established among the contending savages of Lake Wichikagan did more to raise my friend Jack Lumley in their estimation than if he had fought a hundred successful battles and subdued a nation of foes. It seemed to be felt on all hands that he was a man who could be trusted, and his pointed reference to the Great Spirit conveyed an impression that truth and justice must be his guiding principles.

And on this point these children of nature read his character correctly, for, as I have had frequent occasion to observe, my friend was strictly truthful, and, I might almost say, sternly just. Duty indeed was his pole-star—duty to God and man.

"Max," he once said to me when we had got into a confidential chat beside our camp-fire, "let me advise you to take a sound view and a good grasp of what men call duty. There is a right and a wrong in everything that the mind or hand of man can be brought to bear upon. It is our duty to discover and do the right if we can—to recognise and avoid the wrong. True success in life depends upon this principle being acted on at all times, and in all things. Even what worldly men deem success—the acquisition of wealth, fame, etc.—is largely dependent on strict regard to duty."

Of course I heartily agreed with him in this matter, but I am free to confess that I

feel woefully far short of the standard to which he attained. Perhaps a soft and somewhat undecided nature had something to do with my failure. I say not this by way of excuse but explanation. Whatever the cause, I felt so very far below my friend that I looked up to him as a sort of demi-god. Strange to say, his affection for me was also very strong. He never seemed to perceive my weak points—but, then, he was of a large-hearted, generous disposition, and he came to be loved not only by me and the Indians, but by the men of the expedition, some of whom, although good workers, were rather turbulent fellows.

All things having been satisfactorily arranged, as detailed in the last chapter, we now set about preparation for wintering. The first point to settle was the site for our establishment and a council of the whole party was called to settle it on the lawn-like spot on the margin of our lake where the first fire had been kindled.

"No spot could be better, I think," said our chief, as we stood in a picturesque group around him, with Masqua, Mozwa and several other Indians looking on. "The little rising-ground and clump of wood at the back will shelter us from the north-winds; the underwood on the east and west is sufficiently high to form a slight protection in those directions, and to the south the island-studded bosom of Lake Wichikagan lies spread out before us, to supply us with fish and water and a cheering prospect."

"And to remind Donald Bane and James Dougall," said I, "of Loch Lomond or Loch Ness."

"I rather think," said Lumley "that it strikes Dougall as having more resemblance to Loch Awe, if we may judge from the awe-some expression of his face!"

"Weel, Muster Lumley," returned Dougall with a slight smile, "not to spoil your choke, sir, it wass thinkin' o' the fush I wass, an' wonderin' if they was goot fush."

"Big Otter says they are good," returned our chief, "and I think we may rely on his

opinion. There's a little stretch of rock over there, jutting out from the shore, which could be made into a capital pier for our boats and canoes without much labour. What say you, Henri Coppet; could not a few trees and some planks be easily fitted to these rocks?"

"Oui, monsieur—yes sir—very easily," answered the carpenter, in French.

"Ay an' wan or two big stones on the other pint o' rocks there," observed Donald Bane, "would make a goot breakwater, an' a fine harbour, whatever."

"And I'm sure nothing could be finer than the view," said I, with feelings of enthusiasm.

"Well, then, since we all seem agreed on that point—here shall our house be raised," rejoined Lumley, driving the point of a stick he carried into the ground. "Come now, boys, go to work. Max, you will superintend the placing of the goods in a secure position and cover them with tarpaulin, in the meantime. We'll soon have a hut ready. Dumont, set up your forge under yon pine tree and get your tools ready. Overhaul your nets, Blondin, and take Salamander to help you—especially the seine-net, I'll try a sweep this afternoon or to-morrow. Come here, Max, I want to speak with you."

"Now, Max," he said when we had gone aside some distance, "see that you arrange the goods so that they may be easily guarded and don't let the redskins come too near. They may be honest enough, but we won't throw temptation in their way. We shall want one of them, by the bye, to keep house for us. What say you to hiring Waboose?"

"Out of the question," said I, quickly.

"Why so, Max?"

"Why, because—don't you see,—she's far above that sort o' thing, she's quite a kind of princess in the tribe. Haven't you noticed how respectful they all are to her? And, besides, she is so, what one might almost call lady-like. I am convinced that her father must have been a gentleman."

"Perhaps so," returned Lumley, with a quiet laugh; "well we won't insult her by asking her to fill such a position. Away to work now. I shall sketch out the plan of our establishment. When the goods are all safe, send your men to fell heavy timber for the houses and let them also cut some firewood. Off you go."

In a few minutes we were all at work busy as bees—carrying, hauling, cutting, hammering and chopping; while some of the Indians looked on, intensely interested, others assisted under the direction of Big Otter, and the woods resounded with the noise of the new-born activity.

Soon Blondin had a net down, and before evening we had caught enough of that splendid staple of the North American lakes, the whitefish, to supply us with a good meal and leave something over for our red friends.

I observed during these operations that, after planning, sketching, and measuring, our chief took his axe into the wood and felled a tall pine from which he proceeded to remove the branches and bark. Towards evening he took a spade and dug a deep hole in the ground on the most prominent part of the lawn in front of what was to be our future home.

"Come now, four of you," he said, "and help me to set up our flag-staff."

I ran with three others to assist, and in another minute or two the end of the tall taper stick was dropped into the hole and fixed there. A hole had been already bored in the top and a rope rove through it, to which Lumley soon attached the corners of a small red bundle.

"Ho! lads," he shouted, when all was ready, in a voice that rang out full and strong, "Fall-in!"

We had previously been trained to obey this order with the utmost alacrity, by running towards our leader, carrying our loaded guns with us, and forming into line, so as to be ready for any emergency. It was a fancy of Lumley's to drill us thus, and we fell in with his humour, most of us counting it a piece of fun to break off from

what we chanced to be doing at the moment the order was given, and trying who should be first to reach the spot where he stood. As our guns were always loaded and primed, we never had occasion to lose time in charging them.

On the occasion of which I write, we amazed and somewhat alarmed the Indians by our prompt action, for we stood together in a silent row in less than half-a-minute after the summons was shouted.

"I have called you up, lads," said Lumley, "to take part in a little ceremony. Through the goodness of the Almighty we have been brought in safety and health to our new home. It is already part of the Queen of England's dominions, and I now take possession of it in the name of the Hudson's Bay Company. May God prosper and bless us while we stay here."

He hoisted, as he spoke, the small red bundle, which when shaken out proved to be a flag on which were the letters H.B.C. in white.

"Now, boys, send a volley at the new moon up there. Ready—present—fire! Hoorah!"

The crash of the united volley and the wild huzza! which followed, caused many a redskin's heart to leap, and would doubtless have caused many a foot to run, but for the fact that their own redskin brother—Big Otter—was one of the firing-party, and, perhaps, the wildest cheerer of the band!

The ceremony ended, orders were given to knock off work for the day, and set about the preparation of supper.

The food was sweet that night, sweeter than usual, for we were very hungry; the stars were bright that night, brighter than usual, for we were very happy at the auspicious commencement of our sojourn; and our sleep was unusually sound, for we felt safer than ever under the guidance of a chief who had proved himself so capable of turning threatened war into peace. This being the condition of things, it was not surprising that we indulged in a longer rest than usual, and continued to slumber long after the sun had risen and converted

Lake Wichikagan into a glorious sheet of silver.

It is true that our guide, with that sense of responsibility which seems to weigh heavy on guides even when asleep, had awakened at the usual hour of starting—day-break—and, from the mere force of habit, had given forth his accustomed and sonorous "leve! leve!"—rise, rise. From the mere force of habit, too, we all turned round to have a few seconds repose on our other sides before obeying the order, but suddenly light flashed into our minds and various growls in varied keys saluted our guide.

"Go to sleep, man," said our chief, with a half laugh, which ended in a sigh of contentment.

French growls of doubtful meaning issued from the lips of Dumont and Coppet, but Blondin condescended on no remark at all, unless "pooh!" may be considered such.

"Hoots! man—heigho!" remonstrated Donald Bane, while his comrade Dougall merely said "wow!" and followed it with a prolonged snore.

For myself, I felt inclined to laugh, but, being much too lazy to do so, turned over, and was instantly lost again in oblivion. The whole camp was immediately in the same condition, and thus, as I have said, we remained till the sun was high.

Soon after daybreak, however, the Indians began to stir in their camp—which lay a little apart from ours—and, ascending a slight eminence, whence they could look down on our slumbering forms at their leisure, squatted there and continued to gaze—perhaps to wonder how long we meant to rest. They were soon joined by others—men, women, and children—from the neighbouring camp. Self-restraint, at least in some matters, is a characteristic of the red men, and they remained very patiently and silently there, even the children spoke in whispers, and gazed in solemn earnestness at our slumbering camp.

When we rose and began active preparations for breakfast, the little ones melted away—influenced either by fear or by the orders of their parents. They returned,

however, in greater force than ever when we began the labours of the day ; and being all more or less naked, they resembled a band of brown monkeys without tails, whose great eyes were capable of expressing only one powerful sentiment—that of surprise !

Thus, watched with deep interest by a large portion of the tribe, we proceeded to the erection of the first house.

"The Hall will stand here, Max," said Lumley to me, as I approached him, bearing one end of a long squared log on my shoulder, the other end of which was carried by Big Otter, while Bane and one of the Canadians supported the centre of it. "Set it down there, lads—a little more this way—so."

We laid the timber on the green sward facing the lake, in such a way that it corresponded with the front line of a large square which had been traced on the turf by Lumley.

"Stay with me, Max, I want your help and advice."

The men went back to the bush, from which, at the same moment, four others of our party issued, bearing a similar log.

It was laid at the other side of the square, parallel to the first one. In a few minutes the two end logs were carried up and deposited in their places. These logs had all been cut, squared, mortised at their ends, and fitted together in the woods before being brought to the lawn.

"Now, the question is," said Lumley, as he stood with coat off, shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, and pencil and plan in hand, "shall we turn the front of the house a little more to the south or a little more to the east. We must decide that now, before fixing the framework together."

"We should get more of the rising sun," said I, "if we turned it more towards the east. And you know we shall not have too much of its beams in winter to gladden our hearts and eyes."

"Right, Max, but then we might have too much of the east winds to trouble our toes and noses."

"Still the view eastward," said I, "is so extensive and varied—so full of sublimity."

"While that to the southward," urged Lumley, "is so soft and beautiful—so full of poetry and romance."

"Come, Jack, don't laugh at me. You know that I am not jesting ; I mean what I say."

"I know it, Max, but though I may seem to be half-jesting, is it not possible that I, too, may thoroughly mean what I say?"

He pointed as he spoke to the southward, where certain combinations of light and shade thrown on the numerous islets as well as on the clouds—all of which were reflected in the clear water—presented a scene which it is easier to imagine than describe.

I at once admitted the justice of his remark, and it was finally settled that the house should face due south.

"Fix the frame together now, Coppet," said Lumley to our carpenter, who came forward with a load of small timbers, "and let it face as it now lies. The ground is fortunately so flat that we won't require much levelling of foundations. Now, the next thing, Max," he added, turning to me and consulting the plan, "is this—have we made the best possible arrangement of our space? You see I am not much of an architect, but luckily we have not to contend with the civilized difficulties of lobbies and stair-cases."

"You intend our palace to have only one story, I suppose," said I.

"Just so, Max. Arctic gales, you see, might carry a top story off. We shall have no lobby at all—only a front door and a back door entering direct upon our hall. Of course I shall have a porch and door outside of each, to keep wind and snow out. Now, see here. There, you observe, is the foundation frame now being laid down. Well, one third of the space in the middle is to be the hall—our drawing-room, dining-room, library, snugery, smokery, public-room, &c., all in one. It will extend from front to rear of the building ; but at the back, you see, I have marked a little oblong space which is to be boarded off as a sort of

larder, and gun-room, and place for rubbish in general. It will extend along the width of the hall, leaving only space for the back door."

"What a capital contrivance," said I, "it will, besides being so useful, break in on the oblong shape of the hall and give variety of form."

"Just so, Max; then the space left on each side of the hall shall be partitioned off into four rooms—two on either side—with the doors opening into the hall. No passages, you see, anywhere, and no wasted space. One room for me, one for you, one for Salamander, who is to be our manservant as well as interpreter, and one for Blondin, whom I intend to make a sort of overseer of the men. We shan't want a spare room, for we won't be troubled much, I fear, with guests; but if such a blessing should ever descend on us, we can turn Blondin or Salamander out. They will have to mess with the men at any rate; and, by the way, we must start the men's house and the store immediately, for I intend to carry on all three at the same time, so that we and the men and the goods may all get housed together."

"Are you to have attics?" I asked.

"No; but there will be a space under the sloping roof, which can be turned into a garret, and may be reached through a trap-door by a moveable ladder. As to windows, the hall is to have two—one on each side of the door, which will give the house the lively aspect of appearing to have two eyes and a nose. The bed-rooms will each have one window in its side, and you may take the one looking eastward if you choose, Max. In winter these windows shall have double frames and glass to keep the cold out. Go now, my boy, and see to the foundation of the men's house."

Need I say that we all toiled with hearty goodwill; for, although the weather was pleasantly warm at the time, we knew that the short-lived autumn would quickly pass and render a good roof over our heads most desirable.

Soon a pit-saw which we had brought

with us was set to work, and planks began to multiply. Henri Coppet and his men swung their great axes, and trees began to fall around, and to take unwonted shapes. The ring of Marcelle Dumont's anvil was heard from morn till eve, echoing through the wild woods; and powerful bands, and nuts, and screws, of varied size and form, were evolved from our bundle of iron bars. Thus the whole party wrought with untiring energy, and our future abode began to grow.

At all this our red friends gazed with countenance expressive of inconceivable surprise and profound admiration.

CHAPTER XII.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—A STRANGE MEETING, AND A HALF-REVEALED MYSTERY.

ONE afternoon, not very long after our arrival at Lake Wichikagan, Lumley and I found ourselves on the summit of a rising ground which was scantily clothed with trees, and from the top of which we could see the region all round like a map spread at our feet. We were out after a black bear whose footprints had led us to the spot.

"Bruin has escaped us this time," said Lumley, "and I don't feel disposed to go after him any further. You see, Max, I must be up early to-morrow to superintend Coppet at his water-mill, so I would advise resting here a bit to refresh ourselves at this spring and then make tracks for home."

He descended as he spoke towards a small basin in the rocks, into which fell a rivulet formed by the spring referred to, and flung himself down beside it. Seating myself at his side I said:—

"Coppet needs superintence, I suspect, for although he is an excellent carpenter and reliable workman, I'm not sure that he understands complicated or large works—except, indeed, the building of houses; but then he has been taught that since he was a boy."

"That's just it, Max," returned Lumley,

filling the hollow of his hand with clear water for want of a better drinking-cup, "he can do well anything which he has been taught, but I find that he cannot originate, and suspect that he has not a very deep knowledge of the strength of materials or the power of forces. The worst of it is that neither you nor I are very profound in such matters. However, we must do our best and make everything ten times stronger than there is any occasion for, and thus make up for the lack of engineering knowledge."

"Shall you want my help to-morrow earlier than usual?" I asked.

"No—not till after breakfast."

"Well then, as there is no necessity for my going to bed before my ordinary time, I'll let you return alone, for I don't feel at all disposed to give up this bear after tracking him so many hours. He's only a small one, to judge from his foot-prints, and I am a pretty sure shot, you know."

"Be it so, Max—but don't be late, else I'll have to send men to look for you!"

Lumley got up and left me—making a straight line for Fort Wichikagan, as we had named our outpost, and leaving me in a dreamy state of mind beside the spring.

It was a delightful afternoon in that most charming period of the American season which is styled the Indian summer; when mosquitoes, sand-flies, and all other insect-tormentors disappear, and the weather seems to take a last enjoyable fortnight of sunny repose before breaking into winter.

I fell into a pleasant reverie. The back-woods of the great Northwest vanished from my mental view, and, with eyes half closed, I indulged in memories of home and all its sweet associations.

Bethinking me suddenly of my reason for remaining where I was, I sprang up, seized my gun, and began to follow the trail of the bear. Before descending from the eminence, however, I took a look round the landscape, and saw the figure of an Indian woman in the distance, proceeding towards our fort. Although too far off to

be distinguished by feature, I could clearly perceive the light blue cotton kerchief which formed part of the dress of Waboose.

At once my interest in the bear vanished and I began to follow the Indian girl instead. I had not seen her since the evening of our arrival at the lake, and I felt a strong desire to make further enquiries as to the circumstances of her father's life among the Indians and his unfortunate death.

Waboose had not seen me. By making a wide and rapid detour I got in front of her and sat down on a fallen tree at a spot where she was sure to pass.

As she drew near, I could not fail to observe how graceful her port was, and how different from that of the other girls with whom her lot had been cast.

"Assuredly," muttered I to myself, "her father was a gentleman!"

Leaving my gun on the bank on which I had been seated, I advanced to meet her. She showed a very slight symptom of surprise, and I thought of uneasiness, on seeing me, but made no remark until I had spoken. At first I was about to adopt the Indian style of address, and begin with "my red sister," but the phrase, besides being false, appeared to me ridiculous; still, the ice had to be broken somehow, so I made a bungling plunge.

"Blue-eyes wanders far to-day from the wigwams of her—her—people?"

A gleam of surprise mingled with pleasure rippled over her pretty face when she found that I could speak to her in the native tongue.

"Yes," she replied in the same language. "I have wandered far. I was the bearer of a message."

As she volunteered no more I went on:—

"If Waboose goes to her wigwam, will she object to the pale-face bearing her company?"

With something like a graceful inclination of the head, the Indian girl gave me to understand that she had no objection.

"An *Indian*!" thought I, "she's a

lady in disguise, as sure as I am a fur-trader?"

Of course I was careful not to give her, either by tone or look, the slightest hint of what was passing in my mind, and was about to continue my remarks, when a rustling in the bushes caused us both to look round quickly. The foliage parted next moment close to us, and before I had time to think a large brown bear bounded into the open space. It seemed to be taken as much by surprise as we were, and I have no doubt would have turned and fled if it had not been so near. It rose on its hind legs, however, to attack us, and then I perceived that it was not the small bear which Lumley and I had been tracking.

The blood rushed to my head when I remembered that the monster stood between me and the bank on which my gun was lying! Then the feeling that the helpless Indian girl was at its mercy filled me with feelings which are indescribable. Thought is swifter than the lightning-flash. Much more than I have written flashed through my brain during those two or three seconds, but one overmastering idea filled me—I would save *her*, or perish!

I glanced sharply round. To my surprise she had fled! So much the better. I could at least keep the creature engaged till she had got well away.

Drawing the small hatchet which like all Nor'westers I carried in my belt, I rushed at the bear and made a cut at its head with all the force that lay in my arm. Where the blow fell I know not, but apparently it was ineffective, for, with a quick vicious turn of its paw, the bear struck my weapon from my hand with such violence that it flew over the tree-tops as if shot from a catapult, and I stood unarmed—helpless—at the creature's mercy.

The terrible feeling that death was so near, almost unnerved me, but the thought of Waboose caused me to utter a roar of mingled rage and despair as I doubled my fist and launched it full against the monster's nose!

At that moment a loud report at my ear

deafened and almost stunned me. Next instant the bear lay dead at my feet. I looked round and beheld Waboose standing close to me with my gun in her hands!

"Noble heroine!" I exclaimed, but as I exclaimed it in English she did not understand. She had indeed, a very slight smattering of that language—of which, more hereafter—but "Noble heroine" was not at that time in her vocabulary!

Instead of trembling or looking pale, as I might have expected to see her, Waboose looked at me in the most composed manner, and with something on her lip that seemed to me like a smile of amusement. In some confusion, I thanked her for having saved my life.

She did not object to the thanks, but replied by asking me if it was the usual practice of white men to attack bears with their fists.

I could not help laughing at this.

"No, Waboose," I replied, as I recharged my gun, "it is by no means usual; but when a man has no other weapon at hand, he is compelled to use his fists. And let me tell you," I added, for I was somewhat nettled by the obvious laugh that nestled in the girl's blue-eyes, "let me tell you that we English are pretty good at using our fists."

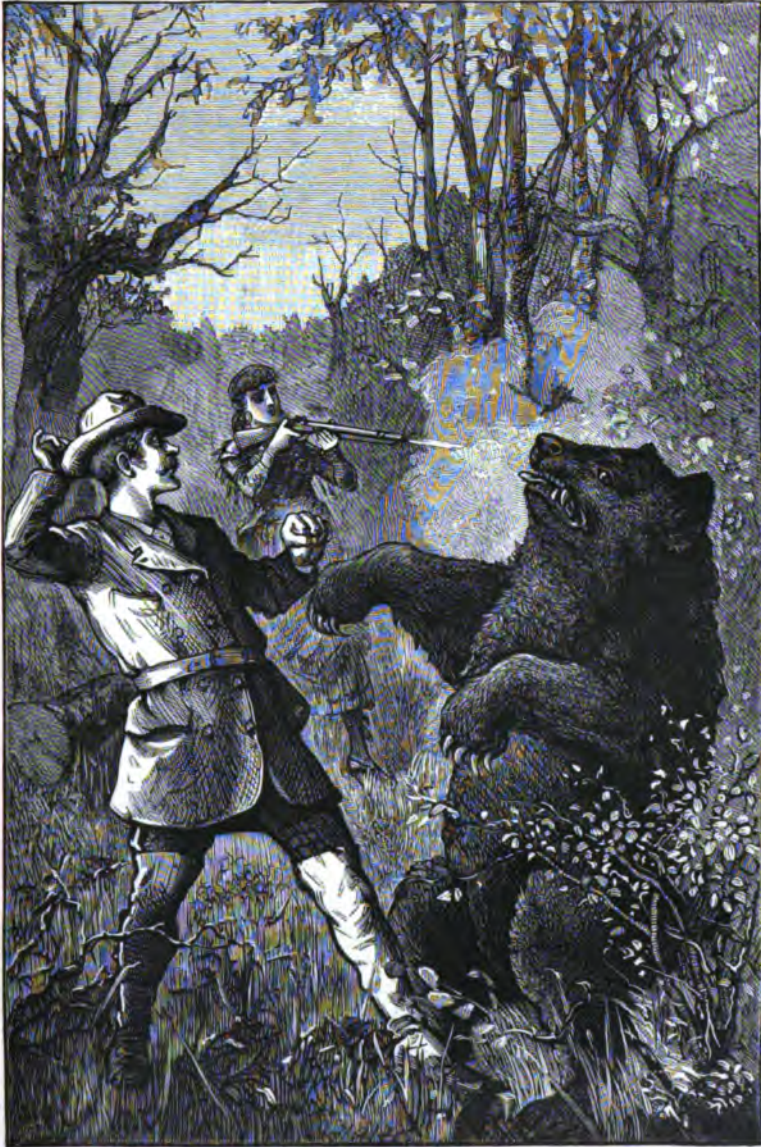
"I know that," she replied, becoming suddenly very grave as we walked on.

"You know that?" I repeated in surprise, "how came you to know that?"

"My dear father was English" she answered in a low sad tone that smote me to the heart for having felt nettled—though I believe I did not shew the feeling on my face or in my tone.

"Ah! Big Otter told me that," said I in an earnest tone of sympathy. "If it does not hurt her feelings too much to recall the past, I should like Waboose to tell me about her father."

The girl looked at me in surprise. I had a fancy, at the time, that this was the result of the novel sensation of a man having any consideration for her feelings, for Indian braves are not, as a rule, much given to



At the same instant the bear fell back dead.

think about the feelings of their women. Indeed, from the way in which many of them behave, it is probable that some red men think their women have no feelings at all.

In a low melodious voice, and with some of that poetic imagery which marks the language, more or less, of North American Indians, the girl began to speak—raising her eyes wistfully the while to the sky, as if she were communing with her own thoughts rather than speaking to me.

"My father was good—oh! so good and kind," she said. "When I was small like the foolish rabbit when it is a baby, he used to take me on his shoulders and run with me over the prairie like the wild mustang. Sometimes he put me in his bark canoe and skimmed with me over the bosom of Lake Wichikagan till I fancied I was a grey-goose or a swan. Ah! those were happy days! No one can ever understand how much my father loved me. My mother loves me much, but she is not like my father. Perhaps it is the nature of the pale-faces to love more deeply than the red-men."

Waboose uttered this last sentence as if she were questioning the sky on the point. I felt at the time that there was at least one pale-face who loved her better than all the red-men or women on earth, but a sense of justice caused me to repudiate the general idea.

"No, Waboose," said I, firmly, "that is a mistake. Rough surroundings and a harsh life will indeed modify the heart's affections, but the mere colour of the skin has nothing to do with it. The heart of the redskin can love as deeply as that of the white man—both were made by the same Great Master of Life."

The girl cast her eyes meditatively on the ground and murmured simply, "It may be so."

The reader must not suppose that I expressed my meaning in the Indian tongue during this conversation as clearly as I have set it down in English. No doubt I mangled the sentences and confused the ideas sadly,

nevertheless Waboose seemed to have no difficulty in understanding me. I had certainly none in comprehending her.

I was about to ask Waboose to relate the circumstances of her father's death while in the act of rescuing her mother, but feeling that it might cause her needless pain, and that I could get the details as easily from some of the Indians, I asked her instead where her father came from. She looked at me sadly as she replied—

"I cannot tell. My dear father had nothing to conceal from me but that. On all other things his heart was open. He spoke to me of all the wonders of this world, and of other places that my people know nothing of, and of the great Master of Life and of his son Jesus, who came to save us from evil, and of the countries where his white brothers live, but when I asked him where he came from, he used to pat my head and smile, and say that he would perhaps tell me one day, but not just then. I shall never know it now!"

"At all events you must know his name, Waboose?"

"His name was Weeum," replied the girl quickly.

"Was that all?"

"All," she replied with a look of surprise, "was not that enough?"

"Well, perhaps it was," I replied, scarce knowing what to say. "And why did he give you the name of Waboose?" I asked.

"Because when I was small I was round and soft," replied the girl, with a slight smile, "like the little animal of that name. He told me that in his own language the animal is called rubbit."

"Rabbit, not rubbit," said I, with a laugh.

"My father taught me rubbit," returned Waboose, with a simple look, "and he was *always* right."

I felt that it would be useless to press my correction and therefore changed the subject by asking if her father had never tried to teach her English. Immediately she answered, with a somewhat bashful air—

"Yes, a leetil."

"Why, you can *speak* English, Waboose," I exclaimed, stopping and looking down at her with intense surprise.

"No—note mush, but me un'erstan' good-deal," she returned, with a hearty laugh at my expression.

I found on trial, however, that the girl's knowledge of English was so slight that we could not readily converse in it. We therefore fell back on the Indian tongue.

"I wish I had known your father, Waboose," I said earnestly. "He must have been a very good man."

She looked at me gratefully.

"Yes," she returned, "he was *very* good."

As she said this Waboose cast on me a look which I could not understand; it was so intense, as if she were trying to read my thoughts, and at the same time seemed mingled with doubt. Then, with some hesitation, she said—

"My father left a secret with me. He told me never to show it to my tribe, as they could not understand it—not even to my mother."

"What is the secret, Waboose?" I asked, seeing that she hesitated again and looked at me with another of her searching glances.

"I do not know," she replied.

"It must indeed be a secret, if none of your people know it, and you don't know it yourself," I returned with a peculiar smile.

"It is a written secret, I believe, but I—I—do not know. He told me never to show it to any but a white man—to one whom I felt that I could trust. May I trust *you*?" she asked, looking me full in the face.

The question naturally surprised as well as flattered me.

"You may trust me, Waboose," I said earnestly, laying my hand involuntarily on my heart, "I would die rather than deceive or injure you."

She seemed satisfied and resumed in a low tone—

"Not long before my dear father died he took me into the woods to walk in a place that we were both fond of. We had long sweet talks in that wood; sometimes walking under the trees, sometimes sitting on

the hill-tops, and always happy—very happy! One day he looked sad. He took my hand as we sat together on a bank. He said, 'I have sometimes longed to open up all my heart to you, my rabbit,' (he was fond of calling me by the English name) 'but I cannot do so yet.'"

"Why not, my father?" I asked.

"Because—because—" he answered, "it could do no good, and it might do harm. No, my rabbit, the time may come, but not now—not yet. Listen; for your mother's sake I left the home of the pale-faces and came to live with your tribe. For her sake I shall remain. But you know that life is uncertain. We cannot tell when the Great Master of Life may call us away. Sometimes he calls us suddenly and we are forced to leave our works unfinished. I may be called away thus, before the time comes when I may tell you what I want you to know. If so, you will find it all here."

"My father took from the breast of his coat a small bundle wrapped in birch-bark and placed it in my hands.

"Do not open it," he said. "Do not shew it to man or woman in the tribe. They could not understand, but if ever a white man comes here, *whom you feel that you can trust*, shew it to him."

"My father rose as he said this, and as he seemed to wish not to speak more about it, I did not trouble him, but I went and hid the parcel with care. It was almost immediately afterwards that my dear father was taken from me."

We were suddenly interrupted at this point by the appearance of a man in the distance walking smartly towards us. I could perceive, as he drew near, that it was James Dougall.

"Well, well, Muster Maxby," he said on coming up, "it's gled I am to find you. I've been seekin' you far an' near."

"Nothing wrong I hope, Dougall," said I with some anxiety, on observing that the man was perspiring and panting vehemently.

"No, no, nothin' wrong, Muster Maxby," only it's runnin' about the wuds I've been,

lookin' for ye an' skirlin' like a pair o' pipes. We're aboot to draw the sein-net, ye see, an' Tonald Pane said it would be a peety, says he, to begin when ye wur awa', an' Muster Lumley agreeet wi' um, an' sent me oot to seek for ee—that's a'."

"Come along then, Dougall, we wont keep them waiting."

Nodding adieu to Waboose, I hurried away towards Fort Wichikagan followed by the sturdy Highlander.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

By CHARLES KENT.

"Will speak with most miraculous organ."—SHAKESPEAR.

THE TELEPHONE.

WITH THE MICROPHONE AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

(Continued from p. 163.)



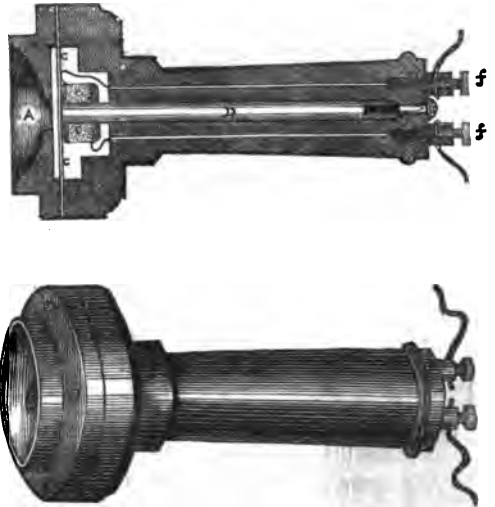
RAHAM BELL'S idea as to the Speaking Telephone, it should be said at once, was realised almost at the same time, not only by Elisha Gray of Chicago, but by Paul Lacom of Copenhagen, by Cromwell Varley, and by Thomas Alva Edison. These electricians, however, by no means include among them the whole of the rival claimants to the invention. An extraordinary statement was put forth in the *Fanfulla* of Rome, on the 30th January 1878, by Professor Farinet, which, if corroborated, would go far to show that, long before the generality of people suppose, the idea of transmitting sound to a distance had been hit upon and publicly announced. Referring to what he calls that "stupendous, wonderful, and incredible invention," the transmission of sound by the telegraph (in other words the Telephone), with the descriptions of which he says the press of Italy had then, in 1878, been filled for some weeks, Professor Farinet goes on to remark that thirteen years previously the journals of the Roman peninsula had published accounts

of a similar invention contrived by one Manzetti, a mechanic and a native of Val d'Aosta. More than this, he adds that announcements of Manzetti's discovery, which he carefully describes, by the way, to have been the transmission of articulated words by the ordinary telegraphic wire, were published, during 1865, on 10th July in the *Diritto* of Rome, on 19th August in the *Echo d'Italia* of New York, on 22nd November in the *Petit Journal* of Paris, and in many other newspapers. The marvel of all this, however, is that for thirteen years nobody besides Professor Farinet had been at all aware of any of these blatant trumpetings of Manzetti's (until then) unheard-of invention. Besides this, another claimant, one John Carnock, is said simultaneously with the Italian mechanic, to have invented the telephone in 1865, though nobody knows where or under what circumstances. The like has to be stated too in regard to one Dolbear. Nor is this all. For two others are yet to be mentioned, who each preferred for himself the claim of priority as the inventor of the Telephone. One of these, by name McDonough, insisted that, in 1867, he secured his rights at the American Patent Office for "precisely

this invention. While the other, by name Daniel Drawbough, maintained that he was in possession of the affidavits of 115 respectable persons who were prepared to assert on oath that he had in actual use, to their certain knowledge, in 1870, a Speaking Telephone of his own contrivance. Notwithstanding all this, there can be no doubt whatever that the only valid claims for rivalry on the plea of priority lie between Graham Bell, formerly of Edinburgh but now of New York, and Elisha Gray of Chicago. According to the latter these three claims of his are declared to be indisputable:—(A) That he was the first to discover the means of transmitting compound sounds and variable inflexions through a closed circuit by means of two or more elastic waves; (B) That he was the first to discover and utilize the mode of reproducing vibrations by the use of a magnet receiver constantly supplied with electric action; (C) That he was the first to construct an instrument consisting of a magnet with a circular diaphragm of magnetic substance supported by its edge at a little distance from the poles of a magnet and capable of being applied to the transmission and reception of articulate sounds. Elisha Gray, there can be no doubt of it, had from the outset all these three ideas very distinctly in his mind, as was indeed most accurately described by him in the caveat for his patent, which he accompanied even with drawings of the sender and receiver.

But, while that is so, Graham Bell was unquestionably the first who ever constructed a speaking telephone in practical form. He was the first who ever had publicly on view in actual working order, one of these amazing instruments. He was the first who ever proved to the sight and hearing of his fellow-men that the problem of transmitting articulate sounds from a distance through a common telegraph wire he had indisputably solved. Here is a representation of the simple and compact apparatus with which he proved all this to be the case in 1876, at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

Externally, both in size and general appearance, as the lower of these two woodcuts will show upon the instant, it does really, as already remarked, resemble nothing more nearly than the handle of a child's skipping-rope. Its entire length is, in fact, no more than six inches. Examined internally, it will be apparent at once from the upper or sectional view of it here given,



Graham Bell's Telephone.

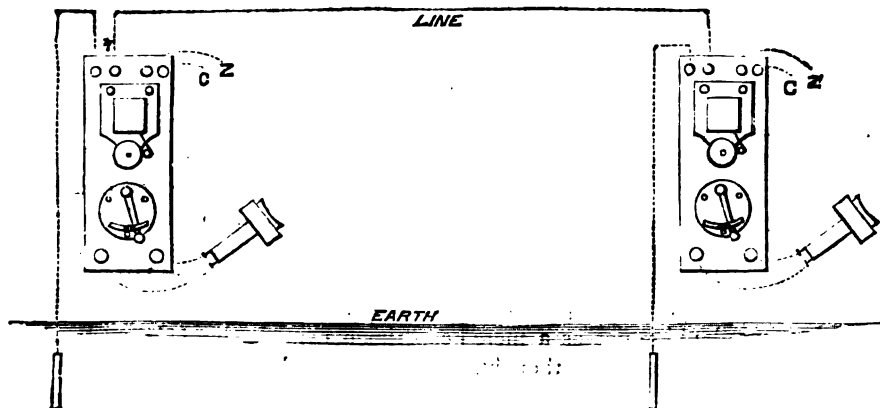
that it is simplicity itself in its construction. Its mouthpiece, A, serves also as an ear-piece, for the instrument can be used at option either as a receiver or as a transmitter. Its diaphragm, c c, is a disc of that exceedingly thin enamelled iron on which photographs are taken in batches at a very cheap rate, under the name of ferrotypes. All but touching the inner surface of this diaphragm is one end (the north pole) of the bar magnet, d, which is in fact the most important part of the whole apparatus. Around that north pole of the bar magnet is coiled a silk-covered copper wire, the ends of which are carried back to the smaller extremity of the wooden case where they are connected with two binding screws, f, f, to which (to complete the circuit) the line wire and the earth wire can be readily adjusted. How the telephonic instrument may be thus joined up with the telegraphic system, the following diagram will clearly

indicate—the letters *c* and *z* marking the copper and zinc elements of the battery arranged for ringing the call-bell.

Thus arranged and brought into use, the telephonic diaphragm vibrates in sympathy with the sonorous vibrations set up in it by the voice of anyone speaking into the mouthpiece. And these vibrations of the diaphragm, by constantly varying the distance between the centre of the iron disc and the magnet behind it, excite by necessity corresponding variations in the current

of electricity. Transmitted thus electrically to the distant telephone, the diaphragm there is thrown into precisely similar movements, which consequently give out, through the ear-piece, exactly the same sounds as were originally uttered, into the ear of the listener.

Professor Graham Bell, on the 31st October, 1877, read a paper, descriptive of his invention, before the Society of Telegraphic Engineers. In it he explained how in one of his experiments he had fastened a



Telephone joined to Telegraph.

piece of watch-spring about the size and shape of his thumb-nail to the diaphragm of the telephonic instrument in his lecture-room at Boston University, the other end of the wire being attached, in the basement of an adjoining building, to a telephonic instrument with a precisely similar arrangement—how he had then asked through the instrument, “Do you understand what I say?” and how, to his immense delight he had received through it the immediate answer, “Yes I understand you perfectly!” As originally displayed by him at the Philadelphia Exhibition, his telephonic receiver resembled a metallic pill-box with a flat disc as a cover, fastened down at one side and tilted up at the other. One by one, however, he had introduced into his arrangement of the telephone a number of extraordinary improvements. By merely shortening the length of the coil of copper wire, he had contrived greatly to increase the loud-

ness of the sound. By merely enlarging the iron diaphragm, which according to one of his earlier arrangements he had glued to the original membrane of gold-beater skin, he had succeeded in greatly enhancing the clearness and distinctness of the articulation. While again, by discarding the membrane of gold-beater skin altogether, and by substituting for it the thin iron plate alone, he had found that he could secure the most perfectly intelligible articulation. Finally, it was on discovering that the effects produced were equally audible when the battery was omitted, and a rod of magnetised steel introduced instead into the electric circuit, that he had decided upon employing permanent magnets instead of voltaic batteries, and in this way completing his arrangement of the magneto-electric telephone.

Suggestions, more or less excellent, came from many other electricians for the improvement of the Bell Telephone. Thus,

Gower's proposed replacement of the bar-magnet by one formed like the letter D, with the two poles, each furnished with a coil, brought close together, led to the substitution, for the straight rod previously used, of a powerful horse-shoe magnet. Thus, again, Professor Jorgenson, of Copenhagen, by an ingenious modification of a Bell Telephone, contrived to impart to it an extraordinary increase of resonance. Graham Bell's own improvements of the apparatus his unassisted genius as an inventor had enabled him to construct were, however, it is almost needless to say, among all these later modifications of his original plan, by far the most remarkable. Such, for example, to give but one instance, was that modification of the Bell Telephone, which resulted from his discovery of a means for varying the intensity of the current in exact proportion to the varying inflections of sound emitted by the voice. And it should be added that this particular discovery was made by him, not as a mere spontaneous inspiration or happy thought, but as an outcome arrived at very deliberately through a long series of patient investigations in acoustic science. To such perfection was the instrument brought at last that, scarcely breathing, you could with an undertone, though inaudible to anyone two yards off, be readily heard at the other end of the line. While, if called to from the other end of the line, you could hear the voice wherever you might happen to be in your apartment. Added to which the clearness and purity of articulation through the instrument were irreproachable. It has been found, too, that a small copper contrivance, trumpet-like or conical in shape, when fitted on to the mouthpiece, so increases the sound that words, spoken two or three yards from it, can be readily heard at the distant station. Insomuch is this the case that when you are standing a little more than a yard from the opening of this copper horn, you can with ease hold converse with anyone at the opposite extremity of the line. At as early a date as the 12th February, 1877, Bell's telephone emitted

sounds sufficiently audible to be faintly heard by a large audience in the Essex Institute, at Salem, in Massachusetts. When a short speech was shouted into a Bell Telephone at Boston, it was heard sixteen miles away at Salem by an assembly of 600 people. And upon the same occasion, but in the opposite direction, a lecture transmitted by word of mouth through the telephonic wire from Salem to Boston was published in the Boston newspapers on the following morning. At a comparatively early date in the history of the invention, a conversation was held through the telephonic wire across an interval of 250 miles, between Graham Bell, at New York, and Thomas Watson, at Boston. Later on, the Post-Office electrician, Mr. Preece, announced that telephonic communication had been successfully carried on through sixty miles of sub-marine cable, between Dartmouth and Guernsey. During the course of some experiments made by MM. Pollard and Garnier, through another sub-marine cable, connecting the Mole at Cherbourg with the Maritime Prefecture, a bugle was one day heard sounding its tantarrara in the Prefect's study. And, upon enquiring into the cause of this, it was found that one of the manipulators had snatched up a bugle and sounded it in front of the telephone on the Mole, three miles away! Wind instruments are always very distinctly audible through the telephone; especially, from its staccato sound, the cornet à piston, which, when played in London, has been heard by thousands of people fifty miles off at Basingstoke. All that is necessary, in using an ordinary Bell Telephone, for speaking purposes, is to articulate your words very distinctly in front of the mouthpiece of the instrument which you hold in your hand—the listener at the same time holding the receiver to his ear at the distant station. One instrument is enough at each station to render communication between any two stations complete. Two instruments, however, at each station are very much to be preferred for rapid converse—one held in one hand to the

mouth, the other in the other hand to the ear, so that you can with instant alternation speak and listen. At the same time it should be said that holding one with each hand to each ear, you can hear with greatly increased distinctness. Shouting, as a rule, is of no avail. Rather than speak loudly, let your intonation be clear and your articulation syllabically accurate. With the exception of *e*, vowel sounds are the most readily transmitted. While four consonants, *g j k* and *q*, are, of all, those which are repeated by the telephone the most imperfectly. Whatever spoken sounds are transmitted should, for their better despatch, be as far as possible of musical intonation. As was proved later on, in the March of 1878, by Signor Luvini, Professor of Physics at the Military Academy of Turin, the introduction of electro-magnets in any way inconsiderately into the circuit between two telephones, very sensibly decreases the intensity of sound in each, the maximum of sound being produced by putting one close to the transmitting and another close to the receiving telephone. While the sounds given out by a couple of telephones are intense in proportion to the degree of unison in their respective vibrations. The apparatus, therefore, ought in every instance to be so selected that the speaker's voice and the instrument should harmonize. So completely an accomplished fact was the perfecting of Bell's telephone within little more than a year from its first announcement in England, that on the 14th and 15th January, 1878, it was exhibited before the Queen, at Osborne Palace, in the Isle of Wight. And on the 22nd of that month an attempt was even made (but on the whole, it must be said, unsuccessfully) to transmit, through its agency, an audible report of the Parliamentary Debates from the House of Commons at Westminster to the Daily News office at Blackfriars. In the March of that year Mr. Spottiswoode demonstrated by experiment the surprising fact that, providing the polar extremity of the magnet were placed close to the ear of the listener, the vibrating plate of the

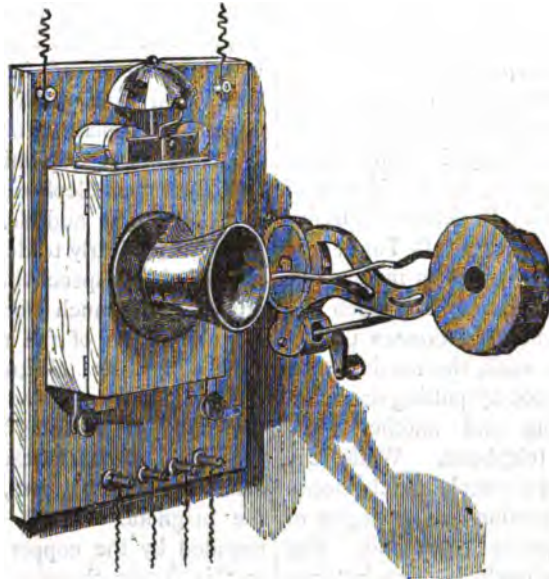
telephone might be actually dispensed with altogether. Similarly, about the same time, Signor Ignace Canestrelli, Herr Wiesendanger, and others, proved that a telephone without a diaphragm is perfectly capable of transmitting speech electrically, and this by simply magnifying the vibrations. Mr. Millar of Glasgow, in the August of that year, illustrated this in a remarkable way before the British Association, at Dublin, by means of a small bar-magnet three inches long, having a copper helix wound round it. With this in a pasteboard box, fitted above and below with two zinc plates, a song, an air whistled, the mere act of respiration at the other extremity of the telephonic wire, were shown to be distinctly audible. All this, in fact, has served clearly to demonstrate that the transmission of speech through the telephone arises not so much from the repetition by the membrane of the receiving telephone (influenced by electro-magnetism) of vibrations caused by the voice on the transmitting telephone, but is rather due to molecular vibrations caused in the whole electro-magnetic system, and especially in the magnetic core of the iron bar surrounded by the copper helix. According to this theory, therefore, it will be obvious that the vibrating plate or metallic diaphragm does nothing more after all than merely strengthen the magnetic effect of the telephone.

Another remarkable fact in regard to the telephone is this, that for a comparatively short distance an isolated circuit is by no means necessary. Thus, for one extending 430 yards for example, a copper wire laid on grass has been found perfectly sufficient. While even when the wire has been buried in moist earth, a telephone has been heard simultaneously by several listeners.

Edison's telephone, which was first announced early in 1876, almost immediately Bell and Gray had delivered in their specifications, had these two obvious disadvantages in comparison with either. First, it required a battery, and was therefore more cumbrous and complicated. Secondly, the

receiving instrument and the sending instrument were different. It transmitted sound, however, very readily to a greater distance. Based like Bell's and Gray's on the action of undulatory currents, Edison's telephone differed from both of those by interposing in the circuit semi-conducting solid bodies such as graphite and carbon, especially the carbon extracted from compressed lamp-black. In one apparatus of his, for example,

he introduced a disc of plumbago between the vibrating plate and a platinum plate in connection with a battery. In another instrument of his he placed a carbon disc of compressed lamp-black and petroleum between two platinum plates, each of the latter having attached to it a more or less elastic pad, one being made of cork, the other of caoutchouc. While a third and somewhat similar arrangement by him of



Exterior of Edison's Loud-Speaking Telephone.

the telephone, interposed between the vibrating plate and the upper platinum plate a little iron cylinder instead of the caoutchouc pad, the mouthpiece of the instrument being larger and more prominent, the instrument itself being encased in nickel silver, and the rigid disc on the top of the lower or inner platinum plate being not ebonite but aluminium. Edison's carbon telephone was tested with the happiest results, on the 2nd April, 1878, through the 106 miles of wire connecting New York and Philadelphia. With a small induction coil and a battery of only two cells he was enabled thereby to converse, with the greatest ease, at that distance, with Messrs. Phelps and Batchelor. An improvement on Edison's one carbon disc was very soon suggested, however, by Colonel Navez—to wit,

the employment of several. By the interposition of the carbon disc, all that was aimed at, from the outset, by Edison, was the modification of the resistance of the circuit. In that direction, even when used singly, its action was most effective. Its multiplication, thus, therefore, was not unreasonable proposed.

Edison's most memorable achievement of all as a telephonic inventor, however, was in the production of his loud speaking, or as it is sometimes called with good reason, his Shouting Telephone. If merely regarded in its compound character, it is certainly remarkable, for its action is three-fold, that is at once electrical, chemical and mechanical. It was for a long time one of the chief marvels on view at the Polytechnic Institution. There Professor Pepper lec-

tured upon it, day after day, for months, to the delight and wonder of large audiences. His assistant on these occasions, instead of being as usual present there in the lecture-room, was at a considerable distance from him, at a house in Cavendish Square—the sole means of communication between them being a fine copper wire. Seen from without on the platform by the side of the lecturer, the little apparatus appeared as on the preceding page. Through the mouthpiece of it, at intervals, the assistant at the other end of the wire at the house in Cavendish Square, sang a song, or played a solo on the cornet à piston to the accompaniment of a piano in the lecture-hall. Examined internally, this was the simple arrangement of the contrivance :—

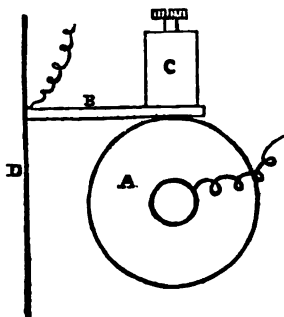


Diagram shewing the action of the Shouting Telephone.

A cylinder of chalk *A*, moulded upon a metallic roller, has a handle attached to it, which projects outside the instrument, and by turning which the cylinder is rotated. The substance of the chalk, however, it should be said, has been previously impregnated with caustic potash. Pressing upon the upper surface of the cylinder is a horizontal arm or bar *B*, faced with platinum

and weighted above by an india-rubber pad *C*. This arm is fastened to the centre of a four-inch diaphragm of mica *D*. Whenever the cylinder revolves the friction generated between the arm *B* and the surface of the chalk cylinder *A*, causes such a pull upon the mica diaphragm *D*, that it assumes a form slightly concave. Directly the electric current, however, is caused to pass between the cylinder *A* and the arm *B*, all friction instantaneously ceasing, gives place to a wonderful slippery gliding of the chalk cylinder under the platinum, as though either or both of them had a surface of ice—the diaphragm *D*, as a consequence of this, instantaneously springing back to its original perpendicular position. This mysterious slipping or gliding effect is simply the result of the action of the electric current upon the caustic potash with which the chalk has been previously impregnated. But whether arising from the fact that minute bubbles of gas have in consequence been given out which may thus form so many cushions of vapour for the platinum to glide along, or whether from the salt of the potash in infinitesimal quantities being reduced to the metallic state, thus causing all friction to cease, still remains a moot question. However this may be, the arrangement in this way made, is so wonderfully sensitive to minute variations of friction that the alterations of the force of the magneto-electric current, caused by a voice speaking in front of a carbon transmitter, are immediately translated into corresponding variations of friction, the mica diaphragm thereupon vibrating sympathetically to every such subtle variation, and the original sounds being thus sonorously reproduced.

To be continued.)

FOR NAME AND FAME;

A TALE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

By G. A. HENTY.

Author of "Out with Clive;" "Facing Death;" "By Sheer Pluck;" "Under Drake's Flag;"
 "The Young Buglers;" "Cornet of Horse;" "Friends, though Divided," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—(continued).



OTHER people would have been deceived as well as the captain. Hard work and exposure to the air had done much to age the boy. He had been tall and slight for his age when he left the workhouse, and, while he had not ceased growing in height, he had widened out considerably; and, had he asserted himself to be eighteen years of age, few would have questioned the statement.

The *Sea Belle* for some time kept south, touching at some of the islands where a trade was done with the Papuans; then her head was turned north, and, after an eventful voyage, she reached Calcutta, where the captain had been ordered to fill up with cotton or grain for England.

The captain at once landed, and proceeded to the office of the agent of the firm who owned the *Sea Belle*. He was shown into that gentleman's private room, where, at the time, two gentlemen were seated chatting. The agent was personally acquainted with the captain, and asked him to sit down, and smoke a cigar.

"This is Captain Mayhew, of the *Sea Belle*," he said to his friends. "He has been trading for the last three months down among the islands. These gentlemen, Captain Mayhew, are Major Harrison and Captain Edwards, who have just arrived from China with their regiment in the *Euphrates*. Has your voyage been a pleasant one, captain?"

"Pleasant enough, sir, on the whole; but we were attacked by the Malay pirates, and I should certainly not have been here to tell the tale at present, had it not been for the quickness and shrewdness of a lad who had been shipwrecked on the coast."

"How is that, Mayhew? Tell us all about it."

Captain Mayhew related the whole story of the fight with the pirates, saying that, unquestionably, had it not been for Will's pointing out the passage through the reef in the first place, and his idea of burying a submarine mine in the second, the *Sea Belle* would have fallen into the hands of the pirates.

"But where did the boy spring from? how on earth came he to be there?"

Captain Mayhew then related the story of William Gale's adventures, as he had them from his own lips.

"He must be a cool and plucky young fellow, indeed," Major Harrison exclaimed. "I should like to see him. What style and type is he, captain? a rough sort of chap?"

"By no means," the captain answered. "He is surprisingly well mannered. Had I met him elsewhere, and in gentleman's clothes, I do not think that I should have suspected that he was not what he appeared. His features too, somehow or other, strike one as being those of a gentleman: which is all the more singular, when, as a fact, he told me he had been brought up in a workhouse."

"In a workhouse!" Major Harrison repeated. "Then I suppose his parents were farm labourers."

"No," the captain answered: "he was

left at the door on a stormy night by a tramp who was found drowned next morning in a ditch near. He had, when found, a gold trinket of some kind round his neck ; and he tells me that, from that and other circumstances, it was generally supposed by the workhouse authorities that he did not belong to the tramp, but that he had been stolen by her, and that he belonged at least to a respectable family."

"All this is very interesting," Captain Edwards said. "I should like much to see the boy. Will you come and dine with us this evening, on board the *Euphrates*—Mr. Reynolds here is coming—and have the boy sent on board, say at 9 o'clock, when we can have him in, and have a chat with him?"

Captain Mayhew readily agreed. William was even then waiting outside for him, having landed with him ; and the captain, when he entered the office, had told him to walk about for an hour, and amuse himself with the sights of Calcutta, and then return and wait for him. He said nothing about his being close at hand, as he did not wish the officers to see him in the rough outfit which had been furnished him on board ship, intending to surprise them by his appearance in decent clothes. Accordingly, on leaving Mr. Reynolds' office, he took him to one of the numerous shops in the town where clothes of any kind can be procured.

"Now, Will," he said, "I want you to get a suit of shore-going clothes : you can get your sea outfit to-morrow at your leisure ; but I want you to show up well at the mess this evening, and a suit of good clothes will always be useful to you."

Captain Mayhew had intended to pay for the outfit himself, but this Will would not hear of ; and Captain Mayhew was the less reluctant to let the lad have his own way, as he had, in the course of the interview with the agent, agreed that the lad's services deserved a handsome recognition from the firm, and that the sum of one hundred guineas should be given to him at once. The agent felt no doubt that the firm would thoroughly approve of the payment. Twenty

pounds was to be given to Hans for his share of the services, but the two suggestions which had saved the *Sea Belle* had both originated with Will.

By Captain Mayhew's advice, Will purchased a suit of dark-coloured tweed, a black tie, and some white shirts and collars. At other shops he bought some boots and a panama straw-hat. Having completed their purchases, they walked for some hours about Calcutta, Will being delighted with the variety of the native costumes and the newness and singularity of everything which met his eye.

On their return to the *Ghaut*, as the landing-stage is called, the various purchases which had been made were found stowed in the *Sea Belle's* boat, which had about an hour before come to shore to fetch them off. At seven o'clock Captain Mayhew went off to the *Euphrates*, leaving orders that the boat was to bring Will over at nine. At that hour the lad was dressed in his new clothes, which fortunately fitted him well.

"By jingo, Will," the first mate said as he entered the cabin, "you look a tip-topper, and no mistake."

The mate was right : the lad, with his sun-burnt face, quiet manner, and easy carriage, looked thoroughly at home in his attire.

"I don't know who your parents were, but I would bet a month's pay that the old tramp you were telling us of had nothing to do with it ; for you look every inch a gentleman, from head to foot.

Will found, on gaining the deck of the *Euphrates*, that orders had been left by the officer in command that he was to be shown into the saloon-cabin upon his giving his name to the sergeant, who came up at the sentry's call. He was at once conducted below. For a moment he felt almost bewildered as he entered ; the size of the cabin, the handsomeness of its fittings, the well-laid table decked with fragrant flowers, so far surpassed anything he had ever seen or thought of. He was conducted to the head of the table, where Major Harrison, with Mr. Reynolds on one hand and Captain

Mayhew on the other, sat near the colonel commanding the regiment.

Captain Mayhew smiled quietly to himself at the surprise which could not be repressed on the part of the major and Mr. Reynolds as well as of the other officers sitting near, who had already heard a portion of the story, at the appearance of the lad he introduced to them. The colonel ordered a chair to be placed next to himself, and told the servant to fill a glass of wine for Will, and entered into conversation with him.

"I think, gentlemen," he said after a minute or two, seeing that the lad did not touch the wine that was poured out for him, "it will be pleasanter on deck; for it is terribly hot here, and I see that most of you have finished your wine." An adjournment was at once made to the deck. Here cigars were lighted, and the colonel and senior officers taking their places in some of the easy chairs which were still about, the rest gathered round to hear the story which Major Harrison had promised them would be an interesting one.

Captain Mayhew first gave his account of the fight between the *Sea Belle* and the pirates, beginning at the point when, as he was hotly chased and despairing of making a successful defence, the canoe with the two lads in it came out to him. Then Will was called upon to explain how he came to be there at that moment. He told briefly how the fishing-smack was sunk, and how he had saved himself by clinging to the bobstay of the Dutch Indiaman, and how he had sailed in this vessel to Java, and was on his way in her to China, when wrecked in the cyclone. Here his audience insisted upon his giving them full details; and he accordingly told them the manner in which he and a few of the crew had escaped; how, when they were building a boat, they had been attacked by Malays, and all—except another lad and himself, who were hiding in a tree—were massacred by the pirates; how they had gone inland to a village, where, having aided the natives when attacked by a hostile tribe, they had been most kindly

received; how they had finally obtained a canoe and spent their time in fishing in hopes of seeing a passing sail, until the *Sea Belle*, chased by the Malay pirates, had appeared off the shore.

There was a genuine murmur of approval from those thickly clustered round, as the lad finished his story; and the colonel warmly expressed his approval of his conduct under such exciting circumstances.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked.

"I have not made up my mind, sir," the lad said: "I expect that I shall ship in some vessel sailing for England shortly."

"Major Harrison," the colonel said, "will you and Captain Mayhew come with me to my cabin? I should like to have a few minutes' private chat with you," he went on, putting his hand on Will's shoulder. A minute or two later the three gentlemen and Will were seated in the private cabin.

"Look here, my boy," the colonel said. "I have heard from Major Harrison what you had told Captain Mayhew concerning your birth; and certainly your appearance and manner go far to sustain the belief that the tramp who left you was not your mother, and that your parents were of gentle birth. I do not say that a man's birth makes much difference to him; still, it does go for something, and, in nine cases out of ten, the difference both in face and figure is unmistakable. Unless I am very wrong, your father was a gentleman. However, that is not to the point: it is your quickness and activity, your coolness in danger, and the adventures which you have gone through which interest us in you. Now I think it a pity that a lad who has shewn that there is so much in him, should remain a sailor before the mast. You have not been so long at sea as to become wedded to it, and to be unable to turn your hands to anything else. Now, what do you say to enlisting? In the ranks are men of all sorts,—gentlemen, honest men, and blackguards. The steady respectable man is sure to rise. You can, the captain tells me, read and write well. There is a chance of active service at present, and when there is active

service, a man who distinguishes himself gets rapid promotion. The regiment land to-morrow and go straight through by train to the North. There is trouble in Afghanistan ; and an ultimatum has just been sent to the Ameer, that, if he does not comply with our terms, it will be war ; and we hope to be there in time for the beginning of it. I can only say, that if you like to join, Major Harrison and myself will keep our eyes upon you, and, if you deserve it, you may be sure of rapid promotion. You have greatly interested me in your story, and I should be very glad to give a helping hand to so deserving a young fellow. It is not usual, certainly, for a regiment to take recruits in India, but I don't suppose that there can be any objection to it."

"Thank you very much, sir," Will said when the colonel ceased. "I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness. I have never thought about the army, but I am sure that I cannot possibly do better than accept your kind offer : the only thing, sir, is about my age."

"Tut, tut," the colonel interrupted, "I don't want to know anything about your age. When you go up for attestment, you will say that you are under nineteen, which will be strictly true. I will give a hint, and no further questions will be asked. Neither I, nor any one else, know that you are not past eighteen ; and in time of war no one is particular as to the age of recruits, as long as they are fit to do their duty. You must work hard to pick up enough knowledge of drill to enable you to take your place in the ranks. There is neither parade work nor difficult manoeuvring in the face of an enemy, and you can finish up afterwards. Are you quite agreed ?"

"Quite sir," Will said joyously, "and am indeed obliged to you."

"Come on board then to-morrow at eight o'clock, and ask for Sergeant Ringwood."

William Gale left the cabin with a new prospect of life before him. He had of late rather shrunk from the thought of again taking his place as a ship boy ; and the pro-

spect of adventures, to say nothing of the advancement which might befall him through the interest taken in him by the colonel, was delightful to him.

The last words the colonel had said, when he left the cabin, were : "Say nothing about the workhouse, and as little as possible of anything which happened before you were wrecked on the island, in the barrack-room."

When William and Captain Mayhew had left the cabin, Colonel Shepherd sent for Sergeant Ringwood.

"Sergeant," he said, "a young fellow will come on board to-morrow at eight o'clock, to join the regiment as a recruit. Take him at once to the surgeon and get him passed. I know we shall be able to give him but little drill before we get to the frontier ; but do all you can for him, and I will make it up to you. He is a smart young fellow, and I have a good deal of interest in him. He was on his way to China, and was wrecked among the Malays, and has gone through a good deal. Finding himself here with nothing to do, and with a prospect of active service on the frontier, he has decided to enlist ; and, as he is a gallant young fellow, I do not wish to balk his fancy."

The sergeant saluted and took his leave, impressed with the idea—although the colonel had not said so—that the new recruit was a young gentleman who had joined the service simply for the sake of taking part in the war.

The next morning Will took leave of his friend Hans, who had the previous day shipped on board a Dutch ship homeward bound, and who was a few hours later to shift his berth to her, after he had been on shore to fit himself out in clothes. Hans was much affected at saying good-bye to his companion, and the two promised to correspond with each other. On bidding farewell to his friend the captain of the *Sea Belle*, the latter informed Will that Mr. Reynolds had, on behalf of the owners of the "*Sea Belle*," paid £100 to his account into the Bank of Hindustan, and that this or any portion of it would be paid to his order, as

the captain had furnished the agent with a slip of paper upon which Will had at his request signed his name. This had, with the money, been deposited at the bank, so that his signature might be recognised and honoured.

On reaching the *Euphrates*, Will was at once taken charge of by Serjeant Ringwood, who took him before the doctor, to whom the colonel had already spoken. The medical examination was satisfactory, the doctor remarking,—

“You are rather slight yet, but you will fill out in time.”

The age was asked, and given as under 19, and 18 was inscribed against him in the books. Then he was taken before the colonel and attested, and was from that moment a member of the regiment. A uniform was served out to him, and the usual articles of kit. The serjeant saw that his belts were put on properly, and his knapsack packed; and half-an-hour afterwards he fell in, with his musket on his shoulder, among the troops paraded on the deck of the *Euphrates* prior to embarkation.

So quickly had it all been managed that Will could hardly believe that he was awake, as, feeling strangely hampered by his belts and accoutrements, he descended the accommodation ladder, and took his place with his new comrades on board one of the great native boats, and rowed to the shore.

The regiment was marched direct to the railway station, where the heavy baggage had been sent on the previous day. The men took their places in the long train which stood in readiness; and, half-an-hour later, steamed north from Calcutta.

Hitherto, none of his comrades had spoken to Will. In the bustle of landing all had enough to do to look to themselves, and it was not until he found himself with eight comrades and a corporal in the railway-carriage that he was addressed.

“Well! young’un,” one said, “what’s yer name, and where do you come from? Calcutta isn’t much of a place for recruiting.”

“I was on my way to China,” Will replied, “and got wrecked among the Malays; then

I got picked up by a vessel, and we had some hot fighting. Then I was landed at Calcutta, and, seeing nothing much to do, and hearing that there was a chance of a fight with the Afghans, I thought the best thing to do was to enlist. My name is William Gale.”

“I wasn’t quite sure that you were an Englishman; you are pretty nigh as dark as them copper-coloured niggers here.”

“So would you be,” Will laughed, “if you had been living, as I have, for ten months among savages, without even a shirt to your back.”

“Tell us all about it,” the soldier said. “This is a bit of luck, mates, our having someone who can tell us a tale when we have got such a long journey before us.”

Will made his story as full as he could, and it lasted a long time. When it was finished, the men expressed their opinion that he was a good sort, and, Will having handed over to the corporal a sovereign to be expended on drinks by the way, as his footing in the regiment, he became quite a popular character, and soon felt at home in his new position.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ADVANCE INTO AFGHANISTAN.

THERE was but little talking in the middle of the day in the train, for the heat was excessive. All the men had taken off their coats and sat in their shirt-sleeves. But they were, nevertheless, bathed in perspiration. Late at night, the train arrived at Allahabad: here there was a stop till morning. The men alighted from the train, and lay down on their folded blankets, with their knapsacks for pillows, on the platform, or in the waiting-rooms. A plentiful supply of water had been prepared for their use at the station, and outside were several water-carriers; and many of the men stripped off their shirts and had water poured over their heads and bodies.

Will Gale was among these; and, greatly refreshed, he enjoyed some fruit and cakes,

which he purchased of native vendors; and then, lying down on a bench in the station, was soon asleep. Four days' travelling brought them to the end of the railway. They were ferried across the Attock and then their real work began.

Although it was now late in September, the heat was still intense. Tents were struck an hour before day-break, and by eleven o'clock each day, the column was at its halting place. It was, however, hours before the tents and baggage arrived. Many of the draft cattle were very poor, forage was scarce, and the arrangements far from good. The consequence was that great numbers of the oxen broke down and died, and many of the troops were often obliged to sleep in the air owing to the non-arrival of their tents. The defects of the transport were aggravated as the time went on, and the Norfolk Rangers fared much better than some of the troops which followed them.

The regiment was destined to operate in the Khuram Valley under the command of General Roberts. The advanced column of this division consisted of the 7th company of Bengal Sappers, the 23rd Bengal Pioneers, a battery of Horse Artillery, one of Royal Artillery, and two mountain batteries, a squadron of the 10th Hussars, and the 12th Bengal Cavalry. The first brigade of Infantry comprised the 2nd battalion of the 8th foot, the 29th Bengal Native Infantry, and the 5th Punjaub Infantry. The second brigade consisted of the 72nd Highlanders, the 21st Native Infantry, the 2nd Punjaub Infantry, and the 5th Ghoorkas. The place of assembly was Kohat. The Norfolk Rangers were to act as a reserve.

It was on the 2nd of October that the Rangers arrived at Kohat, heartily glad that their march across the sandy plains of the Punjaub was at an end. The other regiments comprising the force poured in rapidly, and on the 9th the general arrived and assumed the command. The next day the Punjaub regiments were sent forward to Thull. It was not until the middle of November that the European regiments followed them; and the six weeks were, by

the Rangers, for the most part employed in drill. For, after their voyage and journey up the country, their commanding officer considered it necessary to work them hard, to get them to the highest state of discipline.

William Gale was worked exceptionally hard, as he had in that short time to learn the manual and platoon exercises, and to pick up enough of drill to enable him to take his place in the ranks. Fortunately he carried himself well and required far less drilling than the majority of the recruits. By the time that the regiment moved forward, he was able to take his place in his company, and had mastered all the movements which were likely to be necessary in the campaign.

The road between Kohat and Thull runs in a valley between mountains, those on the right being inhabited by the Waziries, a fierce and independent tribe. The regiment which had first marched, had exercised every precaution against an attack. The convoys of stores and provisions sent forward had always been accompanied by strong escorts, and orders were issued that officers going forward on duty should not travel without protection. The Waziries, however, contrary to expectation, remained quiet, probably waiting to see the turn which matters took; for had we suffered a repulse, they would assuredly have taken part at once against us and would have aided in massacring fugitives and robbing baggage-waggons.

The march to Thull occupied five days, which were very pleasant ones to William Gale. His heavy work at drill was now over: he was no longer considered a recruit, but ranked as a soldier. The marches were not long, and for many hours in the afternoon, the high hills threw the valley in shade; and the soldiers, after pitching their tents, were able to stroll about or to lie under the trees in which the valley abounded. The regiment reached Thull on the 18th of November, and on the morning of the 21st, the column advanced.

The river, whose bed was 500 yards wide, was fortunately now low, being

reduced to a stream of 40 yards wide by 3 deep. A trestle-bridge had been thrown across it for the use of the Infantry. The river was distant a mile and a half from the town. No opposition was expected, but as a small Afghan garrison was stationed in a fort at Kapizang, a short distance beyond the river, an attempt was to be made to capture it. The 29th Punjaub Infantry first crossed the river at the bridge. The 10th Hussars forded the river, and extended in skirmishing order to cut off the retreat of the garrison. When they reached the fort, however, which was a square enclosure, with round towers at the corners, it was found that the garrison, who had doubtless received warning from spies in Thull, had abandoned the place in the night.

The cavalry were now sent forward to reconnoitre, the infantry following, and the advance force halted at Ahmed-I-shama for the night. Not a single habitation was passed during the nine miles march. The road was generally a mere track, six foot wide, passing through tangled brakes of dwarf palms, intersected by stony gullies except when it ran along the steep bank of the river.

The following day the rest of the first brigade marched up to Ahmed-I-shama, while the advanced force under Colonel Gordon moved on to Hazir-pir. The Rangers were with the first brigade, but not with the advanced party. This was composed wholly of native troops, consisting of the Pioneer regiments, and the Sappers and Miners; these had hard work, for the road which was fifteen miles in length, was scarcely passable for wheeled carriages; and the guns could not be taken along until the boulders and blocks of stone which strewed the way were removed or blasted into pieces.

On the 23rd the Rangers, with the Horse Artillery battery and two native regiments, marched towards Hazir-pir; but the difficulties of the road were so great, that they had to camp for the night four miles short of that place. General Roberts and the headquarters went forward the same day.

As the general passed along the road, the head-men of all the villages near came and paid their respects; and the villagers lined the roads as the troops passed, offering fowls, eggs, milk, and dried fruit for sale. As William Gale had brought a supply of money with him, he was able to indulge in all those luxuries; and, indeed, as the men had had few opportunities or spending money at Thull, all were well supplied with cash. The halt at Hazir-pir was then a very pleasant one. Supplies of grass, fuel, and provisions in considerable quantities were brought in there; but much difficulty arose in settling the terms of purchase, as coin was almost unknown in the valley, and therefore there was no established price; one native being ready to sell for a few coppers, articles for which another demanded as many pieces of silver. On the hills around, a considerable number of sheep were seen grazing, but the natives did not care about selling these, which, indeed, belonged for the most part, not to the Turis, the tribe which inhabit the valley, but to nomad Ghilzais, who, like the Swiss shepherds, move about with their charges among the mountains wherever fodder is to be obtained. Khuram valley itself is bare and monotonous: with the exception of fruit-trees planted round the villages, scarce a tree is to be found; but each village is marked by a huge chunar or oriental plane; beneath which the villagers rest during the noon-day heat.

But, if the valley itself was bare and desolate, the scenery around was lovely. The great range of mountains known as the Safaid-Koh bounds the valley on the east and north. This range averages 14,000 feet high, from which spurs run out at right angles, enclosing narrower valleys with broiling torrents rushing through boulders. The slopes of these valleys are covered with luxuriant vegetation, till the limit of trees is reached at a height of about 11,000 feet, above which, in winter, the snow lies thick, while in summer it furnishes the finest pasture to the Ghilzai flocks and herds.

The valley lands and the lower slopes of the hills, are laid out in terraces, and irrigated rice-fields extend near the rivers. Valley and hill are alike covered with stones and boulders, Afghanistan being probably the most stony country in the world.

On the 24th, the headquarters, with the cavalry and two regiments, moved forward ten miles and encamped at the south end of the Darwazi pass, the road leading to open broad valleys covered with dwarf palms and wholly uncultivated. On the 25th the advanced force crossed the pass, which was a gentle slope and offered no great difficulty, and at night encamped at the Khuram fort, which had been evacuated by the enemy. The buildings, which would have been useful for the troops, had however been wrecked by the Turis, who have a deadly hate for the Afghans, their masters, and who were also animated in their work of destruction by a desire to obtain wood, which is exceedingly scarce there.

At Khuram there are two forts, the one 120 yards and the other 100 yards square. Inside these were quarters for the government, and huts for the garrison and officers; and in the smaller forts were stables for the cavalry forces. This place was made the headquarters of the forces in the Khuram valley. The general now rode on with two squadrons of the 12th Bengal Cavalry, to reconnoitre in the direction of the Peiwar-Khotal, towards which the enemy were supposed to be retreating, and where they were expected to make a stand. As they approached the village of Peiwar, two villages were seen in flames, and news was brought in that three Afghan regiments, with 12 guns, had lately passed through.

The natives reported that they were encumbered by their guns, and that forced labour was procured for the purpose of removing them. Later on a rumour came that the 12 guns were stuck in the ravine at the foot of the Khotal.

With but a small force of cavalry at his command the general could do nothing, and so returned to Khuram and determined to hurry up the troops faster than he had in-

tended, so as to capture the guns reported—as was afterwards proved falsely—to have been left behind by the Afghans. The sick and all superfluous baggage, were left behind at Khuram, and on the 28th the troops moved at daybreak, the two brigades marching in parallel columns.

The cold was now severe at night, although it was hot in the daytime. It had been intended to halt at Halid-Kitta, four miles from the Khotal; but the intelligence arriving that the Ameer's troops had abandoned their guns, and were in disorderly retreat, decided the general to push forward at once to the Peiwar-Khotal, seven miles further, instead of waiting and giving the enemy time to strengthen their position. A mile from the foot of the actual ascent of the Khotal, lies the village of Turrai, two miles and a half beyond Peiwar. Turrai is situated in a valley, the ground at whose entrance is very much broken up by the streams which run down on the other side. The left column—the 5th and 29th Punjaub in advance, with the 2nd battalion of the 8th, and the 23rd Pioneers, the Rangers, and two guns of the No. 1 mountain battery in support—was sent to the left with instructions to turn a ridge forming the south boundary of the valley, and to seize the village of Turrai. They were also to follow up closely any body of retreating Afghan troops that they might come across. The light brigade were to march up the regular road to the Peiwar, thus supporting the attack of the left brigade.

The left brigade followed out its orders, except that the regiment in support did not go round the southern side of the spur but kept to the north. No enemy was seen on the south side of the spur, so when a track leading across to Turrai was reached the troops moved down towards the village, the regiments in support advancing at the foot of the open on the north side. The mountain path that the advanced troops were now filing down, did not lead directly to the village, but fell into the valley ahead of it, at a point where it widens out into what was known as the "punch-

bowl valley" at the foot of the Peiwar-Khotal.

As soon as the head of the column reached this spot they came in sight of the Afghans, who showed themselves in great numbers on the crest of the mountain far above their heads. As the troops had no orders to attack so formidable a position, they fell back towards Turrat, which was about a quarter of a mile to the rear. At the sight of this movement the Afghans swarmed down a spur of the hill, and commenced an attack on the regiments that were moving towards the village. The 29th Punjaubees climbed the hill and a sharp skirmish ensued, the two mounted guns coming into action.

While this was going on, the main body of the troops arrived at Turrat. The advanced troops were recalled and the 5th Ghoorkas were advanced to cover the movement. As it was now seen that the story of the abandonment of the guns was false, orders were given to pile arms in the village and to encamp there. This step was an imprudent one, as the Afghans speedily showed. While our men were sitting or lying upon the ground waiting for the baggage to arrive, the Afghans brought up a mountain-gun from the main ridge, about three quarters of a mile distant, to the point of the spur overlooking the village of Turrat, and opened fire at 1,700 yards range.

The astonishment of the troops, when the first shell fell among them, was great. Every one jumped to his feet and ran to his arms, and the guns of the Royal Horse Artillery were brought at once into action. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the Afghans opened fire. Had they waited for a few hours, brought up another gun or two, and made a night attack immediately after opening fire, it is morally certain that the imprudence of camping in such a position would have been punished by a disaster which might have vied with that of Isandula. Huddled together in a small village, surrounded by scrub, and impeded as the troops would have been by the baggage-animals and native followers rushing in terror in all directions, our men would have been

taken at an immense disadvantage. Fortunately the enemy opened fire before the darkness set in. The troops were at once ordered to fall back a mile-and-a-half, and to pitch on fresh ground.

There was much confusion in the retreat, as the road in the rear was crowded with the baggage-animals. The spot chosen for the camp was a rough one, for the ground was covered with scrub and a scattered growth of hill oak and thorny bushes, and was broken by the remains of some ancient terraces, but as the jungle and broken ground extended for three and a half miles, there was nothing for it but to take up the best position possible under the circumstances. This was done after a ravine with steep banks had been passed. This formed a clear line of observation in front of the camp, while the view in every other direction was obscured by trees. The regiments passed a wretched night on the rough ground. Most of them were unable to find their baggage, which was wandering in the scrub in the dark, and the greater part of the troops lay down on the bare ground and went supperless to sleep, after their fatiguing march of 21 miles.

In the morning both men and cattle were greatly exhausted by their long marches and almost sleepless nights, and General Roberts determined to wait for a day or two to reconnoitre the formidable position of the enemy before undertaking its attack. The camp was shifted to a more secure site, the brushwood and trees were cleared away, the tents pitched and the troops were again comfortable.

A reconnaissance was made by Col. Perkins, commanding the Royal Engineers, with two companies of the Pioneers. He ascertained that a deep ravine lay between the ridge on which they were encamped and the Khotal itself, and that it was impossible to direct an attack on that side. Major Collett also, with two companies of the 23rd, proceeded to reconnoitre the route known as the Spingawi or Cow Pass. This, instead of going up the Khotal, wound round its foot to the right of the valley.

Ascending the mountain at a point some three or four miles to the east of the Peiwar-Khotal, the reconnaissance reached the summit of a ridge about five miles distant from the camp and overlooking the Spingawi-Khotal. It was ascertained that the road up the pass seemed easy and practicable for all arms, that the top of the pass appeared to be on the same ridge as the Peiwar-Khotal, and that a force working from it towards the latter, would pass over a series of dominating positions. It did not appear to Major Collett that the enemy held the Peiwar-Khotal in force, although there was a gun on a commanding knoll on the south, and there seemed to be one at the top of the pass. The road from the village of Peiwar to the top of the Spingawi Pass seemed perfectly easy for troops of all arms.

The next two days were spent in clearing the camp, and so far as possible improving its military position; but it was still surrounded by thick oak-jungle, which would have afforded cover for an enemy making a sudden attack. A further reconnaissance was made of the Spingawi Pass, and as the examination confirmed Major Collett's report, it was determined to attack by it. Orders were issued on the 1st of December for a march that night. The regiments which were to form the main attack by the Spingawi plateau route were the 29th Punjaub Infantry and the 5th Ghoorkas, commanded by Col. Gordon in advance; these were to be followed by the mountain battery, a wing of the 72nd Highlanders, a company of the Rangers, the 2nd Punjaubees, and the 23rd Highlanders under Brigadier-General Thelwell. Four guns on elephants were to proceed with the column. The 5th Punjaub Infantry, the 8th regiment, two guns Royal Horse Artillery, three guns Royal Artillery, and the 5th Bengal Cavalry, the whole, under the command of Brigadier-General Cobbe were to make an attack on the Peiwar-Khotal direct.

The rest of the force was to remain to guard the camp, and in order to convince the enemy that a front attack upon the Peiwar-Khotal was intended, a party of

Pioneers with an engineer officer, and a covering party of the 8th Regiment, were set to construct a battery near the village of Turrai. Frequent reconnoitring parties had also been sent out in this direction and so well was the secret of the general's intention to attack by the Spingawi Khotal kept, that everyone in camp who had not been let into the secret, was confident that the Peiwar-Khotal would be stormed on the morrow. The enemy, although those in camp were ignorant of the fact, were reinforced on the 1st by four regiments of Infantry, with a mountain battery, and on their side were meditating an attack upon our camp.

The regiments, however, which had freshly arrived were fatigued by their long march, and the assault on our camp was postponed until the next day, and the chance of its coming off was therefore lost for ever. To William Gale's great satisfaction, a company of the Rangers, that to which he had been posted, was the one selected by the colonel to accompany the column marching up the pass. He did not indeed know that this was the route by which they were to advance, but he was pleased at not being left behind with the regiment in charge of the camp.

"Well, young'un," a corporal said to him that evening, "we are going to be under fire at last, and a nice climb we shall have of it; it puts one out of breath to look at that steep road running up the hill, and when it comes to fighting one's way up, with cannon and Afghans on the top, we shall find it hard work."

"I expect," Will answered, "that we sha'n't go up it at any extraordinary pace; if we skirmish up, as I expect we shall, from rock to rock, we shall have plenty of time to get our wind at each halt. We are not to take our knapsacks, so we shall fight light; and we have not much extra weight to carry. What with the heat and what with the long marches, I should think I must have lost a stone in weight since we landed in Calcutta."

"I don't think you have lost weight at

all," the corporal said; "it seems to me that you have grown and widened out in the two months; and only yesterday, when I was sizing the company, I had to move you two men higher; for a young 'un, you stand the fatigues well."

"I am all right," Will said, "except that I have got some frightful blisters on my feet. I was not going to say anything about it, because I should have been kept in hospital and left behind at Khuram, but I have hardly known how to march the last few days. I don't think I could possibly have managed it if I had not adopted the native dodge of wearing putties, which I have greased well on the inside, and wear instead of stockings."

Putties, it may be said, are slips of woollen

cloth, about two and a half yards long, and three inches wide, with a tape sewn into one end. They are wound round and round the leg, from the ankle to below the knee, and secured by the end being tied with the tape. Nearly every one, officers and men, wore them through the campaign. For a long march, there can be no doubt that these bandages, wound round the foot instead of stockings, are very preferable, as they obviate the liability to foot-sores. Even with well-made boots all pedestrians may at times suffer from sore feet, but the liability is immensely increased when, as in the case of the British soldier, the boots are coarse, roughly sewn, and frequently ill-fitted.

To be continued.)



KÉRABAN THE INFLEXIBLE;

OR, ADVENTURES IN THE EUXINE.

BY JULES VERNE.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH.

PART II.—CHAPTER VI.—(*continued*).

HE mountainous region of Asia which includes ancient Assyria and Media, is now called Kurdistan. It is divided into Turkish and Persian Kurdistan, and the former province contains many hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, not the least considerable amongst them being this Seigneur Yanar, who, with his sister, the noble Saraboul, had arrived at the caravanserai the day before.

Seigneur Yanar and his sister had quitted Mossoul two months previously, and were travelling for pleasure. They came to Trebizond, where they intended to remain some weeks. The "noble Saraboul," as she was generally called in her native *pachalik*, was at this time thirty or thirty-three years of age, and had been for some years a widow. The Turkish governor to whom she had been married had been only able to devote to her a very brief existence. The widow was of pleasing and agreeable appearance, and was not altogether unwilling to enter into matrimonial bonds for a second time. This was a more difficult aim to accomplish than at first sight would appear, for, though rich and well born, she was of a violent and impetuous temper; and, being a Kurd, extremely fond of her own way; so any suitor for her hand might not unnaturally be alarmed at her temper. Her brother Yanar, who also constituted himself

her body-guard, had advised the journey—chances are so many while travelling! And that is the reason why these two "personages," having quitted their native Kurdistan, found themselves on the highroad to Trebizond.

Seigneur Yanar was a man of about forty-five years old, tall, imperious, and with a stern countenance; one of those hectoring fellows who are born with a frown. His aquiline nose, his deep-set eyes, his shaven head, and enormous moustaches, indicated him as a specimen of the Armenian, rather than of the Turkish, type. His head was adorned with a felt cap, tied round with brilliantly red silk. He wore a robe with wide sleeves under an embroidered vest; large trousers which fell to his ankles, and embroidered leather boots. His middle was girt about with a scarf, in which he carried a varied assortment of poignards, pistols, and yataghans. He had a truly terrifying appearance.

So Kidros always addressed him with extreme deference, and bore himself like a person who was obliged to bow and scrape before a cannon loaded with grape-shot.

"Yes, Seigneur Yanar," said Kidros emphasising his words with suitable gestures. "I repeat that the judge will arrive here this very evening, and to-morrow morning, at daybreak, will begin his quest."

"Master Kidros," replied Yanar, "you are the host of this caravanserai, and may Allah choke you if you do not take care of your guests' safety and comfort here."

"Certainly," Seigneur Yanar. By all means."

"Well then, last night some ruffians, robbers, or others, penetrated, had the audacity to enter the chamber in which my sister, the noble Saraboul, reposed." And Yanar indicated the particular opening in the wall to which he referred.

"The ruffians!" exclaimed Kidros.

"And we will not quit this caravanseraï," continued Yanar, "until they have been discovered, arrested, condemned, and hanged!"

Master Kidros was not quite assured that any real attempt at robbery had been made. One thing alone was certain. For some reason or other the affrighted widow had rushed from her chamber, screaming and calling for her brother; the whole establishment had been upset, and the malefactors, supposing there had been any, had managed to escape, without leaving a trace of their presence.

At any rate, Scarpante, who had not lost a word of the conversation, at once began to think how he might turn this business to his own profit.

"Now we are Kurds," continued Yanar, drawing himself up proudly to give full effect to his words, "we are Kurds of Mossoul, the splendid capital of Kurdistan, and we will never admit that any slight can be put upon Kurds without reparation being obtained by law, or by force!"

"But, seigneur, what injury has been done?" asked Master Kidros, with some temerity, but prudently retreating a pace or two as he spoke.

"What injury!" exclaimed Yanar.

"Yes, seigneur. No doubt some scoundrels *did* endeavour to enter last night, into the chamber apportioned to the noble Saraboul, but they took away nothing!"

"Nothing; as a matter of fact, nothing; but only thanks to my sister's energy and courage! She can handle a pistol as well as a yataghan!"

"So the malefactors, whoever they might have been, ran away?" remarked Kidros.

"A very good thing for them that they did, Master Kidros. The noble and valiant Saraboul would have exterminated them two

by two—four by four! That is the reason why she will remain armed, as I am, to-night; and woe to anyone who ventures near her room!"

"You may well believe, Seigneur Yanar, that there is nothing to fear now. The robbers—if there were any—will not again hazard——"

"How, *if* there were any robbers!" roared Yanar. "Who do you think these bandits were then?"

"Perhaps some venturesome—some foolish people; or some one who, smitten by the charms of the noble Saraboul,——"

"By Mahomet," exclaimed Yanar, seizing his weapon. "Here is a pretty affair. The honour of a Kurd is at stake! Ah! arrest, imprisonment, impalement will not suffice in this case! No; the most horrible tortures will not be sufficient—unless the ruffian has position and fortune sufficient to repair his fault!"

"Calm yourself, Seigneur Yanar," replied Master Kidros. "The enquiry, which will be instituted, will discover the author, or authors, of this insult. I tell you again, the judge has been summoned. I myself sought him in Trebizond, and when I told him the particulars he assured me that he possessed means of ascertaining—sure means of discovering—who the malefactors are."

"And what means are these?" enquired Yanar ironically.

"I cannot tell," replied Kidros, "but the judge maintains they are infallible."

"Be it so," replied Yanar. "We shall see when to-morrow comes. I will retire, but I will watch. I will watch, armed. Oh, my sister, my noble sister!"

So saying, the terrible Yanar turned away to his apartment, which was next to his sister's. There he paused at the door for a moment, and shook his fist at the keeper of the caravanseraï.

"You cannot play tricks with a Kurd," he cried in a loud voice; then he disappeared within his chamber.

Master Kidros gave vent to a long sigh of relief.

"At last," he said. "We shall soon see how this will end. But it is as well that the thieves—if there were any—have decamped!"

Meanwhile Scarpante was talking in an

undertone with Saffar and Yarhud. "Yes," he was saying, "thanks to this affair of Seigneur Yanar there can be some plan attempted."

"You propose——" said Saffar.



The Caravanseraï of Rissar.

"I propose to stir up here some unpleasant circumstances which will have the effect of keeping that Ahmet here for some days, and of separating him from his betrothed, perhaps."

"Good; but if the *ruse* fail?"

"We must use force then," replied Scarpante.

At that moment Kidros perceived Saffar,
NO. XLI.

Scarpante, and Yarhud, whom he had not previously noticed. He advanced towards them and in the most amiable manner said,

"What do you require, gentlemen?"

"We are waiting for some travellers who may arrive at any moment now," replied Scarpante.

Just then a noise was heard from the outside; a caravan was evidently approach-

ing; mules and horses halted at the door.

"Here they are, no doubt," said Master Kidros, as he crossed the court-yard to admit the travellers.

"Here are rich personages," he muttered, "on horseback. I had better go out and offer them my services." So he did.

But Scarpante had advanced to the door also, and looked out.

"Are these people Ahmet and his companions?" he enquired of the Maltese.

"Yes, yes; they are," replied Yarhud, who retired hastily so as not to be recognized.

"They!" exclaimed Saffar advancing in his turn, but without going outside the door.

"I am not mistaken," replied Yarhud, "there is Ahmet and his *fiancée*, with her servant."

"Let us be on our guard," said Scarpante, signing to Yarhud to keep out of sight.

"You can already recognize Kéran's voice," continued the Maltese.

"Kéran!" cried Saffar quickly, as he rushed towards the door.

"What is the matter, Seigneur Saffar?" asked Scarpante, much astonished. "Why does the name of Kéran agitate you so?"

"Ha! Yes he is there, 'tis he indeed," replied Saffar. "That is the traveller who encountered me on the Caucasian railway; and who wanted to prevent my carriage from crossing!"

"He knows you?"

"Yes, and he will not find it difficult to continue the quarrel; to stop him——"

"Ah! that will not stop the nephew," remarked Scarpante.

"I know how to disembarass myself of the nephew as well as of the uncle," replied Saffar.

"No, no; we must have no quarrelling, no noise," insisted Scarpante. "Take my advice, Seigneur Saffar. Let Kéran once suspect your presence, let him only be made aware that Yarhud carried off Amasia on your account, and all will be lost."

"Very well, I will retire and trust to your skill, Scarpante. But succeed!"

"I will succeed, Seigneur Saffar, if you will allow me to act. Go back to Trebizond, to-night."

"I will," replied Saffar.

"And you too, Yarhud, leave the caravanserai at once," continued Scarpante. "They know you, and they may recognize you if you remain."

"Here they are," said Yarhud.

"Leave me; go," cried Scarpante pushing the captain of the *Guidare* away.

"But how can we go unobserved?" asked Saffar.

"This way," replied Scarpante, opening a door cut in the wall which led to the fields.

Signor Saffar and the Maltese passed out at once.

"Just in time," muttered Scarpante, "and now I must keep my eyes and ears open."

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH THE JUDGE OF TREBIZOND PROCEEDS WITH HIS ENQUIRY IN A VERY INGENIOUS FASHION.

SEIGNEUR Kéran and his friends, having left their horses in the sheds outside, entered the caravanserai, attended by Master Kidros in a most obsequious fashion. He had placed his lantern in a corner, and but very little light was thrown into the interior of the court.

"Yes, seigneur, come in," he continued, bowing to the ground. "This is the caravanserai of Rissar."

"And we are only two leagues from Trebizond?" said Kéran.

"Two leagues—at most."

"Good. Let our horses be cared for, as we intend to leave here at daybreak."

Then, turning to Ahmet, who had led Amasia to a seat, where she was sitting with Nedjeb, he continued, good humouredly—

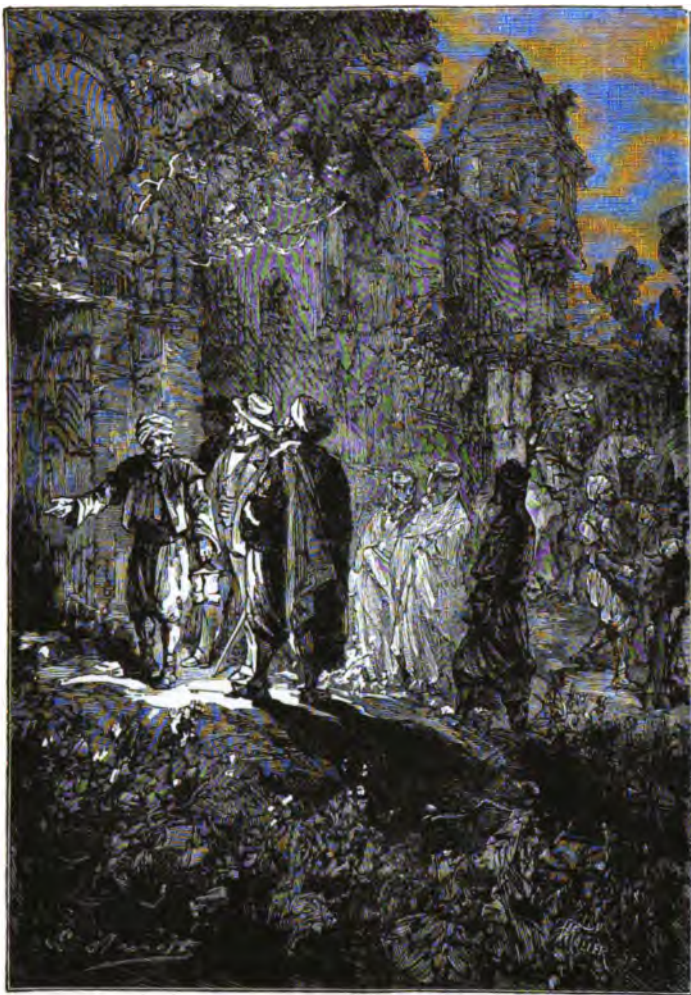
"There! since my nephew has found

this little one, he thinks of no one but her, and leaves to me the arrangements for our journey?"

"That is only natural, Seigneur Kéraban ;

what is the use of being an uncle, else?" said Nedjeb.

"You must not blame me," said Ahmet, smiling.



"'You can give us rooms for the night?' asked Kéraban."

"Nor me," added Amasia.

"Oh, I am blaming no one," replied Kéraban. "Not even this fellow, Van Mitten, who actually had conceived the idea—the unpardonable idea—of leaving us!"

"Oh, do not speak of that," cried Van Mitten, "not now, nor ever."

"By Mahomet, why not? A little discussion upon it, or on some other subject, would stimulate us."

"I thought, uncle," observed Ahmet "that you had made a resolution to have no more discussions!"

"That is so—quite right, and I will never break it—even if I have a hundred reasons for so doing."

"We shall see that," murmured Nedjeb.

"Besides," continued Van Mitten, "the best thing for us now would be a sleep for some hour."

"If we can sleep here at all," muttered Bruno, who was as usual in a bad temper.

"You can give us rooms for the night?" asked Kéraban of Kidros.

"Yes, seigneur, as many as you please."

"Good, excellent!" exclaimed Kéraban. "To-morrow we shall reach Trebizond, and Scutari ten days later. There we will have a good dinner—the dinner which I promised you, Van Mitten."

"You certainly owe us that, friend Kéraban!"

"A dinner at Scutari," whispered Bruno to his master, "yes, if we ever get there."

"Get out, Bruno! Have a little courage, man, if only for the honour of Holland."

"Eh, I am something like Holland, myself," replied Bruno, touching his loose garments, "I am all *en côtes*!"

Scarpante, standing apart, listened to this conversation, and waited for the moment when it would suit his interests to interfere.

"Well," said Kéraban, "which room is intended for these young ladies?"

"This one," replied Master Kidros, indicating a door in the wall on the left.

"Good night, my little Amasia," continued Kéraban, "and may Allah give you pleasant dreams."

"The same to you, Seigneur Kéraban," replied the girl. "Till to-morrow, dear Ahmet!"

"Till to-morrow, dearest Amasia," replied the young man as he embraced her.

"Come, Nedjeb," said Amasia.

"I follow you, dear lady," replied the maid; "but I know on what subject we shall converse for the next hour!"

Then the girls entered the chamber the door of which was held open by Kidros.

"Now, where are these good fellows to sleep?" asked Kéraban, indicating Bruno and Nizib.

"In one of the exterior rooms," replied Kidros, "I will show it to them."

So saying, he advanced towards the door, and beckoned to the servants to follow. Nizib and Bruno, feeling tired, obeyed without hesitation, after bidding their masters good-night.

"Now, or never!" muttered Scarpante to himself.

Kéraban, Van Mitten, and Ahmet were pacing the court waiting the return of Kidros. The uncle was in high spirits. Everything was going well. He would soon reach the Bosphorus, and was already chuckling over the visages of the authorities when they would see him appear. For Ahmet, the return to Scutari meant his long-desired union with Amasia: for Van Mitten, the return meant—well, the return and no more.

"It seems they have forgotten us," said Kéraban. "Where is our room?"

Turning round he perceived Scarpante, who immediately advanced towards the party, slowly.

"Were you seeking the room allotted to Seigneur Kéraban and his friends?" he enquired with a low bow, as if he were one of the servants of the caravanserai.

"Yes."

"Here it is."

Scarpante then indicated, on the right, the door which opened into a corridor in which the chamber of the Kurdish lady was situated; next to that occupied by Yanar.

"Come along, my friends," said Kéraban, pushing at the door indicated by Scarpante. The door, slightly fastened, gave way at once.

All three men entered the passage, but ere they had time to close the door a terrible clamour arose—cries succeeded—and an alarming female voice made itself audible, quickly sustained by the deeper tones of a man.

Kéraban, Van Mitten, and Ahmet, quite at a loss to understand what it all meant, retreated precipitately to the court-yard again.

Immediately doors were opened on all sides, and travellers came out of the rooms. Amasia and Nedjeb re-appeared. Bruno and Nizib came in again; while in the semi-darkness, the form of the fierce Yanar loomed threateningly. Finally a woman precipitated herself from the passage into which Kéraban and his friends had so imprudently entered.

"Robbery—assault—murder!" screamed this woman.

She was the noble Saraboul; tall, strong, and of firm carriage; her eyes flashing, her

cheeks burning, her black hair flowing, her teeth disclosed by the haughty upper lip;—in a word, the Seigneur Yanar in female shape.



"The noble Saraboul" and her brother Yanar.

Evidently the lady had been watching in her room, at the moment that Kéraban and his companions had forced open the door, for she had not taken off her yellow, gold-embroidered costume, nor had she discarded any of the weapons which she carried in her girdle. She still wore the fez from which hung a long *puskul* like a bell-rope, and her leather boots, concealed by the *chalwar* or Oriental pantaloons.

Some people might have taken her for a wasp in her present costume. Well, the noble Saraboul would not have been annoyed at the comparison—she *was* a wasp, and with a very formidable sting!

"What a woman!" ejaculated Van Mitten.

"And what a man!" replied Kéraban pointing to Yanar.

The Kurd then exclaimed—

"Another attempt of the scoundrels! Let everyone be arrested!"

"We must be on the alert here," said Ahmet to his uncle, "or I fear we shall be convicted as the cause of the uproar."

"Nobody saw us," replied Kéraban, "and Mahomet himself could not recognise us."

"What is it, Ahmet?" cried Amasia, who nestled to her lover's side.

"Nothing, dearest, nothing," he replied.

At this instant Master Kidros appeared on the door-step at the end of the court, saying—

"You have arrived in the very nick of time, Monsieur le Juge."

In fact the judge had arrived from Trebizond, intending to pass the night at the caravanserai, so as to proceed leisurely upon the enquiry demanded by the Kurdish pair. He was followed by his clerk, and stood upon the door-sill.

"Ah," he exclaimed. "So the malefactors have repeated their attempt of last night!"

"It would appear so, monsieur," replied Kidros.

"Let the gates be all closed," said the magistrate in an authoritative voice. "Let no one quit the caravanserai without my permission."

His orders were immediately executed, and all the travellers thus became virtually prisoners.

"Now, judge," cried the noble Saraboul, "I demand justice upon the wretches who have not scrupled a second time to attack a defenceless woman."

"Not only a woman," added Yanar with a threatening gesture, "but a Kurd!"

Scarpante, as may be imagined, followed every incident carefully.

The judge, a sly-looking individual, with a pointed nose, little gimlet eyes, and wearing a long beard which concealed his closed mouth, sought to examine the faces of all the travellers, a by no means easy task in the dim light which was diffused by the single lanthorn in the corner. This examination rapidly concluded, he addressed himself to the noble lady tourist—

"You swear, that last night some people attempted to enter your apartment?"

"I swear it!"

"And that they repeated their criminal offence?"

"They, or others. Yes."

"Only just now?"

"Just this instant."

"Could you recognise them?"

"No: my room is dark and I could not see their faces."

"Were there many of them?"

"I do not know."

"We *will* know, sister!" exclaimed Yanar. "We will know; and then, woe to the scoundrels!"

Kéraban then whispered to Van Mitten—

"There is nothing to fear. No one perceived us. Mahomet himself could not discover us."

"Fortunately it is so," replied the Dutchman, who was by no means completely assured as to the consequences of the adventure. "With these devilish Kurds, the affair might have turned out badly for us."

Meanwhile, the judge kept walking about. He did not know which side to take, to the great indignation of the plaintiffs.

"Judge," said the noble Saraboul, folding her arms across her chest, "is justice to remain inactive in your hands? Are not we subjects of the Sultan, and entitled to his protection? Is a woman of my station to be insulted, and are the guilty to escape punishment?"

"She is really superb," remarked Nedjeb.

"Superb, but alarming," replied Van Mitten.

"How do you decide, judge?" asked Yanar.

"Let them bring torches!" exclaimed Saraboul, "then I shall see, I will seek, and perhaps recognize, the perpetrators of this outrage, who have dared——"

"It is useless," remarked the judge. "I charge myself with the discovery of the perpetrators."

"Without lights?"

"Without lights!"

As he made this reply, the judge whispered to his secretary, who nodded, and left the court-yard.

The Dutchman at this time could not help whispering to Kéran—“I do not know why, but I am by no means assured respecting the issue of this affair.”



"The Secretary returned, dragging a Goat into the Courtyard."

"By Allah, you are always afraid," retorted Kéran.

Then they were silent, and waited like the rest, in anxious silence, the return of the secretary.

"Come, judge," said Yanar at length, "do you pretend that in this gloom you will indicate——"

"I? no," replied the judge, interrupting him. "But I am going to enlist in my

service an intelligent animal which has before now assisted me in my investigations."

"An animal!" exclaimed the lady.

"Yes, a goat; a fine cunning beast, that will denounce the criminal if he be present. Now, he must be here somewhere, for no one has quitted the caravanserai since the assault was attempted."

"This judge is an idiot," muttered Kéran.

At this juncture the secretary returned, dragging a goat into the court-yard. This animal was of the species that furnishes the "bezoar," a stony concretion which is found in the entrails and much esteemed for its supposed medicinal qualities. The intelligent-looking goat looked quite worthy of the rôle of "diviner" which his master was about to call upon it to play. It lay gracefully upon the sand, and watched the audience with his cunning eyes.

"What a pretty animal," remarked Nedjeb.

"But what is the judge going to do with it?" asked Amasia.

"Some 'sorcery' no doubt," replied Ahmet, "by which these ignorant natives will be 'taken in.'"

Kéranban was of the same opinion, and shrugged his shoulders; while Van Mitten looked on uneasily.

"How now, judge?" said the noble Saraboul. "Is it by means of this goat that you hope to ascertain who the culprits are?"

"Just so," replied the judge.

"And it will answer?"

"It will answer."

"In what way?" asked Yanar, who, in his Kurdish heart was quite ready to accept anything that "smacked" of superstition.

"Nothing is more simple," replied the judge. "Every traveller will approach and place his or her hand upon the back of the goat, and as soon as the animal feels the touch of the guilty person it will designate him by bleating."

"This fellow is simply a humbug," muttered Kéranban; "a common conjuror."

"But, judge," said the noble Saraboul, "surely such a silly animal as that——"

"You will soon see," replied the judge.

"And why not?" remarked Yanar. "I will set the example and begin the trial."

So saying, Yanar approached the goat, which remained quite still, and passed his hand down the animal's back, from head to tail.

The goat remained silent.

"Now the rest," cried the judge.

Then in succession all the others present imitated Seigneur Yanar, and caressed the back of the animal. But none of those who touched her were apparently guilty, for the goat made no sign nor did she utter any accusatory bleatings.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH CONCLUDES IN A MANNER VERY UNEXPECTED, PARTICULARLY BY VAN MITTEN.

WHILE the trial was proceeding, Seigneur Kéranban had taken his nephew and Van Mitten apart, and, forgetting all his good resolutions, sought to bend them to his own mode of proceeding.

"Well, my friends, this sorcerer is simply the biggest idiot——"

"Why?" interrupted Van Mitten.

"Because there is nothing to prevent the guilty parties, ourselves for instance, from *appearing* to caress the goat, and we can pass our hands over instead of upon its back, without touching it. The judge should at anyrate have tried this test with lights, so as to check any evasion. In this semi-darkness it is absurd!"

"Well," said Van Mitten——

"That is what I am going to do, and I advise you strongly to follow my example," said Kéranban.

"But, uncle, whether we caress the goat or not, you know it cannot tell the innocent from the guilty."

"Certainly not, Ahmet, but since that stupid judge is acting in this way, I claim to be less simple than he, and I will not touch the beast, and I beg you to do as I do."

"But, uncle,——"

"Ah, are we going to have an argument?" exclaimed Kéranban, who was beginning to get excited.

"Nevertheless," began Van Mitten.

"Van Mitten, if you are so foolish as to put your hand on the back of that goat, I will never forgive you!"

"Very well ; I will pat nothing at all, if I should disoblige you," replied Van Mitten. "Besides, they will not see us in the dark."

By this time the majority of the travellers had submitted to the test, and the goat had accused nobody.

"Now it is our turn, Bruno," said



"'Nothing is more simple,' replied the judge."

Nizib. "How stupid these Orientals are !"

So, one after the other, they caressed the goat, which did not bleat for them any more than for the rest.

"But your animal says nothing !" remarked the noble Saraboul to the judge.

"Is this a practical joke ?" demanded Seigneur Yanar. "You will find it expensive to joke with Kurds !"

"Patience," replied the judge, bowing. "If the goat has not bleated, it is because the guilty person has not yet stroked her."

"We are now the only ones left," muttered Van Mitten, who, without knowing why, felt some vague presentiment of evil.

"It is our turn," said Ahmet.

"Yes, mine first," said Kéraban.

So saying, he advanced before his nephew and Van Mitten.

"Now, take care you do not touch it," he repeated in a low voice.

Then extending his hand above the animal's back he pretended to caress it slowly, but without touching one of its silky hairs.

The goat did not bleat.

"That is so far comforting," said Ahmet, and, following his uncle's example, he passed his hand over the animal's back, without touching it.

The goat did not bleat.

Then it came to the Dutchman's turn. Van Mitten, last of all, was compelled to try the ordeal. He advanced towards the goat, which seemed to eye him askance; but he also, fearing to displease Kéraban, only pretended to stroke the goat.

The goat did not bleat.

There was a general exclamation of astonishment. "Ohs" and "ahs" were heard from every one of the audience.

"Decidedly your goat *is* a beast," remarked Yanar, angrily.

"She has not discovered the culprit after all," cried the noble Kurdish woman, "and nevertheless the guilty one is here."

"Ha!" exclaimed Kéraban, "this judge is making himself very ridiculous, Van Mitten."

"Not a doubt about it," replied Van Mitten, now reassured as to the result of the trial.

"Poor little goat," cried Nedjeb to her mistress. "Are they going to do it any injury because it has said nothing?"

Every person present looked at the judge, whose eyes scintillated in the obscurity like carbuncles.

"Now, Monsieur le Juge," said Kéraban sarcastically, "now that your enquiry has terminated, there is no reason, I suppose, why we should not retire to our rooms?"

"That must not be," exclaimed the angry Lady Kurd. "Certainly not: an assault has been attempted."

"Eh, madame?" replied Kéraban, not without some asperity. "You cannot have the assurance to keep honest people out of their beds when they want to go there!"

"You are giving yourself airs, Monsieur le Turc!" said Yanar.

"I speak as it suits me, Monsieur le Kurd," retorted Kéraban.

Scarpante, who deemed that the trial had failed, was not sorry to perceive this quarrel arising between Yanar and Kéraban. Some further complication of a nature favourable to his own projects might arise from it.

In fact, the dispute was becoming serious, and Ahmet was about to assist his uncle, when the judge interposed and said quietly—

"Range yourselves in line, and let lights be brought."

Master Kidros, to whom the latter order was addressed, hastened to comply with it. In a moment four servants, carrying torches, appeared, and the court was brilliantly illuminated.

"Let each one hold up his right hand," said the judge.

At this order each right hand was elevated, and everyone was black—with the exception of those of Kéraban, Ahmet, and Van Mitten!

The judge at once pointed to the three men.

"There are the culprits!" he said.

"What?" said Kéraban.

"We?" exclaimed Van Mitten, who did not understand anything.

"Yes, you," repeated the judge. "Whether these men were or were not afraid of being denounced by the goat, matters little. One thing is certain, and that is, knowing themselves to be guilty, instead of caressing the animal, whose back was rubbed with soot, they only passed their hands above the fur, and so accused themselves."

(To be continued.)

THE BUSHRANGER'S STORY.

BY LIEUT. C. R. LOW (LATE I.N.), F.R.G.S.



THESE who had experience of the Australian Colonies more than a generation ago, or had relations or friends out there in the days when England sent to these settlements her convicts condemned for life or for long periods of penal servitude, will be able to recall stories of these men, who, driven to desperation, escaped from confinement and turned bushrangers. An uncle of the writer's, while quartered with his regiment in Van Dieman's Land (or, as it is now called, Tasmania) and New

South Wales, temporarily acted as governor, and on one occasion, summarily tried and shot at Newcastle some bushrangers whom he had captured red-handed in their acts of outrage. For this act of promptitude he got into trouble, though the law-abiding folk were very grateful to him for the promptitude and decision of his conduct, as there could be no doubt of the criminality of the bushrangers.

Still, we cannot but entertain feelings of commiseration for many of these men, who had been treated with undue severity in the first instance, as the crimes for which they were exiled were such as would, in these more humane days, be considered to be adequately punished by a year's imprisonment or less. Besides, in too many instances, they were treated with harshness by the masters to whom they were consigned, who were actually permitted to give

them a measure of restricted freedom on their making a stipulated weekly payment to them. But this, which was a species of slavery, was preferable to the awful and hopeless fate that awaited those of them who were retained in government establishments such as existed in the Colonies and in Norfolk Island, which was described as "a perfect hell upon earth."

The colonists, at length, rebelled against the system by which their beautiful islands were made the home of the offscourings of the United Kingdom, and transportation of our criminals was abolished without any of the ill-effects which its advocates predicted with the certainty that opponents of reform always adopt. Volumes might be written of the life-stories and sufferings of some of the wretched convicts, some of whom were banished from home and friends, and placed beyond the pale of sympathy, for crimes of which they were guiltless, and others received sentences for offences which, in our present era of a more lenient code, would have been deemed to be adequately expiated by a much milder punishment. I remember a story, which has the merit of truth, treating of the career of a noted bushranger whose ending was tragic, but who, in spite of his criminality, possessed a noble trait of character, which showed that, under happier influences and a more humane treatment, he might have reformed and developed into a good citizen.

A settler in Tasmania, whom we will call Mr. T—, in crossing the country one day, at a distance from any habitation, to his surprise and no little dismay, beheld at a short distance approaching him a noted bushranger, known by the name of "the Gipsy," who had latterly, with a band of associates, become the dread of the Colony. He was a tall, well-made man, one ap-

parently above the ordinary character of convicts. The parties approached each other with mutual distrust. Mr. T— knew he had a desperate character to deal with, and pointed his gun at him ; but the bushranger, who was also armed, seemed desirous of a parley, and, after a few words, laid his gun quietly on the grass, and then passed round Mr. T—, and sat down at a few yards' distance, so that that gentleman was between him and his weapon.

"Sir," said he, "will that do? You see I am now unarmed. I don't ask you to do the same, because I cannot expect you to trust me ; but the truth is, I want to have a little talk with you. I have something on my mind which weighs heavy on me, and whom to speak to I do not know. I know your character, and that you have never been hard on your government men,* as some are. At any rate, speak to some one I must: are you inclined to listen to me?"

Mr. T— was surprised and moved at this unexpected appeal to him at such a time and in such a place. There was no sound, and no object save themselves, to disturb the solitude of the wilderness. Below them flowed the Clyde beneath an abrupt precipice ; around were undulating hills, almost bare of trees ; in the distance towered the snowy mountain which formed the boundary to the landscape.

Mr. T— looked at his companion doubtfully ; for he had heard so many stories of the treachery of the bushrangers, that he feared for a moment that his conduct might only be a trick to throw him off his guard. Besides, this was the very man whom he knew to have been at the head of the party of bushrangers who had been captured at the Great Lake. The convict observed the doubt and hesitation which were expressed in Mr. T—'s looks, and pointed to his gun, which was on the other side of his interlocutor.

"What more can I do?" said he, "to convince you that I meditate neither

violence nor treachery against you? Indeed, when you know my purpose, you will see that they would defeat my own object."

"What is your purpose, then? Tell me at once,—are you one of the party of bushrangers who have done such mischief in the island?"

"I am ; and more than that, I am—or rather was—their leader. I planned the escape from Macquarie Harbour ; and it was I who kept them together, and made them understand their strength, and how to use it. But that's nothing now. I do not want to talk to you about that. But I'll tell you who and what I am, that you may see I have no disguise with you ; because I have a great favour—a very great favour—to ask of you ; and if I can obtain it from you on no other terms, I am almost inclined to say, take me to camp as your prisoner, and let the capture of 'the Gipsy'—ah ! I see you know that name, and the terror it has given to the merciless wretches who pursue me—I say, let the capture of 'the Gipsy,' and his death, if you will—for it must come to that at last—be the price of the favour that I have to beg of you !"

"Speak on, my man," Mr. T— said ; "you have done some ill deeds, but this is not the time to taunt you with them. What do you want of me? and, if it is anything that an honest man can do, I promise you beforehand that I will do it."

"You will !—but you do not know it yet. Now listen to me. Perhaps you do not know that I have been in the Colony for ten years. I was a 'lifer.' It's bad that ; better hang a man at once than punish him for life : there ought to be a prospect of an end to suffering ; then the man can look forward to something ; he would have hope left. But never mind that. I only speak of it because I believe it was the feeling of despair that first led me to do wrong, and drove me from bad to worse. Shortly after my landing I was assigned to a very good master. There were not many settlers then, and we did not know so much of the country as we do now. As I was handy in many things, and able to earn money, I

* The government men were the convicts hired out by settlers.

soon got my liberty on the old condition ; that is, of paying so much a-week to my master. That trick is not played now, but it was then, and by some of the big ones too. However, all I cared for was my liberty, and I was glad enough to get that for seven shillings a-week. But still I was a government prisoner, and that galled me ; for I knew I was liable to lose my license at the caprice of my master, and be called into government employ. Besides, I got acquainted with a young woman, and married her, and then I felt the bitterness of slavery worse than ever ; for I was attached to her sincerely, and I could not contemplate the chance of parting from her without pain. So about three years after I had been in this way, I made an attempt to escape with her in a vessel that was sailing for England. It was a mad scheme ; but what will not a man risk for his liberty ? ”

“ What led you to think of going back to England ? ” asked Mr. T——, interrupting the speaker. “ What were you sent out for ? ”

“ I have no reason to shrink from telling the truth. I was one of a gang of poachers in Herefordshire ; and on a certain night we were surprised by the keepers, and, somehow, I don't know how, we came to blows ; and the long and the short of it is, one of the keepers was killed—and there's the truth of it.”

“ And you were tried for the murder ? ”

“ I and two others were ; and one was hanged ; and I and my mate were transported for life.”

“ Well, the less that's said about that the better. Now go on with your story ; but let me know what it is you would have me do for you.”

“ I'll come to that presently ; but I must tell you something about my story, or you will not understand me. I was discovered in the vessel, concealed among the casks, by the searching party, and brought on shore with my wife ; and you know, I suppose, that the punishment is death. However, the governor let me off ; but I was condemned to work in chains in government

employ. This was a horrid life, and I determined not to stand it. There were one or two others in the chain-gang all ready for a start into the bush, if they had any one to plan for them. I was always a good one at head-work, and it was not long before I contrived one night to get rid of our fetters. There were three others besides myself. We got on the top of the wall very cleverly, and first one dropped down (it was as dark as pitch, and we could not see what had become of him), then another dropped, and then the third. Not a word was spoken. I was the last ; and glad enough was I when I felt myself sliding down the rope outside the yard. But I had to grin on the other side of my mouth when I came to the bottom. One of the sneaks whom I had trusted had betrayed us, and I found myself in the arms of two constables, who grasped me tightly. I gave one of them a sickener, and could have easily managed the other, but he gave the alarm, and then lots of others sprang up, and lights and soldiers appeared. I was overpowered by so many. They bound my arms, and then I was tried for the attempt to escape, and the assault on the constable, and condemned to Macquarie Harbour for life.

“ I have not told you my wife brought me a child. She is now seven years old. I loved that child, Mr. T——, more than a parent usually loves his child. It was all in all to me ; it was the only bright thing that I had to look upon. When I was sentenced to Macquarie Harbour for life, it would have been a mercy to put me to death. I should have committed suicide, if it had not been for the thought of that little girl. Well, sir, I will not say more about that. When a man takes to the bush, and has done what I have done, he is thought to be a monster without feeling or affection. But people don't understand us. There is no man, sir, depend upon it, so bad that he has not some good in him. And I have had some experience, for I have seen the worst of us—the very worst—in the most miserable of all conditions, for

that Macquarie Harbour is a real hell upon earth. There is no time to tell you about the hardships and the miseries which the prisoners suffer in that horrible place ; it soon riles them. But my greatest misery was being deprived of my little girl—my plaything—my darling—my life ! I had not been at Macquarie Harbour a month, before news came that my wife was dead.”

The speaker stopped a moment, and then continued with concentrated bitterness.

“I'll tell you the truth, sir. Attached to her as I was, I was rather glad than sorry for it. I could not bear the thought of her falling into anybody else's hands ; and as our separation was now absolutely and hopelessly for ever, it is the truth that I was rather glad than sorry when I heard of her death. But my poor little child ! I thought of her night and day, wondering and thinking what would become of her. I could think of nothing else. At last my thoughts began to turn to the possibility of escaping from Macquarie Harbour, desperate as the attempt appeared ; for, to cross the bush without arms, and without provisions, exposed to the attacks of the natives, seemed all but an impossibility. But almost anything may be done by resolution and patience, and watching your opportunity.

“Thirteen other men agreed to join in the attempt ; and they asked me, as having the best headpiece among them, and knowing the country and people better than they, to arrange the plan, and they bound themselves to act under my orders. I did so, and it was completely successful. Midnight was the time selected, when the guard was not so watchful, all the convicts having turned in a couple of hours before for the night, and the lights being out. The difficulty of getting away lay in our being chained ; but, though we could not rid ourselves of our irons, we managed to get clear. We scrambled away as well as we could, till we got a little distance off, and out of hearing, and then we set to with a will, and rid ourselves of our fetters, all except three,

and those were too tightly fitted to be got off on a sudden without better tools. We got the three chained men along with us, however, as well as we could, for we would not leave them, so we helped them on by turns ; and the next day, when we were more easy, we contrived to rid them of their incumbrances. We hastened on all night. I ought to tell you that we heard the bell rung, and the alarm given, but we had gained an hour good ; and the assembling of the sentinels and the overseers, and hearing their story, took up some time, no doubt. Besides, it is not easy to hit on a track in the dusk ; and as there were fourteen of us, armed with two muskets, our pursuers would not proceed so briskly as they otherwise might, and would not scatter themselves to look after us. We were without provisions, but we did not care about that ; and not being used to long walks, we were soon knocked up. But the desire of liberty kept us up, and we struck right across the country in as straight a line as we could guess.

“The second day, we were all very sick and faint, and the night before was very cold, and we were cramped and unfit to travel. The second night, we all crept into a cave, which was sandy inside, where we lay pretty warm, but we were ravenously hungry. We might have shot more than one kangaroo that day, but it was agreed that we should not fire, lest the report of our gun should betray our resting-place to our pursuers. As we lay huddled together, we heard the opossums squealing in the trees about, and two of us, who were least tired, tried to get some of them. When we climbed up the trees, they sprang away like squirrels, and we had no chance with them that way ; besides, it was dark, and we could distinguish them only faintly and obscurely. We did contrive, however, to kill five by pelting them on a long overhanging bough ; but they remained suspended by their tails, and did not drop, although dead. To hungry men a dead opossum is something ; so one of us contrived to climb to them and get them

down ; and then we lighted a fire in the cave, quite at the extremity, inside, to prevent the flame from being seen, and roasted them as the natives do. They were horrid rank things to eat, and almost made us sick, hungry as we were ; but I don't think a hair of them was left among us. The next day we shot a kangaroo, but we feared to light a fire because of the smoke, so we ate it raw. We first struck on the outskirts of a new township, and we debated what we should do. Some were for attacking the settlement, and getting arms ; but I persuaded them that it would be better for us to endeavour to seize some small vessel, and escape altogether from the colony, and in the meantime, to keep ourselves close, and not give any alarm. My companions agreed to this, and we struck across the country to a point where we expected to find some large boats, or, perhaps, some small vessel, by means of which we might get away."

"And how was it you did not follow that plan?"

"We did follow it: we got to the coast, and there lay snug for awhile ; but we were obliged to rob a settler's house of provisions for food, and that first gave the alarm. We made a dash at a boat, but it was too late ; precautions had been taken, and the soldiers were out after us. We were then obliged to retreat, intending to get into the neighbourhood of the lakes, and go farther westward if necessary, and retreat to the coast, where we judged we should be too far off to be molested."

"You did a great deal of mischief," observed Mr. T——, "before you left that part, if all the stories are true?"

"We did, sir, I own it ; but my men were determined to have arms, and the settlers of course resisted, and some of my men got wounded, and that made them savage."

"And afterwards you attacked a settler's cottage?"

"My men had been told that he had a large sum in dollars in his hut—I am surprised that settlers can be so foolish as to

take valuables into the bush—that was all they wanted."

"But why did you take the poor settler along with you?"

"I was obliged to do it, sir, to save his life. Some of my men would have knocked him on the head if I had not prevented them. It's true, sir, it is indeed—I saved his life."

"Well, that's something in your favour. And now, as the sun is sinking fast, and as the dusk will come on presently, tell me at once what you would have me do for you."

"Mr. T——," said the bushranger, his manner and voice assuming a solemn tone, "I have told you of my little girl. I have seen her since the dispersion of my party at the Great Lake. You know that I and another escaped. Since then I have ventured in disguise into Hobart Town itself, and have there seen my child. The sight of her, and her embraces, have produced in me a strange feeling. I would willingly sacrifice my life to do her good ; but I cannot conceal from myself that the chances are I must be taken at last ; and that if I do not perish miserably in the bush, I shall be betrayed, and shot or hanged."

"And what can I do to prevent it?"

"You can do nothing to prevent that end, for I know that I am too deep in for it to be pardoned. If I were to give myself up, the government would be obliged to hang me for example's sake. No, no ; I know my own condition, and I foresee my own fate. It is not of myself that I am thinking, but of my child. Sir, will you do this for me—will you do an act of kindness and charity to a wretched man, who has only one thing to care for in this world? I know it is much to ask ; and that I ought not to be disappointed if you refuse it. Will you keep an eye upon my poor child, and, so far as you can, protect her? I cannot ask you to provide for her ; but be her protector, and let her little innocent heart know that there is some one in the wide world to whom she may look up for advice—for assistance, perhaps, in difficulty ; at

all events, for kindness and sympathy ; this is my request. Will you have so much compassion on the poor, blasted, and hunted bushranger, as to promise to do for me this act of kindness ? ”

The kind-hearted settler gazed with astonishment, and not without visible concern, on the redoubtable outlaw as he made this passionate appeal on behalf of his child. He saw he was in earnest ; for there is no mistaking a man under such circumstances. He rapidly contemplated all the inconveniences of such an awkward charge as a hanged bushranger's orphan. As these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, he caught the eye of the father. There was an expression in it of such utter abandonment of everything but the fate of his little daughter, which seemed to depend upon the answer, that he was fairly overcome, and could not refuse him.

“ I will look after her,” he said ; “ but there must be no more blood on your hands ; you must promise me that. She shall be cared for ; and now that I have said it, that's enough,—I never break my word.”

“ Enough,” said he, “ and more than I expected. I thank you for this, sir, and could thank you on my knees. But,” he added suddenly, and his bearing and voice changed like lightning, “ what is that ? Look there ! A man on horseback, and more on foot.”

As he spoke, the horseman galloped swiftly towards the speakers. The men on foot came on in a body, and it was at once evident that they were a party of soldiers. The bushranger regarded them earnestly for a moment, and then ran to his gun ; but, in his eagerness, he tripped and fell. The horseman, who was one of the constables from Hobart Town, was too quick for him. Before he could recover himself and seize his gun, the horseman was upon

him, exclaiming, “ Surrender, you villain, or I'll shoot you.”

The bushranger clutched the horse's bridle, which reared and plunged, throwing the constable from his saddle. He was a powerful and active man, and catching hold of the bushranger in his descent, grappled with him, and tried to pinion his arms. He failed in this, and a fearful struggle took place between them.

“ Come on,” cried the constable to the soldiers ; “ let us take him alive.”

The soldiers came on at a run. In the meantime the constable had got the bushranger down, and the soldiers were close at hand, when, suddenly, and with a convulsive effort, the convict got his arms round the body of his captor, and with desperate efforts rolled himself round and round, the constable interlaced in his arms, to the edge of the precipice.

“ For Heaven's sake ! ” cried the constable, with a shriek of agony, “ help ; help ! We shall be over ! ”

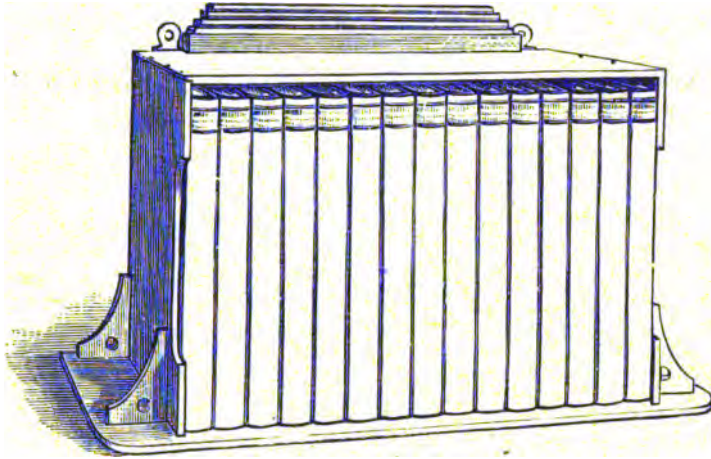
But it was too late. The soldiers were in the act of grasping the wretched man's clothes, when the bushranger, with a last convulsive struggle, whirled the body of his antagonist over the dreadful precipice, himself accompanying him in his fall. All present gazed over the edge, and beheld the bodies of the two, clasped fast together, turning over and over in the air, till they came with a terrible shock to the ground, crushed and lifeless. As the precipice overhung the river, the bodies had not far to roll before they splashed into the water, and were seen no more.

The reader may be interested to know that Mr. T—— was as good as his word. He sought the daughter of the unfortunate bushranger, took her home to his house, and afterwards sent her to England, where he provided for her.

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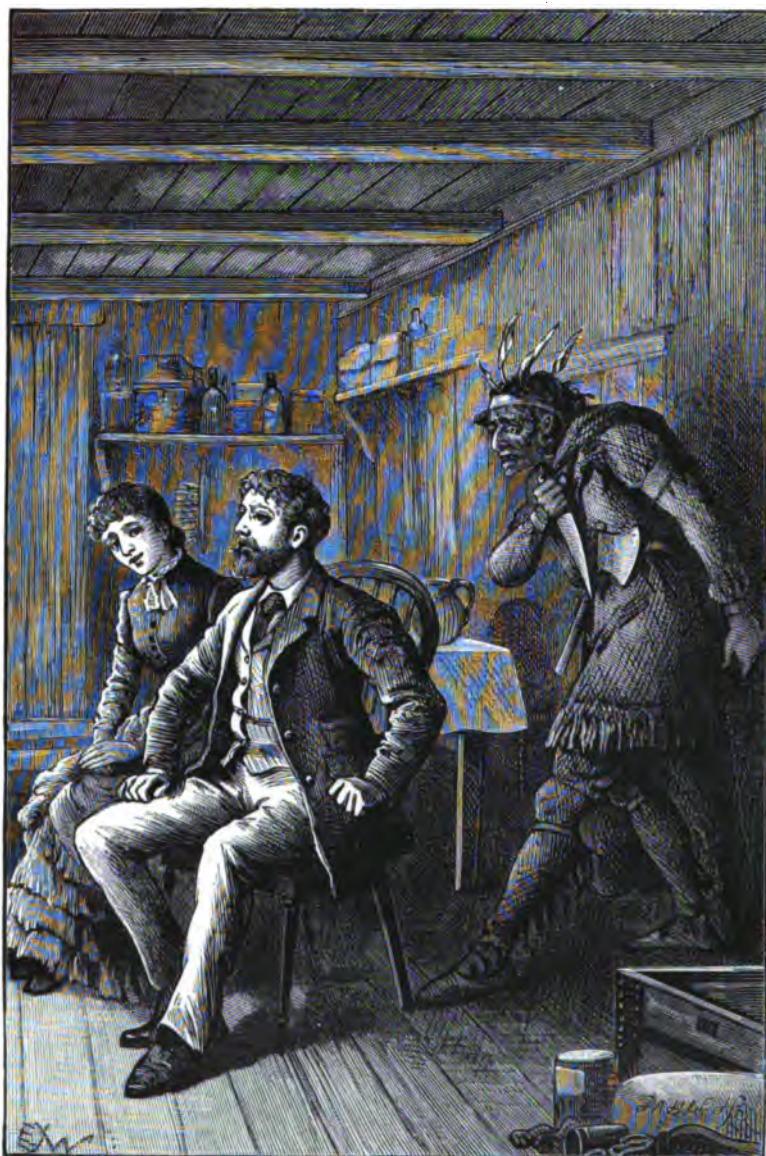
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With stealthy steps the savage crept up to him.

THE BIG OTTER.

A TALE OF THE GREAT NOR'WEST.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Author of "The Wild Man of the West;" "The Red Eric;" "Dusty Diamonds;" "The Life Boat;"
"The Coral Island," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

FISHING AND ITS RESULTS.—ENGINEERING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.



FOUND on reaching Wichikagan that the fun was about to begin. Blondin, who was our chief fisherman, had let down a long sein-net, which was being drawn slowly in by a band of natives, whose interest in a process which they had never before seen was deepening into excitement as they observed here and there a symptom of something shooting below the surface of the still water, or beheld a large fish leap frantically into the air.

At first, when the net was being prepared, those children of the forest had

merely stood by and looked on with curiosity. When Blondin and his men rowed out from the shore, letting the net drop off the stern of our boat as they went, they indulged in a few guesses and undertoned remarks. When the boat gradually swept round and turned shoreward again, having left a long line of floats in its wake, they perceived that a large sheet of water had been enclosed, and a feeling of wonder combined with a half guess as to what all this portended caused their black orbs to enlarge and the whites thereof to glisten. But when they were requested to lay hold of a rope attached to the other end of the net and haul,

the true state of the case burst upon their awakened minds and proportionate excitement followed.

As the circle of the net diminished and the evidences, above referred to, of life in the water, became more frequent, gleeful expectation took the place of wonder, and a disposition to chatter manifested itself, especially among the women and children, who by that time had eagerly laid hold of the drag-rope.

Soon it became apparent that a mighty mass of fish had been enclosed, and the creatures seemed themselves to become suddenly alive to their danger, for the crowded condition of their element—which, no doubt, caused only surprise at first, became so inconvenient that with one accord they made a terrified rush to the right. Failing to obtain relief they turned and rushed to the left. Discomfited again, they dashed lakeward. Each rush was followed by a howl of anxiety from the natives; each failure was hailed with a yell of joy. Three birch-bark canoes followed the net to send the more obstreperous of the fish shoreward. Finding that they could not escape, the finny prisoners seemed to lose their wits and took to rushing skyward, with splashing consequences that almost drove the red men mad!

"Hold on! not so hard! You'll break it!" shouted Lumley to the men and women at the rope.

"What a tremendous haul!" said I, as I joined my friend, who stood at the outer end of our little wharf, enjoying the scene.

"I hope the net won't break," he replied. "If it does we shall lose them all, and the disappointment to the Indians might be almost too much to bear. See, they prepare for action!"

This was very obvious. The men of the tribe, who might be described as glaring maniacs, had dropped their robes, and, almost naked, ran waist-deep into the water in a vain attempt to catch some of the larger fish as they were slowly forced towards the beach. Even some of the women lost self-control and, regardless of petticoats, floundered after the men. As for the children, big and little, they developed into imps of darkness gone deranged.

Suddenly a very wave of fish was sent upon the shore where, of course, they began to leap about wildly. Not less wildly did the Indians leap among them, throttling the big ones and hurling armfuls of the lesser ones high up on the sward.

By that time the net was close in shore. The whole of the enclosed space became a sweltering mass. Treading on the fish at last, many of both men and boys slipped in the water and fell down over head and ears, so that the spectacle was presented of human beings bounding out of the water in apparent emulation of their prey. The excitement was almost too much for them. Several of the boys were seen to rush up into the woods and dash back again, with no apparent reason except the desire to get rid of superabundant energy. One brave, in particular, so far forgot the characteristic dignity of the red man, that he rushed up on the bank, bent forward, clapped a hand on each knee, threw back his head, shut his eyes, opened wide his mouth, and sought to relieve his feelings in one stupendous roar. But it would not do. He became suddenly solemn, glared again, and went at the fish more furiously than ever.

Our men in the canoes landed and rendered assistance. Salamander was in one of the canoes which ran alongside of the wharf. The only other occupant was Donald Bane, who sat in the stern and steered. Salamander was greatly excited.

As the canoe ran up to the wharf, the bow was thrust over the net-rope, and he gazed at the struggling creatures below with intense delight on his brown visage.

"You had better take care," said Donald Bane, as he grasped the edge of the wharf and cautiously rose up, for canoes are easily overturned. But Salamander was too much engrossed to hear or reply. The Highlander, who had not forgotten the trick formerly played on him and his countryman by the interpreter, stepped carefully out on the wharf. As he did so, he gave the canoe a little tilt with his foot, and Salamander went head-foremost down among the fish!

A simulated cry of consternation broke from Donald Bane.

"Wow-wow!" he exclaimed, as Salamander's head appeared with a number of little fish struggling in his hair, and a pike or jack-fish holding on to the lobe of his left ear, "the poor crater! Tak a grup o' my hand, man. Here! wow! but it seems a fery frundly jack-fush that—whatever."

Amid much spluttering, Salamander was hauled out, and, regardless of his mishap, both he and Donald immediately joined the others in securing their prey.

"It was a grand haul, man, Tonalld," said Dougall that night at supper.

"Oo ay, Shames. It was no that paad," replied Donald.

And, truly, it *was* a grand haul; for, not only did we obtain enough of every species of fish that swarmed in lake Wichikagan, to provide a right royal feast to ourselves and our red friends, but a good many were left over and above to form the commencement of a store for the future.

By that time we had fairly commenced the fishery with a view to a winter supply. The weather was still delicious, and had begun to grow cool at nights, but as there was yet no frost, all the fish we took had to be hung up by the tail, and thus partially dried. Afterwards, when the frost fairly set in, this hanging process was dispensed with, for fish once frozen in those regions remain perfectly fresh during the entire winter, so

that those eaten in spring are quite as good as those consumed in autumn.

Lumley now set me to superintend the digging and constructing of an ice-house, which should be ready to receive in spring the ice that would be required to keep our provisions fresh during the following summer. It consisted, merely, of a shallow square pit or hole in the ground, over which a log hut was constructed. The pit we intended to floor with solid cubes of ice measuring about a yard on each side. This lowest foundation, in those northern ice-houses, never melts, but a fresh stratum is laid above it which is cleared out and renewed every spring, and it is amongst this that the meat or fish to be preserved is laid in summer.

Another piece of work that Lumley gave me to superintend at this time was the construction of a water-wheel and dam to drive our pit-saw. You see, I had a turn for mechanics, and was under the impression that my powers in that way were greater than they afterwards turned out to be. We were sitting at tea alone in our hall at the time the subject was mooted.

"Where have you sent the carpenter?" I asked, as I pushed in my panniken for more of the refreshing beverage.

I must interrupt the thread of my narrative here for a moment to say that we took no crockery with us on that expedition. Our cups were tin pannikens, our plates were made of tin; our pots and kettles were either tin or copper. We had no sugar basins, or butter-dishes, or table-cloths, or any of the other amenities of civilized life. But everything we had was strong and serviceable, and the same may be said of the things we constructed. The deal tables and chairs made for us by Coppet, were very strong if not elegant, and the plank walls and ceiling of our rooms were cheerful, though neither papered nor white-washed. It has often struck me, while sojourning in the great Norwest, that civilized man surrounds himself with a great many needless luxuries which do not by any means add to his comfort, though

the removal of them might add considerably to his distress!

But to return:—

"Coppet is off," said Lumley in reply to my question, "to get some timber for oars, as well as birch-bark to make a canoe or two, we must also set about making a new boat some day or other."

"Lumley," said I, "it has often occurred to me that it takes a terrible deal of time to cut trees into planks with our pit-saws, and occupies far too much of the time of two men who might be much more profitably employed."

"True, Max—what then?"

"Why then," said I, "what would you say if I were to construct a saw-mill?"

"I'd say you were a clever fellow," replied my friend, with one of his knowing looks.

"But what say you to my making the attempt?"

"Do so, by all means, my boy—only don't use up too many pit-saws in the attempt!"

I saw that he did not believe in my powers, and became all the more determined to succeed.

Accordingly, I went next day with Coppet and Dumont, on whom of course I depended for the carrying out of my designs, to examine the ground where the mill-dam was to be made.

"You see," I explained, "we have a superabundance of water in the rivulet at the back of the fort, and by collecting it we may get any amount of power we please, which is of importance because it will enable us to simplify the machinery."

"Oui, oui, monsieur," said Coppet, who either was or wished to appear very knowing on such matters.

"Now," continued I, "here is a natural basin formed by rocks which only wants a small dam at its lower end to enable us to collect water enough to drive the biggest mill in the world. By making our opening at the very bottom of the basin the pressure of water, when it is full, will be so great that a very small waterwheel, without any multi-

plying gear, will suffice to drive our saw—don't you see?"

"Oui, monsieur, oui," answered Dumont, whose knitted brows showed that the worthy blacksmith was at least doing his best to understand me.

"Well then," I continued, "you see that we shall have no difficulty as to the dam. Then, as to the wheel, it will be a simple one of not more than four feet diameter, presented vertically to what I may term the waterspout, so that its axle, which will have a crank in it, will work the saw direct; thus avoiding toothed wheels and cogs we shall avoid friction, and, if need be, increase the speed easily, d'you see?"

"Bon, monsieur—good, good," exclaimed Coppet, becoming quite enthusiastic in his appreciation of my plans.

"Of course," I continued, "the saw can easily be fitted to a frame, and a very simple contrivance can be made to drive along the larger frame that will carry the logs to be sawn, but these are trifling matters of detail which you and I will work out at our leisure, Dumont."

"Oui, monsieur, oui," replied the blacksmith with tighter knitted brows and with a readiness of assent which I do believe the good fellow would have accorded if I had proposed to fit a new axis to the world.

"There is only one thing that troubles me," said I: "how are we to gauge or estimate the force of our waterspout so as to regulate our mill when made? Do you understand such matters—the measurement of force—Coppet?"

The carpenter shook his head.

"That's unfortunate. Do you, Dumont?"

The blacksmith shook his head.

"H'm! I'm sadly ignorant on the point myself," I continued. "Of course I know that so many cubic feet of water will exert a certain pressure, but then I don't know what that certain pressure is, nor how to find out how many cubic feet our somewhat irregular dam will contain. Nor do I know precisely the strength of the material required in the dam to resist the water."

Dumont humbly suggested here that we

could at all events act on the principle that guided Adam and Eve in the formation of their first water-mill, and find out by experiment. And Coppet said that we could get over the difficulty about the strength of materials by making everything ten times stronger than was required.

"You are right, lads," said I, much amused with the earnest manner in which they gave the advice. "Now, let us go at it without delay, so that we may get into working order before the frost stops us."

We set to with enthusiasm, and progressed with our labour much faster than I had expected. The natural basin to which I have referred lay just below a ledge of rock over which the rivulet flowed into it, forming a pretty deep pool about ten feet in diameter. Flowing out of this pool it ran about twelve feet further through a narrow gorge, where it dropped over another ledge. Now, all that we had to do was to shut up the outlet of the narrow gorge with a strong dam, and so cause the pool to swell and rise into a small but very deep pond.

Our first step was to divert the channel of the brook so as to leave us free to construct the dam. The nature of the ground rendered this easy enough. Then, before going further, we made the trough which was to conduct the water out of the dam. It was made of four strong planks about ten feet long and eight inches wide, forming, so to speak, a square pipe. This we laid firmly in the bottom of the basin with its end projecting over the lower ledge. To the inner end we attached a perpendicular piece of wooden piping which rose several feet from the ground. This was meant to prevent mud and stones from getting into and choking the pipe.

This done we laid some very heavy timbers over the pipe and across the opening of the gorge, above and between which we put heavy stones and large quantities of gravel—also turf and twigs, and all sorts of rubbish. Thus was the dam begun, and we continued the process until we raised it to a height of some twenty feet or so."

"What a magnificent pool it will be to dive in," said Lumley, one day, when he came to see us at work.

"Won't it," said I, "especially in winter!"

"Whatever happens to your works, the dam, I think, will never give way," continued Lumley, "it seems to me unnecessarily strong."

Not to try the reader's patience, I may say at once that we advanced with our labour without a hitch until it was nearly finished. To the opening in the pipe or spout we attached a powerful sluice by which to stop the flow when desired, and, all being ready, broke down the dyke that had turned aside our stream, and let the water in. Of course we had constructed an overflow part of the basin by which to conduct the surplus water back to its proper channel below our works.

It was a trying moment when we first let the water in. Would it leak—would it break down—was in every one's mind. I had no fear as to the latter point, but felt uncertain as to the former. We had much longer to wait, however, for the filling than I had expected, but when at last it was full up to the brim, and the trees around were reflected on its surface, and no leak appeared anywhere, I could not resist giving a cheer, which was heartily taken up and echoed by our whole party—for we had all assembled to watch the result.

"Now, Coppet, lend a hand at the winch. We'll open the sluice, and observe the force."

After a few turns our winch refused to move, and only a small part of the opening had been uncovered, from which the water was squirting furiously.

"Something wrong," said I, looking down at the men below. "Just take a look, Salamander, and see what it is."

Our lively interpreter went down on hands and knees and made an earnest examination, despite the squirting water.

"Oh! I sees. All right now," he shouted, "heave away."

"Get out of the way, then," we cried, as we once more applied all our force to the winch. It turned with unexpected sudden-

ness, the sluice flew up, and out came a straight column of water with extreme violence. It hit Salamander full in the stomach, lifted him off his legs, and swept him right down the gully, pitching him headlong over another ledge, where he fell with such force that his mortal career had certainly been ended then and there but for a thick juniper bush which fortunately broke his fall. As it was, he was little the worse of his adventure, but he had learned a lesson of prompt obedience to orders which he did not soon forget.

I now planned a sort of moveable buffer by which the force of the water-spout could be diminished or even turned aside altogether. It acted very well, and, under its protection, we set up the saw and started it. We were all assembled again, of course, at the first starting of the saw, along with a good many of our red friends, whose curiosity in our various proceedings knew no bounds.

Turning up the sluice slowly, and fixing the buffer so as to turn at least three quarters of the furious water-spout aside, I had the extreme satisfaction of seeing the saw begin to rip up a large log. It went on splendidly, though still with somewhat greater force than I desired. But, alas! my want of critical knowledge of engineering told heavily against us, for, all of a sudden, the sluice broke. The buffer still acted, however, and being needlessly strong, was, I thought, safe, but the hinges of the thing were far too weak. They gave way. The violent spout thus set free dashed against the wheel with its full force, turning it round with a whirr-r-r! that sent the saw up and down so fast as to render it almost invisible.

We stood aghast! What fearful termination to the machine impended, we could not guess. A moment later and the crank broke, entangled itself with the wheel and stopped it. As if maddened by this additional resistance, the water-spout then swept the whole concern away, after which, like a wild-horse set free, it took a leap of full thirty feet—a straight column of solid water—before it burst itself on the ground, and rushed wildly down to the lake! It was a

humiliating termination—and showed how terrible it is to create a power which one cannot control!

I draw a veil over the story here. My feelings forbid me to write more!

CHAPTER XIV.

ARRIVAL OF A BAND OF STRANGE INDIANS.

ABOUT this time a band of strange Indians came in with a large supply of valuable furs. They had heard, they said, of the establishment of the new post, and had gladly come to trade there instead of making their customary long journey to Muskrat House.

The change to these Indians was, in truth, of the utmost importance, for so distant were some of their hunting-grounds from Macnab's establishment, that nearly all the ammunition obtained there—the procuring of which was one of the chief desires of their hearts—was expended in shooting for mere subsistence on the way back to their hunting-grounds. It will be easily understood, then, that they received us with open arms.

By this time we were quite prepared for their visit. The two dwelling-houses for ourselves and the men were completed, so also was the store for our goods. There only remained unfinished one or two out-houses and our back kitchen, the latter a detached building afterwards to be connected with the main dwelling by a passage. The store was an unusually strong log house of one storey with a very solid door. It was attached to the side of our dwelling, with which it was connected by an inner door, so that we could, if necessary, enter it without having to go outside—a matter of some importance in case we should ever be forced to defend the fort.

I had just returned, much dispirited, from a visit to the camp of our own Indians, when this band of strangers arrived.

Remembering my last conversation with Waboose, and being very curious to know what were the contents of the mysterious

packet she had mentioned, I had gone to the camp to visit her, but to my extreme regret, found that Big Otter and several of the Indians had struck their tents and gone off on a long hunting expedition, taking their families with them—Waboose among the rest.

On finding, however, that strange Indians had arrived with a goodly supply of furs to trade, thoughts of all other matters were driven out of my mind, the depression of spirits fled, and a burst of enthusiasm supervened as the thought occurred to me that now, at last, the great object of our expedition was about to begin in earnest. I verily believe that the same spirit of enthusiasm, or satisfaction—call it what you will—animated more or less every man at the fort. Indeed, I believe that it is always so, in every condition of life; that men who lay claim to even the smallest amount of spirit or self-respect, experience a thrill of justifiable pride in performing their duty well, and earning the approval of their official superiors. My own thoughts, if defined, would probably have amounted to this—“Now then, here's a chance at last of driving a good trade, and we will soon show the Governor and Council of the Fur Traders that they were well advised when they selected John Lumley as the chief of this trading expedition into the remote wilderness!”

“Come, Max,” cried my friend, whom I met hastening to the store as I arrived, “you're just in time. Here's a big band o' red-skins with splendid packs of furs. I fear, however, that what is our gain will to some extent be poor Macnab's loss, for they say they used to take their furs to him in former years.”

“But then,” said I, “will not the company gain the furs which used to be damaged, and therefore lost, on the long voyage to Muskrat? Besides, the Indians will now be enabled to devote the time thus saved to hunting and trapping, and that will be clear gain.”

We reached the store as I said this, followed by a dozen Indians with large

packs on their shoulders. These were the chief men of the tribe, who were to be attended to first. The others, who had to await their turn with what patience they could command, followed in a body behind to gaze at least upon the outside of the store—that mysterious temple of unknown wealth of which all of them had heard, though many of them had never seen or entered it.

Putting a large key into the lock, Lumley turned it with all due solemnity, for it was his plan among savages to make all acts of importance as impressive as possible in their eyes. And this act of visiting for the first time the store—the palace of wealth, the abode of bliss—the red man's haven of rest—was a very important act. It may not seem so to the reader, but it was so to the savage. The very smell of the place was to him delicious—and no wonder, for even to more cultivated nostrils there is an odour about the contents of a miscellaneous store—such as tea, molasses, grindstones, coffee, brown paper, woollen cloths, sugar, fish-hooks, rasins, scalping-knives, and soap—which is pleasantly suggestive.

Entering, then, with the dozen Indians, this important place, of which I was the chief and only clerk, Lumley salesman and trader, and Salamander warehouseman, the door was shut. Becoming instantly aware of a sudden diminution in the light, I looked at the windows and observed a flattened brown nose, a painted face and glaring eyes in the centre of nearly every pane!

When I looked at this band of powerful, lithe, wiry, covetous savages, and thought of the hundreds of others whom they could summon by a single war-whoop to their side, and of the smallness of our own party, I could not help feeling that moral influence was a powerful factor in the affairs of man. No doubt they were restrained to some extent by the certain knowledge that, if they attacked and killed us, and appropriated our goods without the preliminary ceremony of barter, the white men would not only decline to send them goods in future, but would organise a force to hunt down and

slay the murderers: nevertheless, savages are not much given to prudential reasoning when their cupidity or passions are roused, and I cannot help thinking that we owed our safety, under God, to the belief in the savage mind that men who put themselves so completely in their power as we did, and who looked so unsuspicious of evil, *must* somehow be invulnerable.

Be that as it may, we calmly acted as if there could be no question at all about our being their masters. Lumley conveyed that impression, however, without the slightest assumption of dignity. He was all kindness, gentleness, and urbanity, yet treated them with that unassertive firmness which a father exercises—or ought to exercise—towards a child.

"Now then, Salamander," said Lumley, when he stood inside the counter, and the Indians stood in a group on the other side, "tell the principal chief to open his pack."

Lumley, I may remark, made use of Salamander as an interpreter, until he found that the dialect of those Indians was not very different from that to which he had been accustomed. Then he dispensed with his services and took up the conversation himself, to the obvious surprise, to say nothing of respect, of the Indians, who seemed to think the white chief had actually picked up a new language after listening to it for half an hour!

The principal chief opened his pack slowly and spread its contents on the counter with care. He did not hurry himself, being a very dignified man! There were beavers, martens, otters, silver-foxes, and many other valuable furs, for which large sums are given in the European markets. To obtain these, however, the Company of Traders had to expend very large sums in transporting goods into those northern wilds, and still larger sums would have to be paid to voyageurs, clerks, and employés generally, as well as risks run and time spent before these furs could be conveyed to market and turned into gold—hence our red chief had to content himself with moderate prices. These prices, more-

over, he did not himself put on his furs. Lumley did that for him, according to the tariff used by the fur-traders all over the country, every article being rated at a standard unit of value, styled a "made-beaver" in some parts of the country, a "castore" in other parts. On the counter was marked, with a piece of chalk, the value of each fur—a beaver was valued at so many castores, according to its quality, a fox at so many—and when the sum was added up the total was made known by a number of goose-quills being presented to the chief, each quill representing a castore. The Indians, being acquainted with this process, did not require to have it explained.

Profoundly did that chief gaze at his bundle of quills on receiving them from Lumley after Salamander had swept his furs into a corner. He was studying, as it were, the credit balance of his bank-account before investing.

"Now then, chief," asked Lumley, with an urbane expression of countenance, "what shall I give you?"

The chief gazed solemnly round the store with his piercing black eyes, while all the other piercing black eyes around gazed at him—expectantly! At last his gaze became riveted on a particular spot. The surrounding black eyes turned to that spot intently, and the chief said:

"*Baskistgan.*"

"Ah, I thought so—a gun?" said Lumley, "hand one over, Salamander."

The interpreter went to a box which contained half a dozen of the common cheap articles which were supplied for the trade. Long, single-barrelled affairs they were, the barrels of blue metal, stocks extending to the muzzles and stained red, brass mountings of toy-like flimsiness, and flint locks; the entire gun being worth something less than a pound sterling. These weapons were capable, nevertheless, of shooting pretty straight, though uncomfortably apt to burst.

One having been handed to the chief he received it with a grasp of almost reverential affection, while Lumley extracted from his

funds the requisite number of quills in payment.

"What next?" asked Salamander, and again the solemn gaze went slowly round the store, on the shelves of which our goods were displayed most temptingly. Black eyes riveted once more! What is it?

"A green blanket."

"Just so. Fetch a four-point one, Max, he's a big man."

I took up one of our largest sized thick green blankets, handed it to the chief, and Lumley abstracted a few more quills from the bundle.

At this point the red-man seemed to get into the swing of the thing, for a white blanket of medium size, and another of very small dimensions were demanded. These represented wife and infant. After this a tin kettle and a roll of tobacco were purchased. The chief paused here, however, to ponder and count his quills.

"Do you observe," said Lumley to me, in a low voice, "what a well-balanced mind he has?"

"I can't say that I do, Lumley."

"No? Don't you see; first a gun—self-and-family-preservation being the first law of Nature; then, after thus providing for war and hunting, comes repose, d'you see? a big blanket, which immediately suggests similar comfort to the squaw, a smaller blanket, followed by comfort to the baby, a miniature blanket; then, how naturally the squaw and the squawker conduct his mind to food—a tin kettle! after which he feels justified in refreshing himself with a slight luxury—tobacco! But you'll see that he will soon repress self, with Indian stoicism, and return to essentials."

Lumley was right, for he had barely ceased to speak, when the chief turned and demanded an axe; then fish-hooks; then twine for lines; then awls for boring holes in the bark with which he made his canoes; then powder and shot and pipes. After this, another fit of tenderness came over him, and he bought some bright scarlet and blue cloth—doubtless for the squaw

or the baby—and some brilliantly coloured silk thread with needles and variegated beads to ornament the same. Soon his quills dwindled away till at last they disappeared; yet his wants were not fully supplied—would the pale-face chief advance him some goods on credit?

Oh yes—he seemed a good and trustworthy brave—the pale-face chief had no objection to do that!

Accordingly I opened a ledger and inserted the man's name. It was almost Welsh-like in difficulty of pronunciation, but, unlike a Welshman, I spelt it as pronounced, and set down in order the additional goods he required. When Lumley thought he had given him enough on credit, he firmly closed the account, gave the man a small gratuity of tobacco, powder and shot, &c., and bade another chief come forward.

It was slow but interesting work, for, as the Indians grew familiar with the place and our ways, those of them who were loquacious, or possessed of humour, began to chat and comment on the goods, and on the white-man's doings in a way that was very diverting.

After the chief men had traded their furs, the rank and file of the band came on, and, as is the case with all rank and file, there were some indifferent and a few bad characters among them. It was now that I observed and admired the tact, combined with firmness, of Lumley. He spoke to these Indians with exactly the same respect and suavity that had characterised him when trading with the chiefs. When he saw any one become puzzled or undecided, he suggested or quietly advised. If a man's eye appeared to twinkle he cut a mild joke with him. If one became too familiar, or seemed disposed to be insolent, he took no notice, but turned aside and busied himself in arranging the goods.

At last, however, an incident occurred which called for different treatment. There was among the Indians a long-legged, wiry fellow who had been named Attick, or Rein-deer, because he was a celebrated

runner. Those who disliked him—and they were numerous—said he was good at running away from his foes. However that might be, he was undoubtedly dexterous in the use of his fingers—and it was through this propensity that we were first introduced to him. It happened thus:—

Lumley, whose powers of observation often surprised me, had noticed that Attick looked often and with longing eyes at a very small roll of tobacco which belonged to one of his comrades, and lay on the counter temptingly near his hand. Slowly, and, as it were, inadvertently, he advanced his hand until it touched the tobacco, then, laying hold of it, when the owner was busy with something else, he carried it towards the bosom of his leather hunting-shirt. Before it reached that place of concealment, however, Lumley quickly, yet so quietly that the act was scarce perceived, seized the elbow of the thief and gave him a look. Attick promptly put the tobacco down, and looked at Lumley with a scowl, but the pale-face chief was smilingly giving some advice to the man with whom he was trading.

He thought that the man would not attempt anything more of a similar kind, at least at that time, but he was mistaken. He under-estimated the force of covetousness and the power of temptation in a savage. Soon afterwards he saw Attick deftly pass a packet of bright beads, belonging to another comrade, from the counter to his breast, where he let it remain, grasped in his hand. Immediately afterwards the owner of the beads missed them. He turned over his goods hastily, but could not find the packet, and looked suspiciously at Salamander, who had been standing near all the time, besides fingering the things occasionally.

"A comrade has stolen it," said Lumley, in a quiet voice and without looking at any one save the robbed man.

This was received with scowls and strong marks of disapprobation.

"Not so! The interpreter of the pale-face has stolen it," returned the Indian fiercely.

Instead of replying, Lumley vaulted lightly over the counter, stood before the astonished Attick, thrust his hand into the bosom of that savage, and, by main force, dragged forth the thieving fist still closed over the missing packet. The Indians were too much taken by surprise at the promptness of the act to speak—they could only glare.

"My friends," said Lumley, still maintaining, however, something of kindness in his look of stern gravity, "the Great Master of Life does not love thieving, and no thief will be permitted to enter this store."

What more he would have said I know not, for, swift as lightning, Attick drew his knife and made a plunge at my friend's heart. Expecting a scuffle, I had also leaped the counter. Lumley caught the wrist of the savage; at the same time he exclaimed, "Open the door, Max."

I obeyed, expecting to see the Indian kicked out, but I was wrong, for my friend, with a sharp twist, turned Attick's back to his own breast, then, seizing him by both elbows, he lifted him off his feet as if he had been a mere infant, carried him forward a few paces and set him gently down outside. Then, stepping back, he shut the door.

A roar of laughter from those without shewed the light in which they viewed the incident, and the amused looks of some of those in the store told that at least they did not disapprove of the act.

Without paying any regard to these things, however, Lumley returned to his place, and with his usual air of good-humour continued to barter with the red men.

Thus the work of trading went on for three days, and, during that time, there was much fraternising of what I may call our home Indians with the new-comers, and a great deal, I regret to say, of gambling. We found that this evil prevailed to a great extent among them, inso-much that one or two of them gambled away all that they possessed and came to us with very penitent looks, asking for a small

quantity of goods on credit to enable them to face the winter!

I need scarcely say that our amiable chief complied with these requests, but only on the solemn promise that the goods so advanced should not be risked in gambling, and I have reason to believe that these men were faithful to their promises. This gambling was of the simplest kind, consisting of the method which is known by the name of "odd or even?"

In the evenings the chiefs were encouraged to come into our hall and palaver. They availed themselves of the invitation to come, and sometimes palavered, but more frequently smoked, with owlish solemnity, squatting on the floor with their backs against the wall.

Nevertheless, on these occasions we gained a good deal of information, and Lumley availed himself of the opportunities sometimes to lecture them on the sin of gambling. He always, I observed, laid much more stress on the idea that the Great Master of Life was grieved with his children when they did evil, than that He visited the sin with disagreeable consequences. On one of these occasions an elderly chief surprised us by suddenly putting the question, "Do the pale-faces trade fire-water?"

Every pipe was removed from every lip, and the glittering eyes of expectancy, coupled with the all but total cessation of breathing, told of the intense interest with which they awaited the answer.

"No," replied Lumley, "we sell none. We do not love fire-water."

A deep but quiet sigh followed, and the pipes were resumed in silent resignation. And, I must add, I felt devoutly thankful that we did not sell fire-water, when I looked at the strong features and powerful frames of the red-men around me.

CHAPTER XV.

A CATASTROPHE, A LETTER, AND A VAST SURPRISE.

AUTUMN at length gradually drew to a close, and we began to make preparations for the long winter that lay before us.

Our saw-mill, having been repaired and improved, had worked so well that we had cut a considerable quantity of planks as well for the boats which we intended to build as for the houses. It was fortunate that this had been accomplished before the occurrence of an event which put an effectual stop to that branch of our industries. It happened thus:—

One afternoon the fine weather which we had been enjoying so long gave place to boisterous winds and deluges of rain, confining us all to the fort and making us feel slightly miserable.

"But we mustn't grumble, Max," said Lumley to me, as we looked out of our small windows. "We must take the evil with the good as it comes, and be thankful."

"Please, I wasn't grumbling," said I sharply.

"No? I thought you were."

"No, I was not. It must have been internal grumbling by yourself that you heard," I retorted, sauntering back to the fire, which by that time we had begun to light daily.

"I dare say you're right, Max; it has often struck me as a curious fact, that, when one is cross or grumpy, he is apt to think all the rest of the world is cross and grumpy. By the way, that reminds me—though I don't see why it should remind me, seeing that the two things have no connection—that Coppet came to me last night saying he had discovered a slight leak in the dam. We'd better look to it now, as the rain seems to have moderated a little."

We went out forthwith, and found Coppet already on the spot gazing at a small rill of water which bubbled up from behind a mass of rock that jutted out from the cliff and formed a support for the beams of our dam.

"Something wrong there, Coppet," said Lumley, inspecting the place carefully.

"Oui, monsieur—it is true."

"Can you guess where it comes through?" I asked.

"Vraiment, monsieur, I know not, but surely the dam it is quite strong."

"Strong!—of course it is, unnecessarily

strong," said I, looking up at its edge, over which the water, rendered muddy by the rains, flowed in a considerable volume. What think you, Lumley?"

I asked my friend's opinion somewhat anxiously, because I observed that he seemed to examine the place with unusually grave looks.

"Max," he said at last, "your engineering is defective. It is true that the beams and stuffs of which the dam is composed, could resist all the weight or force of water that can be brought to bear on them—even an untrained eye like mine can see that—but you had not observed that this mass of rock, against which the whole affair rests, has got a crack in it, so that it is partially, if not altogether, detached from the cliff. No doubt it is a large heavy mass, but the strain upon it must be very severe, and its stability depends on its foundations."

"The foundations seem secure enough," said I, looking down.

"True, but natural foundations are sometimes deceptive, and that bubbling spring may be quietly washing these away. We must use a little art here. Go, Coppet," he added, turning to the carpenter, "fetch all the men, and your tools, and as many heavy timbers as you can readily lay hands on. Come, Max, help me to lift this one."

The decision of Lumley's manner and the energetic way in which he threw off his coat and set to work, convinced me that he thought danger of some sort was pending. I therefore followed his example, and set to with a will.

We fixed a heavy log in front of the suspected mass of rock, placing its end against the centre of the mass, and sinking the other end into the ground—having previously, however, sunk a strong cross-beam into the ground to bear the pressure of that end.

"This of itself," said my chief, "will go far to avert evil, but we will adopt your tactics, Max, and, by giving it superabundance of strength, make assurance doubly sure."

In pursuance of this plan he ordered the men to plant several ponderous logs in the same position as the first beam, over which other logs were thrown crosswise, and the whole was weighted with heavy stones.

During our operations, which occupied us all till evening, the rain increased tenfold, and at last came down in absolute sheets, flooding our dam to such an extent that it overflowed nearly all round the brim in pretty solid cataracts of dirty water which brought down branches and leaves and other debris from the higher parts of the stream.

I was gratified to see, however, that our embankment showed no symptoms of weakness, and felt assured that the powerful structure we had just set up was more than sufficient to prevent any rupture in the rock itself. Comforted by these thoughts, Lumley and I returned to the hall in a burst of thunder, lightning, and rain—thoroughly saturated, and in a condition to do ample justice to the sea-biscuit, fried salt-pork, hung whitefish and tea, which Salamander had prepared for supper.

Blondin, being a polite intelligent fellow as well as our foreman, was privileged to take his meals with us, besides occupying one of our four rooms. In consequence of this we conversed chiefly in the patois French of the country, for the worthy man was not deeply learned in English. Salamander messed with the men in their own house, after preparing and spreading our meals.

"What say you to a game of chess?" said Lumley to me, after the tea-things had been carried away by Blondin.

"By all means," I replied, going to a corner cupboard, in which we kept miscellaneous articles, and bringing out the chess-board.

This board and its men, by the way, merit passing remark, for they were fashioned by our chief entirely, and very neatly, out of the pith of a bush, the name of which I forget; and, on the voyage, many an hour that might otherwise have been tedious we whiled away with this interesting game. I knew nothing of it when we began, but Lumley taught me the moves, and I soon picked up enough of the game to enable me to fight a fairish battle before being beaten. At first Lumley always won, and was wont to signalize his victory by the expression of a modest hope that the tables would be turned ere long. That hope—whether genuine or pretended—was not long of being gratified, for as my mind by degrees began to grasp the mysteries of chess, I succeeded in winning a game now and then.

On this particular night however the tables were turned literally, and in a way that we little expected.

Blondin, being left to himself, had sought the companionship of his pipe, and was dozing over the fire, more than half asleep—at least not more awake than was consistent with the keeping of his pipe between his lips. Ever and anon he was startled into a more wakeful condition by the tremendous blasts which frequently shook the house, but these did not disturb him much, for he had helped to build the house, and knew that it was strong.

(To be continued.)



A small body of troopers, led by the dashing Prince at once assailed the enemy.

HEROES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

By HENRY FRITH.

PRINCE RUPERT.

"O mightie Prince, thy loyalty abate ;—
Though put to flight, thou foughtest the Parthian way
And still the same appeared to be
A behemoth on land, a leviathan at sea."

Ode on Rupert, 1686.

CHAPTER I.

HIS BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.—FLIGHT FROM PRAGUE.—HIS EARLY DAYS.—HIS CAPTIVITY.—HE JOINS KING CHARLES' ARMY.



It is rather a curious fact that in our researches concerning Prince Rupert we can find so little in old or modern writings concerning his youth. We have in every encyclo-

pedia the mention of his birth and parentage, and then nearly all mention of the Rhenish prince is skipped until the time when Charles the First appointed him to a command in the royal army.

Rupert, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, says an old historical account of 1683, was nearly related to the crown of England, being the second * son of Frederick, Elector Palatine of the Rhine, and the illustrious Princess Elizabeth, sister of Charles the First.

Rupert was born in December, 1619, soon after the coronation of his parents as rulers of Bohemia; but scarce a year had elapsed when the great battle of Prague, or of the "White Mountain," decided the downfall of the monarchy. The royal pair fled, and such was the hurry of the attendants to be gone that the chamberlain found the infant Rupert lying neglected on the floor in one of the rooms of the palace. The chamberlain carried the babe to the carriage, and thrust him in as the vehicle was driving away.

* The third.

This was a sorry commencement for the young prince, whose elder brothers were already in safety. The fugitives hurried to Breslau, and thence made their way, that terrible winter-time, to the old castle of Custrin, where Prince Maurice was born. He and Rupert became warmly attached to each other as they grew up.

From Custrin the ex-king and his family came to Holland, where they lived for some time at the expense of the State. James the First sent some troops to their assistance, but they nearly all sickened and died. The people of England and many noblemen were anxious to assist their Princess, who was universally and deservedly loved.

When James the First was dying he told Charles to take good care of his sister, but he did not take any trouble concerning her or her children. Elizabeth remained, meantime, quietly at Leyden, educating her sons, and particularly Rupert. His father died in 1632 at Mayence, but Elizabeth still superintended her boy's studies, and shared in his hunting and hawking. Once she permitted him to go to the Prince of Orange and enjoy "tilt and tourney," and even to proceed to the siege of Rhyenberg, but he was speedily recalled to continue his studies.

When the Emperor Ferdinand, who had deposed the King and Queen of Bavaria, died, his son Ferdinand made an offer to Elizabeth to adopt her son if he would con-

sent to relinquish the Protestant faith. This offer was declined, and a change came over Rupert's fortunes.

Prince Charles Louis in 1635-6 proceeded to England to attempt to persuade his uncle to assist his cause as Elector Palatine. Rupert also soon came over to the gay English court, and quickly gained his uncle's regard. There was amusement, plenty and to spare, at the court; and a visit was likewise paid to Oxford, where Rupert obtained the first honorary master's degree. Outwardly was enjoyment and pleasure, but the grumbling of the Parliamentary storm, which was ere long to break on the king's head, was already, distantly, audible.

Rupert and his elder brother quitted the English court in 1638 to endeavour to wrest the Palatinate from Austria. The struggle was brief. The princes' forces were small, and, with the exception of Rupert's own regiment, badly led. The Austrians triumphed, and Rupert owed his safety to a white ribbon which he had placed in his helmet to distinguish his rank. The Austrians, who also wore white ribbons, spared him, thinking he was one of themselves; but when his identity was discovered, as he endeavoured to leap his tired steed over a wall and escape, the prince was made prisoner.

Charles Louis and half of the army had run away: the remainder, with Rupert unwounded, lay dead or dying on the field, with one exception—Lord Craven, who had remained faithful to the prince, as he had been generous to the Queen Elizabeth, was willing to be taken with his youthful leader, who had fought with unparalleled valour all the day.

"Who are you?" enquired his adversary, as Rupert lay panting beside his horse on the ground.

"A colonel!" replied the prince.

"A young one, indeed," said the Austrian, Lippé. But just then Count Hatzfeldt recognized the young man, and sent him under escort, but kindly, to Warrendorp.

Thence he addressed an appeal to King

Charles, on a "leaf of a note-book," for writing materials were denied him. From Warrendorp he was carried to Lintz on the Danube, and kept there in prison for full three years. These years were not untinged with romance. The daughter of the old Governor Kuffstein was permitted to see and accompany the young prisoner, and a great regard existed between them. Rupert never forgot the gentle and beautiful maiden who lightened his hours of captivity.

But the prince might have been free had he changed his religion. He would not obtain his release on these terms, and so his *parole* was rejected, the *fräulein's* company was withdrawn from him, and he was sadly made to feel his isolation. He was no longer permitted to play tennis or to go shooting, and his prison was guarded by halberdiers.

In this solitude he amused himself by training a white dog—probably a poodle, says Mr. Warburton—which repaid the young man's care. The animal had been presented to the prince by Lord Arundel, and afterwards faithfully followed Rupert to England, through many battles and misfortunes, till it was slain at Marston Moor. The Roundheads rejoiced, for they regarded the poor animal as a familiar spirit which no poison could destroy.

In training the dog, whose name was "Boye," and in taming a "timid hare," did the prince pass his time, until the petitions of Mademoiselle Kuffstein prevailed and her father relaxed the severity of the punishment. At length the time came when Rupert was, on certain conditions, released. He was to kiss the emperor's hand, which he must do ere he could be free; and for that purpose he was set free on *parole* near where Ferdinand was hunting. The emperor had brought a great boar to bay, but none of his attendants dared to approach it. Just then Rupert arrived and killed the animal. The emperor, delighted, gave the "unknown youth" his hand to kiss. The prince kissed it, and was free.

Ferdinand then attempted to enlist him as a commander in his army, but without

success. Rupert would return to England, where matters now looked very serious for the King. At Dover, uncle and nephew met; the former was seeing his queen away to Holland out of the turmoil of the Parliament, and the prince had arrived to offer his services to his uncle. But Rupert returned with the queen to Holland in the *Lyon*, commanded by Captain Fox, and escorted also by Van Tromp the famous Dutch admiral.

Then the split between the King and the Parliament assumed wider dimensions. The chasm could not be bridged, and on each side the standard was raised—not to be lowered till England had been deluged with the blood shed in civil war!

The queen exerted herself manfully to raise supplies. She desired Rupert to accept the command of the "King's Horse," and he acquiesced. Without loss of time he proceeded to England, after encountering storm and wreck on the journey, and was joined by Prince Maurice, his younger brother. Ill fortune accompanied Rupert, for scarcely had he escaped the Parliamentary cruisers, and landed, than he was thrown from his horse and dislocated his shoulder. He joined the King at Leicester Abbey, however, and next day—August 22, 1642—the Royal Standard was unfurled at Nottingham.

CHAPTER II.

RUPERT'S CAMPAIGN IN ENGLAND, FROM EDGEHILL TO MARSTON MOOR.

REGARDING this setting-up of the King's Standard at Nottingham, there appears to be some discrepancy in dates. Clarendon says, "According to the proclamation the standard was erected on the 25th day of August—a very stormy and tempestuous day." Other writers say 22nd, some the 24th, and so on. But all are agreed that the setting-up was "melancholic," and inauspicious: the standard was certainly blown down from the castle, and had to be re-erected on the summit of a rising ground

There were very few soldiers present, and the whole ceremony was "melancholique."

Money too was wanting. Charles had already sent the crown jewels with his queen to Holland for sale, and many other means were tried to obtain the necessary supplies. The Parliament troops on the contrary were well equipped, and the king was in danger of capture. The enforced idleness consequent upon want of strength to move was telling badly upon the Cavaliers. A chapter of the Garter was held "to divert men's minds," and the Prince of Wales was made a Knight of the Order.

At this time came sad news from Portsmouth. Goring had surrendered the place to the Parliament, and escaped. The King then attempted to treat with the Parliament and come to a settlement. The Parliament refused, and no arrangement was then possible. So war was actually declared, and the King proceeded to Stafford in September, where Rupert, who had been engaged in some little skirmishing, joined him. The prince was, however, no great favourite with the Royal commanders; they were jealous of him, for he alone enjoyed immunity from interference save by the king himself.

Lord Essex came from London to take command of the Parliamentarians at Nottingham. The Parliament flag was black, with one or five buff bibles, and the motto "God with us" in gold; and, says Mr. Warburton, "The common soldiers had little intention of making war upon the king"; they were taught it was their duty to rescue him from evil counsellors—

" 'Tis to preserve his Majesty
That against him we do fight."

Lord Essex was marching upon Worcester, where the Royal treasure lay, and Rupert with "eighteen troops of horse and dragoons" was directed to proceed thither and secure the money. This he did, and had determined to remove it, in conjunction with Sir J. Byron the governor, when the Parliament troops were seen approaching.

Rupert and his men appear to have been bivouacking quietly in the fields, quite care-

less of danger, when the enemy was observed approaching through the fields. "To horse! to horse!" was immediately the cry, and a small body of troopers, led by the dashing prince, at once assailed the enemy. By this time Rupert, both from his skill and daring, his good looks, and success in foraging, had gained a dreaded name and much adherence. So he was regarded by foes and friends as something out of the common, as an enemy or as a comrade. Villages were conquered and children frightened into quiescence by the mere mention of his name; and the chronicler adds, "In truth he was seldom far off, or over-indulgent when he came."

Thus, when Rupert and his handful of men rushed upon the Parliamentarians, the directness of his attack and his *prestige* united in securing him victory. Although fully armed and nearly uninjured, the rebels were ridden down and routed. They ran away for four miles and came to Essex with the account of the disaster. The Cavaliers had lost only four or five men, while the enemy had left behind them as many hundreds. This event increased Rupert's reputation; and, considering the circumstances and the odds against him, the victory is deserving of much praise.

As the Royal forces retired from Worcester hearing the treasure, Essex came and seized the town, where he found the commander of the lately defeated troops, who had been tended by Rupert's physician. Rupert and his men went on to Shrewsbury, where a very mixed array assembled for the King. The troops were armed in various ways, but all animated by loyalty, and determined to die in the Royal cause; and the great duel of England was then about to open at Edgehill.

The Royalists, already betrayed by Blake, the secretary of Prince Rupert, marched on to encounter the Parliamentary forces. The King's army numbered about 11,000 fighting men, and they penetrated to Birmingham without meeting with a check. This advance alarmed the Parliament in London, who took severe measures,

and meantime ordered Essex to fight the King's troops wherever he could. So Essex quitted Worcester and marched by Stratford-on-Avon to Edgehill.

This, the first battle of the Civil War, was fought—as so many great battles have been—on a Sunday. It is a curious that some of the most decisive encounters of history have been fought on the "Day of Rest," but so it is. This memorable fight was rendered remarkable for the arrays which met face to face, in which members of the same families—brothers, fathers, sons—encountered each other to the death.

"For God and the King!" This was the Royalists' cry as they advanced to meet Essex, who did not immediately attack them. Prince Rupert had advised that the cavalry should lead the battle, break the line, and let the foot finish. Lindsay had opposed this, but was overruled. So he declined any command beyond his own regiment.

On Sunday, October 23, at 3 P.M., the Battle of Edgehill began. Charles, with his sons, Charles and James, was posted on the hill. Rupert drew up his men and was about to charge, when an officer of Essex's army came up and said his men would not fight against the King. So Rupert let them be, but charged fiercely into the midst of the Roundheads.

The former result was repeated. Essex's men fled in terror, scarcely turning to fight. Rupert and his men pursued them into the town, and cut them up terribly. But these tactics failed. Rupert, though he could lead, could never keep his men in hand; he could not command, nor would he be commanded. His troopers rode and cut and thrust and killed, but they became scattered and weary. Meantime the Parliament troops had partly rallied, and attacked the Cavaliers. The infantry, assisted by Essex's reserve horsemen, stood and engaged the Royalist foot. They attacked the Royal standard-guard, killed Varney and his men, and carried away the standard itself.

The King would not fly, however, but

manfully remained, while the Parliamentarians drew off; Rupert's men gradually returned, to find the flag gone and the field almost lost. To regain the standard was a great point, and it was attempted with success by Captain Smith, who with a few men snatched the scarves from some dead Parliamentarians, and boldly rode into the rebel ranks. Seeing the standard in the hands of Essex's secretary, Chambers, the bold captain snatched it from him, and when he had cleared the Parliament ranks—which his borrowed badge enabled him to do—he carried the flag back in triumph to the King, who knighted him on the spot.

Prince Rupert came back with a few men, but the cavalry were so greatly scattered that not a sufficient number could be gathered for another charge. A contemporary states that the prince did not accompany the pursuit at all, but, after the charge, returned to the King's side.* There is little doubt that the Royalist horsemen plundered and committed excesses in the enemy's camp; and we hope, for Rupert's reputation, he was not present.

While both sides were doubting whether the victory could properly be claimed by either, and deliberating upon the expediency of renewing the engagement, night came on and put an end to the battle which each side claimed as a victory. Essex, however, retired next day, and Rupert pursued him, captured his coach and papers, with plate, money, and the escort which guarded the treasure. In this foray, the prince found ample evidence of his secretary's treachery, and Blake was hanged at Oxford as a traitor, judged out of his own mouth.

The King seized Banbury, though it was garrisoned by Parliament troops, and marched to Oxford. Essex remained in Warwick, leaving the road to London open to the Royalists. Rupert, with his usual impetuosity, had wished to proceed with his cavalry at once, and seize Westminster

and Whitehall; but he was overruled. The army delayed in order to take Banbury, and the opportunity was lost. Our fiery prince, however, could not rest; so, active military employment not being immediately forthcoming, he set out in quest of adventure. Rain coming on, he proceeded to an ale-house near Warwick, and by treating the guests, soon made friends. Seeing a seller of cabbage-nets, the prince proposed, to exchange dresses and sell the nets in Warwick town for a joke. The man consented: the prince departed, saw the arrangements of the Parliamentary forces, sold his cabbage-nets, and returned to the ale-house unsuspected. Having thus made himself acquainted with the Roundheads' dispositions and army, he sent a message by the cabbage-net seller to his customers in Warwick, to the effect that Rupert had "sold the nets, and would soon be among them with something else!"

The versatile prince was extremely fond of these tricks and adventures. Many similar practical jokes are related of him in a pamphlet called "*Rupert's Disguises*," which "*disguises*" he assumed with ready wit and some humour. On these occasions he heard anything but complimentary remarks concerning himself and his doings, but such comments served to amuse him mightily.

Charles delayed; but his enemies were ever active, as Rupert would have been had he been permitted. Lord Essex managed to reach London, and Rupert kept skirmishing. He tried to seize Windsor Castle, but was repulsed. At Kingston-on-Thames he also found resistance, and retired to Maidenhead. Thence he made a raid on Colebrook, and seized Reading, which Martin—the future regicide—whose name is for ever associated with Chepstow Castle, delivered to the prince.

The King's way was thus being cleared by his active lieutenant, but the fatal delay in Oxfordshire had given the Parliament time to concentrate a force to oppose the Royal advance. From Reading a peace deputation was sent to London. A pause

* See marginal notes, *Heath's Chronicle*, 1676, in London Library.

in hostilities ensued, but Rupert could not wait. While the "palaver" was proceeding, he fell upon two Roundhead regiments at Brentford.

The Earl of Essex was actually in the House of Lords, when the ominous boom of cannon was heard westward. The commander mounted and rode off to Knightsbridge. The army was at Turnham Green; Acton and Kingston were also occupied by the Parliamentary forces; what could have occasioned the skirmish? Essex was ready to attack Charles, but it seems Rupert had taken the initiative, and under cover of a fog had advanced unperceived to Brentford.

The circumstances are as follow. Rupert at Egham took two prisoners—merchants or spies—and, keeping them safely, he pushed on to the little town on the Brent. Holles' men fought behind their barricades, and the Royalist cavalry could not dislodge them. So the prince called them off, and attacked with a brave Welsh regiment, which stormed the barricades and pushed on. Hampden's and Brook's divisions came up, but were thrown back upon the river. The Royalists charged them, captured guns, colours, ammunition, and prisoners, and the murmur of the conflict even reached the city. The trainbands, accompanied by their female relatives, marched to Turnham Green, much as the "Guards marched to Finchley," as depicted by Hogarth in after years, and halted there. But more came and still more, until the army behind Lord Essex amounted to many thousands, in excess of the regular troops. While all these city gentlemen were collecting to oppose the King and Rupert, the prince was walking about London in disguise, "a chiel among them takin' notes," and seeing the state of the preparations and defences.

Charles, finding that it was impossible to enter the metropolis, withdrew to Kingston, which the Roundheads "kindly quitted," and "went to his own house of Hampton Court." Thence he repaired to Oatlands, and finally proceeded to Oxford to winter

quarters. Negotiations with the Parliament were begun, but failed. Rupert skirmished and foraged with success, and managed to feed his own regiments and the king's with assistance from Royalists all over the country in the way of money and supplies. Nevertheless, the ill-condition of the Royal army was very marked, clothes scarce, boots wanting—no money for horse-shoeing even, and much general misery. About this time the queen landed, and Essex gradually narrowed his circle around Oxford to hem in the King.

But as the new year opened, so did Rupert's scarce suppressed activity. He made a pretended attack on Sudeley Castle, and when the Parliament tried to oppose him, he marched upon Cirencester, took it, killed and captured hundreds of the enemy. The citizens fired from the windows, after the place had surrendered; so the Royalists retaliated by burning and pillage, of which the townspeople bitterly complained, though it seems they had had only themselves to thank for the damage. Thence Rupert marched to Gloucester, which declined to surrender, and the prince prudently declined to assault Waller who defied him.

For his retaliatory measures at Cirencester Rupert was defamed as a robber and murderer; but he took speedy occasion to justify himself and deny the cruelties which the Parliament had falsely attributed to him; as well of the accusation of his being a Romanist, a taunt which his former sufferings for the Protestant faith, he said, might have spared him. The prince's declaration completely disposes of the falsehoods the Parliamentary leaders had promulgated concerning him, and exposes the cruelty of their own soldiers to women and other inoffensive persons; their plundering of rich houses and churches.

The queen was at York in March, 1643, and Rupert wished to rescue her and bring her to Oxford to the king. He had to pass Birmingham, and evade the Parliamentary army at Lichfield, which Brook had taken, but lost his life in the siege. The circumstances of his death are curious.

He was about to attack the cathedral, which was defended by Lord Chesterfield, and "sought a sign from Heaven" to open the attack. He raised the visor of his helmet to see more clearly the battle-field, when a bullet pierced his brain. "He sought to take St. Chad's church on St. Chad's Day, and was slain by a bullet cast from the lead that covered St. Chad's Church!" Sir John Gell took the command for Parliament; and, by causing his soldiers to hold up children before them, he succeeded in reducing the fire of his opponents. After three days the Close yielded.

But to resume. Rupert, passing by Birmingham, was churlishly refused quarters; the town was barricaded; and as the Cavalier force approached, the people—women, clergymen, and soldiers—united in cursing the "dogs" and "Papist traitors" who came along. These insults, quite undeserved as they were, quickly exasperated the fiery prince, who ordered an assault. The consequences were more than serious. The place was fired—pillaged—and many innocent persons, as well as a number of others, killed, wounded, plundered, and outraged. This was a severe "punishment," but party feeling ran high, and Rupert's "lambs" were not to be defied with impunity any more than Kirke's.

Rupert then marched upon Lichfield, and summoned it. Rousewell or Russell, the commandant, refused. Then the prince sent for coal miners, drained the moat, mined the walls, and finally assaulted the place, which soon surrendered. For a description of the atrocious way in which the Puritans had treated the cathedral, and the sacrileges they committed, we must refer our readers to Southey's "Book of the Church" and other publications.

Rupert's aim was diverted however. He was recalled by the king to Reading, but did not arrive in time to save it. Essex and his troopers here broke faith, or he was disobeyed by his men; they plundered and insulted the conquered who had been permitted the "honours of war." After some delay Essex advanced to Thame. Rupert

went to meet him, and encountered his men on the famous Chalgrove Field—where Hampden was mortally wounded in his first charge. The details of Rupert's night-march from Oxford; his rapid progress and valiant engagements, with his successful return, add other roses to the chaplet of his victories.

After this battle, which ranks with some of the greatest events in history for pluck and determination, and which was fought on Sunday, 18th June, 1643, Rupert escorted the queen towards Oxford. She and Charles met on the field of Edgehill. Then came good news of the victory at Roundway Down, where Prince Maurice had distinguished himself. In July, Rupert started westward, and after inspection fell upon Bristol, which Col. Fiennes surrendered on 25th July, after some hard fighting. But in after days the city was yielded to the Parliament by the same prince, who incurred the grave displeasure of Charles in consequence.

From Bristol, Rupert proceeded to Gloucester, which Charles was investing. Here he had plenty of work, but the Earl of Essex raised the siege in face of the deliberating Royalists. Cirencester also yielded, and Essex marched towards London. Rupert checked him again, and the King's army met its enemies at Newbury in a perfectly unnecessary battle. For the King, thanks to Rupert, had posted his army between the Parliamentary forces and the metropolis. The prince advised a cessation of hostilities; but he was overruled, and instead of the Royalists waiting to be attacked in their strong position, they left it to attack the enemy. The battle—the first fought at Newbury—lasted all day; but the Royalists, if not absolutely defeated, made no progress; and Essex continued his march on London, notwithstanding a determined attempt made by Prince Rupert to stop him. On 25th September, Essex entered the metropolis, on which Charles ought to have marched after the taking of Bristol, when the road was clear. Falkland fell at Newbury with the brave young Earl

of Sunderland, two valuable men for the King to mourn.

Things looked very bad for Charles just then. His queen caused much discord in "her court," which she held independently, while the lax discipline and carelessness of the Cavaliers tended to prejudice their cause and paralyze Rupert's efforts.

CHAPTER III.

RUPERT IN THE NORTH.—LATHOM AND MARSTON MOOR.—DEFEAT OF THE CAVALIERS.—NASEBY.—THE LATER CAREER OF PRINCE RUPERT.

AFTER Newbury, the prince was in continual demand. As the year 1644 opened many places required his presence, and the heroic Countess of Derby, closely besieged at Lathom House, begged the prince to help her. But Newark claimed his attention first. With a small force—which was augmented afterwards—he proceeded northwards, and found the enemy besieging Newark. Without pausing for his reserves, the prince, with five hundred horse, dashed down and engaged the army. He had some narrow escapes, and was once actually seized, but an officer cut off the assailant's hand. Then the Cavaliers came up in stronger force. The townspeople sallied out, and the Roundheads ran.

The countess still held out ; so the bold Rupert hurried to her assistance. Joined by the Earl of Derby, the prince marched to Chester, while the king and queen fled westward. They parted, for ever, at Abingdon. Rupert seized Stockport, and raised the siege of Lathom, which, with three hundred men, had with the countess defied the Parliament for eighteen weeks. Bolton surrendered. The victorious Royalists then succoured York by a ruse which deceived the astute Roundheads. When the Royalists under Newcastle had been relieved, their commander urged the prince to return southwards. Rupert said he had the king's orders to fight the treacherous Scots. In this engagement Newcastle un-

willingly joined. Rupert wanted to annihilate the Scots, and he did so.

The armies remained drawn up on Marston Moor on the last day of June, but the Roundheads made no sign, and, probably expecting no battle, retired early on the morning of July 2nd. Leslie was leading them to Tadcaster, when news was received that the Royalists would attack. He immediately turned, and the engagement commenced with some desultory fighting. The evening closed in with storm and tempest, but not till seven o'clock did the real battle commence. The thunderstorm broke ; and the rattle of Heaven's artillery was rivalled by the thunder of the opposing guns, and the roll of musketry. The battle of Marston Moor had commenced in earnest.

Rupert, on the left, charged the Scots, and rode them down, while Goring completed their rout. On the other hand Cromwell's left wing, with his Ironsides, was quite successful. The two opposing wings, each believing itself victorious, turned and met in the centre to fight all over again. The Parliamentarians wavered, but their reserves came up—the armies had changed places completely. The Yorkshiremen, Newcastle's brigade, again and again repulsed the Puritans, and fell as they had stood in line. The "Ironsides" scattered the remains of Rupert's horse, who would not rally. The prince was obliged to retreat ; but he collected a few men in the dark, and galled the advance of Cromwell as he proceeded to York. Nearly five thousand men fell in this encounter.

The battle of Marston Moor ruined the Royalists' cause. They lost men, arms, ammunition, and baggage. The Marquis of Newcastle quitted the kingdom next day. Rupert retreated to Boroughbridge and met Clavering. Cromwell, with the generals, entered York on the 16th July. Rupert reached Shrewsbury with his soldiers about the 20th. Charles was at Evesham when the tidings of the battle were received. The queen escaped to France. The Royalists thought they had Essex in a trap in the

west, but he escaped. The King returned through Devonshire and met Rupert, who afterwards proceeded to Bristol.

We must pass over many events in which Rupert was engaged or with which he was connected. He remained at Oxford some time, and was occupied in skirmishing and in council. On the 14th June, 1645, the prince took part in the great battle of Naseby, which was lost in consequence of his rashness in pursuing the enemy too far, and being absent when most wanted. "One charge more, gentlemen," said Charles, when his nephew joined him at length, "One charge more," he cried, as he headed them; but his horse was turned aside by some nervous adherent, and the army followed the king in flight, not to battle.

The prince hurried to Bristol after this. In August Cromwell with Fairfax advanced against the town. Sickness was rife within the walls, the inhabitants quitted it in numbers, and when terms were offered Rupert would surrender the city rather than cause so much bloodshed as would ensue, if the king would give him leave. Fairfax declined to permit a messenger to pass; the assault was delivered, and Bristol was yielded, after a summons to surrender, on honourable terms.

For this surrender Charles banished the prince and directed him to seek his subsistence somewhere beyond sea. He sent him his passport, and deprived him of all authority. Prince Maurice was offered the position thus vacant, but declined, and met his brother, who was proceeding to explain matters to the king at Banbury. He demanded a court-martial, and was declared "Not Guilty;" but subsequently Rupert and his followers quitted England, after keeping Oxford for the king, and surrendering it, upon Charles's order to do so, to Fairfax. In July Rupert and Maurice left British shores: the former for France, the latter for Holland.

The prince was immediately employed in the French service, and took part in many encounters against the Spaniards on the Flemish frontiers. In one of these actions

he was wounded—the first time he had received any serious hurt in all his campaigning. He only left France to take command, with the Prince of Wales and Maurice, of a small English fleet in Charles's behalf, to endeavour to deliver him from his captivity in the Isle of Wight. He took many vessels in a privateering way, sending the money to his Cavalier friends for the king. Rupert afterwards proceeded for the West Indies, and when at Kinsale heard of the king's execution. Lisbon was reached, when Parliament demanded Rupert from the Portuguese. The king tried to shelter him and wished him to escape, but at length the Parliament got impatient and made reprisals on the Portuguese ships. This renewal of the blockade enabled Maurice and Rupert to quit Lisbon and reach the Azores. Here a storm arose and the princes were in great peril. Rupert's ship was sinking; the prince, against his will, was seized by his men and pushed into the only available boat to reach his brother's vessel. This he did: the boat returned to save others, but some perished in the ship—the *Admiral*—which foundered. After losing another vessel the survivors landed on the west coast of Africa, where some skirmishing ensued. By sea Rupert attacked and captured ships in somewhat piratical fashion "for the king," and he soon became a terror to merchantmen. When the West Indies were reached they found the Parliamentary authority was already dominant. Here the ship *Honest Seaman* was wrecked and Prince Maurice drowned—a terrible loss to his devoted brother, who after many risks reached France again in 1653, where he was joyfully welcomed.

In 1654 he visited his aged mother at the Hague, and went to Vienna. When Charles II. succeeded to the British throne, Rupert was summoned to England, but he declined the invitation until his mother's debts had been paid. Parliament voted the money (£10,000), and the late queen came with her son to England.

In subsequent years he served as commander of the fleet against the French and

Dutch: the latter he repelled in their invasion of the Thames in 1667. In the meanwhile he remained a good deal in retirement and in study. In 1672-3 he was again engaged in maritime warfare, but soon retired from public life after that. He passed

his latter days at Windsor Castle; and died, on 29 November, 1682, in the sixty-third year of his age, at his house in Spring Gardens, "leaving no more true and brave man behind him."

THE MODERN SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

By CHARLES KENT.

"Will speak with most miraculous organ."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE TELEPHONE.

WITH THE MICROPHONE AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

(Continued from p. 211.)



ESIDES the three great systems of telephonic communication already described, those of Graham Bell, of Elisha Gray, and of Thomas Alva Edison, many others have competed with one another for public approval. Among these rival systems, those of Trousé, of Demoget, and of Mac Tighe may cursorily be specified. One particular instrument, contrived by M. Righi, for a time attracted great attention at the Académies des Sciences et des Arts et Métiers, as

well as at the Press Pavillion of the Electric Exhibition at Paris in 1881. This, which was audible simultaneously to a large assembly, was in fact a huge Bell telephone, having a diaphragm of parchment, with a sheet-iron disc at its centre. A composite kind of telephone, contrived by Gray and Phelps, was remarkable for this, that the intensity of its sound was in pro-

portion to the number of its diaphragms. One, designed by Cox Walker of New York, was noteworthy as having no less than eight diaphragms. Still more satisfactory results than those thus arrived at have been attained by having two or even four telephones, placed side by side, linked together by horse-shoe magnets. Phelps's telephonic system, in point of fact, renders it possible to hear the words articulated, from no matter what distance, as though the person were speaking in a loud voice in the same apartment. In appearance, his apparatus, which is oblong in form, somewhat resembles the well-known scientific toy, the gyroscope. In its intonation, moreover, it has this advantage, that it is entirely free from that punch-and-judy voice so frequently noticeable in other telephones. Phelps's latest contrivance, popularly known as the Crown telephone, now widely in use in the United States, is combined with Edison's bar consender. In it the two systems are worked by six horse-shoe magnets radiating round the magnetic core. And the magnetic field being thus considerably enlarged, the articulated sounds are very much intensified.

A liquid medium, introduced into the

circuit, has been tried with no less happy results than a dry one, by various experimentalists. Professor Bell, for example, constructed an admirable receiver by attaching to a stretched membrane a platinum wire, which completed the voltaic circuit by dipping into water; though louder sounds still were produced when, in lieu of water, there was employed dilute sulphuric acid or saturated solution of salt. M. Richemond, again, with a view to a slight modification of the resistance of the circuit, employed water in his electro-hydro-telephone. With excellent effect, moreover, in what are known as the Mercury telephones, pencils of it attached to two vibrating plates have been dipped through acidulated water into a substratum or sediment of quicksilver. MM. Pollard and Garnier, it should be added, employed, with good results, under a vibrating tin plate, a couple of graphite points with their porte crayons. While, on the 3rd May, 1878, M. Hellesen, in his re-action telephone, with yet better effect attached a lead pencil to an iron vibrating plate—Elihu Thomson and Edwin Houston, less than two months later, announcing that, in their rival re-action system, by somewhat similar means, the sound of the voice was much less altered than in any other telephones.

What is especially remarkable in regard to this wonderful invention of the telephone, by whomsoever the apparatus may have been constructed, or upon whatsoever system, is this, that it is incomparably the most sensitive of all instruments for revealing the action of electric currents.

Until M. d'Arsonval's experiments had demonstrated this beyond the possibility of further denial, the nerve of a frog had been regarded as the most perfect of all known galvanoscopes. Thenceforth, however, it has been demonstrable at pleasure that the sensitiveness of the telephone, which is indeed exquisite, is absolutely 200 times greater than that of the frog's nerve.

As early in the history of the discovery as in the summer of 1878 the Telephone Company was first incorporated. A twelve-

month afterwards, in 1879, the Count du Moncel had assumed his place by right as its earliest historian. Since then the telephonic system has spread with wonderful rapidity in this country, in various parts of Europe, and on both sides of the Atlantic. How admirably it can be worked at any great central station was first shewn in London at 11 Victoria Street by Edison's Telephone Company. There, in a spacious public-room, opposite a huge switch-board, sat a clerk who was as the spider at the centre of a huge web of wires spun to all parts of the metropolis. On the switch board, a number of little discs were displayed. An electric bell rings and simultaneously one of these little discs drops, revealing in its place "No 12." Thereupon, the clerk, switching his telephone on to that number, asks what he (No. 12) wants? The answer comes immediately, "Put me on to No. 27." Upon this, by merely moving a small metal peg into a particular hole on the switch board, the clerk at once puts 12 and 27 into communication. A simple movement of this kind has thus brought instantaneously into easy talking distance of each other, just as if they were face to face in the same room, let us say, for example, a merchant in his west-end villa and his confidential manager at his city office—what they may have to say to one another (each in his private room) being absolutely inaudible at the central station. When their conversation is finished, again the electric bell rings, and their numbers drop, as a signal that they have done talking. For 12½ a year the advantage of the exchange system, in this way, could be secured. But for 19½ a year a special wire could be monopolised. What used to be done thus, however, by a company, is now done exclusively in this country, as the transmission of our letters and telegrams had previously been, by the Government.

So completely had the system got into working order in the north of Europe, at as early a date as the 1st October 1881, that in Berlin 533 houses were, even then, served with telephonic communications, the

total length of telephonic wires in that capital down to that date being 750 miles.

Before the spring of 1883, the greatest single length of wire ever traversed audibly by interchanging voices through the telephone, had been along the 700 miles separating New York from Cleveland. Then it was, however, as already mentioned in the opening sentence of this record, that, on the 25th March 1883, audible converse was held through the 1000 miles of telephonic wire connecting the Empire City of the United States with Chicago. That achievement, it should be said, was mainly due to a novelty in the conductor, which consisted of a steel wire core, copper-plated, the electric resistance of which, across that interval of 1000 miles, was no more than 1,522 ohms as against the 15,000 ohms representing the average resistance of the ordinary iron telephonic wire, thereby, in other words, reducing by one-tenth the whole force of the electric resistance. So memorable a feat, it must be obvious at once, indicates, from that moment, the dawn of a new era in the development of telephonic intercourse. Thenceforth, knowing as we now do, as an actual and accomplished fact, that the voice can be heard instantaneously through the material medium of a metallic wire across an interval of 1000 miles, it must be manifest that, with the same agencies duly applied, any distance, not merely 1000 miles, but absolutely any distance, may by the voice in the same way and with the like ease be instantaneously traversed. So far as this globe is concerned, the time may be reasonably looked forward to when, not only the telegraphic wire, but the telephonic wire may put a girdle round it more rapidly than that promised by Shakspeare's tricky sprite, and when men at the opposite ends of the earth may very literally be within speaking distance of each other though separated at the moment by actually half its circumference.

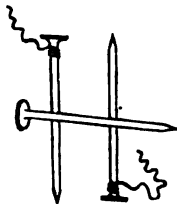
The merest accident—the snapping of a fine wire during the course of an experiment

—led to the discovery by Professor Hughes, of that marvellous magnifier of minute sounds, the microphone.

Fully aware that the magnetic telephone was an instrument absolutely complete in itself, or in other words that it needed no aid whatever from the electric battery, he, nevertheless, thought that, purely as an experiment, he would put it in circuit with a weak battery-current, and see what might then happen. How intimately connected magnetic and electric action are, Professor Faraday had, years before that, resplendently demonstrated. With everything that great electrician had thus brought to light, Professor Hughes was, of course, perfectly familiar. When entering upon his own investigations, therefore, in a field so often previously trodden by Faraday, he was conscious that he was merely walking in his predecessor's footsteps, but he knew equally well, at the same moment, that he was doing so with the help of an apparatus undreamt of even in Faraday's philosophy. At the outset of this independent enquiry of his own, Professor Hughes included in the electric circuit with the magnetic telephone, a battery of weak power, doing this with a very fine wire to which he attached weights, one by one, until, by their accumulated strain upon it, the wire at last should be compelled to snap. Having made this arrangement, while vigilantly listening at the ear-piece of the telephone, he noticed, upon adding what proved to be the last weight necessary, that, immediately before the wire broke, a peculiar kind of rushing sound was audible. Thereupon, in a seemingly idle mood, he loosely twisted or linked the broken ends of the wire together so that the electric current could still pass freely. Then it was that Professor Hughes discovered to his amazement that, by this exceedingly simple device, he had, in a wholly unpremeditated way, contrived haphazard an exquisitely sensitive detector and expander of sounds that would otherwise have remained inaudible. Every minutest noise near the loosely joined wires, he then observed, in fact, was given out not

only appreciably but as a loud sound by the connected telephone.

Having taken note of this surprising fact,



The Nail Microphone.

he slightly modified his arrangement by placing three nails, lightly touching one another in circuit, after the manner shown in the accompanying woodcut.

The result of his experiment in that instance proved equally efficacious. He next tried what the effect would be upon loosely fitting the upper and lower ends of a small double-pointed pencil of carbon between two small hollows in a couple of carbon blocks, in the way indicated by the subjoined section of the carbon microphone.

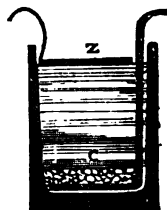


Section of the Carbon Microphone.

The result of this arrangement proved to be something really wonderful. For, he then found that, upon depositing this little contrivance, with its lightly held carbon pencil, in a room in which ordinary conversation was being carried on, he could, in a distant apartment, several streets off, hear very distinctly the words uttered by the different speakers by means of an ordinary telephonic wire placed in circuit with an electric battery.

Marvellous in its effects though the microphone is, so far is it from being either costly or complicated that, as already intimated, the first one constructed by its inventor was built up with such trivial materials as a match-box and a penholder, in combination with a little sealing-wax, wire and string, while his electric battery

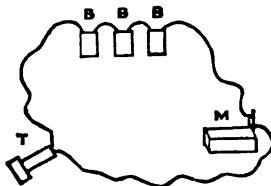
consisted of nothing better than three small pickle bottles, each filled up, like the gallipot represented below, as a microphone battery cell.



A Microphone Battery Cell.

There, coiled up, snake-like, at the bottom of the jar, is a copper wire the end of which projects upwards and outwards over the rim—the straight part of this wire, where it passes up the inside of the jar towards the surface, being, for the purpose of insulation, coated with either sealing-wax or gutta-percha. Upon the coil of wire at the bottom of the vessel is then poured about half-an-inch of water. Immersed in this water are two ounces of sulphate of copper, *c*, otherwise bluestone, broken into small lumps each about the size of a pea. Its contents having been thus arranged, the jar is then all but filled up with either moist clay or damp sawdust, upon the surface of which is placed a disc of zinc, *z*, from the edge of which (exactly opposite the end of the copper wire) protrudes a little band or half curl, resembling in shape the tongue of a jew's-harp. With three small battery cells like this, Professor Hughes found that a microphone can at all times be worked effectively.

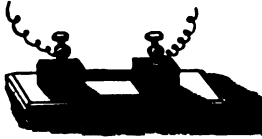
How readily the component parts of this triple arrangement—the microphone, the battery, and the telephone—can be joined



Microphone in circuit with Battery and Telephone

together in circuit will be best shown by the above diagram.

So small need the carbon portion of the microphone be that it will be amply sufficient if it is an inch in length. It is most frequently mounted, and always with good effect, on a vulcanite or ebonite plate as below.



Microphone on Ebonite Plate.

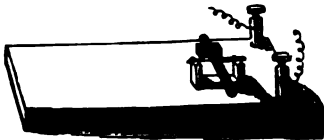
In this position, binding screws are affixed to the carbon blocks, so as to admit of the apparatus being easily brought into circuit by attachment to the wires. A better arrangement still is to fasten the instrument to a sounding box, as is shown in the annexed outline.



Microphone on Sounding Box.

By so treating it, the resonance of this little wonder-working contrivance is very considerably increased.

More sensitive, perhaps, than any other arrangement of the microphone yet particularized, however, is one in which a small bar of carbon is so delicately balanced on a brass pivot that one end of it lightly touches a fixed block of the same material. For the convenience of the experimentalist, the framework or stand upon which this nicely adjusted apparatus is fixed—as a glance at the subjoined woodcut will show—is prolonged.



Horizontal Bar Microphone.

A watch placed upon this prolongation of the stand will yield extraordinarily loud

results, not only by the magnifying of the pulse of its balance-wheel, but by the rendering audible besides of many other sounds in its intricate mechanism. The mere writing, there, with a quill pen, will with the every movement of the nib along the paper, produce a wonderful resonance. Nay, the slightest touch of a feather on the carbon, which would be quite inaudible to the unassisted ear, causes a loud noise. As remarkable an experiment as any that can be made, however, to test the efficiency of the microphone, is to imprison a fly, a gnat, a moth, or any other small insect in a common match-box, over a hole previously cut, in one side of which a piece of muslin or a sheet of straw-paper has been stretched. Upon placing the box so arranged upon the stand of the microphone, you will not only at once hear the otherwise inaudible tread of the fly, but you will hear it tramping about as though it were a horse or a bullock. Piercingly distinguishable, even, is the dying scream of a fly through the wonderful agency of this little instrument.

It does by the sense of hearing, in fact, precisely what the microscope does by the sense of sight—it magnifies what without its help would be absolutely indistinguishable. So powerful is its agency, as an outcome or adjunct of the telephone, that one form of the microphone has been contrived by M. Boudet de Paris with the aid of which a small telephone is enabled to utter a very loud sound.

Two adaptations of the microphonic principle have come signally to the assistance, one of them of the surgeon, the other of the physician. With the help of the Sphygmophone, for example, the latter can readily hear all over a room the sound of his patient's pulse. While, with the help of the audiometer, the aurist, can test, at will, with absolute certainty, the progress of his patient's improvement.

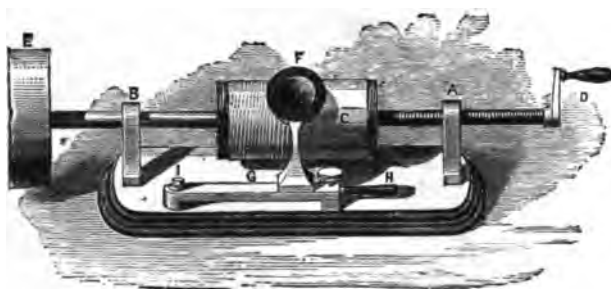
A greater marvel than the microphone, however, has yet to be described as the most weird of all the emanations of the magnetic telephone. This is that little portable apparatus of the Phonograph

which is, everything considered, perhaps the most wonderful of all the three hundred scientific achievements of its young inventor, Thomas Alva Edison. For, more distinctly than any of them, it gave him something really like a reasonable claim to the title he long enjoyed as the Wizard of Menlo Park. Nor can this assertion be regarded as in any way extravagant when it is added that with his contrivance of the Phonograph, he enabled a vibrating metal disc, a steel point and a revolving brass cylinder to speak as articulately as the lips of a human being.

Léon Scott's Phonautograph, already de-

scribed, had, long prior to the invention of the telephone, enabled experimentalists to obtain an exact record of sounds. Edison's marvellous discovery of the Phonograph did far more than that however. It not only took exact record of sounds with the indentations of a steel point instead of with the blurred touches of a feather, but—going far beyond this—it actually repeated those sounds aloud and articulately.

Before the January of 1877 had closed, Edison had patented his invention of the Phonograph. But it was not until the 31st July of that year that he had indicated out-



Edison's Phonograph.

side the patent office the principle upon which it was constructed. He did so by announcing that it was a system of registering spoken words by means of indentations traced with a stylus upon a sheet of paper wound round a cylinder, this cylinder having a spiral groove cut on its surface. Indented tracings thus made, he further intimated, were then employed for the automatic transmission of the same clearly articulated message by passing them again under the stylus, which would thereupon react upon a current breaker after the manner of Wheatstone's *rhéotome*.

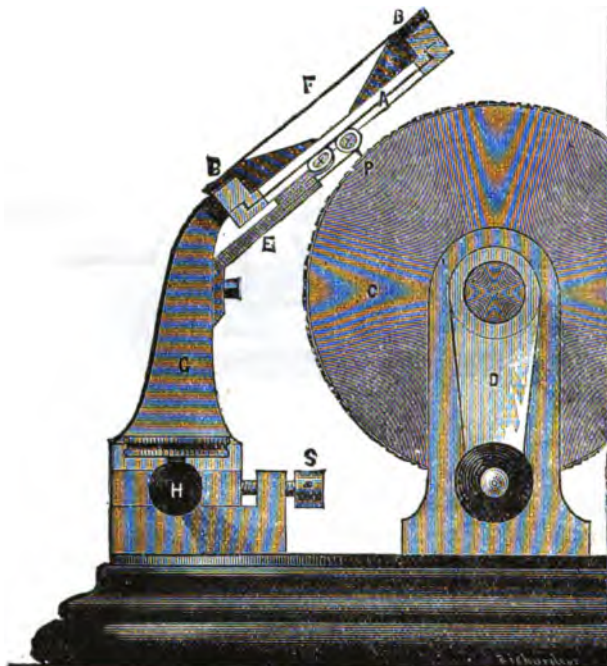
Intermediately between the two dates last mentioned, as so often happens in regard to any entirely new discovery, another experimentalist in a different part of the world, M. Charles Cros, of Paris, on the 30th April 1877, deposited in a sealed paper at the Académies des Sciences a statement in which he pointed out the principle of an instrument whereby speech might be articulately reproduced.

One memorable day, in the December of 1877, however, the young American inventor whose patent for the Phonograph had been secured nearly a year previously, gave practical evidence in an astounding way that he had actually solved the problem which the French dreamer had only theoretically propounded. Edison did so by walking into the office of a well-known journal in New York, the *Scientific American*, and placing with his hands upon the editor's table, a compact little instrument of his own construction, now familiar to the whole world as Edison's Phonograph, represented above. There and then, on the inventor merely turning the handle, D, of this small piece of mechanism, the machine itself asked quite articulately, from its central mouth-piece, F, "How is your health?" and, again, "How do you like the phonograph?" It further announced, "I am very well!" and finally, "I bid you a hearty good night!"—the words thus coming from the apparatus being perfectly audible to the

more than dozen people who were there assembled. On the 22nd December 1877, a full account of this extraordinary incident was published in the *Scientific American*, this report being copied verbatim into the London newspapers in the January of 1878.

How the Phonograph acts admits, now, of easy explanation. Across the inner orifice of the mouthpiece, *F*, is stretched a thin metal

diaphragm, bearing at the centre of it, at the back, a small steel point. Placed immediately behind this is a brass cylinder, *C*, supported on a shaft which is screw-threaded. At one extremity of the shaft is the crank, *D*, the mere turning of the handle of which causes the cylinder, while it revolves, to have a horizontal movement as well at the rear of the diaphragm. At the



A Section of the Phonograph.

other extremity of the shaft is the heavy fly-wheel, *E*, which is introduced simply for the purpose of steadying as far as possible the equable motion of the cylinder. The instrument's base-board, *G*, has at its opposite ends, *A*, and *B*, the bearings on which the screw-threaded shaft turns. For exactly adjusting the position of the mouth-piece, relatively to the cylinder at its back, the lever, *H*, is employed, *I* marking the place of the nut on which it works. Seeing that the cylinder, while it revolves, has simultaneously, as we have said, a horizontal movement, it will be obvious that the steel point during the double motion will describe on its surface a spiral trace. To correspond

precisely with this, immediately behind the steel-point, a spiral groove is cut in the brass cylinder. While, before bringing the apparatus of the Phonograph into operation, there is always wrapped round the cylinder a sheet of tinfoil.

These being the arrangements of the instrument, whenever any words are uttered in front of the mouthpiece (the handle of the machine, of course, being at the same time turned), the diaphragm vibrates sensitively to every modulation of the voice. Exactly in accordance with these vibrations the steel point at the centre of the back of the diaphragm indents the tinfoil where the latter crosses the spiral groove on the brass

cylinder. These indentations are by necessity the exactest conceivable record of the varying sounds of whatever words may have been uttered. And with the substantial record of the sounds thus secured by the Phonograph, Edison perfects the marvel of his invention by enabling the machine itself to reproduce articulately, syllable for syllable, whatsoever human lips have previously spoken in front of the mouthpiece.

Before explaining how this most wonderful action of all on the part of the Phonograph is accomplished, it may be as well if the reader obtain a yet keener insight in regard to the inner part of its mechanism, as he may by examining the engraving opposite, which gives a sort of profile view of it, or in other words, a section of the Phonograph.

It will be recognised at once upon the merest glance at this drawing that *D* is the crank, *C* the cylinder, *BB* and *G* the framework and stem of the mouthpiece, *H* the lever for its adjustment, *A* the diaphragm, *S* the adjustment screw, *E* the spring support to hold the stylus rigidly in position, and *P* the steel point, immediately between which and the diaphragm will be observed two pieces of india-rubber tubing, which are there introduced so as to muffle or deaden,

as with a couple of tiny cushions, the sound that would otherwise be too metallic in its general character.

Having, with these appliances and in the way already described, obtained a perfect record of whatever words have been spoken into the mouthpiece at the same time that the handle of the instrument has been turned, the shaft of the cylinder is pushed back into its original position, and the crank being thereupon again set in motion, the apparatus once more travels over the very same ground it has already traversed. In so doing, the tiny steel point on the centre of the diaphragm again finds its way, one after another, into every minute indentation marked in the spiral groove on the tinfoil wrapped round the cylinder. And as it, thus, as it were on tiptoe, steps in and out of its own footprints, the diaphragm, to which it is attached, vibrating responsively, gives out identically the same sounds that have originally been uttered. After this marvellous fashion is it that a perfect talking machine has been at last electrically and mechanically contrived by the genius of Edison, whose Phonograph is beyond all question, among the many marvels he has already given to the world, his supreme achievement.



KÉRABAN THE INFLEXIBLE; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE EUXINE.

BY JULES VERNE.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH.



PART II.—CHAPTER VIII.—(continued.)

COMPLIMENTARY murmur pervaded the audience at the judge's ingenuity, while Seigneur Kéran and his companions, greatly disappointed, hung their heads!

"So," began Yanar, "these are the three culprits, who last night——"

"Last night we were ten leagues from here," said Ahmet.

"Who can prove that!" exclaimed the judge. "In any case you have this evening attempted to make your way into the apartment of this lady."

"Well, yes," replied Kéran, who was furious at having been caught in such a snare. "Yes, we did enter the passage, but under a misapprehension on our part, or rather on the part of one of the servants of the caravanserai."

"Indeed!" said Yanar ironically.

"Yes, indeed! The lady's room was shown to us as ours."

"That won't do!" remarked the judge.

"They are caught," muttered Bruno, "all three!"

Seigneur Kéran, indeed, was so absolutely put out of countenance that he had lost all his usual assurance; and he was entirely upset when he heard the judge say, "Let them be taken to prison."

"Yes, to prison," cried Seigneur Yanar, while all the crowd echoed the order, "To prison! To prison!"

When Scarpante perceived the turn things had taken he congratulated himself

upon what he had done. Seigneur Kéran, Van Mitten, and Ahmet in custody, the journey would be interrupted and the wedding postponed. Above all, an immediate separation would be effected between Amasia and her betrothed; and there was thus a possibility of acting with success, and of renewing the attempt in which the Maltese captain had failed.

Ahmet, when he thought of the consequences and of his separation from Amasia, felt very angry with his uncle. Was it not Kéran who by his obstinacy had placed them in this dilemma? Had not he prevented them from caressing the animal in order to spite the foolish judge, who had nevertheless got the better of them? It was Kéran's fault that they had fallen into the trap, and were now menaced with imprisonment, for some days at least.

Kéran, too, on his part was very angry, for he remembered how little time remained to him to complete his journey, if he would arrive at Scutari at the appointed time. One bit of obstinacy, as useless as absurd, had cost a fortune to his nephew.

As for Van Mitten he kept balancing himself on either leg alternately, very much embarrassed, and not daring to look Bruno in the face: while the valet seemed to be repeating the ominous words—

"Did I not tell you that we would come to grief sooner or later?"

Then Van Mitten, addressing Kéran, said—

"Now, why did you prevent us caressing the goat's back?"

For the first time in his life Kéran was unable to make any answer to a question addressed to him.

Meanwhile the cries of, "To prison!" continued, and Scarpante joined in them heartily.

"Yes, send these malefactors to prison," cried the vindictive Yanar, who was well disposed to aid the law by force. "Away with them, all three!"

"Yes, all three, unless one will take upon himself the responsibility of the act," replied the noble Saraboul, who did not wish that two innocent persons should suffer with the guilty one.

"That is only fair," assented the judge. "Well now, which of you really attempted to enter this lady's apartment?"

There was a momentary indecision in the minds of the accused, but it was not of long duration. Kéraban requested permission to confer with his friends. This favour was accorded. Then, taking Van Mitten and Ahmet aside, he said in a tone which admitted of no discussion—

"My friends, there is only one way out of this. One of us must be the scapegoat for the others: the matter is very serious."

Here the Dutchman, as if he had a presentiment of what was coming, "pricked up his ears."

"Now," continued Kéraban, "there can be no question of choice. The presence of Ahmet is necessary at Scutari to celebrate his marriage."

"Yes, uncle, yes," assented Ahmet.

"My attendance also is necessary," proceeded Kéraban, "in my capacity of guardian."

"Ha!" ejaculated Van Mitten.

"So, friend Mitten, there is no alternative. You must sacrifice yourself."

"I—? What?"

"You must accuse yourself. What risk do you run? A few days' imprisonment. Bagatelle! We will soon have you out!"

Van Mitten, who felt he was being disposed of rather unceremoniously, began to protest.

"My dear M. Van Mitten, you really must," said Ahmet. "I beg you to do so in Amasia's name. All her future will be

blighted unless we reach Scutari at the appointed time."

"Oh, Monsieur Van Mitten," pleaded the young lady who had approached him.

"Well, as you will," replied Van Mitten.

"Hum," muttered Bruno, "here is another act of folly they are making my master commit!"

"Monsieur Van Mitten," began Ahmet—

"Well done!" exclaimed Kéraban, wringing his friend's hand.

While this conversation was proceeding, the cries of "To prison!" became louder.

The unhappy Dutchman did not know what to say or do. He wished to say "Yes," and then "No," but the approach of the people to arrest the three culprits finally decided him.

"Stop," he cried. "Stop, I confess that I am the person who——"

"Foiled," muttered Scarpante, with an angry gesture of disappointment.

"It was you then," said the judge.

"I—yes—I——"

"Dear M. Van Mitten!" murmured Amasia in his ear.

"Ah yes, indeed," added Nedjeb.

But what was the noble Saraboul doing all this time? Well, that admirable lady was observing with some curiosity the man who had dared to attempt to enter her apartments.

"So then," cried Yanar, "*you* are the individual who had the temerity to enter the rooms allotted to this noble Kurdish lady?"

"Yes, I," replied Van Mitten.

"You have not the appearance of a thief!"

"A thief! I? I am a merchant—a Dutchman," exclaimed Van Mitten, with much indignation.

"But then——" continued Yanar.

"Then," interrupted his sister, "you had other and more dishonourable motives."

"To insult a Kurdish lady," roared Yanar, grasping his yataghan.

"After all, he is not so bad, this Dutchman," remarked the noble lady mincingly.

"Not all your blood will suffice to wash out this insult," continued Yanar.

"Brother, brother!" remonstrated Saraboul.

"If you refuse to make reparation," added Yanar.

"Ah!" said Ahmet.

"You shall marry my sister, or else——"

"By Allah!" said Kéraban, "here is another complication now."

"Marry! I marry!" repeated Van Mitten, raising his hands to heaven.

"You refuse?" roared Yanar.

"If I refuse,—if I refuse," replied Van Mitten, in the depths of despair. "But I am already——"

Van Mitten had not time to conclude his sentence. Kéraban seized him by the arm, and said—

"Not another word. Consent you must. Don't hesitate."

"Consent? Why, I am married already," pleaded Van Mitten. "It would be bigamy."

"No matter in Turkey whether it be bigamy, trigamy, or quadrigamy,—it is perfectly lawful. So now say 'Yes'!"

"But——"

"Marry her, Van Mitten, marry her. Then you will not have an hour in prison. We shall be able to continue our journey all together. Once at Scutari you can be off the shortest way, and bid the new Madame Van Mitten good evening!"

"But you demand impossibilities, Kéraban," replied the Dutchman.

"You must, or all will be lost."

At that moment Seigneur Yanar came over, and grasping Van Mitten by the arm, said——

"He must!"

"He must!" repeated the noble Saraboul, seizing the other arm.

"Since I must, then," replied Van Mitten, whose shaking limbs could scarcely sustain him.

"What! are you going to give in again?" cried Bruno.

"Needs must, Bruno," muttered Van Mitten, in a feeble voice.

"Come! stand up!" cried Yanar, giving his future brother-in-law a violent push.

"And firmly," continued Saraboul, with a reminder on the other side to her intended husband.

"As becoming a brother-in-law!" said he.

"And the husband of a Kurdish lady!" added she.

Van Mitten stood upright under the influence of these repeated shocks, but his head was swimming round as if it was only half fixed on his shoulders.

"A Kurd," he muttered. "I, a citizen of Rotterdam, the husband of a Kurd!"

"Have no fear, it is only a mock ceremonial," whispered Kéraban. "A joke."

"You can't joke with these people," replied Van Mitten, piteously, and so comically withal, that his friends could scarcely keep from laughter.

Nedjeb, indicating the noble Saraboul, said to her mistress——

"I am very much mistaken if this is not all got up by the widow to secure a second husband."

"Poor M. Van Mitten!" said Amasia.

"I would rather have eight months in prison than eight hours of such married life," said Bruno, sadly.

Seigneur Yanar turned to the audience and said loudly——

"To-morrow we will celebrate, with all due pomp at Trebizond, the betrothal of Seigneur Van Mitten and the noble Saraboul."

At the word "betrothal," Van Mitten and his companions began to hope that the consequences of the adventure would be less serious than they had feared.

Here it may be remarked that, according to the usages of Kurdistan, these betrothals constitute an indissoluble bond of marriage. They may be compared to the "civil contract" of certain European nations, and that which follows it to the religious marriage. But in Kurdistan, though after the betrothal the man is only "engaged," he is bound for life to the *fiancée* he has chosen—or, as in the present case, to the lady who had chosen him!

All this was duly explained to Van Mitten by Seigneur Yanar.

"But after all," whispered Kéraban, "it can make no difference to you whether you are betrothed or married."

Scarpante, who quitted the caravanserai as soon as the gates were re-opened, muttered this threat—

"The trick has failed. Now we shall try force!"

Then he disappeared, unnoticed by either Kéraban or any of his friends.

"Poor M. Van Mitten," said Ahmet, as he watched the discomfited mien of the Dutchman.

"We must make light of it," replied Kéraban. "The betrothal is nothing. In ten days the whole affair will be at an end. That will not matter!"

"No; but ten days' engagement to such an imperious lady as the Kurdish woman is, must count for something!" replied Ahmet.

Five minutes later the court of the caravanserai was empty. Everyone had gone to bed. Van Mitten was guarded by his terrible brother-in-law, and silence fell upon the scene of the tragic comedy, the principal part in which had fallen so heavily upon the unfortunate Dutchman.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH VAN MITTEN HAS THE HONOUR
TO BECOME THE BROTHER-IN-LAW OF
SEIGNEUR YANAR.

A TOWN which dates from the year (A.M.) 4790, which owes its existence to the inhabitants of a Milesian colony which was conquered by Mithradates; fell under the power of Pompey; submitted to the rule of the Persians and Scythians: which was "Christian" under Constantine the Great, and Pagan to the middle of the 6th century (A.D.): which was relieved by Belisarius and enriched by Justinian; which was owned by the Comneni, of whom Napoleon I. was said to be the descendant; then by the Sultan Mahomet; till the end of the 16th century, when the Empire of Trebizond came to an end, after lasting 250 years:—this town, as will readily be conceded, has

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some right to figure in the history of the World. So neither will any one be surprised that Van Mitten had been very anxious to see such a celebrated place, and one so renowned in the annals and romances of chivalry.

But when this delightful anticipation possessed Van Mitten, he had been free from all care. He had only to follow his friend Kéraban round the antique Euxine; but now an engaged man, for some days provisionally, but still engaged to the noble lady who held him in leash; he was not altogether in the vein to appreciate the historic splendours of Trebizond.

It was on the 17th September, about 9 A.M., two hours after quitting the Caravanserai of Rissar, that Kéraban and his companions, Yanar, his sister, and their respective attendants, entered the capital of the modern pachalik, built in the midst of an Alpine country, including valleys, mountains, and waterfalls, which recall the scenes of central Europe, and make one fancy that a slice of Switzerland or of the Tyrol has been transported to the shores of the Black Sea.

Trebizond, situated 325 kilomètres from Erzeroum, the important capital of Armenia, is now in direct communication with Persia, by a route which the Turkish government has opened by way of Garnuch Kané, Baiborut, and Erzeroum, and by this means something of its ancient commercial prosperity is preserved.

The city is divided into the Turkish and Latin quarters. The former bristles with the minarets of at least forty mosques, which rise above the orange and olive groves. The latter, the Christian quarter, is the commercial centre in which the Grand Bazaar is situated, wherein are found all kinds of stuffs, arms, money, and precious stones. The harbour is served by a weekly line of steamers which keep open the communication with the principal points of the Black Sea.

In the town lives, or vegetates, according to the various elements of which it is composed, a population of 40,000 inhabitants.

18

Turks, Persians, Christians of the Armenian and Latin churches, orthodox Greeks, Kurds and Europeans. But when our travellers entered the city the population was augmented more than five times beyond its nor-

mal strength by the numbers of the Faithful who had come from all parts of Asia Minor to attend the festivities which were about to be celebrated in honour of Mahomet.

The little caravan had some difficulty in



The Little Caravan enters Trebizond.

finding a lodging for the twenty-four hours they intended to remain in Trebizond, as Kéraban intended to quit the town the next morning for Scutari. In fact he had not a day to lose if he would arrive there by the end of the month.

At length, in a regular district of caravan-serais, khans, auberges, at a Franco-Italian hotel, they found accommodation near

the Giaour Meidan, the commercial quarter, and consequently outside the Turkish city. But the hotel was comfortable, and Kéraban had not the shadow of an excuse for finding fault.

Now when Seigneur Kéraban and his friends had reached this stage in their journey, in the belief that they had passed all the danger, if they had not escaped all

the fatigues of the way—a plot was hatching in the Turkish town, where their mortal enemy resided.

It was at the palace of Seigneur Saffar, which was built on the slopes of the

Boshpeh mountain, which slopes gently towards the sea, that, early in the morning, Scarpante arrived, two hours after he had quitted the caravanserai of Rissar.

Seigneur Saffar and Yarhud had been



The Harbour of Trebizond.

awaiting him, and to them Scarpante related the incidents which had occurred the night before. He told them how Kéraban and Ahmet had been saved from imprisonment which would have left Amasia virtually unprotected, and how they had been released by the stupid unselfish devotion of Van Mitten. The plans discussed by the three men ended in the resolve to interrupt

the travellers between Trebizond and Scutari. What the plan was, the sequel will tell ; but we may say that a commencement was made that very day, for Seigneur Saffar and Yarhud, without thinking of the *filles*, quitted Trebizond, and took the western road through Anatolia, which leads to the Bosphorus shore.

Scarpante himself remained in Trebizond.

He was not known to either Kéraban, Ahmet, or the ladies, and so could have full liberty of action. He was to play the important part in the drama which would in future substitute force in action for cunning.

So Scarpante was enabled to mingle with the crowd, and to stroll in the Giaour Meidan. He was not likely to be recognized by Kéraban or his nephew, for they had only seen him in the semi-darkness of the court-yard at the caravanseraï of Rissar. It was easy enough for Scarpante to spy upon them unsuspected.

This is how it happened, that he perceived Ahmet, soon after his arrival, proceed through the encumbered streets, and obtain the direction of the telegraph office. Scarpante also noticed that Ahmet despatched a long telegram to Amasia's father.

"Bah," muttered the spy, "that message will never reach the hand for which it is intended. Selim was mortally wounded by Yarahud, and there is nothing to alarm us in this."

So Scarpante was quite easy in his mind, and thought no more of the telegram.

Then Ahmet returned to the hotel, and Amasia was convinced that in a few hours those at the Villa Selim would be reassured concerning her safety.

"A letter would have taken too long to reach Odessa," added Ahmet, "and besides I am always afraid——"

He checked himself suddenly.

"You are afraid of what, my dearest Ahmet? What do you mean?" asked Amasia, somewhat surprised.

"Nothing, dearest," replied Ahmet, "nothing, I wished to remind your father to be at Scutari to meet us, and even to be there before us, so as to make sure that no delay shall occur in our marriage."

The truth was that Ahmet, still distrustful of new attempts to carry Amasia away, had notified the banker that all danger had not passed: but, fearful of alarming Amasia, he had quieted her apprehensions, vague and only founded on presentiments though they were.

Amasia thanked Ahmet tenderly for the forethought he had displayed in telegraphing to her father, and for running the risk of Kéraban's malediction for using the wire.

But what had become of Van Mitten all this time? He had most unwillingly become the affianced husband of Saraboul, and the pitiful brother-in-law of Yanar the Kurd.

How could he resist? On one side was Kéraban, telling him he must carry out the sacrifice to the bitter end, or else the judge would send them all to prison—an act which would irreparably compromise the issue of the journey; that the marriage, though legal in Turkey, was a "dead letter" in Holland, where Van Mitten had a wife already: that he might if he pleased, have one wife in Europe or two in Turkey. But Van Mitten's choice was made; he was not going to be made game of.

On the other side there were a brother and sister who were not likely to let their prey escape. It was then only prudent to satisfy them, to give them the slip beyond the Bosphorus, and prevent them from exercising their pretended rights as brother-in law and wife respectively.

So Van Mitten made no attempt to resist, and calmly awaited events.

Fortunately Kéraban had got them to consent to proceed to Scutari, before returning to Mossoul, so that they might be present at the wedding of Ahmet and Amasia, and the Kurdish lady was not to carry off her *fiancé* till three or four days after the marriage.

It was arranged that Bruno, though thinking his master had got only what he deserved for his weakness, was not to leave him under the control of that terrible female. But we must confess that Bruno was seized with a fit of laughter which Kéréban could not repress, when they saw Van Mitten proceeding to attend the betrothal ceremony in the costume of Kurdistan.

"Is that really you, Van Mitten?" cried Kéraban. "Have you arrayed yourself in the Oriental dress?"

"It is I," replied Van Mitten.

"As a Kurd?"

"As a Kurd! Exactly."

"Well, it is not unbecoming to you, and I am sure when you become accustomed to

it you will find the costume much more convenient than your scanty European garments."

"You are very good, friend Kéraban."

"Look here, Van Mitten, banish this sad



The Shore of the Bosphorus.

expression of yours. Tell yourself that it is carnival time, and that you are merely disguised for a mock marriage."

"It is not the disguise that troubles me," replied Van Mitten.

"What is it then that does?"

"The marriage!"

"Bah! Merely a temporary arrangement, Van Mitten. Madame Saraboul must

put up with the loss. Yes, when you tell her that these betrothals are not binding on you as you have a wife already in Rotterdam, when you take leave of her and her terrible brother, I shall be there, Van Mitten. Truly, people must not be married against their wills. It is quite bad enough when they consent to it"

As everything tended to this end the

worthy Dutchman had finally accepted the situation. It was best after all to look at the matter from the comic side, since such a course helps one to resign oneself, while it also serves the interests of all.

Besides, on that day Van Mitten had hardly had time to look about him, or to think of himself. Yanar and his sister were not people to let the grass grow under their feet. They were for summary "execution," and the marriage gibbet was quite ready to hang up the child of Holland.

Still it must not be imagined that any custom or formality of Turkestan would be omitted or neglected. No, the brother-in-law took all these preparations under his own particular care, and in such a large town nothing would be wanting to give all possible solemnity to the marriage.

Amid the population of Trebizond are included a number of Kurds, and amongst them Yanar and his sister found some acquaintances and friends. These worthy people considered it their duty to assist their compatriots on the auspicious occasion, and to do all in their power to help their countrywoman to a second husband. So there was quite a clan on the side of the bride, while Ahmet, Kéran, and their companions were engaged to figure on the side of the bridegroom. Nevertheless Van Mitten was closely watched and had never been permitted to see his friends alone since the time he had spoken to Kéran about the change of dress.

But for one instant only Bruno was able to glide up to his side and whisper in a warning tone—

"Mind what you are about, master. Take care; you are risking a heavy stake in this game!"

"How can I act otherwise, Bruno?" replied Van Mitten in a resigned tone. "At anyrate if I am guilty of folly it will relieve my friends from embarrassment, and the consequences of it will not be serious."

"Hum!" muttered Bruno, "Master is going to be married, and says the consequences will not be—hum!"

If some one had not at that moment come for Van Mitten, there is no knowing what the termination of the sentence might have been.

It was mid-day and the Seigneur Yanar with the other Kurds came to Van Mitten whom they would not again leave until the ceremony had been performed.

Then the knot was tied with much ceremony. During the performance of the rite, Van Mitten would not permit his anxiety to appear; the noble Saraboul was delighted at having won a European to wed her a woman of Asia—what a glorious alliance was this of Holland with Kurdistan!

The bride was resplendent in her wedding-dress, which she carried about with her in case of need—a necessary precaution, as events proved. Her robe of cloth of gold, her jewellery and ornaments were all magnificent. Never had such a splendid bride been seen in the streets of Trebizond, which ought to have been laid down with a purple carpet, as they were at the birth of Constantine.

But if the noble Saraboul was superb, Seigneur Van Mitten was magnificent; while Kéran congratulated him warmly—though the compliments could not fail to be of a somewhat ironical flavour from an old Believer who retained the ancient Oriental dress.

Van Mitten had quite a martial appearance in his new dress, a haughty air, and a somewhat forbidding aspect, quite at variance with the general appearance of a Rotterdam merchant. He could not be otherwise in such a costume, booted and spurred as he was; a fez ornamented with *yeminis* and the *puskul*, the enormous length of which indicated the rank which the Dutchman would shortly attain as the husband of the noble Saraboul.

FOR NAME AND FAME;

A TALE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

BY G. A. HENTY.

Author of "Out with Clive;" "Facing Death;" "By Sheer Pluck;" "Under Drake's Flag;"
 "The Young Buglers;" "Cornet of Horse;" "Friends, though Divided," &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.—THE PEIWAR KHOTAL.



AT 10 o' clock at night, on the 1st of December, the troops detailed for the attack mustered in the camp. The assembly took place without sound of bugle, and even the necessary words of command were given in a low tone. Through the still night-air, the Afghans on the hills, little more than two miles away, would have heard the stir. It was a very dark night although the stars shone clear.

"Where can we be going?" William Gale asked the soldier next to him. "We are going right away from the pass, instead of towards it."

"So we are!" the soldier replied. "I am blest if I know what we are up to, and it's so precious dark that I can scarcely see the file before me. I hope we aint going to fight in the dark, anyhow. What would be the good of being a marksman when you cannot see the end of your own rifle, let alone the man you are firing at?"

"Oh! we can't be going to attack in the dark," Will said. "I expect we have got a long march before us, and are going to work round somehow, and take them in rear."

"Well, I hope whoever is acting as guide can see better in the darkness than I can,

else we are safe to lose our way, and may find ourselves anywhere in the morning. Confound it!" the exclamation was elicited by the speaker stumbling over a boulder and nearly going on his head.

"Silence in the ranks there!" an officer said close by.

Each regiment was followed by its ammunition mules and hospital doolies, the latter being covered stretchers or palkies carried by natives; besides these were dandies or chairs slung upon mules. This greatly added to the difficulty of a night march; for, even in the day-time the presence of baggage animals in a column upon a narrow road greatly hinders the troops, and at night the delays occasioned by them are naturally very much greater. For the first three and a half miles, the column marched away from the enemy upon the Khotal, and the surprise of the soldiers increased every step they took.

At the end of that time they arrived at the village of Peiwar. Here they turned to the left, and, after crossing several ravines and stony water-courses, arrived on a cultivated terrace and kept along this till they reached a very stiff nullah twenty feet deep. The night was cold—it was freezing sharply, the bank was extremely slippery, and the boulders in the water-course below coated with ice, and the difficulty of getting the loaded animals across in the darkness was very great. The passage of the various water-courses caused great delays, and it was difficult to keep the column together in the dark. At each passage, the rear was immensely delayed while the leading troops were passing, and these again had to be

halted while those behind them struggled over the difficulties.

The men suffered much from cold, as the pace was so slow that they could not warm themselves, and the mounted officers specially suffered in their hands and feet. At midnight, the ravine leading up to the Spingawi Pass was reached; but so dark was it that the 2nd Punjaubees, separated by a few yards from the regiment in front of them, marched straight on instead of turning up it; and the 22nd Pioneers and the four artillery guns carried on elephants, being behind them, naturally went astray also.

Brigadier-General Thelwall, who commanded the column, was at the head of his brigade, and was for some time unaware of the absence of two of his regiments; but, after halting and finding that they did not come up, sent back a mounted officer, who, after a two-mile ride, came up with the missing troops and guided them back to the point where they had left the route.

From the foot of the ravine to the top of the pass is six miles in distance; and, dark as it was in the open, it was still more so in the ravine shadowed by the steep hills on either side. As the ascent continued the road became worse, the boulders being larger, and the holes and dried up pools deeper. The darkness, and the prevailing white colour of the stones, prevented the difference of level being observed; and many of the men had heavy falls, as the steep sides of these pools were often from two to four feet deep.

After marching for a mile and a half up the ravine, the report of a rifle was heard in the ranks of the 29th Punjaubees who were leading the column, followed instantly by another discharge. Colonel Gordon, commanding the regiment, halted; and he and the general tried in vain to discover who had fired. No one could or would identify them, and this seemed clearly to prove that the rifles had been fired as a signal to the enemy, for they had not been loaded before the column started.

The Punjaabee regiments contained many hill tribesmen—men closely connected by

ties of blood and religion with the enemy, whom they were marching to attack. A non-commissioned officer and several of the men who were just about the spot where the guns had been fired, were placed under arrest and sent back. It was afterwards found that two of their rifles had been discharged, and the men who fired and their non-commissioned officer were tried by court-martial for treachery, and were hung.

After these men had been sent back, the 5th Ghoorkas, the company of Rangers, and two companies of the 72nd, passed the 23rd Punjaubees and took their places at the head of the column. In the course of the march a good many other men of the 23rd left the column in the dark and made their way back to camp. It turned out afterwards that the Afghan sentries at the top of the pass heard the reports and woke up the commander of the post, who, hearing no further cause of alarm, took no action in the matter.

Had the traitors waited until the column was within a mile of the top of the pass, the Afghans would assuredly have taken the alarm; but, firing at a distance of four and a half miles, they failed in the desired effect. The advance was resumed up the bed of the stream for another mile and a half. About three in the morning the main water-course was quitted, the road now entering a ravine to the left, up which, three miles further on, was the Spingawi-Khotal. The column continued its weary way up the ravine, slowly stumbling along in the dark.

One incident occurred in this part of the road showing the necessity, in night marching, of the regiments keeping close to each other. In one place a fir-covered island lay in the middle of the ravine, the torrent's bed lying on either side of it. When the two companies of the 72nd Highlanders, who had been following close to that of the Rangers, came to the spot, they were surprised to find that the troops in front had suddenly vanished. No explanation could be given as to the cause of this disappearance, so the company were halted until the mystery was solved. The leading regiment had taken the passage to the right

of the island, while the 72nd had gone to the left, the separation of the roads being unnoticed in the dark. Had the roads diverged instead of re-uniting, much inconvenience might have been caused by the delay in collecting the separated portions of the force.

At last the foot of the Khotal was reached, where the track left the ravine and turned up the spur. The two guides, natives of the country, who had led the head of the column to this point, refused to go any further; and, as the column was now at the point where the fighting might begin, they were allowed to depart. It was about six o'clock when the Ghoorkas began to climb the spur; the morning had broken, but it was still dark, and the path was almost invisible in the shadow of the trees.

The Ghoorkas, their rifles loaded now, made their way quietly up the hill. Presently the challenge of the sentry was heard, followed by two shots. It was a relief to the men, after ten hours of weary stumbling along in the cold and darkness, to know that they were at length face to face with their foe. Cold and fatigue were at once forgotten; and, with eyes strained through the darkness and rifles ready for use, every man pressed forward. Fifty yards up the hill, behind the sentry who had fired, was the first stockade of the enemy, formed by several large trees, which had been felled so as to completely block up the road, presenting an obstacle of about eight feet high to the attacking force. The Afghan pickets lining the stockade poured a volley into the Ghoorkas, who, led by Major Fitzhugh and Captain Cook, made a rush at the place.

For a few minutes there was a fierce fight at the trees; but, as fresh assailants momentarily poured up, the obstruction was scaled, and the Afghans retired on a second stockade eighty yards back. Here another stand was made, but the spur being a little wider, the Ghoorkas were able to work round, and, taking the defence in flank, soon drove the Afghans back. Beyond this point the ground was clear of trees, and the road ran in short zigzags up the

steep hill to the breastwork which lined the edge of the top zigzag.

A mountain gun at this point swept the approach to the position, while the hill at its back was now covered with Afghans, who opened a heavy fire upon the troops, as in the dim morning light they issued from the trees. By the time that the Ghoorkas and the Rangers had cleared the second stockade, the wing of the 72nd Highlanders, ascending by the right flank, had made their way up to the front, and the whole now advanced together. As quickly as possible they pushed up the hill under the heavy fire of the enemy. The latter fought well, and a number of them were killed before retiring. At the defence erected at the top of the zigzag, so obstinately did the Afghans in front hold their ground, that their comrades behind were enabled to remove their mountain gun.

To the right of the enemy's position was a knoll, and the 72nd at once took possession of this, and two mountain guns were brought up to their assistance. The Afghans were seen in great numbers in the broken ground ahead. The Ghoorkas and the little body of Rangers pushed on against them. Presently the enemy gathered and made a rush down upon them, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight took place for a few minutes. The men were scattered among the trees and each fought for himself. William Gale had just reloaded his rifle when he saw Captain Herbert, who commanded his company, fall to the ground and three Afghans spring forward to finish him. With a bound Will reached the side of the officer. Two of the Afghans had already discharged their pieces; the third levelled and fired. So close was he that the flash almost burnt the soldier's face, and he felt a sharp pain as if a hot iron had passed across his cheek. In an instant he shot his assailant dead, and then with bayonet stood to bay, as the other Afghans rushed upon him. They had drawn their tulwars, and slashed fiercely at him; but he kept them off with his bayonet until a Ghoorka, running up, cut down one of them

with his kookerie, a heavy sword-like knife which the Ghoorkas carry, and which they always employ in preference to the bayonet in fighting at close quarters. The remaining Afghan at once took to flight.

The 29th Punjaubees had now come into action, and the Afghans, disheartened at the loss of their position, fell back and withdrew into the woods which cover the plateau. At half past seven o'clock the whole force, except the elephant guns, had reached the plateau; and General Roberts was able to flash the news of the successful capture of the enemy's first position to Brigadier-General Cobbe, who was in command of the force which was to operate direct against the Peiwar Khotal. A rest was given the troops after their long march, and at half past nine they again fell in for the attack upon the pine-covered slopes in the direction of the Peiwar Khotal. How strong was the enemy, who might be lurking there, they knew not. But it was certain that he would fight obstinately, and in so dense a forest much of the advantage gained by drill and discipline is lost.

A change was made in the order of the advance. The troops who had before led the advance and had done the fighting, were now placed in the rear; and the 23rd Pioneers led the way, followed by the 2nd and 29th Punjaubees. The column crossed the plateau without opposition, and began the ascent towards the enemy's position in the woods. Considerable caution was needed, as no one had any knowledge of the country, and all were ignorant of the position and numbers of the enemy, who might, for aught they knew, be massing in great numbers, for an attack upon the front or one of the flanks. The line of skirmishers entered the pine-wood near the rocky hill-side, and a rolling fire of musketry soon told that they were engaged from end to end of the line. It was slow work, for fallen trees, rocks and bushes everywhere hampered the advance. Still the skirmishing line, reinforced from behind, pushed forward steadily, and presently cleared the Afghans off the hill side.

When the troops reached the top they

found a valley in front of them, and from the woods on the opposite side so heavy a musketry fire was kept up, that it was evident the Afghans intended to make a desperate stand here. The valley, or rather ravine, was a narrow one: fifty yards wide at its foot, and scarce three times as much from brow to brow. The enemy, hidden among the trees, could not be made out except by their continual fire. They did not content themselves, however, with the mere defence of their side of the hill, but from time to time large numbers charged down and tried to force their way up that held by the British.

Each time, however, when they attempted this, the Punjaubees drove them back with slaughter. It was clear that the Afghans were in great numbers, for their line extended for a mile and a half along the hill-side. Major Anderson, of the 23rd Pioneers, after repulsing one of these attacks, led his men in turn to the assault of the Afghan position, and drove the Afghans back for some little distance; but Major Anderson fell, and the party retired.

Colonel Curry, who commanded the regiment, again led the men forward; and, after a hand-to-hand fight, drove the enemy back again. For two hours the rifle contest continued without cessation: the storm of bullets was tremendous, but no very great execution was done on either side, both parties lying behind the shelter of trees. So far, no advantage had been gained by the British, and General Roberts felt that, with the force under his command, it would be rash to attempt to carry so strong a position held by a greatly superior force. In the meantime the attack upon the Peiwar Khotal from the valley had commenced. Before daylight Brigadier-General Cobbe, with the 5th Punjaub infantry, and the 8th regiment, left camp, his object being to co-operate with the flank attack. The 8th regiment moved directly towards the pass, while the 5th Punjaubees climbed one of the principal spurs between the Peiwar and Spingawi Khotals.

The ascent was extremely difficult, and

it took the troops six hours to reach the summit. During the last portion of the ascent, they came under the fire of the enemy. When near the summit, Major Macqueen, of the 5th Punjaubees, saw, through an opening in the pine-wood the Afghan camp, with their baggage animals, which were placed for shelter in the glade behind the Peiwar Khotal. Two mountain guns were at once brought up, and a fire opened upon the Afghan camp. In a few minutes the tents caught fire, the animals stampeded in all directions, and the Afghan troops in front, surprised at this attack upon their rear, were seized with a panic, and began rapidly to retreat. The Afghan troops facing General Roberts' column, when they found their comrades on their right retreating, began to draw off, and the fire sensibly diminished.

The movement was accelerated by the four elephant guns, which had at length come up, opening fire into the pinewood forest. As the fire slackened, a reconnaissance of the hill was made by General Roberts and his staff; but the result showed that the mountain was so covered with pines and brushwood, that it formed an almost impenetrable barrier to the advance of troops, for the growth was so thick that it was impossible to say in which direction any movement should be made. The experience gained in the last six hours of hard fighting had shewn how difficult it was to keep command over troops scattered along a front of half-a-mile long in the forest where nothing could be seen beyond a radius of a few yards.

The general therefore determined to desist from the attempt to force his way direct to the top of the Peiwar Khotal, and to march to his left, and so, by menacing the Afghan line of retreat, to hasten the movement towards the rear which had evidently begun. The men were therefore brought back to the eastern side of the hill, where they had been fighting. Here they were halted for a time, and the contents of their haversacks furnished them with a meal. At two o'clock they again drew up

on the Spingawi plateau. The 2nd Punjaub Infantry being left on the hill to oppose the Afghans should they again advance in that direction, the rest of the column entered the defile leading into the Hurriab Valley, far in the rear of the Peiwar Khotal.

As soon as the enemy, who were still opposing the 2nd Punjaub Infantry, saw the head of the column enter the defile they were seized with a panic lest their retreat should be cut off, and began to retreat with the greatest haste, as they had to make their way across two mountain ridges before they could pass the spot towards which our troops were moving. The advance of the troops, however, was necessarily slow, as the woods and side valleys had to be carefully examined lest a flank attack should be made upon them.

In two hours the head of the column emerged from the forest on to the open slopes above the highest cultivated point in the Hurriab valley. It was now four o'clock; the short December day was drawing to a close: no enemy were in sight, for their line of retreat was hidden in the bed of the stream a couple of miles further on, and no one knew where they were to be found. The troops were much exhausted with the want of rest, and fatigued, for they had now been marching and fighting for eighteen hours, and were glad to receive the order to bivouac, although they had no tents or food, and the cold, as might be expected on a winter day at an elevation of over 9,000 feet above the sea, began to be very severe.

A number of the nearest trees were felled by the pioneers, and huge fires were soon alight. There was still some uneasiness, as no one knew where the force under General Cobbe was, or whether the attack on the Peiwar Khotal had been successful or not.

While the 5th Punjaub Infantry had been mounting the spur half-way between the Peiwar and the Spingawi Khotal, the 8th Regiment had moved directly upon the pass. The Afghans, who had expected an attack, had remained under arms until three in the morning, when, hearing no sounds in our camp, they had been dismissed to rest.

Three guns of the Royal Artillery, and two of the Royal Horse Artillery, took up their post 800 yards in front of our camp where their fire at the crest of the pass would assist the advance of the 8th. These, after two hours' march, found themselves at seven in the morning on the last spur, which is separated from the Peiwar Khotal by a deep ravine. When it became daylight a few minutes later, the enemy caught sight of our artillery in the valley, and at once opened fire. Although they had six field-pieces at the top of the hill, only three had been placed in position to command the valley and the ascent, and the mountain battery which had arrived the afternoon before was not brought to the front.

The three field-pieces and the mountain gun on the spur kept up a continuous fire on our battery of five guns. They were, however, almost beyond their range, and but little damage was done. On our side the fire was chiefly directed against the mountain gun at the end of the spur, and at any bodies of men who showed themselves.

The artillery duel went on for four hours, and in the meantime the infantry were engaged sharply with the Afghans. These had taken up their position in the woods on the other side of the ravine, and kept up a continuous fire upon the 8th. The distance, however, was too great for much execution on either side, especially as both parties were sheltered in the woods.

About ten o'clock the Afghans were seen gathering in strength, as if to come down across the road leading up to the Khotal to attack the 8th in the rear. A squadron of the 18th Bengal Cavalry charged up the valley, and the enemy retired up the hill again; and, seeing that they could not cross the road without the chance of being cut up by the cavalry, they did not try to repeat the experiment.

At eleven o'clock, Brigadier-General Cobbe was wounded in the leg, and Colonel Barry-Drew succeeded him in the command, receiving the orders which had been given to General Cobbe that the Khotal was not to be attacked till there was some evidence

that the flank attack had shaken the enemy's defence in front.

At twelve o'clock, the guns with the 2nd Punjaub Infantry alarmed the Afghans by their fire upon the camp, and although the Afghan guns in front kept up their fire, the musketry fire decreased considerably. Seeing this, Colonel Drew ordered the artillery to be brought up nearer. When, after advancing 300 yards, they came to a ravine crossing the road, the Afghans, who had come down the hill to meet them, opened a heavy fire; and the road being narrow, only the leading gun could come into action. However, the two companies of the 8th, which were acting as an escort to the guns, advanced in skirmishing order, and drove the Afghans up the hill. The panic among the Afghans on the plateau had now spread to the troops at the Khotal, their fire entirely ceased, and the 8th Regiment descended the defile, and began to ascend the path to the Khotal. Not a hostile shot was fired, and at half-past two they reached the enemy's camp, which they found deserted.

CHAPTER XI.

A PRISONER.

THE panic which had seized the Afghans when they found their retreat menaced had been thorough and complete, and when the 8th Regiment entered the camp, they found that the tents were standing; food had been left ready cooked, and every possession had been abandoned. In the Artillery camp the gunners had left their silver-mounted brass helmets and caps, as well as their guns and carriages. A body of friendly Turis had accompanied the column making a demonstration on its flank, and these arriving upon the spot plundered the Afghan camp of everything of the smallest value.

No one knew what had become of the main body under General Roberts.

The Bengal Cavalry scouted for some distance in advance, but found no signs of the enemy. Strong pickets were set in case the Afghans should rally and return.

The tents were brought up from the camp below, fires were lit, and the 8th encamped for the night. In the morning communication was established between the two camps, and it having been ascertained that the enemy had fled in the greatest disorder towards the Shatur-gardan Pass leading down to Cabul, there was no prospect of further fighting. The enemy had abandoned all their guns, and even thrown away a great quantity of muskets, in their rapid retreats. Great stores of flour and other provisions were discovered in the various villages and were divided among the troops.

The winter was now setting in, and the Shatur-gardan Pass might any moment be closed by deep snow; there was therefore no prospect of a renewal of hostilities before the spring. Preparations were made for hutting a regiment on the top of the Khotal. The rest of the force were to winter at Khuram. General Roberts, with an escort of cavalry, rode to the Shatur-gardan Pass, and assured himself that the whole of the Afghan army had fled beyond this point.

The troops were for some time kept hard at work lowering the captured guns and ammunition down to the valley. A portion of the troops advanced as far as Alikheyl, the principal town of the plateau. The Jajis, the inhabitants of the country, had hitherto been extremely hostile; but, cowed by the defeat of the Afghans, they submitted without resistance.

On the 12th all the preparations for the return were complete. It was known that there was another pass from Alikheyl into the Khuram valley by the south: this had never been explored by any European, but General Roberts determined to return by it with a portion of his force, as the pass might be found valuable in future operations. The force detailed for the march through the Sappir defile was composed of the 8th Ghorkas, a wing of the 72nd Highlanders, a company of the Norfolk Rangers, the 23rd Punjaub Pioneers, and a mountain battery.

The country through which the march was to be made was inhabited by the

Mongals, a turbulent robber-tribe. The column marched at nine in the morning, and after their down march arrived at the village of Sappir at midday. The road lay down the Hurriab river till the Khuram river was reached, and then along the right bank, passing through the village of Kermana, after which it turned up a narrow road for two miles, till an open plateau was reached, at the farther end of which stood the village of Sappir. It was reported here that the Mongals intended to defend a defile and hill pass two miles farther on. The 23rd Pioneers were therefore pushed on to occupy the pass and bivouac there: the remainder of the troops camped in the village.

No signs of the enemy were seen either by the 23rd Pioneers or in the vicinity of the camp. The troops were to march at three in the morning and the tents were struck an hour after midnight. The track up the pass was excessively steep and very difficult for the camels. The cold was bitter, and in places where water had crossed the road there were slippery surfaces of ice, which hindered the camels considerably, and it was past eight o'clock before the rear-guard arrived at the top of the pass. From a commanding position overlooking the defile and surrounding waste of rugged and barren mountains, not an enemy could be seen, and it was hoped that the report of the intended attack was a false one. The troops now began to descend the defile, which was known as the Manjiar Pass. Troublesome as the ascent had been, the descent was infinitely more so; and it was with difficulty that the camels could be made to go down the deep and slippery roads.

The gorge was five miles in length. The track for the first part ran through a deep ravine of perpendicular walls, which narrowed in places to a few yards, overhanging the path until they seemed to meet, and form a tunnel through which it ran. Had an attack been made on the column as it struggled with its difficulties through this portion of the pass, the result would have been disastrous; for it would have been

impossible to place troops on the heights to cover the advance. Here and there, side ravines broke into the road, in any of which ambushes might have been laid.

It was not, however, until the difficult part of the road had been passed, and a comparatively open valley reached, that any of the natives were seen. Then a few men were observed on the heights; but, as they were supposed to be shepherds, no notice was taken of them. Believing that all danger of attack was now over, the general ordered all the troops, with the exception of the baggage guard, which was composed of the 3rd Ghoorkas, and a few of the 72nd Highlanders and Norfolk Rangers, to march forward to the camp, which was to be pitched at a village called Keraiah in the open valley. This, as the result proved, was a very rash move. Before the head of the column had extricated itself from the ravine, numbers of the country people were seen collecting in small detached parties; by degrees they closed in, and were soon within fifty yards of the convoy.

Captain Goad, in charge of the baggage, was close to a small guard of 72nd Highlanders, when suddenly a volley was fired by the Mongals. Captain Goad fell, his thigh-bone broken by a bullet. Serjeant Green, with three privates of the 72nd, picked him up; and, having placed him under cover of a rock, turned to defend themselves. They were but four men against a large number, but they stood steady; and, firing with careful aim, and picking off their man each time, they kept the enemy at bay until help arrived. Simultaneously, all along the line of the baggage column, the Mongals attacked.

From the heights on both sides a fire was kept up, while the more daring swept down in parties upon the rearguard of Ghoorkas commanded by Captain Powell. The baggage guard all behaved with great steadiness, defending the path on both sides, while the baggage animals continued their way along it.

William Gale was on duty with the party, and was, like the rest, busy with his rifle; a

sergeant next to him was hit in the leg, and Will, laying down his rifle, stopped one of the camels, and assisted the wounded man to mount it. The attack of the Mongals became more furious as they saw their anticipated prey escaping them in spite of all their efforts; but their attempts to close were in vain, and the convoy made its way down to the village with the loss of one killed, and two officers and eight men wounded. Capt. Powell and Capt. Goad both died from the effects of their injuries.

The enemy's loss must have been considerable, as the fire of the troop was steady and accurate, and the distance small. After a halt for a day or two, the column marched to Khuram, where it encamped.

Capt. Herbert had reported to the colonel the manner in which Private Gale had defended him when wounded and attacked by three Afghans; the incident, too, had been observed by many of his comrades, and as a reward, the young soldier was promoted to the rank of corporal; and the colonel told him that, had not several similar acts of bravery been performed in the hand-to-hand action on the Spingawi Khotal, he would have been mentioned for the Victoria Cross.

The mountain tops were now deep in snow, but in the valley the temperature was very agreeable, and the troops enjoyed their rest much. This was not, however, to be of long duration. From the lower end of the Khuram Valley, runs off another valley known as the "Khost." This was an entirely unknown country to the Europeans, but it was said to be extremely hostile. Parties had come down and carried off cattle; and at any time a formidable raid might have taken place, and our line of communication been entirely cut.

The country was ruled by an Afghan Governor, who sent in to say that he was willing to hand it over to us. There was, therefore, no expectation that there would be any resistance; and the expedition was designed rather to overawe the country and to obtain information as to its extent and capabilities, than with any idea of permanent

occupation. The column consisted of a squadron of the 10th Hussars, the 5th Bengal Cavalry, the 21st and 28th Punjaub Infantry, two mountain batteries, a wing of the 72nd Highlanders, and two companies of the Norfolk Rangers. This force marched from Hazir-pir, and halted for the night at Jaji-Midan at the head of the valley leading to the Darwiza Pass, through which the track runs into the Khost valley.

At eight o'clock next morning, the troops moved forward. The ground was difficult, for the road ran between terraced fields on the side of the ravine, and obliged men and animals to pass in single file; it was not therefore until twelve o'clock that the rear-guard moved out of the camp. Beyond this point the road up the pass was not difficult: from the summit a wide view was obtained. At the end of the valley, six miles distant, the plain of the Khost country was seen. It was seen that, owing to the slow progress the troops were making, the baggage-train, consisting of 1,000 camels, would not be able to reach the proposed camping-ground at the lower end of the valley before dark; the general, therefore, ordered it to halt at the top of the pass, where the ground was open. The 21st Punjaubees and a mountain battery were to stay there for its protection, and bring it on next day. The mules with the regimental baggage went on with the troops.

The column met with no opposition. It halted near the village of Bakh, half-a-mile from the foot of the hills, where the valley widened into a plain six miles long, and four broad. The force encamped here on the 4th, to allow the convoy to come up. The following morning the column marched to the other end of the valley, and the next day, the Afghan governor of Matun, the chief place of the Khost, rode in to welcome the general.

On the 6th of January the force marched to Matun. They found that this fort was a square-walled enclosure 100 yards each side, with circular corner bastions. There was a central square enclosure with round towers at its angles. As the fort was approached,

its garrison, which consisted of 100 local militia, were formed up in two lines at a mosque outside the fort. The general, with his staff, rode in, and a long interview took place between him and the governor. The troops encamped outside; in the evening information came in from the villages in the plain, that large numbers of the Mongals, who inhabited the hills, were meditating an attack. Strong pickets were posted, and the night passed quietly. In the morning large numbers of tribesmen flocked down into the villages, and gradually surrounded the camp. At 1 o'clock the troops fell in: the cavalry were sent out against the enemy in the north-west direction, followed by the 28th Punjaubees and No. 2 mounted battery. The Mongals at once fell back to the hills. The squadron of the 10th Hussars were dismounted, and ordered to skirmish up a small knoll to the west. From this they drove the enemy, who gathered again on a spur opposite.

Here they were charged by the 5th Punjaub Cavalry, and fell back higher up the ridge. The mountain guns and infantry now arrived and speedily drove them over the crest. General Roberts with his staff rode out to watch the skirmish; and, soon after he had left, the enemy, who occupied the village to the north-east, showed in force. Two of the mountain guns opened upon them. On the south they now approached, under the cover of the old Afghan cavalry lines, to within half-a-mile, before being perceived, and also occupied a walled village there. The other two guns in camp shelled the village, and soon drove the enemy out.

When the general returned to camp at half-past-two he found the attack driven off in all directions, and ordered the 21st Punjaubees, the 72nd Highlanders, and the Norfolk Rangers to follow up the enemy to the east and south-east with the mountain guns, and to burn the villages which had sheltered the enemy. The first village was found deserted; at another, a quarter of a mile behind, the enemy made a stand, but

were shelled out, and the plain beyond the Matun river was soon covered with fugitives. Major Stewart, with forty men of the 5th Punjaub Cavalry who accompanied the column, charged 400 of them and cut down many, until checked by the heavy fire of matchlock men from the high bank.

No more fighting took place. The combination of tribes which had attacked the camp were estimated at 6000 men. Eighty prisoners were taken. These, two nights afterwards, took advantage of a night alarm to attempt to escape, and attacked the guard. The attempt, however, was frustrated, but only after several of the prisoners had been shot down. Some days passed quietly. Reconnaissances were made up the valley. While waiting here, the news of the capture of Candahar by General Stewart arrived. Parties of engineers surveyed the country, and all passed off quietly.

On the 25th, a portion of the force marched back to Hazir-pir. On the 26th of January the general determined to withdraw this force altogether, as no advantage was gained by its retention, and the garrison would be constantly exposed to the attacks of the natives, who were already threatening it. The fort was handed over to Sultan Jan, a man of good family, who was appointed to govern the Khost temporarily. He had under him the guard of the former governor, and some fresh natives, being, in all, 300 men. The head men of the villages were called together, and these promised to obey his rule. Some of the chiefs of the Mongals and other neighbouring tribes came in; sheep were given to them, and

they were told that, so long as they desisted from interference in the valley, no steps would be taken against them.

The troops, however, had only made one day's march when a messenger arrived from Sultan Jan, saying that immediately the troops had marched, the Mongals had come down to attack the fort. 200 of the 72nd, the 21st Punjaubees, and a battery were left to defend the camp, while at daybreak on the 29th the general, with a company of the 72nd, a company of the Norfolk Rangers, the 28th Panjaubees, the squadron of 10th Hussars, the 3rd Punjaub Cavalry, and No. 2 mounted battery, marched back towards Matun.

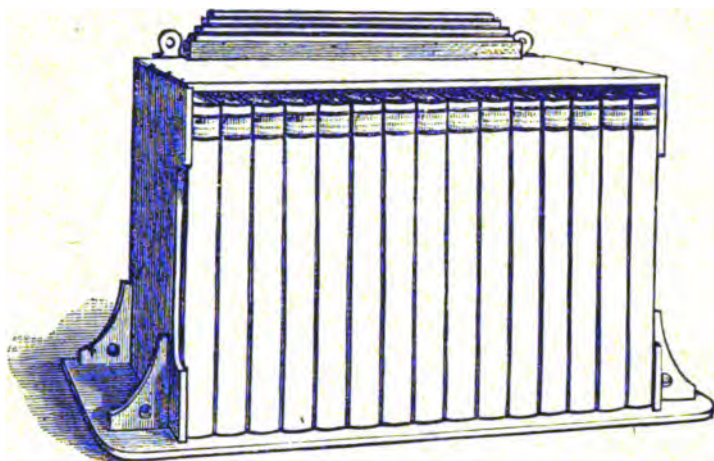
The plain was black with a crowd of Mongals who had come down, but these fell back as the troops advanced; they reached the fort, and halted there for an hour. The powder and grain were loaded on camels which had been brought with the force, and what could not be carried off was destroyed; then, joined by the garrison, the retreat commenced. The cavalry trotted out in skirmishing order towards the enemy, and occupied their attention until the infantry had gained a distance of three miles and a half, when they turned round, and trotted after them; and the whole force arrived safely in camp, having marched twenty-four miles. On the return of the force to the Khuram Valley, a wing of the Norfolk Rangers was sent up to reinforce the troops stationed on the top of the Peiwar Khotal, as the Jajis and Mongals had been gathering in large numbers, and threatening an attack on that post.

(To be continued.)

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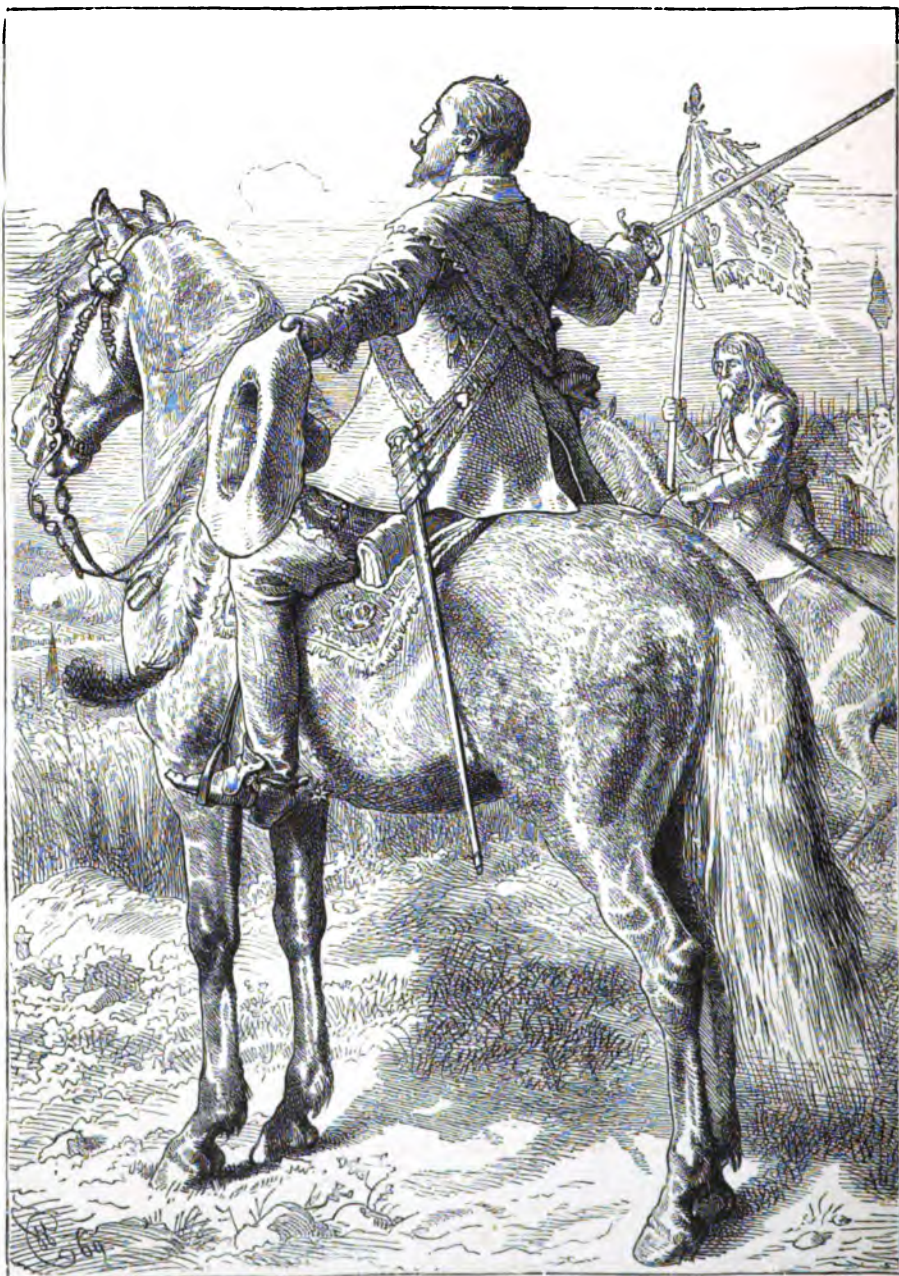
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Gustavus Adolphus before Lutzen.—p. 297

HEROES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

BY HENRY FRITH.

GUSTAVUS II. OF SWEDEN.

CHAPTER I.—EARLY DAYS.—GUSTAVUS SUCCEEDS HIS FATHER.—HIS SEARCH FOR A WIFE.—WARS WITH DENMARK, RUSSIA, AND THE POLES.



HE subject of this paper, Gustavus of Sweden, better known as GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, was born on the 9th December, 1594. He was the grandson of the celebrated Gustavus Vasa, who, sent as hostage to Christian II. of Denmark, managed eventually to escape when treated as a prisoner in defiance of treaty. He was actually crowned King of Sweden in 1528, being the first Protestant prince.

Gustavus Vasa died in 1560, and left three sons, Eric, John, and Charles. The last-named was the father of our hero. Charles was elected king in preference to his elder brother's son, Sigismund, and was crowned in 1604. Gustavus Adolphus was about the same time named as successor to his father.

The young prince had been most carefully educated, and instructed in European languages. He already was able to converse in Latin, German, Italian, and French, besides his native tongue. He is described as an amiable, generous, and courageous lad. His position brought him into contact with illustrious warriors, and from them he obtained, greedily, information concerning the battles in the Low Countries and other places.

Nevertheless, although interested in the warlike recitals of those who visited the court, young Gustavus neither neglected art nor more domestic studies. He was taught to live moderately, and to endure hardships. His training as a soldier began early, and he carried the musket or arquebus before he wore the captain's sword.

After this education, taught to obey ere he was permitted to command, Gustavus was sent against the Danes with the rank of colonel, at seventeen. In this his first field, he nearly lost his life through his horse sinking in a morass which was only thinly frozen over. This Danish war, in addition to the already existing troubles with Russia and Poland, continued. So when Charles I. died, the chief legacies he left to his youthful successor were war, and a predilection for the Reformed Religion which led him into the memorable Thirty Years' War against the Germans.

He was not eighteen years old when he ascended the throne, which his cousin John, brother of the deposed Sigismund, might have made a very unpleasant resting-place had he been so minded. But he, on the contrary, did everything in his power to assist the young king, who had apparently with some reluctance, accepted the dignity offered him.

"If the States," said he, "persist in making me a king, I will endeavour to acquit myself with honour, magnanimity, and fidelity." He likewise made many concessions, and the States decided that "what was wanting in the young king in years, God had made up in wisdom and understanding." Under these circumstances, with confidence on both sides, Gustavus Adolphus was crowned king at Nyköping on the 31st December, 1611.

His sagacity soon appeared, and confirmed the good opinion the States had formed of his steadiness. His trusty friend Oxenstiern, then only ten years his senior, he appointed chancellor; and other appoint-

ments were conferred upon the most meritorious men in other departments. Thus he fortified himself and eschewed favouritism. The chancellor is described as a warrior and statesman of the first order.

Almost the first business of the king was in a campaign against the Danes. He led one army himself; another was confided to John his cousin, who had so generously waived all claim to supreme power; the third (reserve) force was under the command of General Cruse. These three armies operated against his various enemies. But after a while he managed, with the assistance of the English ambassadors, to conclude a peace with Denmark. This was in 1613.

Subsequently he made advances, sword in hand, to the Russians, or Moscovites, as they were called; and, after some success, peace was concluded with them at Stolbova, 1617. Then the Polish King, his cousin, who had all along been hostile to him, demanded his whole attention and received it the first favourable opportunity. But while he was meditating upon the conquest of his uncousinly cousin, he found time for another and a more romantic expedition. With political and matrimonial views he proceeded *incognito*, under the name of GARS, upon an adventure which savoured of the times of the Troubadours and knights errant. Attended only by a friend and a few servants, Monsieur GARS (a name compounded of the initials of Gustavus Adolphus, Rex Sueciæ) adventured to the Court of Berlin to see the young princess, Maria Eleonora of Brandenburg, whom he intended to marry. This journey took place in the summer of 1620.

Gustavus was a handsome youth, stout, well limbed, with piercing light grey eyes, fair hair, a nose slightly aquiline, high forehead, and florid complexion. The princess whom he won in his disguise, is described as "a graceful and majestic beauty." He passed through Germany undetected, wooed and won his bride, and within a few months returned to Stockholm. *Fortuna juvat audaces!*

He had now leisure to concentrate his energies upon his warlike cousin, and he did so.

Sigismund had not forgiven the Swedes for dispossessing him of the crown, and had spared no pains to annoy his successful relative. So Gustavus determined to punish him at last, and seized the opportunity presented when Gabriel Bethlem, prince of Transylvania, invaded Moldavia.

Gustavus entered upon his campaign by laying siege to Riga, the capital of Livonia, situated on the Dwina; and, notwithstanding a severe storm which fell upon his ships at the mouth of the river, the King of Sweden landed his forces, which amounted to twenty-five thousand men. The fleet assembled in the river to afford the invader assistance and supplies as well as to blockade the port. The men of Riga, however, were foemen worthy of the Swedish monarch, for they obstinately refused to surrender.

The king, nowise daunted, persevered, and his military training assisted him both physically and morally. Stripped to his shirt, Gustavus frequently laboured with his sappers and miners—"a very Proteus in command,"—for he worked as pioneer, engineer, labourer, and general, and exhorted the officers around him to dig and not be ashamed. He had some narrow escapes under these circumstances, the cannon-shot apparently aimed at him passing perilously near. But he depended possibly upon the remark of the Emperor Charles V., that "no king was ever killed by a cannon-ball." Certainly, as says an old historian, Gustavus "missed little of disproving" the theory, for three several times he was separated from death by but a few paces.

We have no space to chronicle the varied incidents of the siege, nor to relate the skirmishes, or the "mining," in which employment the king worked underground. At length, in September, the assailants had gained much advantage. The besieged were worn out, and came to terms just as the Swedes had mined the walls and fortifica-

tions. The town surrendered. Gustavus granted honourable conditions, and Riga was reduced (Sept. 1621) after a siege of six weeks.

The conqueror's first act was to return thanks to the God of battles in the cathedral. Then he proclaimed to the inhabitants that he expected no more from them than the allegiance "they had shown their former master, upon which account he would not only preserve their privileges, but augment them." When he had banished the Jesuits he proceeded on his victorious way.

He invested and took Donaumond, and subsequently seized Mittaw, the capital of Semigallia. But by the time these conquests had been achieved, the Poles had stirred up considerable strife near Riga, and Gustavus hastened thither, leaving Wrangel, his general, to continue the quarrel in Mittaw. But a truce was soon concluded for a year with the Polish ruler.

The year 1622 was remarkable for two events in Swedish annals; for the death of Charles Philip, brother of Gustavus, and for the birth of Charles Gustavus, afterwards Charles X. But both regrets and rejoicings were soon merged in the sounds of war, which again broke out with Sigismund after various hollow pretences on his part. This campaign was initiated with vigour, and carried on with success.

Gustavus sailed with a strong fleet for the coast of Livonia, and seized Kokenhausen, a fortress on the Dwina. He then continued his progress, and within a wondrously short time, conquered nearly the whole of Livonia, except Donaumond—marching and counter-marching his army through the province to keep his enemies in check. In farther triumph he mastered Prince Sapieha, whose son he had already defeated in a skirmish. This pitched battle was fought on the plains of Semigallia, near Walhoff, where the boasted Polish horse were proved no match for the Swedes.

Upon the issue of the combat the Swedish monarch again offered terms of peace, but Sigismund declined. So, Lithuania being

now conquered, Gustavus proceeded to invade Polish Prussia, while Sigismund was calling a Diet to meet at Warsaw. Victory again attended the Swedish arms. Gustavus encamped at Dirschaw, and engaged Sigismund on two special occasions. One was on the capture of Mew, where Sigismund lost four thousand men and Gustavus himself had a narrow escape. He fell twice into the hands of the Poles, and on the second of these occasions he was only delivered by the pluck and ready resource of a soldier.

Gustavus was in the midst of the enemy, and the soldier, perceiving his king's danger, called out to the Poles: "Look to yourselves, we will rescue my brother." The quality of the royal soldier being thus concealed, the Poles made no special effort to retain the cavalier, and were routed. The king, on a subsequent occasion, was able to reciprocate this little attention; for, perceiving his deliverer in jeopardy, he collected a few men and brought him away in safety, saying: "Now, brother soldier, we are upon equal terms." But the king in this campaign was severely wounded.

There is one trait in his character which was brought into prominence about this time, and that was his hatred of duelling. The practice, then almost universal, was discountenanced by the Christian Swedish King. Brave as a lion, a severe disciplinarian, a good paymaster, but a good man as well, Gustavus Adolphus permitted no laxity of morals or discipline. Amongst these failings he counted duelling, and checked it. The punishment was death!

On the occasion we have in mind, two generals of his army had found it impossible to agree upon some point, and the disputants (so very wisely!) fancied the arguments would be bettered by a duel. They begged the king to permit the combat on this particular occasion, and after Gustavus had in vain endeavoured to appease his officers, he gave his consent and condescended to express his willingness to attend to see it.

Much pleased by the monarch's kindness

in permitting them to endeavour to kill each other, as well as with his promise to come and see the fun, the officers retired. Next day when they arrived at the place of meeting, His Majesty was present and waiting, with his Provost-Marshal, a grim official to whom all military executions were, as usual, entrusted. The duellists were, perhaps, surprised; but, nothing daunted, prepared for the encounter.

When they were ready, the king said, "Now, gentlemen, you shall fight until one of you is slain or mortally wounded. At that time," he continued, turning to the Provost-Marshal, sternly, "when one combatant is dead, behead the other instantly, in my presence."

The officers, hearing these orders, which they knew would be carried out, paused. The dispute would be in no wise proved in favour of either were both slain. So they recognised the absurdity of their conduct, and, kneeling, begged pardon of the king. This grace the monarch at once accorded, bidding them be friends thenceforth. In this manner Gustavus ruled his army, and made himself obeyed and respected.

The investment of Dantzic had been going on for some time in connection with the other events, and when the Poles came to attack the camp at Dirschaw, Gustavus was, as already stated, wounded by a "falcon-shot" in the arm. His resignation under the circumstances was remarkable, and he replied to the remonstrances of his attendants, that, if death were to be his portion, "how could a man die more gloriously than in the justification of his people?" The year 1627 saw the retirement of Gustavus from Dantzic, for the rains fell to such a prodigious degree that the Swedes were obliged to break up their camp, having no alternative but starving with hunger or perishing by water.

Ferdinand II., Emperor of Germany, had been endeavouring to buy off Gustavus from Poland, and set him to attack his old enemy of Denmark. When Gustavus declined, Ferdinand subsidized Sigismund, while the celebrated Albrecht Wallenstein

proceeded to take Straslund, with the view "to give laws at one stroke to the kings of Sweden and Denmark," and invade the Danish kingdom.

Straslund, a very wealthy city, was the axis upon which Wallenstein wished to turn and sweep the north. The riches, the transport, and ammunition stored there, would materially assist the German commander, and so he laid siege to the place contrary to the emperor's advice. Wallenstein's first advances were innocent in appearance, for he only demanded winter quarters for his men. This modest request being carefully unheeded, he sent to demand money, which, if the town had refused, he might have proceeded to extremities. The money was sent, but Wallenstein nevertheless directed Arnheim to invest the city.

The inhabitants appealed to the Dantzigers for help, and Gustavus also came forward to the assistance of the distressed ones. Then, during the temporary absence of Wallenstein, the Danish king sent into Straslund the Scots' brigade, under Leslie, who had been placed in command of the Swedes sent in by Gustavus. They compelled the Germans to retire with a ruined army, though Wallenstein had sworn he "would take the town were it bound by a chain to heaven!"

Peace was concluded at Lübeck between Denmark and Germany in 1628, and after that Gustavus found himself opposed by Ferdinand in Poland. Arnheim was sent to drive the Swedes from Poland with ten thousand troops, and if he could not accomplish the task, Wallenstein declared he would do it himself. Arnheim and the Poles united their forces near Marienverder, and awaited the Swedes' advance.

Gustavus came on cautiously, but his advanced guard became engaged with the enemy, and a general action was precipitated. Outnumbered, the Swedes fought all day with desperate bravery. The Germans and their allies had chosen a strong position, which they defended successfully. The battle continued with about equal fortune, the king, as usual,

being nearly slain. At length the Swedes, overpowered by numbers, retreated, but in order. Gustavus, intrenched at Marienburg, was impregnable, and after a while a truce with Poland for six years was arranged, advantageously for Sweden, through the mediation of the French ambassador.

CHAPTER II.

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.—SUCCESS OF GUSTAVUS.—BATTLE OF LÜTZEN.—DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE KING.

THE long conflict, or rather series of conflicts, which devastated German territory between the years 1618 and 1648, has been designated the Thirty Years' War. It was carried on by the adherents of the Catholic League—namely by German-Austria, and Spain, and the German Protestants and their allies. Tilly and Wallenstein were the celebrated generals, whose names have been handed down to posterity in connection with the butchery and bloodshed of this series of wars, both in the field and on the scaffold.

Ferdinand II. had been wonderfully successful against the Protestants, and by the Peace of Lübeck he closed the second triumphal stage of the war. Elated with his triumph he proceeded to still greater lengths, and promulgated the celebrated Restitution Edict, which directed the relinquishment by the Protestants of all spiritual foundations of which they had become possessed since 1555, at the Peace of Augsburg. This edict offended some even of his own adherents. But no one could defend the Protestant cause. Gustavus Adolphus had quite enough on his hands already, and it was not till after the Treaty of Lübeck that he came forward. We have seen how he withstood Wallenstein at Straslund; and France, through Richelieu, was pressing him to take the lead.

This at length the Swedish monarch decided to do, after receiving the consent of his people. He declared his wife regent, his daughter Christina the heiress. He

afterwards brought in the laws to which the people were to look in time of difficulty, and these MS. laws were deposited in the chancery. These preliminaries arranged, Gustavus was enabled to lead his army into Germany in confidence.

And he had a very fine army too. The soldiers were veterans and well trained. The force contained a strong leaven of English and Scotch, in whom he greatly confided in times of danger. In fact he had picked men from many States—old soldiers, too, who were steady under fire and well disciplined. In fact the army of Gustavus was in a sense unique. Plunder and rapine were discountenanced; there was more of the Cromwellian trooper, the Puritan soldier leaven, amid the ranks of the Swedish King, who inspired his men with an attachment and respect for his person that caused him to be willingly obeyed.

The departure of the Swedish monarch from his kingdom on his taking up the cudgels for the Protestant Faith was not without its tender incidents. "I bid you all an affectionate farewell," he said to the senate, who with tears responded. As the king embarked at Elfsnaben, his little daughter came, and, standing by his side, wished to kiss him good-bye; but he heeded her not till the little maid's farewell speech which she had so carefully prepared for him had to be uttered. At last she insisted, and, plucking his coat, demanded the audience she craved. Gustavus raised her in his arms, embraced her tenderly; and when he released her the child wept bitterly for the father she was destined never to see again.

On the already historic 24th June, the king reached the first stage of his expedition. On that day, exactly one hundred years before, the Protestant Confession had been presented to the Emperor Charles the Fifth at Augsburg; and, with this omen to guide him, Gustavus with his army landed near Penemünde, in German territory, and the king at once knelt down on the shore to thank Heaven for its protection. (June 24, 1630.)

Arrived now at the Island of Usedom, the first act of the army was to dig shelter trenches to cover the landing. Early in July the heavy guns, baggage, and horses were put ashore; and in a few days the conquest of the castle of Walgart and the island of Wallin gave the men confidence in themselves and their leaders; a confidence greatly needed, as the German general Torquato de Conti had laid waste Pomerania in order to deprive the invaders of subsistence. But Gustavus, having by the capture of Damnin secured his rear, and got command of the mouths of the Oder, boldly advanced.

In those days the soldiers were accompanied by their wives and families. The children were educated in camp, and a strictly moral and religious tone pervaded the whole army. Luxuries were forbidden, and under such circumstances the Swedes found it easier to subsist than did more pampered troops.

Gustavus landed on the 20th July, and at once summoned the Pomeranian capital, Stettin, to surrender or become allied with him. Bogislaus, the duke, attempted to make neutral terms, but Gustavus would take no denial. The town was entered and occupied: put into a state of defence, while the ruler's troops, known as the "White Brigade," joined the army of Gustavus. The king now encountered treachery, and secret means were taken by Conti to assassinate him. One of Conti's officers named, variously, Quint, Quintin, and Quintio Alegheri, "deserted" to the Swedes, and gave information which caused an attack to be made on Gustavus when he was on a reconnoitring expedition. But, thanks to the bravery of the king and his men, the attack was defeated. The suspected traitor was taken prisoner, and subsequently confessed that he had attempted to shoot the king several times; but, at the critical moment, his resolution and his steadiness of aim had failed him.

Gustavus, released from treachery, proceeded on his victorious way. He captured Bart, Damgard, Ribintz, and blockaded Rostock, near which last-named place the

Swedes brilliantly defeated Savelli. Rugenwaldt surrendered to the shipwrecked reinforcement of Swedes under Colonel Monro. They soon occupied the town. Advancing into Mecklenburg Gustavus gained over the dukes, John and Adolphus, and made a treaty with the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. Richelieu, too, continued his alliance with Gustavus, so the Swedes gained considerable support.

In December Conti retired from the command, and Schomberg succeeded. During the winter the hardy Swedes took Gartz from Schomberg, and seized Griffenhagen. Then the Germans retreated, and Gustavus returned to completely subjugate Pomerania. So ended the year 1630. By the beginning of March 1631, Gustavus had seized at least eighty places, and had fought no great battle. Colberg was gained by the Swedes, and then Tilly laid siege to New Brandenburg, which he captured from the Swedish garrison, which he massacred mercilessly.

Gustavus having reduced Colberg, as stated, marched against Frankfort on the Oder, where he arrived on 2nd April. Schomberg commanded. On the Sunday the Swedes engaged in services of the Church, and retired a little; which the Imperialists observing, hung out a wild goose as a sign of retreat. But the hardy northerners remarked that "they would soon see an Imperial goose roasted and well sauced."

Gustavus determined to storm the town at once, and, enjoining his Scotch allies to remember Brandenburg, he blew up the Gruben Gate, while the Scotch scaled the ramparts. The Germans fought well, the Irish Brigade particularly well. But their valour had no avail. The Swedes, remembering Brandenburg, gave no quarter and slew all they met. Schomberg and his two generals escaped with the cavalry, but the slaughter and plunder were great. Tilly was actually advancing to Schomberg's assistance, but when he heard of its fall he turned and invested Magdeburg, which was still exhorted to hold out by Gustavus.

Pappenheim, a strict soldier, had been for some time investing the maiden town, when Tilly joined him, and summoned it to surrender. On the 20th March, the blockade began. Gustavus had already put a small force into the town under Falkenberg. Tilly quitted his post to endeavour to help Schomberg, but speedily returned, and then the Magdeburgers felt lost indeed. Gustavus could not arrive until he had protected his advance and occupied two towns in Saxony. The elector only tardily granted the required permission, and much time was lost. Obstacles to his march were thrown in the king's way, and before he had gained his point, Magdeburg had fallen !

Tilly had cannonaded the town but it remained unconquered. At length the Imperialists slackened and ceased fire. This suspension of hostilities the inhabitants of the town misinterpreted. That same evening councils of war were held and an assault decided on. The attack was made at seven in the morning of the 10th May, and such deeds as were committed were enough to make the stones weep. The Imperial troops spared neither sex nor age. Children were hacked to pieces, young girls brutally murdered, babes pinned with lances to their mothers' breasts. None were spared insults and death. Many threw themselves into the Elbe to avoid the soldiers' brutality, and died to avoid a worse fate. Neither Pappenheim nor Tilly checked the massacre, which was one almost unparalleled in the history of war. Only 800 inhabitants were left, out of forty thousand : the town was laid in ruins, but "the glory of Tilly" indeed "remained interred in the ruins of Magdeburg."

This prophecy of the undaunted administrator of the city was fulfilled. Tilly had no subsequent success. Within a twelve-month he had lost his fame and fallen in battle, defeated on the banks of the river Lech. Gustavus vowed he would be "revenged on the old corporal," and he kept his word ; but he was blamed for not hastening to the assistance of Magdeburg,

and he found it necessary to publish a manifesto setting forth the causes of his inability to rescue it.

The Elector of Brandenburg was compelled to enter into a treaty with the King of Sweden, who then took Gripswald, replaced the Dukes of Mecklenburg in their possessions : defeated Pappenheim, took Havelburg, Tangermunde, and entrenched himself at Werben, which place also he had seized. Then Tilly attacked him by force and stratagem. The Imperialists bribed peasants to spike the enemy's cannon and set fire to the camp. Gustavus got wind of the plot, and determined to checkmate the Imperial general. The king had fires kindled and kept his cannon loaded but silent. The troops of Tilly came up and when within close range a tremendous fire was opened upon them. They fought very bravely but were defeated.

Reinforcements from Sweden, led by the queen herself, cheered the Swedish army. Other less available troops arrived from England under the Marquis of Hamilton, and soon after certain events occurred in Saxony which led to the celebrated battle of Leipsic. Tilly's conduct disgusted the Elector of Saxony. The general demanded terms most insolently. The elector had suffered a good deal for the emperor, but he would not leave the army free passage, and lose his independence. So he sent a message to Tilly—

"I see," he said, "the emperor has reserved Saxony as the dessert for his imperial banquet. Take care, for in this dessert you will find fruits difficult of digestion, and nuts that may break your teeth." Tilly was so angry at this that he advanced upon Leipsic, when the elector in great alarm sent Arnheim to Gustavus to beg his assistance.

The Swedish monarch gave audience, but received the envoy with some reserve. He made conditions respecting pay for his soldiers, and hostages ; all which the elector at once promised, with additional concessions, gladly. Gustavus, satisfied of the elector's good faith, did not press some of his own demands. He advanced, and

crossed the Elbe at Wittemberg on the 4th September, 1631.

Tilly had abandoned his camp, and urged by the fiery Pappenheim, had come out upon the plain near Leipsic, which had been surrendered a day or two before to the Imperialists. On the 6th September the Swedes came close to the enemy, and a battle became imminent. Tilly's army amounted to forty-four thousand, the word was "Jesu-Maria," as at Magdeburg. Gustavus had for his watchword "Emanuel." His soldiers wore green twigs in their head-gear. Tilly's soldiers wore white tapes on their arms.

Gustavus posted every battalion himself, gave orders, and every soldier knew what he had to do. Pappenheim's impetuosity seems to have disconcerted Tilly, and caused mistakes. The encounter was fought on Wednesday, 7th September. The battleground was two miles wide. Tilly had a great advantage in men, Gustavus in his generalship. The battle began with a cannonade, and the king attacked Pappenheim. The general charged the Swedish right. The Duke of Holstein came up in support, but was defeated, and his force cut to pieces. Pappenheim was also driven off, and his cannon captured.

Tilly, meanwhile, attacked and defeated the Saxons, whom they pursued with great energy, and became scattered. Gustavus seized the opportunity to charge the exposed centre of the Imperialists, whom he defeated. The pursuers of the Saxons then came back, and found the Swedes, who turned the Saxon guns against them. Fortune was all against the Germans. Their centre was broken, their left wing destroyed. Four regiments, like the Guards long afterwards at Waterloo, endeavoured to stem the tide of victory, but the gallant remnant perished. The Swedes pushed on fiercely, and at sunset Tilly drew off his defeated and dislocated force under the "favouring cloud of smoke and dust and darkness."

The event was most important, the Protestant cause was triumphant. The loss of the Imperialists was immense, about

7,000 or 8,000, while the allies did not lose a third of that number: only 750 Swedes were slain—the majority on that side were Saxons. Tilly's fame and prestige were destroyed. The "snow-king" had beaten the corporal in a stand-up fight.

The elector of Saxony came back to the victor's camp when all danger was over. His troops were worth nothing, but he remained with Gustavus. It was then arranged that the Saxons should proceed into Bohemia, and the Swedes march upon the Rhine. Gustavus had a triumphal progress, town after town surrendering voluntarily or by storming. Finally the Swedes crossed the Rhine, but Gustavus was nearly made a prisoner at Oppenheim. Mayence was taken in a few days, Mannheim surrendered, Landau and Spiers made no resistance; and, after an unprecedented career of victory, Gustavus returned to Mayence for the winter.

The queen joined him with a reinforcement, and in February Gustavus proceeded against Tilly, who had had some successes. The armies met near Raine, where Tilly was encamped as a barrier to the Swedish advance. Here he had strongly fortified himself, aided by natural advantages. The river Lech was full and rapid, but Gustavus had prepared a bridge of boats. The artillery played from the more elevated bank on Tilly's centre. Tilly was wounded; the Swedes crossed a ford they had discovered; the bridge was fixed, and the army poured across. Again victorious, Gustavus gained Augsburg. Tilly died at Ingoldstadt, amid his defeated troops, under the Duke of Bavaria; who, when Gustavus had been compelled to retire from Ingoldstadt, united his army with Wallenstein's.

This unified army now confronted Gustavus, who could scarcely hope to engage it. He had only 20,000 men to oppose the 60,000 of the Imperialists. So he retired to Nuremburg, which he fortified with rapidity and effect. Wallenstein did not attempt to attack the place, but sat down in camp about five miles away. Skirmishes ensued, and neither party gained

much advantage. Gustavus had indeed received reinforcements ; but, in the scarcity which was prevalent, numbers made the times harder. The Swedes offered battle, but it was declined. Then attempts were made to storm Wallenstein's position. The Swedes were defeated with loss. This defeat put a stop to the peace negotiations which had already been entertained at Vienna.

This "campaign of famine" was at length terminated by the retreat of Gustavus Adolphus, a movement with which Wallenstein did not interfere. Both armies had been cruelly reduced by pestilence, sword, and famine. When Gustavus retreated, the Imperial army also retired to Forchheim, devastating the country. Gustavus now hoped to conquer Bavaria, and had made some progress, when the invasion of Saxony by Wallenstein caused the king to change his mind and his plans.

Again the elector called for Swedish aid. Gustavus again responded. At Erfurt he parted with his wife for the last time, and reached Naumburg on 1st November. Here he was joyfully received, and quitted the place to engage the army of Wallenstein, near Lützen. The difficulties in the way delayed the Swedes ; a skirmish still kept them back until the short day was over and the opportunity was lost.

Wallenstein immediately sent for Pappenheim to join him, and next morning at 10 o'clock the battle began. Gustavus wore no armour, for he remarked that "God was his harness." Wallenstein had lined the deep ditches by the road with his men. The first Swedish advance was successful. But the Swedes had soon to retreat. Gustavus, who had led a charge, was left with the enemy—a pistol bullet broke his arm—a cuirassier shot him in the back, and soon the foe completed the work. Gustavus Adolphus was no more !

As he lay dying, he was asked his name.

"I am the King of Sweden," he replied. "I seal with my blood the Protestant faith and the liberty of Germany." He then

continued, "Alas, my poor queen !" and when again shot by his questioner, he exclaimed, "My God, my God !" and expired.

The arrival of Pappenheim had caused the Swedes to retreat, but when they learned their king was dead, they determined to avenge him. Fighting like lions, they beat back the Imperial troops. Pappenheim was slain ; and by a desperate charge the Swedes conquered the famous Wallenstein, but at a tremendous price.

The body of Gustavus was found stripped, covered with wounds, and almost unrecognizable. The corpse was carried regretfully to Weissenfels, where the widowed queen received the precious charge. It was afterwards conveyed to Sweden, and finally interred in the Riddarsholm Church in Stockholm. It was on the 18th June, 1634, that the long procession started from Nyköping, for the queen would not consent to the interment for quite a year after the arrival of the royal remains in Sweden. The *cortège* was a most imposing one. A hundred nobles walked in front, carrying banners. The guns and standards taken from the Germans were also included in the procession. Twenty black horses were harnessed to each gun. The dead king's armour, his charger, and his sword, all rusted and blood-stained as found on the fatal field of Lützen, were also exhibited. The corpse was carried on a silver bier by twenty-four nobles of Sweden.

To Stockholm, his mourning capital, was the great Gustavus borne. All along the route the greatest grief was manifested. The great Riddarsholm Kyrka, whose wonderful spire strikes all visitors to Stockholm, reverently received the mortal remains of the heroic monarch. The burial chapel is on the south side, a shrine built in accordance with the king's own instructions, issued before he last quitted his capital in 1629. Since 1832 the ashes have rested in a sarcophagus of green marble, which bears the simple inscription GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS MAGNUS. Many captured standards em-

bellish the walls in Russian, Austrian, and other national colours.

The visitor to the Swedish capital will see, as we have seen, the statues erected to the memory of Adolphus, and behold, on the 6th November, the assembly of the citizens in the Gustaf Adolfs Torg to honour his memory. The death of Gustavus was generally mourned in Europe. Friends and foes loved and respected him. His adherents wept, and his enemies were not rejoiced. His great kindness, his large sympathies, and the generous chivalry of the king, left a gap in Europe which none could fill up. His character, noble, if some-

times hasty, was never cruel. When he had spoken hastily, he was ever ready to be friendly again ; and, when we consider the times in which he lived, Gustavus Adolphus must be reckoned as one of the greatest and best of kings and men. Though, without doubt, the military genius he possessed has stamped him as the "greatest captain of the age," his merits and accomplishments extended far beyond the field of battle. His statesmanship was remarkable ; he was well read and versed in literature. Above all he was "a king, God-fearing in all his works and actions, even unto death !"



A TOO CLEVER CAPTURE BY HALF.

By W. W. FENN.

CHAPTER I.



WO friends trudged along a dusty road on the coast of Essex. They were Adrian Goldsmith, aged twenty-three, just beginning to tread the steep and thorny ways of literature, and Charles Townsend, aged twenty-three and a half, commencing life with the brush and palette. Both were as yet unknown to fame; but with youth, health, and ambition to befriend them, they did not despair of bursting upon the world some fine morning as geniuses of the highest order. Hitherto Adrian had contented himself, perforce, with appealing to the reading public through the columns of journals, which, to put it mildly, did not compete in point either of circulation or of celebrity with the *Times* or the *Saturday Review*; but he had in hand a *magnum opus*—his first novel, on which with youth's sublime and touching confidence he did build great expectations. Charles had not so much as been "skied" either at Burlington House or the Grosvenor; but he had done some charming sketches for an illustrated paper, charged, as a friendly critic had said, with poetic feeling; and he too was making studies for his maiden work on canvas.

The friends were touring on foot in Essex; a county, by the way, to which full justice has not yet been done, either by artist or author. It is flat, if you please, but its very flatness has a charm, and the landscapes offer abundant variation, both of colour and form.

The pedestrians were nearing the end of their day's march, for below them in the distance lay the church tower, the gables and the roofs of the village bordering the sea, where they purposed to rest until the next morning. It was the end of September,

and evening drew on rapidly. The sun was westering, and the sky being almost cloudless there was promise of a rare sight when he should sink below the horizon. They left the whitened road, and crossing a stile in the hedge, made for the top of a hillock crested by a clump of spreading elms.

"It's too early to go to roost yet," said Adrian as they stood under the trees on the edge of the hillock, "let's sit here and watch the sunset."

"Done with you," answered his friend. "Here goes for the baggage!" and as he spoke he unslung his knapsack, and flinging it on the ground laid himself beside it. Adrian followed his example; and the friends enjoyed for a long while their well-earned rest in silence.

The evening breeze was just sufficient to stir the leaves overhead and eddy softly round their faces, and stir the surface of the glancing sea beneath them. The trees and the hedges were putting off their summer for their autumn garb, and shades of pink and gold mingled with deepening green. Presently the sun began to decline, slowly, majestically, gorgeously. As he sank, the waters whose surface the wind had flecked with faint lines of foam, caught a golden glow, and the two men rose involuntarily to their feet, that they might lose nothing of the final radiance. Above and around, the sky was palest azure as the yellow disc slipped gently down amidst a nest of pink and mauve-coloured clouds. Every little fleecy cloudlet that floated in the heavens was tipped with gold, and the farthest east, seawards, caught something of the western glow. As the end drew near the colours deepened. The disc of gold became a disc of richest crimson; and at the last, the whole western sky was a glittering mass of

red and purple, and the sea seemed on fire.

"Mercy on us ! What a sight !" exclaimed Adrian, fetching a long-drawn breath of wonder and delight. "There, Charley ; there's a 'study' for you, old man. Put that on canvas as we've seen it, and your fortune's made."

"I wish I could," said the artist, in whose sigh despair mingled with enjoyment. "But to put that on canvas, just as we saw it, would be such a feat as for you, old fellow, to put into prose, ay or verse either, the aspect and the music of the waves there."

"Then we have reached the impossible at the very outset of our illustrious careers," laughed Adrian. "This is a bad beginning: let us mortify in another silence."

They stretched themselves on the turf again, and once more took their rest.

As the artist lay on his back with half-closed eyes, he suddenly saw something at his foot, which he kicked lazily. It turned over, and as it turned it sparkled in the evening light.

"Why, what's that?" he said.

"What's what?" asked Adrian, with his head thrown back on his knapsack and his face upturned to the sky.

"See here, Adrian !" cried Charles ; and, stretching over, he picked up and held out for inspection a small morocco case fastened with a gilt clasp.

"A find, a find !" cried Adrian ; "I smell fortune in this. We are in luck's way after all. Open it, Charley."

And just at that moment, while Charley pressed the clasp with his finger, the case flew open and disclosed a diamond brooch and earrings.

"A find, I say again ; a find !" cried Adrian ; but the finder of the treasure replied—

"Not so fast, dear boy. Finds of this kind don't always bring luck to the finder. This fine thing doesn't belong to you or me ; and it strikes me it wouldn't look well, if seen in the possession of two such arrant tramps."

"We are not quite the thing in the matter of coats, to be sure," said Adrian, surveying the faded dust-stained shooting jackets in which himself and his friend were doing their tour.

"And we are a trifle used up in the matter of knickerbockers," added the artist. "No, Adrian, I am bound to say I can't see a fortune for us in the diamonds. But whose are they? What an extraordinary thing! When, by whom, and how were they lost in a place like this?"

"Some great lady has dropped the earrings from her ears, and the brooch from her bosom," answered Adrian.

"But she didn't drop them in the case, old man. No, that won't do ; that hypothesis won't fit. But, however the diamonds found their way here, one thing is pretty certain, that the owner must be a very magnificent person ; and should we be fortunate enough to find her, she might bestow on us half-a-crown a piece for our honesty in returning them."

"Two half-crowns: *id est*, two bottles of wine," mused the author. "Let's look for her at once, Charley. We haven't drank two bottles of wine since you sold a dozen sketches to the *Graphic*."

"No ; but we had half a bottle when you sold your teetotal story to the *Temperance Record*," said Charley. "However, the best thing we can do with this, is to put it up safely in the knapsack until we get to Raynor, when we can hand it to the police."

And opening his knapsack, he dropped the case in amongst a motley collection of paint brushes, hair brushes, combs, pencils, and shirt collars.

"What do you say?" said Adrian, "yes, to be sure, to the police. Why, Charley, I'll tell you what it is. There has no doubt been a robbery somewhere about here ; and the diamonds are part of the swag. Imagine the scene: burglar surprised, intelligent and dauntless constable with drawn staff in full pursuit ; crafty burglar leaves highway and cuts across the lonely field ; foot stumbles ; the morocco case is jerked out of his pocket, and remains here

until you and I, providentially designed to be humble agents in the bringing home of the crime to the criminal, are led hither to discover it. This is but the opening chapter of an interesting romance; depend upon it there is more to follow; and by-and-bye we shall see what we shall see. And the mention of burglars, my dear Charles, reminds me that a burglary provides one of the central situations of my new novel."

"So you told me, and you said that you'd describe it."

"I will: it has been led up to by a suitable incident in real life. The occasion is most opportune. We'll make it as life-like as possible. I'll turn thief for the nonce and you shall be my pal. Now then, I, the thief, am telling you, my pal, how neatly I've cracked the crib," and, changing his voice and with the aid of suitable pantomime, the author began:

"Got there on the quiet, mate; about dark. Family grubbing below stairs: upper part of the house as dark as pitch, and not a bloke anywhere to be seen. Fetched the ladder out of the yard—where I'd marked it, you see, afore—and set it plump agin the wall. Boots off, double socks on, in two bloomin' twinkles, and up the ladder I goes, close as a leech and soft as moss. Winder up with a couple o' jerks of the knife, and there I am inside, mum as death and fit as a squirrel. Takes a squinny round, and there's everythink, as you might say, to my 'and. The watch and a couple o' chains and 'and-fuls o' rings on the table, and the dressin'-case a setting on the drawrs, reglar arskin to be took. 'Twasn't take and come agin, you bet mate, but sweeps the loose swag into my pocket, slings the case about me with my 'ankercher, 'as a nip o' sherry wine from a bottle on the chimley-piece, left a-purpose for me, gives my 'air a twist afore the looking-glars, and out and down the ladder agin sweet and gentle as a 'ummin'-bird."

The narrator was giving his story in a lively style, with suitable voice and pantomime; and his friend was listening with close attention,

All unobserved by them, a long man and a short man, both strongly built and of determined aspect, had stolen across the field, and hidden themselves behind the tree in front of which the author and the artist lay stretched upon the turf.

"How's that?" asked Adrian, pausing a moment in his story.

"First rate," said Charley with enthusiasm. "You've done that well and got off safely."

"Clean as a bird," said Adrian; "and then——"

"Ah, what then?" said a quiet voice behind them; and at the same moment each of the young men felt himself gripped firmly by the arms.

"What then?" repeated the voice with a low ironical laugh; and, as Adrian looked up, a red-whiskered face bent over his, and a pair of grey eyes shone with a look of triumph.

"Who the mischief are you? and what are you holding me for?" cried Adrian; and the two young men struggled, and tried to gain their feet.

But the arms that held them were strong, and accustomed to work of this kind.

"It's no go," said the quiet voice of the long man with red whiskers, "you're nabbed."

And so in truth they were; and after another ineffectual attempt to wrestle with their captors, both young men gave in, to muscle superior to their own.

"When you've done with your man, throw the other bracelets here, Sam," said the red whiskers.

"I've trounced 'im, Sergeant," answered the short man, whose nose was broken; and while he spoke, he made Charley's wrists fast with a pair of hand-cuffs. Then, taking another pair from his pocket, he secured Adrian in the same way; and, with their hands tied, the two friends were practically helpless.

The red whiskers spoke again; and addressing the captives said, "I expect you know us pretty well, young gentlemen. We are detectives, and we want you for the robbery committed last night at Thorpe House."

The author looked at the artist and the artist looked at the author; and both looked in blankest amazement at their captors.

"But, my dear good detectives," at length expostulated Adrian; "*we* are not burglars."

"Ho, ho!" said the broken-nose, with a chuckle of infinite pleasure, "we didn't suppose you was. There never was burglars yet *as was* burglars, you know. Ho, no; you are gents of ease and large property, I expect. That's what you *look* like. Takin' an evening stroll, I shouldn't wonder. Come out to see the sun-a-goin to his rest, opposite the gentil waters, most likely. But come, I say, drop that, you know. W'y, we've been a listenin' to you this ten minutes. Swept the loose swag into your pocket, and slung the case round you with your 'ankercher and 'ad a nip o' shary wine, and combed your 'air and off like a nummin bird, did you; eh?" he continued, addressing Adrian, with many nods, winks, and chuckles. "Oh, but ain't you a nipper either! Well my young friends, his worship will comb both your 'air for you now, I reckon."

"Come now, Sam, don't chaff them," said the red whiskers, who was evidently in authority over his companion. "We can't waste time either. Let's be moving."

"But," pleaded Charley, "you really have no right to walk us off in this way. We are gentlemen touring through the country. This is Mr. Adrian Goldsmith, an author; and I am Charles Townsend, an artist. If we committed a burglary last night we have probably something or other about us to connect us with the crime. Search us, here are our knapsacks; search them."

But scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a chill ran through him, for he thought of the diamonds in the morocco case.

However, it was too late—he had spoken; and the detectives were even then preparing to act on his words.

"We might as well make a preliminary search here, Sam," said the red whiskers; "but it won't benefit you, you know," he

said to the prisoners; "we shall take you with us, whether we find anything or nothing."

Their pockets were searched as they stood. Charley's yielded nothing beyond a note-book and a well-thumbed copy of Ruskin's *Essay on Drawing*, which last, the broken-nose, regarding it suspiciously, transferred to his own pocket.

From Adrian's pockets were produced some pencil memoranda of the literary burglary, which the red whiskers looked at with a curious smile, and (after holding it up to the owner, as much as to say "What do you think of this?") folding it up carefully placed it in a leather pocket-book.

Then the knapsacks were opened, and the broken-nose pounced in an instant on the morocco case. Charley's guilt appeared to be as clearly established at that moment as Benjamin's had been when Joseph's steward found the silver cup in his sack's mouth.

A broad smile spread itself slowly over the countenance of the short detective; and in the exuberance of his feelings he executed a brief energetic *pas seul* on the grass.

"No," he said when he had concluded his dance; "I shouldn't think these gents was burglars. This here's one of the best bits of the jewel'ry that was burgled at Thorpe House; but these gents probably picked it up on the road or the grass."

"Yes," said Charley hotly; "that's exactly it. I picked that case up on the grass here."

"To be sure," answered the broken-nose. "These sort o' flowers seems, as you might say, to grow in hedges, and under trees, w'enever there's been a burglary. And you was a-goin' to take it to the po-lice station the very minnit you got to Raynor, wasn't you now?"

"Of course I was," said Charley.

"Of course," echoed the broken-nose. "And to think that the sergeant here, and me, should be obliged to run in two such prepossessin' and nice-spoken young gents. I'm a'most ready to cry, I am."

"Well, you'll allow that we have some evidence against you now," said the red-whiskers grimly. "And if you please we'll be moving, for its getting late. Bring your man along, Sam."

As he was fastening the knapsack again, the eye of the broken-nose fell on a flask of brandy stowed away in a corner. He took it out promptly, removed the cork, and sniffed at the spirit with an air of a man who knew good brandy when he smelt it.

"Will you try a little of this, Mr. Pilling, sir?" he asked of himself. "Thank you, I believe I will, just the merest taste. 'Twill do me good. I'm too soft for this detective business, it takes too much out of me." And he drained the flask.

Then they started for the village. Evening had come on, and the gathering darkness lent a friendly cover to the pinioned youths, who felt the shame of their position and were in no good humour at being marched into Raynor in this fashion. Happily for them, the police station was near that end of the village at which they entered, and they reached it almost unobserved by the people. Not quite, however; for a group of fisher-lads returning from their boats met the queer little party just as they were nearing the station, and by them the circumstance was quickly told; so that in a very short time it was known throughout the village that two men had been arrested in connection with the great robbery of the night before, about which everyone had been talking for the last twelve hours.

Adrian and Charles were brought at once before the superintendent, who heard the statement of the detectives, entered it in his book, and told the young men they would be charged with the burglary before the magistrate the next morning.

Without further ceremony, they were then haled to the cells and locked in for the night.

CHAPTER II.

HALF-A-DOZEN words of explanation may be introduced at this point. It was the fact

that a robbery of a very serious nature had been committed the night before at Thorpe House, the residence of a county magistrate, situate a few miles from Raynor. It was not the first affair of the kind that had happened within recent weeks in that same neighbourhood; and the residents as well as the police had been put thoroughly on their guard. At once, on receipt of information of this last and most important outrage, the local police had scoured the country round, and a couple of detectives who knew the district well had been engaged from the county-town. Our two friends had been noted as persons who seemed to have no particular occupation in those parts, and from their travel-stained and more or less seedy appearance, the police, with characteristic subtlety, had set them down as a couple of loafers. The detectives had been put upon their track; with what result we have already seen.

Reader—susceptible, respectable, and highly educated young reader—if you have ever chanced to dream that you passed a night in the damp and musty cell of a police-station, with a prospect before you of speedy arraignment on a charge of burglariously and feloniously entering a house which you had never before heard of in your life, you will be able, in some degree, to realise the feelings of Adrian Goldsmith, Esquire, and Charles Townsend, Esquire, author and artist, as they lay on the hard bench through the hours of the night in the lock-up at Raynor.

I feel that an apology is owing to you, for the bare suggestion of such a thing; but if masters Adrian and Charley were locked up on false suspicions, why should not you, at some time or other, be similarly situated? You might be tired and hungry, as they were; you might be cruelly baulked of a supper of pork chops and anticipated clean sheets, as they were; think of it, ponder it well, and moisten your pillow with a sympathetic tear.

Towards midnight—they were both in the same cell—Adrian made a laudable effort to cheer the spirits of himself and his

companion by singing snatches of the songs of his youth, selecting those with a chorus for the benefit of Charley. This was interrupted by a loud banging at the door, followed by a peremptory demand for silence.

After that, they made several ineffectual attempts to go to sleep: Charley being successful for a while, but only to be awakened by the shouts of Adrian, whom, mistaking in a nightmare for the detective, he was doing his level best to throttle. This misadventure only served to awaken them more thoroughly than ever to a sense of their miserable position, and through the hours that followed, they faced one another on the wooden benches of the cell, and recounted their history from their birth, with a view to discover what forgotten crime of boyhood they were expiating in this dreadful fashion. Finally, a thorough depression settled on their spirits.

"It strikes me, Charley, that we're in for it," said Adrian.

"Why, my dear fellow, we're as innocent as day," answered the artist; "we're to go before the magistrate, certainly; but if he possess the smallest gumption, the very smallest share that ever fell to any British magistrate, he must let us go at once."

"If," said Adrian, "but that 'if' assumes much; and we know that justice does now and then play very remarkable pranks in the hands of country magistrates. Suppose the old fellow should be a duffer of the first water, an entire numbskull, an unspeakable blockhead, or even a creature with a native and invincible hatred of letters and the fine arts; my dear comrade, friend of my youth, my most excellent Charles, let us anticipate the very worst."

"Do you want to give me a waking nightmare, man, just after I've escaped from one in sleep?" broke out his friend. "The very worst! Good Heaven, no! Let us look for the very best. I declare, man, you've given me the shivers; and that broken-nose villain has drunk all the brandy."

"But the diamonds, Charley, what about the diamonds?" persisted Adrian, "Pil-

ling and the red-whiskers score two against us there, I fancy."

"Ay, they were an unlucky find after all," answered Charley, and a dismal silence fell on them again.

Breakfast in a police cell they found to be neither a consolatory nor a satisfactory meal; and when it was over they were rather more hungry than before. They were bidden to prepare for examination, and at about ten o'clock were summoned into the magisterial presence.

In ordinary cases they would have been taken to a county-town or to the private residence of a magistrate living close by; but his worship, who was no great stickler for formality, sometimes held a preliminary examination in a room in the public hall, and thither the prisoners were conducted through a crowd of fishermen and rustics, in whom the announcement of the arrest had excited a high degree of curiosity.

"Look a bad lot, don't 'em?" said one as the unhappy couple were led along the street.

"Ah, that they do; and there's the detective along of 'em; he's a sharp 'un, ain't he, look at his nose."

Mr. Detective Pilling, whose superior had received a sudden summons that morning to another part of the country, had now the charge of the case against his prisoners, and having found the contents of Charley's brandy-flask very much to his taste, was in a friendly and communicative mood.

"You ought to be proud of them bracelets, you ought," he said to Charley, nodding towards the handcuffs which held his wrists as in a vice. "They've nipped some prime ones of your sort in their day. The last as wore them got a tenner at the Old Bailey not three weeks since; and the one before 'im swung at Leicester in June. Fits you as if they was made for you, don't they? Ah! I've been praised for them bracelets many's the time; nothing parties 'ates so much as bracelets that don't fit comfortable. Now them bracelets there, —but they're a pair in a million."

The magistrate, a ruddy-faced hearty looking squire, sat at a long narrow table, covered with green baize; and opposite to him, on the other side, was his clerk, a youthful and solemn person. A couple of policemen stood behind his worship, and a miscellaneous collection of villagers—fishermen, labourers and loungers—occupied the lower end of the room.

"Are these the sheep-stealers?" asked his worship, glancing at a sheet of paper on the table, as Adrian and Charley were placed before him.

"No, Sir Donald; these are——"

"Yes, yes; I see. Ye are char-r-ged," said his worship, addressing the prisoners, "ye are char-r-ged with throwing down, beating, jumping on and otherwise maltreating a old poor woman, who——"

"No, no, Sir Donald; these are the burglars," interposed the clerk in a despondent tone.

"Are ye the burglars?" inquired his worship cheerily, in accents not unpleasantly suggestive of the land of Scott.

"Certainly not," answered Adrian.

"Who are these men, and what on airth are they doing here? Mr. Winterbotham, will ye be so good as char-r-age the men with something, or let them go?" exclaimed the magistrate, cutting and spoiling three quill pens in succession.

"Let me explain, Sir Donald," said the clerk, in tones appropriate to a burial or a hanging. "These are the young men who were apprehended yesterday in connection with the robbery at Thorpe House on Monday. They are charged with committing the robbery; and the detectives who took them believe them to be a dangerous pair, whom the police have been seeking these two months past. But of course, Sir Donald, the prisoners would not confess to the crime."

"Of course, they wouldn't. D'ye take them for fools, Mr. Winterbotham?"

"No, Sir Donald."

"Verra weel, then. Now where are the detectives?"

"The senior of them, Sergeant Rodwell, NO. XLIII.

has been summoned to Boden this morning, Sir Donald. He leaves the case for the present in the hands of Detective Pilling, who assisted in the capture of the prisoners."

"Where's Pilling?" asked the magistrate.

"Ere, your Honour," replied that officer, stepping to the front.

"State your case, Pilling," said the magistrate.

"The case was placed, Sir Donald, in the 'ands of——"

"What have ye done to your nose, Pilling?" inquired the magistrate.

"'Twas broke, Sir Donald, in the service of my country."

"Then I wish your country would give ye another; for t'would improve your face, Pilling."

"Yes, Sir Donald. This case, Sir Donald, was placed in the 'ands of me and Sergeant Rodwell, and actin' on instructions respectin' a robbery of jewels at Thorpe House on Monday night, we put ourselves on the track of the prisoners, young in years, but a couple of old 'ands, as Sergeant Rodwell and me believes, y'r worship. We follud them from the 'igh road into a field of green grass, and found them a-settin' easy and quiet like, under the trees, and listened while that one told this one the 'ole blessed story of the burglary. Then we nabbed—I should say fettled—I should say harrested the prisoners, my lud, and found on this one this mossel of paper with particlars of the matter, and in a knapsack belonging to that one, this 'ere morocco case containin' one of the most valuable of the stolen jewels."

"In a knapsack, d'ye say?" asked the magistrate.

"Yis, Sir Donald, both prisoners 'ad knapsacks."

"But, God bless us, man, did y'ever hear of burglars going about the country with knapsacks on their backs?"

"Well, Sir Donald, there was the knapsacks, and—and here, as you might say, is the prisoners."

"I begin to think, Pilling, ye are too cute a man altogether," said his worship.

"These don't look to me like burglars. Now if 'twas *you*, Pilling, that were—but let's hear the prisoners. What have ye to say for yourselves?"

Charley, being six months the senior of Adrian, took it on himself to reply for both.

"My friend," he said, "is a journalist and author. I am an artist. We were making a tour on foot through this neighbourhood, and reached this place yesterday evening, intending to sleep at Raynor, and go on our way this morning. We left the high road and were resting in a field. My friend was relating to me an incident in a story which he is writing, and in the midst of it we were seized from behind by this man and another, handcuffed, accused of committing a burglary at a place we had never heard of, marched down here to the police station and thrown into a cell for the night."

"That nose of yours is no great nose to look at, Pilling," said his worship; "but I fancy, d'ye know, that 'tis too keen a nose, for all that."

"But the diamonds, Sir Donald," pleaded the detective, whose complexion began to change; "what about the diamonds? and there's the tale of the robbery. I 'eard 'im tell it with my own hear—I should say hears,—and Sergeant Rodwell 'eard it likewise. Oh, sergeant, why ain't you 'ere!"

"What d'ye say to the diamonds and the story?" asked the magistrate of Charley.

"The story is the one I have referred to. A burglary at a country house forms an incident in the story my friend is writing, and that was what he was relating to me when we were seized. The morocco case, which this man took from my knapsack, I had found on the grass but a few moments before; and my friend and myself had just resolved to carry it to the police as soon as we reached the village."

"'Tis a likely story enough," observed the magistrate. "I don't see why I should doubt it. But see here; ye have said ye're an artist. Have ye anything about ye to show it?"

"There are some sketches in my knapsack," answered Charley.

"Let the knapsack be brought," said his worship. "Well, now, 'pon my wourd, these are not so pitiful at all. Ye have, maybe, put in a leetle too much shading here; and the perspective is just a wee faulty in this one. (I have done a leetle in this way myself.) But upon the whole they do ye credit. Mr. Winterbotham, obleege me by passing an opeenion on these sketches."

But the mournful clerk answered mournfully that he was no judge of works of art.

"And Pilling there; maybe Pilling is no judge of works of ar-t."

Mr. Pilling admitted that his judgment in those matters was defective.

"Well, 'tis no matter; ye have a great nose, Pilling. A man with a nose like that must expect to forego something. Anyhow, these sketches are not the work of a burglar. Prisoners at the bar—No, no. I should say gentlemen—'tis verra evident that ye have been wrongfully apprehended by the sagacious Pilling and his brother officer. Whoever committed the burglary at Thorpe House, I am convinced it was not you. Ye will, I am sure, forgive—eh, what's that!"

There was a bustle at the end of the room, and a messenger in uniform handed a yellow envelope to the detective.

He broke the seal, and took out a telegraphic despatch, which he read hurriedly; the court pausing meanwhile, all eyes being fixed on the now discomfited Pilling.

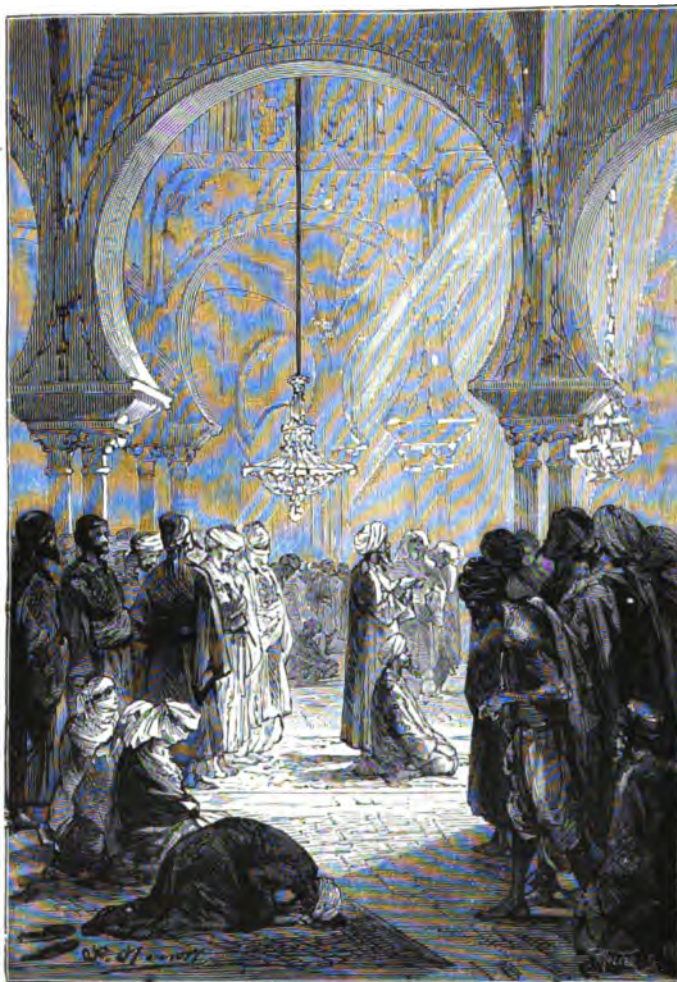
"What have ye there?" asked the magistrate.

"'Tis a telegram, y'r honor, from Sergeant Rodwell. He says the right partie has been took this morning, and these parties here is the wrong parties."

"Well, gentlemen," said his worship, "I really don't know what to say to ye. A great injustice has been put upon ye, and 'tis out of my power to make amends. Have ye any remarks to make?"

"Couldn't you hang Pilling, Sir Donald?" asked Adrian mildly.

"Eh? That's none so bad," said his



"The Imaum offered up a simple prayer."—p. 307

worship, with gusto. "Could we hang Pilling, Mr. Winterbotham?"

A solitary ray of light illumined for one instant the doleful features of the clerk, and the notion appeared to comfort him. But the light disappeared, and Mr. Winterbotham seemed to fathom the lowest depths of depression as he replied, "No, Sir Donald, we cannot hang Pilling."

"We can't hang ye, Pilling; so we'll wish ye good-day. Go home, Pilling; go home

to your family. Y'are too cute for your business. Find another trade, Pilling, and God bless ye."

"And now," continued his worship, addressing the two friends, "ye are at liberty to go; and verra sorry I am ye should ever have been placed where ye stand. But 'twill give me pleasure to shake hands with ye both, and greater pleasure still to take ye home with me to luncheon."

KÉRABAN THE INFLEXIBLE;

OR, ADVENTURES IN THE EUXINE.

BY JULES VERNE.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH.

PART II.—CHAPTER IX.—(continued.)



HE great Bazaar of Trebizond had furnished all these adjuncts, which, had they been made to measure, could not have fitted better. Van Mitten had also procured a perfect armoury of weapons, damascened poignards, double-edged and jade-hilted daggers, silver-mounted pistols, a short handled sabre, saw-bladed and ornamented with silver; and finally a long-

hafted steel weapon with designs in relief, and with a curving blade like the blades of the old scythes.

Ah! Kurdistan might declare war against Turkey. The army of the Padischah could not hope to vanquish such warriors as these! Poor Van Mitten, who could have ever imagined you in such a position? Fortunately, all his friends, except Bruno, kept telling him that it was "only a joke!"

During the ceremony nothing particular occurred, and if the bridegroom had not

been found somewhat cold by his terrible brother-in-law, and his not less terrible sister, all would have been well.

At Trebizond there is no want of judges, acting as ministerial officers, who would gladly register such a marriage contract—so much the more as it was not unattended with profit. But the magistrate who had so sagaciously unfolded the mystery at the caravanseraï of Rissar, was the person entrusted with the honourable duty, and he complimented in proper terms the future pair.

Then when the contract had been signed, the *fiancés* and their suite, in the midst of an enormous concourse of people, proceeded to the enclosed town, and to a mosque which had formerly been a Byzantine church, the walls of which were decorated with curious mosaics. Then there was some Kurdish chanting, which is more melodious and rythmical than the Turkish or Armenian chants, and some simple musical instruments of metallic tone, with some little flutes, united in the quaint concert. Then the Imaum offered up a simple prayer, and Van Mitten was legally affianced, tightly

tied up, as Kéraban, with some "*arrière pensée*," assured the noble Saraboul when he felicitated her on her marriage.

Later on, the ceremony would be repeated in Kurdistan, where other fêtes would be carried on for many weeks. Van Mitten would have to conform to the customs of the country, or, at least, he would have to try to do so. The husband there has to carry off his wife unexpectedly in his arms when she reaches her future house, no doubt to save her blushes at the idea of going of her own will into a strange home. When he arrived there Van Mitten would do nothing to slight the customs of Kurdistan; but, fortunately, that country was still far distant.

But at that time the ceremonies of the betrothal were naturally eclipsed by those which were performed to celebrate the night of the ascension of the Prophet, the *cil-et-ul-my'râdy*, which usually takes place on the 29th month of Redjeb. That year, in consequence of the particular circumstances of a politico-religious ceremony, an ordinance of the chief Imaum had fixed the great fête for the same date as the marriage ceremony.

That evening, in the largest palace of the town, magnificently arranged for the purpose, thousands and thousands of the Faithful lent themselves to the ceremonial which had attracted them to Trebizond from every corner of Mussulman Asia.

The noble Saraboul could not resist the temptation to exhibit her husband in public. As for Seigneur Kéraban, his nephew, the two young girls, and their servants, what could they do better in order to pass the evening than to attend this marvellous ceremony!

And marvellous it is indeed! and how could it fail to be so in that country of the East in which all the dreams of the rest of the world become realities. It would be more easy for the painter to depict the scene than for the writer, even though he could command all the hyperbole, the imagery, the periods, of the most illustrious poets of the world.

"Riches are in the Indies; wit in Europe; but pomp is in the Ottoman Empire," is a Turkish proverb.

And it was really in the midst of incomparable pomp and magnificence that the poetic fable displayed itself, and to which the most charming daughters of Asia Minor lent their grace and beauty. The ceremony is based upon the legend imitated from the Christian record that, until his death, which happened in the 10th year of the Hegeira, his paradise was closed to all the faithful ones sleeping in the arms of space, pending the arrival of the Prophet. On that day he appeared on horseback on "El-borak," the hippogriff which waited his arrival at the gate of the Temple of Jerusalem. Then his tomb miraculously quitted the earth, ascended to the heavens, and remained suspended between the zenith and the nadir in the midst of the splendours of the Paradise of Islam. All the Faithful then awoke to render homage to the Prophet. The period of eternal happiness promised to them began, and Mahomet raised himself up in a dazzling apotheosis, while the stars of heaven in the form of innumerable houris circled round the resplendent throne of Allah.

In a word this fête is as the realization of the dream of one of the poets, who best interpreted the Oriental poetry when he said, *à propos* of the ecstatic performances of the dervishes, carried away by their dances and strange rhymes—

"What saw they in those visions in which they rocked themselves? Forests of emeralds bearing rubies as fruit; the mountains of amber and myrrh; the kiosks of diamonds, and the tents of pearl of the Paradise of Mahomet."

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE HERO OF THIS STORY
LOSES NO TIME.

THE next day, the 18th of September, as the sun was beginning to light up the

highest minarets of the town, a little caravan came out by one of the gates of the old fortification, and the travellers waved a last adieu to poetic Trebizond.

This caravan, *en route* for the Bosphorus, was proceeding along the coast, led by a guide, whose services Kéraban had willingly accepted. This guide ought, at any rate, to be acquainted with this part of Anatolia, for he was one of those nomads known in the country as *loupeurs*.

By this name are designated a certain class of woodcutters whose occupation it is to scour the forests of the districts for walnuts. On those trees grow large natural excrescences of remarkable hardness, the wood of which, inasmuch as it lends itself to all the requirements of the cabinet-makers, is particularly sought after.

This guide, having learnt that the strangers were about to quit Trebizond for Scutari, had come the previous evening to offer his services. He appeared intelligent, quite conversant with all the routes, with the windings of which he was familiar. So, after giving distinct and straightforward replies to the questions put by Kéraban, the *loupeur* had been engaged at a high price, which he was assured would be doubled if the caravan reached the hills above the Bosphorus within twelve days, the extreme period fixed for the celebration of the marriage of Amasia and Ahmet.

Ahmet, after having questioned the guide, and particularly having sought to discover in his inexpressive countenance and reserved manner that indescribable "something" which always speaks in favour of people, and to which one never hesitates to accord one's confidence, was satisfied. No one could be more useful than a man who had been perfectly well acquainted with these regions all his life, nothing could be more reassuring under such circumstances, when a journey had to be accomplished so speedily. So, then, the *loupeur* became guide to Seigneur Kéraban and his companions. To him the little troop turned for direction. He chose the halting places, and organized the encampments; he looked after them all;

and when he was promised that his salary should be doubled on condition they arrived at Scutari with as little delay as possible, he replied—

"Seigneur Kéraban may be assured I will do my best, and, since he has proposed to double the money for my services, I pledge my word I will demand nothing if before twelve days he is not in Scutari."

"By Mahomet! that is the man for me," said Kéraban, when he told his nephew of the proposal.

"Yes, uncle," replied Ahmet; "but, however good a guide he may be, do not let us forget how imprudent it is to venture on the roads of Anatolia."

"Ah! always afraid of something, Ahmet!"

"Uncle Kéraban, I shall not think we are safe until we are at Scutari."

"And you will be married! Is it not so?" said Kéraban, taking Ahmet's hand. "Very well, in twelve days I promise you Amasia shall be the wife of the most distrustful of nephews."

"And the niece of ——"

"The best of uncles!" cried Kéraban with a roar of laughter.

The little caravan was made up of two "talikas" (a "talika" is a kind of not uncomfortable open carriage, which can be closed in case of wet weather; with four horses each "talika"), and two horses saddled. Ahmet was glad, even at the high price, to find such vehicles in Trebizond, so that he might finish his journey in comfort.

Seigneur Kéraban, Amasia, and Nedjeb were in the first talika, Nizib being in the seat at the back. At the back of the second the noble Saraboul was enthroned near her *fiancé*, and opposite her brother, with Bruno to act as valet.

Ahmet was mounted on one of the saddle horses, the guide on the other; the latter sometimes rode by the talikas, and sometimes showing by which way to go.

As the country was not very safe, the travellers were provided with guns and

revolvers, besides the usual arms that Yanar and his sister carried in their belts, and Seigneur Kéranban's famous pistols. Although the guide assured Ahmet that there was nothing to be afraid of on the roads, he determined to take precautions against all aggression.

After all, there was no absolute difficulty in travelling two hundred miles in twelve days, without changing horses (as post-houses were rare in the country), even letting the horses rest every night. Then, unless any unseen or improbable accidents happened, this roundabout journey would be completed in the wished-for time.

The country that extends from Trebizond to Sinope is called "Djanik" by the Turks. It is on the other side that Anatolia—commonly called Ancient Bithynia—commences. It has become a great pachalic of Turkey in Asia, being on the west of Asia Minor. Kutaya is the capital, and Brusa, Smyrna, Angora, &c., the principal towns.

The little caravan started at 6 o'clock in the morning from Trebizond, arriving, at 9 o'clock at Platana, after a stage of five leagues.

Platana is the ancient Hermonassa. To get there one must pass through a sort of valley where barley, corn, and maize grow; where magnificent tobacco plantations prosper marvellously. Seigneur Kéranban could not help admiring these plantations, where the leaves become, without any drying preparation, a golden yellow. Very likely his correspondent and friend, Van Mitten, would also have been unable to restrain his admiration if he had not been altogether wrapt-up in the noble Saraboul. In all this country grow beautiful trees. The pines and the beeches may be compared to the most majestic trees of Holstein and Denmark; also the nut trees, the currant and wild raspberry bushes. Bruno, with an envious feeling, observed the natives of this country, even at an early age, were stout—this was rather humiliating for a Dutchman reduced to a skeleton.

At noon they passed the little market

town of Tol, leaving on the left the first undulations of the Pontic Alps. Along the roads going towards Trebizond, or returning, were peasants, clothed in thick brown woollen stuff, and a bonnet made of sheep-skin for their head-dress, accompanied by their wives, wrapped in a piece of striped cotton cloth, which went well with their short red woollen petticoats.

All this country Xenophon made illustrious by his famous retreat of the Ten Thousand. But the unfortunate Van Mitten would cower under the menacing look of Yanar, without even being able to consult his guide book. So he had ordered Bruno to consult it for him and take notes. It is true Bruno would think of other things than the exploits of the great general, and that is why, in leaving Trebizond, he had forgotten to show his master the hill that over-looked the coast, and from the height of which the Ten Thousand saluted with their enthusiastic cries the waves of the Black Sea. In truth he was not a faithful servant!

That evening after a journey of 20 leagues, the caravan arrived and slept at Tirebola. There the "caiwak," a sort of cream obtained by lukewarm milk, made with lamb's rennet; and the "yaourk," cheese made with sour milk by means of pressure, were thoroughly appreciated by the travellers, who had gained an appetite from the long journey. Besides, mutton in all forms was not absent at the repast, and Nizib could now regale without fear of infringing the Mussulman law. Bruno this time did not cheat him out of his part of the supper.

This little market town, which is only a simple village, was left on the morning of the 19th of September. During the day they passed Zèpe and its narrow port where only three or four merchant ships of small draught are able to shelter. Then, still under the direction of the guide, who knew these roads perfectly, the party proceeded on the sometimes troublesome tracks, in the middle of long plains. They arrived, very late, at Kérésoum, after a stage of 25 leagues.

Kérésoum is built at the foot of a hill, in a double escarpment of its side. This, the ancient Pharnace, where the Ten Thousand stopped during ten days to recruit their

strength, is very picturesque, with the ruins of its castle overlooking the entrance of the port. There Seigneur Kéran would have easily been able to make an ample provision



"In all this country grow beautiful trees."

of cherry-wood pipes, which are objects of an important trade. In fact the cherry tree abounds on this part of the pachalic, and Van Mitten thought he ought to relate again to his *fiancée* the great historical fact, that it was to this same Kérésoum that the proconsul Lucullus sent the first cherry-trees that were acclimatized in Europe. Saraboul had never heard of the celebrated *gourmet*,

and appeared to take but small interest in the learned dissertations of Van Mitten. The latter, under the dominion of this haughty person, became a sadder Kurd than one can imagine. In the meantime, his friend Kéran, without anyone being able to guess whether he jested or not, did not cease to congratulate Van Mitten on the way in which he wore his new cos-

tume, which made him shrug his shoulders at Bruno.

"Yes, Van Mitten, yes!" repeated Kéraban, "that suits you perfectly; this robe, this 'chalwar,' this turban; but to be a complete Kurd, you want larger and fiercer moustaches, like Seigneur Yanar's."

"I have never had moustaches," replied Van Mitten.

"You never had moustaches?" cried Saraboul.

"He has never had moustaches?" repeated Seigneur Yanar disdainfully.

"Scarcely any, noble Saraboul."

"Very well, you shall have them," replied the imperious Kurd, "and I undertake to make them grow."

"Poor Monsieur Van Mitten!" murmured young Amasia, rewarding him with a kind look.

"Good! all that will end in smoke," repeated Nedjeb, while Bruno shook his head like a bird of ill omen.

The following day, the 20th of September, after having followed an enticing Roman road that Lucullus had constructed, they said, to reupite Anatolia to the Armenian provinces, the little troop, favoured by the weather, left behind them the village of Aptas, then towards noon the market town of Ordu was gained. This stage skirted the verge of splendid forests, that clothed the hills on which abounded the most varied species of trees; oaks, witch-elms, elms, maples, planes, plum-trees, wild olives, junipers, white poplars, pomegranates, white and black mulberries, walnut trees and sycamore. There the vine is an exuberant vegetable that grows like ivy in some mild country, twining as far as the tree-tops. All these! without speaking of the shrubs, hawthorns, barberries, filbert-trees, laburnums, elders, medlar trees, jasmines, tamarisks, nor of various other plants, blue and white saffron flowers, iris, rhododendrons, scabiouses, yellow narcissi, mallows, centaury, gilliflowers, oriental clematis, and wild tulips—yes, even tulips! that Van Mitten could not see without all the instinct of the amateur awakening in him, indeed the

sight of these plants was rather of a nature to evoke some displeasing remembrance of his first union. It is true the existence of the other Madam Van Mitten was now a guaranty against the matrimonial pretensions of the second. So far the worthy Dutchman was happy, and ten times happier because he had been already married.

The Cape Jessoun Bouroun once passed, the guide directed the caravan across the ruins of the old village of Polemonium, towards the market town of Fatisa, where travellers and horses slept soundly all night.

Ahmet, always on the alert, had not, so far, had any great cause of suspicion. Fifty odd leagues had been got over since leaving Trebizond; during that time no danger had threatened Seigneur Kéraban and his companions. The guide was of a communicative nature, so was always discussing matters during the walks and stoppages, skilfully and shrewdly. Nevertheless, Ahmet felt for this man a certain mistrust that he could not overcome. So he neglected nothing that he ought to have done to assure the security of all, and he watched for the common safety without even letting them perceive his anxiety.

On the 21st, at daybreak, they left Fatisa; about noon they left on the right the Ouruck port and its erection of woodyards, at the mouth of the ancient Cenus. Thence the road proceeded to cross immense plains of hemp, as far as the mouth of Tchercherebet (where a rumour has placed a tribe of Amazons), so as to "turn" the capes and the headlands, that are covered with ruins, like all those upon that historical coast. The market town of Terma was passed in the afternoon, and in the evening the travellers halted at Sansoun for the night.

Sansoun is one of the most important ports on this slope of the Black Sea, although its roadstead is scarcely a safe one, and the harbour is rather shallow at the mouth of the Ékil-Irmak. However, trade is fairly active and cargoes of water-melons which flourish in the vicinity are forwarded, under the name of *arbut-berries*, to Con-

stantinople. An old fort, picturesquely placed upon the margin of the coast, defends but imperfectly the place from attack by sea. In the state of emaciation to which Bruno was reduced it seemed to him that the water-melons, on which Seigneur Kéran and his friends were regaling, were scarcely sufficient nourishment, and he de-



"This stage skirted the verge of splendid forests."

clined to partake of them. The fact was, the brave fellow, although already much reduced in size, found still an opportunity to grow thinner, and Kéran felt constrained to remark it.

"But," he added, in a consolatory manner, "we are approaching Egypt; and there, Bruno, if he likes, may make a good bargain for his body."

"In what way?" asked Bruno.

"By selling yourself as a mummy!"

If this joke displeased the unfortunate valet, and if he wished for Kéran a more unpleasant fate than his master's second marriage, he kept his wishes to himself!

"But you will see that nothing will happen to this Turk," muttered Bruno: "all the unpleasantness will fall upon the Christians, as we are!"

And indeed Kéraban was in capital form, for he did not consider that his good humour had been much tried, as all his plans were being accomplished under the best conditions of time and safety.

The travellers did not halt, except to rest the horses, either at Meletsch or by the Kysie, which was crossed by a bridge of boats, in the course of the 22nd September; nor at Gerse where they arrived next day, nor at Tschobanlar. Nevertheless Kéraban would have liked to explore, if only for a few hours, Bafria, or Bafra, situated a little inland, where a great trade in tobacco is carried on, the "tays" or packets of which, tied up between long laths, had so often replenished his stores in Constantinople; but it would have been necessary to make a detour of a dozen leagues or so, and it was thought wiser not to lengthen a journey already long enough.

On the 23rd the little caravan arrived without opposition at Sinope on the frontier of Anatolia proper.

Sinope, another important port of the Black Sea, situated on the isthmus of the same name, the ancient Sinope of Strabo and Polybius. The anchorage is always ex-

cellent, and ships are built in the place with the splendid woods of the Aio-Antonio mountains, which rise close by. There is a castle, with a double enceinte, but there are only five hundred houses at most, and scarcely six thousand inhabitants.

Ah, why had not Van Mitten been born two thousand or three thousand years sooner! How he would have admired that celebrated town, the origin of which is attributed to the Argonauts; which became such an important Milesian colony as to deserve the name of the Euxine Carthage; whose ships covered the Black Sea in the time of the Romans, and which ended by being ceded to Mahomet II. because it delighted the Commander of the Faithful! But it was now too late to recall the decayed splendour of the architecture of such various styles. It is only necessary here to recall the fact that it derived its name of Sinope from a daughter of the Asopus and Methone, who was carried away by Apollo to this place. On the present occasion the nymph was carrying away the object of her tenderness, and her name was Saraboul! This reflection caused Van Mitten some lively pangs.

(To be continued.)



FOR NAME AND FAME ;

A TALE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

By G. A. HENTY.

Author of "Out with Clive;" "Facing Death;" "By Sheer Pluck;" "Under Drake' Flag;"
 "The Young Buglers;" "Cornet of Horse;" "Friends, though Divided," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.—(continued.)



WILLIAM GALE was, with his company, stationed at Alikheyl. The enemy abstained from any open attack, but they often harassed the sentries. One night Will was corporal in charge of a picket of eight men posted at a hut half a mile from the village. The object of the picket was to prevent any sudden attack being made upon the company who were posted in a small village a quarter-of-a-mile in the rear where a large quantity of grain was stored. Two men were posted as sentries some hundred yards in advance of the hut. Will had visited the sentry to the right, and, finding all was well here, moved across to the left.

"Is everything quiet?" he asked the sentry.

"I don't know, corporal. Two or three times I have thought that I heard noises, and twice I have challenged."

"What sort of noise?"

"Once it seemed to be a crack like a dried stick when someone treads on it. The other time it was as if a stone had been dislodged."

"I will wait with you," Will said. "Two pairs of ears are better than one."

Again there was a slight sound heard.

"I don't like to fire," Will said. "The alarm would spread, and the whole camp

get under arms. There is something moving, I am convinced, but it may be only a stray bullock. I will go forward and see if I can make it out, and you stand ready to fire if I am attacked. After doing so, fall back on the picket at once. If the enemy are in force, hold the hut to the last. In ten minutes you will have help from the village behind."

Holding his rifle advanced, in readiness to fire, William Gale made his way forward cautiously towards the spot whence the noise seemed to proceed. When he was some forty yards in advance of the sentry, a number of figures rose suddenly from some bushes and fired.

Will fired, and saw the man at whom he aimed go down; but at the same instant three or four guns were discharged, and he fell to the ground shot through the leg. There was a rush of men towards him. A tulwar was waved, and fell with a crushing blow on his shoulder, and he became insensible. When he recovered consciousness, he was being carried along, a man holding his arms, and another his legs. The pain was excruciating, and he fainted again, after hearing, during his brief period of consciousness, a sharp fusilade of musketry which told him that his comrades were defending the hut against the enemy. When again he came to his senses, it was day-light: he was lying in a small room; an old woman was applying bandages to the sword-cut on his shoulder. Although he did not know it, he was ten miles from the spot where the attack had been made. Among those who had taken part in it, was the head of a small Jaji village lying behind the hills.

This chief was a crafty old savage, who had been desirous of remaining neutral in the strife. The determination of his people to join in the attack by the tribes, had forced him to consent to their so doing. Before starting he had, however, made them swear that any wounded men who fell into their hands should not, in accordance with the Afghan custom, be instantly despatched, but should be brought back to the village. His intention was to have some hostages. If the English repulsed the attack and in the spring again advanced, he would be able to prove his good-will to the cause by handing the soldiers whom he had protected over to them.

Upon the other hand, should the British fall back and the Afghans advance in the spring, he could hand the prisoners over to them, or send them down to Cabul as a proof that his people had fought against the British. He had himself accompanied his men, and seeing, after Will had fallen, that he was still living, at once ordered two of his men to carry him off to the village.

The attack upon the guard-house proved unsuccessful: the six soldiers defended themselves until the company from the village behind came up to the rescue. Several other attacks at various points took place. But the British were on alert; and the hillsmen, finding that their enemies were not to be taken by surprise, scattered again to the village. The ball had fortunately passed through William Gale's leg without either breaking a bone or cutting an artery; but the wound in the shoulder was more serious, and the effect of the strain upon it in carrying him, brought on violent inflammation; fever set in with delirium, and for weeks the lad lay between life and death.

The old woman who nursed him was, like most of her country-people, skilled in the treatment of wounds. The bandages were kept bathed with water, snow was constantly applied to his head, and a decoction of herbs given him to drink. His good constitution was in his favour, and at last he recovered his senses to find himself conva-

lescent, but as weak as an infant. In April the snow melted, and the chief, having by this time found that the English were not likely to advance beyond Alikheyl, thought that it would best benefit his interest to send his prisoner down to Cabul.

The ameer was reported to be about to conclude peace with the British, and the chief thought that he was more likely to receive a reward from him for the care he had bestowed upon the prisoner than from the English. Moreover, it would have been difficult to send him into the English camp though the hostile villages, while no unfavourable comment would be incited by his sending his prisoner down to Cabul.

Will Gale was still far too weak to perform the journey on foot, he was therefore placed on a camel. The chief himself and four of his head men accompanied him as an escort, and a week after the pass was open they started up the valley to the Shatur-gardan, and then descended into the Logan Valley below, on the way to Cabul.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ADVANCE UP THE KHYBER.

NOTHING has yet been said of the doings of the other columns; that under General Browne advancing by the Khyber Pass upon Jellalabad, that under General Stewart by the Bolan Pass upon Candahar. General Browne's force had been gathered at the frontier line at the mouth of the pass awaiting the reply of the ameer to the British ultimatum. None having been received up to the night of the 20th of November, the advance took place in the morning at the same hour at which General Roberts advanced from Thull in the Khurum valley.

The principal defence of the Khyber Pass was the fort Ali-Musjid. This fort stands on a most commanding position on a rock jutting out from the hillside far into the valley, which its guns commanded. It was flanked by batteries erected on the hill-sides, and was a most formidable position

to capture. It was situated about six miles up the valley.

The force under General Browne was divided into four brigades. The first, under General Macpherson, consisted of the 4th battalion of the Rifle Brigade, the 20th Bengal Infantry, the 4th Ghoorikas, and a mountain battery. These were ordered to take a mountain road, and, led by a native guide, to make a long circuit, and so to come down into the pass at a village lying a mile or two beyond Ali-Musjid.

The second brigade under Colonel Tytler, consisting of the 1st battalion of the 17th Foot, the infantry of the Guides, the 1st Sikhs, and a mountain battery, were also to take the hills, and working along on their crests to come down upon the batteries which the Afghans had erected on the hillside opposite to Ali-Musjid.

The third brigade, consisting of the 81st Regiment, the 14th Sikhs, and the 24th Native Infantry; and the fourth brigade, composed of the 51st Regiment, 6th Native Infantry, and the 45th Sikhs, were to advance straight up the valley: with them was a mountain battery, a battery of Horse Artillery, one of Royal Artillery, and a battery of 40-pounders drawn by elephants.

These brigades marched forward until they reached some rising ground in the valley, whence they could see Ali-Musjid at a distance of a mile and a half in front of them. The enemy at once opened fire. The gunners in the fort had been practising for some weeks, and had got the range with great accuracy, and their shot and shell fell thick along the slope. The column was therefore marched back behind its crest and there halted; and the men were allowed to fall out and eat their dinners, as it was intended that the flanking columns of Macpherson and Tytler, which had very much further to go, should reach the positions assigned to them before the attack began.

The artillery, however, took up their position on the crest, and opened fire on Ali-Musjid. The effect of the light guns was but slight, but the 40-pounders produced

considerable effect on the face of the fort. After a halt for some time the troops were ordered to advance. The 45th Sikhs were first thrown out upon the hillside, and, working their way along on the right of the valley, opened a heavy musketry fire against the Afghans in the batteries there. Presently the 51st and 6th Native Infantry joined them; while the 81st, the 24th, and 14th Sikhs worked along on the left.

The scene was one of the most picturesque ever witnessed in warfare. From the fortress standing on the perpendicular rock in the centre of the valley the flashes of the great guns came fast and steadily, while the edges of the rock and fort were fringed with tiny puffs of musketry. From the rising ground in the valley the smoke of the British guns rose up in the still air, as, steadily and fast, they replied to the fire of the fort. Both sides of the steep hill slopes were lined with British infantry, the quick flash of the rifles spurted out from every rock and bush, while continuous lines of light smoke rose from the Afghan entrenchments which faced them. Gradually the British skirmishers advanced until they were close to the Afghan entrenchments on the hillsides abreast of the fort.

So far there was no sign that Tytler's brigade had reached the post assigned to it high up on the hill, or that Macpherson had worked round to the village in the enemy's rear. Some attacks which were made upon the Afghans were repulsed with loss. Major Birch and Lieutenant Fitzgerald were killed, and Captain Maclean wounded, and between thirty and forty of the rank and file were killed or wounded. As the fort and its defences could not have been carried by direct attack without immense loss of life, it was determined to cease operations until morning in order to give the flanking columns time to reach the positions assigned to them; a wing of a regiment from each brigade was ordered to remain on the hillside facing the Afghan entrenchments; the rest of the troops fell back a

short distance and lay down as they were for the night.

In the meantime the brigades of Macpherson and Tytler had encountered enormous difficulties on the line of march. The roads they had taken were mere tracks, and there were many places where it was almost impossible to get the mountain guns along. From daybreak until late at night the troops laboured unceasingly. They knew by the dull roar echoed and re-echoed among the mountains that their comrades below were engaged; and the thought that a failure might ensue, owing to their absence from the contest, nerved them to continued exertions.

Late at night, however, Tytler with his brigade arrived on the top of the hill facing Ali-Musjid, and Macpherson with his column came down into the Khyber valley in rear of the fort. But, though unopposed, their march had not been unnoticed; and late in the evening the news reached the Afghans that the British were marching down into the valley behind them. A wild panic instantly seized them. Clothes, ammunition, guns, everything that could impede their flight, were thrown away, and the garrison of Ali-Musjid and the Afghans in the hillside entrenchments fled, a herd of frightened fugitives, up the valley.

Hasty as was their retreat they were not in time. Macpherson's column debouched into the valley before they had passed the spot where the mountain path descended into it, and large numbers were taken prisoners. As at the Peiwar Khotal the Afghans proved themselves capable of defending a strong position valiantly, but were converted into a mob of panic-stricken fugitives by their line of retreat being threatened.

A European army under like circumstances would have fallen back in good order. Their force was amply sufficient to have swept aside the little column which barred their retreat, and they could have occupied a fresh position farther to the rear and renewed the conflict. Not so the Afghans. The capture of Ali-Musjid

brought with it the entire demoralization of the Afghan army which a few hours before had been fully confident in its power to repulse any attack which might be made upon it.

The British continued their advance, passed through the Khyber Pass, and entered the broad valley near whose head stands the town of Jellalabad. Beyond a few shots fired at them by tribesmen high up on the mountain side, they experienced no opposition whatever, and a week after the fight in the Khyber entered Jellalabad and encamped around it. Further than this is was not intended to go for the present. Winter was now close at hand. Between Jellalabad and Cabul were a series of most difficult passes: an army advancing up them would have immense difficulty to encounter, and might find itself cut off from India by the snows.

In the Jellalabad valley the weather is mild, large stores of provisions were obtainable, and here it was determined to remain through the winter, and to recommence the campaign in the spring with the advantage of the Khyber Pass, one of the keys of Afghanistan, being in our hands. But a day or two after reaching Jellalabad, having defeated and dispersed one of the two Afghan armies, the news arrived of the capture of the Peiwar Khotal, the second key of Afghanistan, and the utter rout of the army defending it. Thus, in a little more than a week after the commencement of the campaign, Sheer-Ali, the ameer, saw the entire overthrow of the army which he had for so many years been occupied in organizing and training.

The positions which he had deemed impregnable had both been taken after a single day's fighting, and his capital lay virtually at the mercy of his conquerors. In one short week his hopes and plans had been scattered to the winds. Sheer-Ali was not wholly to be blamed; he had for many years received an annual present of money and arms from the British Government; but upon the other hand he saw Russia marching with giant steps towards his

northern frontier, and, contrasting the energy and enterprise of the great northern power with the inactivity which he may have supposed to prevail among the men who governed England, he became more and more anxious, and asked the English definitely to state whether he could rely upon them for assistance should he be attacked by the Russians.

He received a reply from the Duke of Argyle, the British minister for India, of a doubtful nature, couched in terms which seem to have aroused his resentment. From this moment there can be no doubt that the ameer's course was decided upon. He was between the hammer and the anvil, and as he could obtain no guarantee of assistance from England, he determined to throw himself into the arms of Russia.

Letters were exchanged between him and General Kaufmann, the Russian viceroy in Turkestan, and the latter gave him the warmest promises of support if he would ally himself with Russia.

Although he had for years declined to accept a British resident at Cabul or to allow Englishmen to enter the country, he now, believing in the power and willingness of Russia to help, received the visit of a Russian general and staff at Cabul.

Unfortunately for the ameer, the government of England had now changed hands, and the ministry at once sent to Sheer-Ali to demand that he should receive a British resident. It was late in the year, and the ameer, acting no doubt on the advice of his Russian friends, sought to gain time by evasive answers. The British government, who saw through the ruse, ordered the envoy to advance with a strong escort. This obliged the ameer to come to a final decision, and the die was cast by the escort being stopped by force on its arrival at Ali-Musjid.

There is no doubt that the ameer and his friends calculated that it was already too late in the season for the English to gather a sufficient force on the frontier to force the passes held by the Afghan army before the snows. The promptness of

action of the English government, the valour of their troops, and the unusually late setting in of the winter combined to overthrow the ameer's plans. Had the campaign been delayed till the spring, there can be little doubt that the British in their advance would have found themselves opposed, if not by a Russian army, at least by an army led and officered by Russians, with Russian engineers and artillerymen. The promptness of their advance, and the capture of the passes and the dispersion of the Afghan armies within a week of the opening of the campaign, altogether altered this position.

Sheer-Ali found himself a king without an army. The plains of Cabul were thronged with the panic-stricken fugitives from the Khyber and Peiwar, and Sheer-Ali started at night from his capital with his Russian friends and made for the north, sending letter after letter ahead of him to General Kaufmann imploring the promised aid of Russia. The rapid course of events, however, had entirely disconcerted the Russian plans.

In the spring, a Russian army might have advanced and co-operated with that of the ameer; but the winter had set in, the distance was immense, and the Russians unprepared for instant action. The appeals of the unfortunate prince were responded to with vague generalities. He was no longer a powerful ally, but a broken instrument; and, heart-broken with disappointment and failure, the unfortunate Sheer-Ali was seized by fever and died in an obscure village almost alone and wholly uncared for. His son Yakoob Khan, who had in his youth proved himself a brave and able soldier, but who having incurred his father's displeasure had been for years confined as a prisoner at Herat, was now liberated and took his place as his father's successor. He saw at once that with a broken and disorganized army he could not hope to resist the advance of the three British armies which, coming from Jellalabad, from the heights of the Shatur-Gardan, and from Candahar, would simultaneously advance upon his capital as soon as the snows melted.

He therefore opened negotiations, and early in May himself descended from Cabul and had an interview with General Browne at Gundamuk, when the preliminaries of peace were arranged and signed. The terms insisted upon by the British were not onerous. Yakoob was recognized as the Ameer of Afghanistan, the annual subsidy paid to his father was to be continued. The Khyber Pass and the Khurum Valley as far as the Peiwar Khotal were to remain in the hands of the British, and a British minister was to be stationed at Cabul. When peace had been signed the greater portion of the British army retired to India, and the Khurum column, leaving two or three regiments in that valley, also fell back.

While the first and second divisions had been gaining victories in the Khyber and Khurum Valleys, the column under General Stewart had met with difficulties of another kind.

Between the Indus and the foot of the range of mountains through which the Bolan Pass leads to the lofty plateau land above, a great waste of sand stretches. In the wet season this tract of country is overflowed by the Indus, in the dry season it is a parched and bare desert with its wells few and far apart. There were great difficulties met with in crossing this inhospitable plain, and the losses among the baggage animals were great; but the labours up to this point were as nothing to those which had to be undergone on the way up the Bolan Pass.

This pass, whose ascent occupies three days, is in fact the mere bed of a stream, covered deeply with boulders and stones of all sizes, in which the baggage and artillery horses sank fetlock deep. The difficulties encountered were enormous, and vast numbers of camels, horses, and bullocks died by the way. Even with a double complement of horses it was almost impossible to drag the guns up the deep shingly pass, and great delays were experienced before the force intended for operations against Candahar were assembled

at Quettah. So far the advance had taken place through British territory, as Quettah has long been occupied by us.

When the advance beyond this point began it was rapid. No opposition was experienced by the way until the column arrived within a few hours' march of Candahar, and then the enemy's attack was feeble and easily repulsed. On the 9th of January General Stewart entered the city.

Candahar, though not the capital, is the chief town of Afghanistan; it stands in a slightly undulating plain, and was at one time a city of great importance and wealth. Its position is the most important in Afghanistan. It bars the road to an enemy advancing from the north through Herat, and threatens the flank and rear of one advancing against India through Cabul.

The country around is extremely fertile, and were irrigation properly used and a railway constructed to India, Candahar and the surrounding country would again become one of the gardens of the world. The authorities of the city made their submission as the column approached it, and the army settled down to quiet occupation, broken only by isolated attacks upon individual soldiers by fanatical Ghazis.

When peace was concluded one of the conditions distinctly insisted upon by the British general and agreed to by the ameer was that Candahar should remain in our possession. The alleged advantage thus gained, and the territory thus acquired, were afterwards abandoned by the British government succeeding that which had so vigorously carried out the war. The occupation of Candahar by the British had been insisted on at first, on the ground that if Russia should make an advance against India the British nation would have ample cause to rue the cession of Candahar; for it was declared that, with this city strongly fortified and surrounded by outlying works, 10,000 British troops there could arrest the progress of an invading army however large, until England had had full time to put forth all her strength and to assemble an army amply sufficient to secure the

safety of the most valuable of our possessions—the empire of India.

It was said that whatever allies Russia might have prepared for herself by intrigues among the princes of India, these would not think of moving so long as they knew that the fortress of Candahar remained as a British bulwark against an invading force. It was represented that so long as this place held out England would be able to devote her whole force towards repelling the foreign invader, instead of being obliged simultaneously to oppose him and to put down a formidable rising in India itself. It was, however, not the universal opinion that the best policy of England was to occupy this territory by an armed force, and subsequent events, with the change of government in England, led to a different determination.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MASSACRE AT CABUL.

AT each village through which William Gale and his escort passed the inhabitants turned out and hooted and yelled at the prisoner, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the chief protected him from personal violence. William himself was scarce conscious of what was passing. The swinging action of the camel added to his great weakness, and he would not have been able to keep his seat on its back had not his captors fastened him with ropes to the saddle. Although the snow had only just melted on the Shatur-Gardan Pass, in the valleys below the heat of the sun was already great, and often as it poured down upon him he lapsed into a state of semi-consciousness, and drowsily fancied that he was again in his canoe tossing on the tiny waves in the shelter of the reef.

On the sixth day after the start a shout from his guard aroused him as they emerged from a steep ascent amongst some hills. Before him an undulating ground dotted with villages stretched for three or four miles. At the foot of some steep hills to the left of a wide valley was a large walled town which he knew to be Cabul.

On the hillside above it was a strong building, half fort, half palace. This was the Bala-Hissar, the abode of the ameer, and the fortress of Cabul. In addition to the king's residence it contained barracks, store-houses, magazines, and many residences. Towards this the cavalcade made its way.

They halted two miles from the town, and the chief sent his son forward to the ameer to inform him that he had brought in an English prisoner, and to request that an escort might be sent out lest he should be killed by the people on approaching the town. An hour after the man had left, a troop of cavalry sallied out from the gate of the Bala-Hissar and rode rapidly to the spot where the party had halted. Surrounding the camel on which William Gale was mounted, they conducted it to the fortress.

When he was lifted down from his camel Will was unable to stand. Fever had set in again, and he was conveyed to an apartment in a house near the royal residence. The ameer was already negotiating with the British, and orders were consequently given that the prisoner should receive every attention. The king's own doctor was ordered to attend him, and two attendants were told off to take charge of him. The old chief received a recompense for the care which he had taken of the prisoner, which fully answered to his expectations, and he returned home well satisfied with the success of his policy.

For weeks Will lay between life and death, and he was a mere skeleton when, two months after his arrival, he was able for the first time to sit up at the window and look across the valley. Very gradually he recovered strength. He was well supplied with food, and especially enjoyed the delicious fruits for which Cabul is celebrated. His attendants were an old man and his son, the latter a lad of some fifteen years of age. The father did his duty because ordered to do so, but his scowling face often showed the hatred which he felt of the Kaffir. The lad, however, took kindly

to his patient. He it was who for hours together would, while Will was at his worst, sit by his bedside constantly changing the wet cloths wrapt round his head, and sometimes squeezing a few drops of the refreshing juice of some fruit between his parched lips; and as his patient turned the corner, and became slowly convalescent, his pleasure over the life he had saved by his care was very great.

Like most soldiers in the expeditionary force Will had picked up a few words of Afghan, and had greatly increased his stock during the time he lay in the hut in the mountains. Alone now all day with the boy, with nothing to do but to look out on the town below, and the wide valley beyond, he made rapid progress; and was, by the time he was strong enough to walk alone across the room, able to hold some sort of conversation with his friend, for so he had come to regard his devoted attendant. One morning the boy came into the room in a state of great excitement.

"English officers are coming," he said, "with soldiers."

"But I thought it was peace," Will exclaimed, delighted; "you told me peace had been signed at Gundamuk two months ago."

"Yes, it is peace," the boy said; "the officers are coming in friendship to be here with the ameer."

Will was greatly moved at the news. When he had heard, six weeks before, that peace was signed, he had begun to hope that some day or other he should again be able to return to India, but the news that some of his countrymen were close at hand almost overcame him. The next day, which was the 24th of July—although Will had lost all account of time—he saw vast numbers of people out on the plain, and presently far away he beheld a large body of horsemen. These, the lad told him, were the ameer and his body-guard, accompanied by the English officers.

Cannon were fired in salute, the garrison of the Bala-Hissar stood to their arms, and presently Will saw a cavalcade aiding up from the gate of the fortress.

First came some Afghan cavalry, then rode a tall and stately man, whom the boy told him was the ameer. But Will had no eyes for him: all his thoughts were centred on the white officer who rode beside him, Major Sir Lewis Cavagnari, the English envoy. Behind, among the chiefs of the ameer's suite, rode two or three other English officers, and then came a detachment of some twenty-five cavalry and fifty infantry of the Guides, a frontier force consisting of picked men.

As they passed near his window, Will stood up with his hand to his forehead in salute. Major Cavagnari looked up in surprise, and spoke to the ameer. The latter said a few words in reply, and then the cavalcade rode on to the palace. Ten minutes later two of the ameer's attendants entered, and told Will to follow them.

He had that morning, for the first time since his arrival in Cabul, put on his uniform. He was still very weak; but, leaning one hand upon his attendant's shoulder, he followed the messengers. He was conducted to a large room in the palace, where the ameer and his adviser and the British officers were sitting.

"Well, my lad," Major Cavagnari said kindly, "I hear you have had a bad time of it. The ameer tells me that you were taken prisoner near Ali-Kheyli, that you were badly wounded, and that after the snow melted you were brought down here. He says he gave orders that everything should be done for you, but that you have been very ill ever since."

"I have been treated very kindly, sir," Will said, "and I am now getting round. I owe my life chiefly to the care and attention of the lad here, who has watched over me like a brother."

Will's words were translated to the ameer, who expressed his satisfaction, and ordered a purse of money to be given to the boy in testimony of his approval of the care he had taken of his patient. As Major Cavagnari saw that the young soldier was almost too weak to stand he at once told him to retire to his room, adding kindly,—

"I will ask the ameer to assign you quarters in the same house with us: we will soon bring you round, and make you well and strong again."

The same evening Will was carried over—for the fatigue he had undergone had been almost too much for him—to the large house assigned to Major Cavagnari, his officers and escort. It was built of wood, surrounded by a courtyard and wall. A room was assigned to Will on the same floor as that occupied by the officers. The Afghan lad had received orders to accompany his patient, and remain with him as long as he stayed in Cabul.

Will's progress towards recovery was now rapid. He had no longer any cause for anxiety. He was carefully attended to by Dr. Kelly, the surgeon of the Guides, who had accompanied the mission as medical officer. The escort was commanded by Lieut. Hamilton, and Sir Lewis Cavagnari was accompanied by Mr. William Jenkyns of the Indian Civil Service as his secretary. The care of Dr. Kelly and the influence of quinine and tonics quickly added to Will's strength, but his best medicine was the sound of English voices and the kindness which was shown to him.

In a fortnight he was able to get about as usual, and the doctor said that in another month he would be as strong as ever. For two or three weeks after Major Cavagnari's arrival in Cabul all went well; and it appeared as if the forebodings of those who had predicted trouble and danger to the little body who had gone up, as it were, into the lion's den, were likely to be falsified. That the mission was not without danger the authorities and Major Cavagnari himself were well aware; but it was important that the provision in the treaty of Gundamuk, by which England secured the right of maintaining a resident at Cabul, should be put into operation; besides, the ameer had himself given the invitation to Major Cavagnari, and had pressed the point warmly, giving the most solemn promises of protection. At any rate for the first two weeks the soldiers of the escort moved

freely in the city without molestation or insult, and it appeared as if the population of Cabul were content with the terms of peace, which, indeed, imposed no burdens whatever upon them, and were supposed to have inflicted no humiliation on their national pride.

On the 5th of August several regiments marched in from Herat. These troops, which were considered the flower of the Afghan army, had, in consequence of the distance of Herat from the seat of war, taken no part whatever in the struggle. Upon the very day after their arrival they scattered through the town, and were loud in their expression of hostility to the terms of peace. Had they been there, they said, the Kaffirs would have been easily defeated. Why should peace have been made at the very first reverse, and before the best fighting men had come to the front?

That evening Will Gale's young attendant came to him in his room looking very serious.

"What is the matter, Yossouf?"

The lad shook his head. "Trouble is coming," he said. "The Heratee men are stirring up the people, and the Budmashes are threatening that they will kill the English."

"But the ameer has promised his protection," Will said; "he has sworn a solemn oath to stand by them."

"Yakoob Khan is weak," the boy said; "he was a great warrior once, but he has been in prison for many years, and he is no longer firm and strong. Some of the men round him are bad advisers. Yakoob Khan is no better than a reed to lean upon."

The next day there were riots in the town. The Heratee men taunted the people of Cabul with cowardice, and the excitement spread in the city. The soldiers of the escort could no longer stroll quietly through the bazaars, but were hooted at and abused, although of the same religion and race as the people around them; for the Guide regiments were recruited from Pathans and other border tribes. Day

after day the position became more threatening. The men of the escort were ordered no longer to go down into the town, where their presence was the occasion of tumults.

A native officer of one of our cavalry regiments who was spending his furlough at a village near Cabul came into the Bala-Hissar and told Major Cavagnari that he feared from rumours that reached him, that the Heratee regiments would break into mutiny and attack the embassy. The officer, who was a man of immense courage and coolness, replied quietly :

"If they do, they can but kill the three or four of us here, and our deaths will be revenged."

He, however, made representations to the ameer as to the threatening behaviour of the Heratee troops ; but Yakooab assured him that he could rely thoroughly upon his protection, and that even should the Heratee troops break out in mutiny he would at once suppress the movement with the Cabul regiments. Yossouf became daily more anxious. Going into the town to buy fruits and other necessities he heard more of what was going on than could the members of the embassy.

"Things are very bad," he said over and over again. "It would be better for you all to go away. Why does your officer stop here to be killed?"

"It is his duty to stay at his post," Will said. "He has been sent here by the commander-in-chief. He is like a soldier on outpost duty, he cannot desert his post because he sees danger approaching ; but I wish with all my heart that an order would come for his recall, not only because of the danger, but because I am longing to be back again with my regiment ; and although I am strong enough to ride down to the Punjaub now, I cannot go except with Sir Lewis and his escort. Although it is peace, a single Englishman could not travel down to Jellalabad through the passes."

Will had from the first week after the arrival of the mission fallen into the position of an orderly-room sergeant. His duties were little more than nominal, but he acted as assistant to Mr. Jenkyns, and made copies and duplicates of reports and other documents which were from time to time sent down to Jellalabad. Being the only Englishman there with the exception of the four officers, these greatly relaxed the usual distance prevailing between an officer and a corporal, and treated him as a civilian clerk when in office, and with a pleasant cordiality at other times. Except, indeed, that he messed alone and kept in his own room of an evening, he might have been one of the party. Each day he reported to Sir Lewis the rumours which Yossouf had gathered in the town. In his reports to headquarters Major Cavagnari stated that trouble had arisen from the conduct of the Heratee troops, but he scarcely made enough of the real danger which threatened the little party. Had he done so, the embassy would probably have been recalled.

"What have you got there, Yossouf?" Will asked one day when his follower returned with a larger bundle than usual.

"I have brought the uniform of an Afghan soldier," the boy replied, "which I have purchased from the bazaar : it is for you. I am sure that soon you will be attacked. The English are brave, but there are only four of them. Their soldiers will fight, but what can they do against an army? When the time comes you must dress yourself in these clothes and I will try to conceal you."

"But I cannot do that, Yossouf," Will said. "It is very good of you to try and aid me to escape ; but I am a soldier, and must share the fortunes of my officers whatever they may be. If they fight, I shall fight. If they are killed, I must be killed too. I cannot run away and hide myself when the danger comes."

The lad hung his head.

(To be continued.)

THE BIG OTTER;

A TALE OF THE GREAT NOR'WEST.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Author of "The Wild Man of the West;" "The Red Eric;" "Dusty Diamonds;" "The Life Boat;"
"The Coral Island," &c.

CHAPTER XV.—(continued).



WE were all indeed pretty well tired by our recent exertions and rather sleepy, so that the game languished a little. Salamander, having obtained permission to retire, was in bed in his own corner-room, entertaining us with a duet through the nose—if I may call that a duet in which both nostrils played the same air.

"Check!" said Lumley, rousing himself a little, and placing a knight in such a position as to endanger my king.

"Mate!" I exclaimed ruefully.

"Hallo!" cried Blondin, waking up at the familiar word.

"No—not that sort of mate," said I with a laugh, "but the——"

I stopped abruptly, for, at that moment, we heard a sound that sent a thrill to our hearts. It was something between a rend and a crash. We looked at each other in consternation.

"The dam's going," exclaimed Lumley.

Another crash that there was no misunderstanding proved that it was gone.

We ran towards the back door, but before reaching it we had an additional proof that was even more convincing than

the last. A rush of tumultuous water was heard outside. Next moment the back door was burst inward, and a deluge of water met us. Lumley, who was nearest the door, was swept off his legs, and came against me with such violence that I fell over him. Blondin, who was furthest off, tried to stop us, but also went down, and all three were swept into the lower side of the hall amid a jumble of tables, chairs, billets of wood, stray garments, and chessmen.

The fire had been put out; so had the candle, and we were thus in nearly pitch darkness, when we heard a yell from Salamander. It was followed by a great splash, and we dimly perceived something like a half-naked ghost floundering towards us.

It was Salamander!

"Hold on!" shouted Lumley.

"Dere's noting to hold on to, monsieur," cried the interpreter in desperation, as he tripped over something and rose again—gasping.

The rush was over in half a minute, but the great weight of water that had entered held the front door, which opened inwards, so tight, that our hall was converted into a water-tank about three feet deep, while a huge mass of logs and debris outside blocked the opening of the back door.

"Stay, don't move till I get a light," cried Lumley, wading to the corner cupboard where, on an upper shelf, we kept our candles, with flint, steel, and tinder.

While he was striking a light, we all stood silent and shivering, but when a candle was with difficulty lighted, I burst into an irresistible fit of laughter, for the scene we pre-

sented was ludicrous in the extreme. It was not our woe-begone looks which tickled me, so much as the helpless drowned-rat-like aspect we had all assumed—all except our chief, whose tall strong figure holding a candle over his dishevelled head looked like the spirit of destruction presiding over a scene of desolation?

A rapping at the front door was the first thing that recalled us to the necessity for action.

"Is it drowned ye all are, Muster Lumley?"

It was the voice of Donald Bane.

"Not quite," cried Lumley, with a laugh and a shiver. "Come in, Donald."

"Aye, aye, sur, I would come in if I could, but the door won't open."

"Shove hard, Donald."

"I wull, sur. Here, Shames, lend a hand."

We heard both the Highlanders put their broad backs against the door and groan in Gaelic as they heaved, but they might as well have tried to lift the house. They caused the door to crack, however.

"Wheesh! What's that, Shames?"

"We've splut the toor, Tonald."

"Never mind; heave again, boys," cried Lumley.

At that moment poor Salamander, who was groping about with nothing but his shirt on, stumbled over something, and, in trying to recover himself, pitched head first against the door with considerable violence.

This was a climax. The door, although it had withstood the pressure from without, could not resist this additional pressure within. It collapsed and burst outwards suddenly. The great mass of water went forth with the gushing hilarity of a prisoner set free, and, with something like a roar of triumph, carried Salamander like a chip on its crest. He was launched into the bosom of the amazed James Dougall, who incontinently went with the stream, laying hold of and carrying off Donald Bane as he passed.

After a few turns over on the lawn, the three men regained their footing and made their way back to the house, while th

stream, subsiding almost immediately, left us in peace to make the best of what James Dougall called a paad chob!

What had actually occurred was this: the rock that held the main supports of our dam, being detached from the cliff, as Lumley had surmised, had been undermined by the unusual floods of the previous week. Even in that condition it might have remained fast, so strong was our artificial buttress, but, as the foundation wore away, the rock heeled over to one side a little; this deranged the direct action of the buttresses, and in an instant they flew aside. The rock was hurled over, and the whole of our dam was dashed in dire confusion into the bed of the stream. It was this choking of the natural channel which sent the great flood over our lawn, and, as we have seen, created such a hubbub in the hall.

Of course all danger was now past. The roaring torrent soon forced its way into its own bed again, and all we had to do was to repair damages as well as we could, and make ourselves as comfortable for the night as circumstances would admit of.

Fortunately the next day was fine and warm, with brilliant sunshine. Being Sunday we let everything remain just as it was, for Lumley and I were of the same mind in regard to the Sabbath-day, and, from the commencement of our expedition, had as far as possible rested from all week-day labour on that day. Both of us had been trained to do so from infancy.

Well do I remember my dear old father's last advice to me on this subject. "Punch," said he, "wherever you go, my boy, 'remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.' You'll be tempted to do ordinary work, and to go in for ordinary amusement on that day, but don't do it, my boy—don't do it. Depend upon it, a blessing always attends the respecter of the Sabbath."

"But, father," said I, venturing for the first time in my life to echo what I had often heard said, "is it true, as some people assert, that the Sabbath is a Jewish institution, and no longer binding on Christians?"

Pardon my venturing to repeat this objection——"

"Objection!" interrupted my father, "why, dear boy, there's nothing I like better than to hear fair, honest objections, because then I can meet them. How can the Sabbath be a Jewish institution when the commandment begins with 'remember'? The day to be remembered was instituted at Creation, given to man as a blessed day of rest from toil, and recognised as binding by our Saviour when he sanctioned works of necessity and mercy on that day."

I never forgot my father's advice on this subject, and have experienced mental, physical, and spiritual benefit as the result.

Owing to our belief in the Sabbath, then, we invariably, while travelling, remained in camp on that day, and found that we not only did not lose, but actually had gained in speed at the end of each week—comparing our rate of progress with that of those who did not rest on Sundays. And I now recall to mind a certain bishop of the Church of England who, while travelling in the great Nor'-west between two well-known stations, made the fastest journey on record, although he regularly remained in camp on the Sabbath-day. On that day, also, after our arrival at lake Wichikagan and all through the winter, Lumley made a regular practice of assembling the men and reading a sermon from a book which he had brought for the purpose. And he did not neglect instruction of another kind, to which I shall refer as well as to our winter amusements, in the proper place.

During all this time our larder had been well supplied by Blondin with fresh fish from the lake, and by the Indians with haunches of reindeer, and moose, or elk, venison. They also brought us beaver-meat, the tails of which were considered the best portions. Bear's-meat was offered us, but we did not relish it much, possibly from prejudice, but we would have been glad of it, doubtless, if reduced to short allowance. Of course wild-fowl of all kinds were plentiful, and many of these were shot by Lumley and myself, as well as by our men.

Some of the geese we had at first salted, but, the frost having come, we were by that time able to preserve fish and meat quite fresh for winter use—so that both net and gun were in constant occupation.

One day, while Lumley and I were sitting at dinner—which we usually took about noon—we were agreeably surprised by the appearance of a strange Indian, and still more agreeably surprised by his entering the hall and holding out a packet to Lumley. Having delivered it, the man, who looked way-worn, strode to the fire, sat quietly down and began to smoke a pipe which I had handed to him ready charged.

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Lumley, unwrapping the covering of the packet, "not a letter, surely!—yes I declare it is—and from Macnab too. Come, this is an unlooked-for treat."

I was quite excited—indeed we both were—for a letter in those regions was about as rare as snow in July.

Lumley opened it hastily and read as follows:—

"My dear Lumley, you will be surprised to get a letter from me, and dated, too, from an unknown post. Yes, my boy, like yourself I have been transferred from my old home, to this region, which is not more than two hundred miles from your present residence. The governor sent me to establish it soon after you left. I have named it the *Mountain House*, because there's a thing the shape and size of a sugar-loaf behind it. So, I'll hope to look you up during the winter. Before going further let me give you a piece of news—I've got my sister out here to stay with me! Just think of that!"

At this point Lumley laid down the letter and stared at me.

"Why, Max, such a thing was never heard of before! If he had got a wife, now, I could have understood it, but a sister!"

"Well, whatever she is to him she's a civilised white woman, and that's a sight worth seeing in those regions. I wonder what she's like," said I.

"Like himself, of course. Tall, raw-boned, square-shouldered, red-haired (you know he told us she was red-haired), square-jawed, Roman-nosed—a Macnab female could be nothing else."

"Come," said I, "don't be impolite to Highland females, but go on with the letter."

Lumley obeyed, but the letter contained little more of interest. We cared not for that, however, we had now a subject capable of keeping us in speculative talk for a week—the mere fact that there was actually a civilized woman—a *lady* perhaps—at all events a Macnab—within two hundred miles of us!

"No doubt she's a rugged specimen of the sex," said Lumley, as we sat beside the fire that night, "no other kind of white female would venture to face this wilderness for the sake of a brother, but she *is* a white woman, and she *is* only two hundred miles off—unless our friend is joking—and she's Macnab's sister—Jessie, if I remember rightly:—

" 'Stalwart young Jessie
The flower of——'"

"Come, Lumley, that will do—good night!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE JOYS OF CAMPING OUT.—IMPORTANT ADDITIONS TO THE ESTABLISHMENT.—SERIOUS MATTERS AND WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

AT last winter came upon us in earnest. It had been threatening for a considerable time. Sharp frosts had occurred during the nights, and more than once we had on rising found thin ice forming on the lake, though the motion of the running water had as yet prevented our stream from freezing, but towards the end of October there came a day which completely changed the condition and appearance of things.

Everyone knows the peculiar, I may say the exhilarating, sensations that are experienced when one looks out from one's window and beholds the landscape covered completely with the first snows of winter.

Well, those sensations were experienced on the occasion of which I write in somewhat peculiar circumstances. Lumley and I were out hunting at the time: we had been successful; and, having wandered far from the fort, resolved to encamp in the woods, and return home early in the morning.

"I do love to bivouac in the forest," I said, as we busied ourselves spreading brushwood on the ground, preparing the kettle, plucking our game, and kindling the fire, "especially at this season of the year, when the sharp nights render the fire so agreeable."

"Yes," said Lumley, "and the sharp appetites render food so delightful."

"To say nothing," I added, "of the sharp wits that render intercourse so pleasant."

"Ah, and not to mention," retorted Lumley, "the dull wits, stirred into unwonted activity, which tone down that intercourse with flashes of weakly humour. Now then, Max, clap on more wood. Don't spare the firing—there's plenty of it, so—isn't it grand to see the thick smoke towering upwards straight and solid like a pillar?"

"Seldom that one experiences a calm so perfect," said I, glancing upwards at the slowly-rising smoke. "Do you think it is the proverbial calm before the storm?"

"Don't know, Max. I'm not weather-wise. Can't say that I understand much about calms or storms, proverbial or otherwise, and don't much care."

"That's not like your usual philosophical character, Lumley," said I—"see, the column is still quite perpendicular——"

"Come, Max," interrupted my friend, "don't get sentimental till after supper. Go to work, and pluck that bird while I fill the kettle."

"If anything can drive away sentiment," I replied, taking up one of the birds which we had shot that day, "the plucking and cleaning of this will do it."

"On the contrary, man," returned Lumley, taking up the tin kettle as he spoke, "true sentiment, if you had it, would induce you to moralise on that bird as you plucked it—on the romantic commencement of its career,

amid the reeds and sedges of the swamps in the great Nor'west; on the bold flights of its maturer years over the northern wilderness into those mysterious regions round the pole, which man, with all his vaunted power and wisdom, has failed to fathom, and on the sad—I may even say inglorious—termination of its course in a hunter's pot, to say nothing of a hunter's stom—"

"Lumley," said I, interrupting, "do try to hold your tongue, if you can, and go fill your kettle."

With a laugh he swung off to a spring that bubbled at the foot of a rock hard by, and when he returned I had my bird plucked, singed, split open, and cleaned out. You must understand, reader, that we were not particular. We were wont to grasp the feathers in large handfuls, and such as would not come off easily we singed off.

"You see, Lumley," said I, as he came back, "I don't intend that this bird shall end his career in the pot. I'll roast him."

"Tis well, most noble Max, for I wouldn't let you pot him, even if you wished to. We have only one kettle, and that must be devoted to tea."

It was not long before the supper was ready. While it was preparing Lumley and I sat chatting by the fire, and gazing in a sort of dreamy delight at the glorious view of land and water which we could see through an opening among the trees in front of us; for, not only was there the rich colouring of autumn everywhere—the greens, yellows, browns and reds of mosses, grasses and variegated foliage—but there was a bright golden glow cast over all by the beams of the setting sun.

Ere long all this was forgotten as we lay under the starry sky in profound slumber.

While we slept the Creator was preparing that wonderful and beautiful change to which I have referred. Clouds gradually overspread the sky—I observed this when, in a half-sleeping state, I rose to mend our fire, but thought nothing of it. I did not, however, observe what followed, for sleep had overpowered me again the instant I lay down.

Softly, silently, persistently, and in large flakes, the snow must have fallen during the entire night, for when we awoke it lay half a foot deep upon us, and when we shook ourselves free and looked forth we found that the whole landscape, far and near, was covered with the same pure white drapery. The uniformity of the scene was broken by the knolls of trees, and shrubs, and belts of forest which showed powerfully against the white ground, and by the water of the numerous ponds and lakes and streams, which, where calm, reflected the bright blue sky, and, where rough, sparkled in the rising sun; while every twig and leaf of bush and tree bore its little fringe or patch of snow, so that we were surrounded by the most beautiful and complicated forms of lace-work of Nature's own making.

"It is glorious to look at," said Lumley, after our first burst of enthusiasm, "but it will be troublesome to walk through, I fear."

We did not, however, find it so troublesome as we had expected; for, although nearly a foot deep, the snow was quite dry, owing to the frost which had set in, and we could drive it aside with comparative ease when we started on our journey homeward.

Arrived at the fort we found our men, and the few Indians who had not left us for their hunting-grounds, busy at the nets, and finishing the buildings that were yet incomplete.

We also found that Big Otter had come in, bringing with him his wife, and his niece Waboose, with her mother. The health of the latter had broken down, and Big Otter had brought her to the fort in the hope that the white chief could do something for her.

"I'll do what I can," said Lumley, on hearing her case stated, "though I make no pretence to being a medicine-man, but I will do this for you and her:—I'll engage you, if you choose, to help Blondin at his fishery, and your wife to make moccasins for us. I'll also let you have that little hut beside our kitchen to live in. You'll find it better and warmer than a wigwam, and

as there are two rooms in it you won't be overcrowded."

Big Otter was delighted with this arrangement, and I took him away at once to show him the hut he was to occupy.

As this was the first time I had met with the unknown Englishman's widow, and the mother of Waboose, it was with no little interest and curiosity that I regarded her.

She was evidently in very bad health, but I could easily see that when young she must have been a very handsome woman. Besides being tall and well formed, she had a most expressive countenance, and a dignified air, coupled with a look of tender kindness in it, which drew me towards her at once. She seemed in many respects much superior—in manners and habits—to the other Indian women of the tribe, though still far below her daughter Waboose in that respect, and I could easily perceive that the latter owed her great superiority and refinement of manner to her father, though she might well have derived her gentleness from her mother.

What the illness was that broke that mother down I cannot tell. It resembled consumption in some respects, though without the cough, but she improved in health decidedly, at first, on getting into her new house, and set to work with zeal to assist in the making of moccasins, and other garments. Of course Waboose helped her; and, very soon after this arrival, I began to give her lessons in the English language.

Lumley quizzed me a good deal about this at first, but afterwards he became more serious.

"Now, Max, my boy," he said to me, one evening when we were alone, in that kindly-serious manner which seemed to come over him whenever he had occasion to find fault with anyone, "it is all very well your giving lessons in English to that Indian girl, but what I want to know is, what do you expect to be the upshot of it?"

"Marriage," said I with prompt decision, "if—if she will have me," I added with a more modest air.

My friend did not laugh or banter me, as I had expected, but in an earnest manner said:—

"But think, Max, you are only just entering on manhood; you can't be said to know your own mind yet. Suppose, now, that you were to express an intention to marry Waboose, the Hudson's Bay Company might object till you had at least finished your apprenticeship."

"But I would not think of it before that," said I.

"And then," continued Lumley, not noticing the interruption, "if you do marry her you can never more return to the civilized world, for she is utterly ignorant of its ways, and would feel so ill at ease there, and look so much out of place, that you would be obliged to take to the woods again, and live and die there—and what would your father say to that?"

I confess that this reference to my dear father shook me.

"But, Lumley," said I, "she is *not* a mere Indian girl, and would *not* look out of place anywhere. Her father was obviously a gentleman, and has tried, with much success I find, to cultivate a naturally gentle and delicate mind and disposition in his child. Surely, very little is required to make a lady of her—I mean in the sense that society understands by that term—and even if that were not possible, is mere polish to be weighed in the balance against gentleness, sweetness, unselfishness, tenderness, truthfulness, modesty, lovingkindness—to say nothing of beauty——"

A hearty laugh interrupted me here.

"Oh! Max, I admit that polish must go down before such a splendid array of virtues. But," added my friend, becoming grave again, "is Waboose a Christian?"

"Yes," I replied, stoutly, "a far, far better Christian than I am, for I find that her father has taught her the truths of the Bible—and you—you see that *fruit* in her, which I fear you don't see much of in me."

"Well, we have not had much time to see the fruits yet, Max, but now I must

speak to you as your chief. You say you have no thought of marriage till your apprenticeship is up. That is a good while yet. You may change your mind——”

“Never !” said I, with emphasis.

“Well, I respect your honourable feelings, my boy, but, it is just possible that even if she were willing (which has yet to be proved) she may change *her* mind, therefore you must promise me faithfully that in all this teaching of English there shall be no love-making. You are bound *in honour*, Max, to avoid trying to win her affections, or in any way to influence her till—till time, a considerable time—shall have passed.”

“I promise you, Lumley, with all my heart. I think it is ennobling to a man to love a girl because of her pure and sterling qualities irrespective of her looks, and I would count it foul disgrace to do anything to win her unless I saw my way quite clearly to wed her.”

“Which you do not at present, Max ?”

“Which I do not at present, Lumley, so I will continue the lessons with the air and manner of a heartless pedagogue !”

This having been arranged between us, the subject was dropt, and not again referred to for many months.

Meanwhile winter advanced with rapid strides. One night an intense frost set in and covered the entire lake, as far at least as we could see, with a sheet of pure ice. It had set fast in a profound calm, and the surface was so smooth that every tree and bush on the outlying islets was reflected as if in water. Indeed it could scarcely be told that the ice was not water except by going on it.

Being a somewhat expert skater, and having brought my skates with me, I put them on, resolved to enjoy a few hours of what used to be a favourite amusement when I was a boy. Lumley could not skate, to my regret ; besides, he had no skates, and none of the men had ever learned the art, so that I was forced to skate alone. And at this time I learned a lesson about solitary amusement, which I never afterwards forgot.

“Max,” said Lumley, as I went down to the lake, skates in hand, “while you’re off amusing yourself I’ll go finish the track on the hillside—that will afford amusement enough for me and the men. I’ll give them a holiday as it is such a splendid day.”

“That’s a new kind of holiday,” said I with a laugh, as I fixed on my skates, “to set them to the finishing of a track !”

The track referred to was a straight wide cutting up the face of the hill at the side of the fort. Lumley had ordered the men to clear it of trees and shrubs, from the hill-top—which extended far behind as well as high above the fort—down to the edge of the lake. It had remained in this unfinished state for some time, and now, being covered with snow, formed a long white-floored avenue to the hill-top.

“I’m sorry you can’t join me,” said I, making a few circles before starting. “It feels *so* selfish to go off alone.”

“Never mind, old boy, off you go, and see that you don’t get upon weak ice.”

Lumley waved his hand as he spoke, and I shot swiftly away over the glassy lake.

Oh ! it was a glorious burst, that first dash over an apparently illimitable sheet of water, for, although small for an American lake, the opposite shore of Wichikagan was so far off as to appear dim and low, while, in one direction, the sky and water met at the horizon, so that I enjoyed the romantic feeling of, as it were, skating out to sea ! The strength of youth thrilled in every nerve and muscle ; the vigour of health and life coursed in every vein. I felt, just then, as if exhaustion were impossible. The ice was so smooth that there was no sensation of roughness under foot to tell of a solid support. The swift gliding motion was more like the skimming of the swallow than the skating of a man. The smallest impulse sent me shooting ahead with an ease that almost surprised me. To sensation, as well as in appearance, I was rushing over a surface of water in which the sun was reflected with a brilliancy that quite dazzled me. I became almost wild

with delight. Indeed, I grew reckless, and gave a sort of leap—with what intent I know not—which caused the back of my head to smite the ice and my body to proceed fifty yards or more on its back with the legs in the air and a starry constellation corruscating in the brain!

Considerably sobered by this, I arose and cut the figure of eight thoughtfully, for five minutes, after which I resumed my rapid pace, which I kept up until the necessity of pausing to recover breath impressed me. Making a wide circle outwards with my left leg in the air and my right hand pointed to the sky in the most approved manner, I gradually caused the circle to diminish until I came to a stand.

Looking back, I saw Fort Wichikagan like a mere speck on the horizon. In the opposite direction the lake still presented a limitless horizon. On either side the distant shores marked, but could hardly be said to bound, the view, while, closer at hand, the islets were reflected in the ice as clearly as if it had been water. I felt as if standing on a liquid ocean. Once more a bounding sense of joyous freedom and strength filled me. The starry corruscations had vanished. The bump on the back of my head had ceased to grieve me. Away I went again like—but words fail me. Imagery and description avail nothing when the indescribable is reached!

After an hour of this enjoyment, I took to circling and, in the exuberance of my feelings, attempted some quite new and complex performances, which resulted in a few more curruscations and bumps. But these were trifles. I heeded them not.

At last, however, I stood still and became thoughtful. We must all become thoughtful sooner or later. A sense of loneliness began to oppress me, and I longed for companionship in my joy. Knowing that this was a useless longing, I cast it aside, and resumed my evolutions, rushes, bumps and corruscations. But it would not do. The longing returned with redoubled violence; and, after another hour, I turned skate homeward, very much toned down

in spirits, and deeply convinced of the truth—in more senses than one, of the words—"It is not good that man should be alone."

Before leaving this subject I may add that I tried skating again the next day, but again grew weary of it in less than an hour, for want of companionship; that I made up my mind, in disgust, to try no more; and that, on the day following, sympathetic Nature aided me in my resolve by covering the entire lake with eighteen inches of snow, and rendering my once favourite exercise impossible.

But, to return. When I drew near to the fort, I observed that several black specks were gliding with lightning speed down the white track on the hill-side which Lumley had undertaken to finish. These specks, after descending the steep hill, slid over the level shore, and shot far out upon the lake, where some of them seemed to roll over and over. Wondering what this could be, I put on a spurt. Suddenly the truth dawned upon me. My friend had cleared the slope for the purpose of sledging down it!

"Max," he had remarked to me, long before, when talking about our men and our plans, "'All work and no play,' you know, 'makes Jack a dull boy;' so I'll get up some kind of winter amusement for the lads which will keep them in health and spirits."

Need I say that my recent cogitations and experience led me to join this riotous crew with redoubled ardour? Taking off my skates hurriedly and climbing up the hill, I leaped on the tail of Big Otter's toboggan, without invitation, just as he was starting at the top of the snow slope to follow Lumley. I gave the sled such an impetus that we overtook our chief, and upset him just as he reached the lake, causing him to collide with Donald Bane and James Dougall, who, seated on the same toboggan, were anxiously striving to keep their balance. The result was, that we all resolved ourselves into a conglomerate of toboggans and men, which went shooting and struggling over the smooth lake for fifty yards or upwards at the rate of twelve miles an hour if not more. This,

of course, afforded unutterable delight to the rest of our men, and to Waboose and her mother; as well as to several Indians, who had just arrived, among whom were Attick, and Maqua with his son Mozwa.

It was rough but health-giving as well as enjoyable work, and sent us to our respective beds that night in a condition of readiness to fall promptly into a state of absolute oblivion.

CHAPTER XVII.

DESCRIBES A TREMENDOUS VISITATION— A FEAST—A SURPRISE—AND AN ATTEMPT AT MURDER.

I MUST beg the reader now to leap with me into the middle of winter.

It is New Year's Day. That festive season of the year is not less marked and honoured in the Great Nor'west than it is in civilized lands, though there are comparatively few to honour it, and their resources are somewhat meagre. These facts do not, however, diminish the hearty zeal of the few—perchance they tend rather to increase it.

Be that as it may, I now convey the reader to an ice-bound forest. Deep snow has buried the frozen ground. Masses of snow weigh down the branches of the leafless trees, and those evergreens that are not leafless are literally overwhelmed, almost obliterated, by the universal covering. But the scene is by no means dismal. A blue sky overhead and a bright sun with calm frosty air render it pre-eminently cheerful. The ground is undulating, and among these undulations you may see two men and a couple of sledges slowly making their way along. The sledge in rear is the ordinary provision-sled used by winter travellers in that land; it is hauled by an Indian. The one in front is styled a cariole. It resembles a slipper-bath in form, is covered with yellow parchment, gaily painted, and drawn by four fine wolf-like dogs. The rider in that cariole is so whelmed in furs as to be absolutely invisible. The man who beats the

track has a straight, stalwart frame, and from what of his countenance is left exposed by his fur cap and whiskers, one may judge that he is a white man.

Slowly and silently they plod along through the deep snow—the sleigh-bells on the dog's harness tinkling pleasantly. Ere long they come out upon a lake, where, the snow being beaten pretty hard, they proceed rapidly—the dogs trotting, and the leader, having changed position, holding on to the cariole-line to restrain them.

Towards the afternoon the travellers draw towards the end of the lake, and then a spirit of mischief seems to enter into the wolf-life dogs, for, on turning round a point which reveals a wide reach of hard snow stretching away towards a distant group of buildings more than half buried in drift, they make a sudden bound, overturn the stalwart white man, jerk the tail-line from his grasp, and career away joyously over the ice, causing their bells to send up an exceeding merry and melodious peal.

From certain incomprehensible growls that escape the stalwart white man as he picks himself up, it might be conjectured that he had taken to the Chipewyan tongue; perhaps a Scotsman might have been led by them to recall the regions that lie north of the Grampians.

Lumley and I were sitting in the hall of Fort Wichikagan, awaiting the advent of dinner, when the sound of the sleigh-bells just referred to broke upon our ears. We bounded from our seats as if galvanized, seized our caps and rushed out.

"A cariole!" shouted Lumley.

"Run away!" said I.

As I spoke, the figure of a man was seen rushing round the point in pursuit.

"Macnab!" cried Lumley, with blazing eyes, "I'd know his run at twenty miles off. I say, Max, the run-away cariole must certainly contain the sister—the carrot-haired Jessie! Hurrah! We must stop it, my boy, else the dogs will run slap into the fort, and dash the fair six-footer against one o' the houses. Look out, man!"

But Lumley was wrong. Either the dogs

had run as much as they desired, or the decided manner in which we faced them caused them to swerve aside, and stop when they came close to us. The swerve had the effect of overturning the cariole gently and emptying its contents at our feet, and out from the mass of wraps and furs there arose—not a red-headed six-footer, but,—a young and sprightly girl, with clear dark complexion, a neat, rounded little figure, and a pair of magnificent black eyes, which, at the moment, were opened to their utmost with an expression of intense amazement.

Lumley gazed at this apparition open-mouthed, with a look of blank surprise. I believe that my own visage must also have worn some remarkable expression, for suddenly the girl's gorgeous eyes half closed, and she burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Well, this *is* a surprise!" exclaimed Lumley on recovering some of his usual self-possession.

"So it would seem," replied the apparition, still laughing, "for it has robbed you of common politeness. Why don't you introduce yourself and welcome me? No doubt you are my brother's friend, Mr. Lumley!"

She drew a very small white hand from a very large leather mitten, and held it out.

"Forgive me, Miss Macnab—for of course you can be no other—" said Lumley, advancing promptly and grasping the hand, "but your—your—sudden, and I may almost say magical, appearance has so taken me by surprise, that—that——"

"Yes, yes, I understand, Mr. Lumley—that you find it difficult to recover yourself,—why, your friend Mr. Maxby has not yet recovered," said the fair Jessie, turning and holding out her hand to me.

She was right. I had not recovered, but stood there open-mouthed and eyed, bereft of speech, until the necessity for action was thrust upon me. My apologies were, however, cut short by the coming up of her brother, who, while yet a long way off, began to shout in his stentorian tones:—

"Hallo! Lumley, my boy, how are ye? Here we are at last. A happy New Year,

Max. Glad to see you once more—all alive and hearty? Eh? More than I expected to find you, Jess, after such a run with these rascally dogs—absolute wolves! But it might have been worse. Give us a shake o' your fists, my boys, on this good New Year's Day."

By this time our hearty friend was beside us, shaking us both vigorously by the hands, wishing us all manner of good luck, and compliments of the season, and otherwise letting off the steam of his exuberant feelings.

"You've introduced yourselves, I see," he continued; "come, Lumley, give your arm to Jessie, and show us the way to the fort."

"If Miss Macnab," began Lumley advancing, but his speech was here cut short.

"Miss Macnab!" echoed the explosive Peter in a sarcastic shout, "call her Jessie, man! who ever heard of a '*Miss Macnab*' in the backwoods? When men take to living in the wilderness, it's time to cast off all the humbuggin' politenesses o' civilized life."

"Pardon me, Macnab," returned my friend, with more than his usual urbanity, "I differ from you there——"

"Oh, ay. I dare say ye do," interrupted the other. "It's been said of Scotsmen that '*they can aye objec*,' and I think it's equally true of Englishmen that they can always differ!"

"Men who live in the wilderness," continued Lumley, merely answering the interruption with a smile, "ought to be unusually particular about keeping up all the politenesses of civilized life, instead of dropping them, and ought to be inexpressibly thankful when a soft and civilizing influence, like Miss Macnab, condescends to visit them with a ray of sunshine from the old country."

"Bravo, Lumley," cried Macnab, with a boisterous laugh, "that speech was worthy of an Irishman! Call her what you like, my good fellow, so long as you never call her too late for meals, but come along now and

let's have something to eat, for I'm famishing."

By this time the Indian with the sled had joined us, so we all went off to the fort in a state of boisterous joy, of which those unfortunates who have never been banished from their fellows for months—or for years—can form no conception. As dinner was opportunely smoking on the table when we entered the hall, our visitors' hilarity was, if possible, increased. Moreover, we had company that New Year's Day, for a knife and fork had been laid in the hall for every man at the fort. You see, Lumley was a strict disciplinarian, and, therefore, could afford at special times to relax without loss of dignity and with a great increase of good-will on the part of all under him. At all other times we and the men—excepting our guide—messed apart, but on Christmas and New Year's Days all distinctions were laid aside, discipline was relaxed, and we acted on the principle of that brotherhood which is based upon the assumption that all men have the same objects in life and the same hopes after death. That morning we had all played football on the ice together, had slid down the snow-slope together, and now we were about to mess together in the hall. Still further, our company was to be increased, and our festive board to be graced by the presence of Waboose and her mother. Little had we imagined, when all this was planned, that we were to have the addition of our old friend Macnab and that glorious beam from the sun of civilization, his sister Jessie!

I will, however, make but brief reference to this festive occasion, and proceed to tell of an event which created an unexpected sensation in our little community, and might have closed our New Year's Day amusements with a terrible tragedy.

After dinner, we circled round the blazing fire and enjoyed ourselves listening to Macnab who had a happy facility in giving a graphic account of his sledge journey from the Mountain Fort—his

recently built trading-post—to Fort Wichikagan, and I observed particularly that the presence of a lady among us had a most wonderful and irresistible influence in softening the tones and the manners of all.

As the evening advanced tea was introduced—we had nothing stronger, and did not, indeed, feel any desire for fire-water. Under the inspiring influence of this beverage, several of our men were induced to tell stories, which were more or less humorous.

During the meal—at which Lumley insisted that "Miss Macnab" should preside, to the immense disgust of Salamander—I observed that the dark-haired white girl and the fair-haired Indian, drew very closely together. It appeared to me that they had fallen in love with each other at first sight, a fact which afforded me lively satisfaction, though I had no very clear perception as to why it should do so.

Songs naturally followed the cheering cup, and at this point Lumley became unusually bold.

"I wonder," he said, with a peculiar air of modesty which somewhat puzzled me, "if I may venture to ask Miss Macnab for a song."

"Ha! ha!" shouted her brother, before she could reply, "you *may* venture to ask, my boy, but you'll find it difficult to draw a song out of Jessie. Why, she never could sing a note!"

"I've a good mind to sing now, Peter," said the girl with a laugh, "just to prove that you are a false man."

"No, no, Jessie, spare me," returned the Highlander, "but get out your accordian, and——"

"Accordian!" almost shouted Lumley, "do you play the accordian? Have you really got one here?"

It is but right to say, in justification of Lumley's enthusiasm, that music of any kind was so seldom heard in those wilds, that the mere prospect of hearing good music excited us, for of course our natural thought was that a girl like Jessie Macnab

could not perform anything but good music.

As she rose to go for the instrument to Salamander's room—which had been made over to her—a growling Gaelic exclamation made me aware of the fact that the faces of Donald Bane and James Dougall were beaming with hope, mingled with admiration of their country-woman. She had naturally paid these men a good deal of attention, and, in addition to her other good qualities, spoke their native tongue fluently. As Dougall afterwards said, "She has the Gaelic."

On returning to the hall with the once familiar and well-remembered instrument, I believe every man there felt a tendency to worship her. But who shall describe the effect produced when she began to play with the utmost facility, and with deep feeling, one of the most beautiful of the plaintive Scottish melodies? Bane and Dougall shaded their rugged faces with their rugged hands to hide the tears that could not be restrained. Lumley, whose mind although untouched by associations was peculiarly susceptible to sweet sounds, sat entranced. So did Big Otter, who could only glare; because instrument, tune, and performer, were alike new and magical to him. Even Salamander forgot his jealousy and almost collapsed with wonder. As for Dumont, Coppet, and the others—they clasped their hands, opened their eyes and mouths, and simply drank it in!

There was no applause when the air ceased, but a deep sigh from everyone seemed to be the indication of a return to ordinary consciousness. Waboose and her mother did not sigh, however. They sat still and gazed in silent wonder. Jessie Macnab, with a slight blush at the unexpected effect,

ran her fingers lightly over the keys of her instrument, and then suddenly began to play a Highland reel with tremendous vigour!

If an electric shock had traversed the marrow of our backbones, the result could not have been more surprising.

"Wow! Tough, man!" exclaimed Bane, starting up and flinging away his chair.

Dougall said nothing, but he uttered a Celtic yell suggestive of war and all its horrors to Big Otter, and, starting up, began the Highland fling opposite to his friend in the most violent manner. As I was not a bad dancer of Scots' reels myself, and the music had caused me also to boil over, I started up likewise and faced Macnab, who, being equally affected, stood up to me in a moment, and away we went, hammer and tongs, with stamp and whoop and snap of finger—oh! the scene is indescribable. Indeed, I may say that to an ordinary civilized man who never saw it, the scene is inconceivable, so—we will pass on.

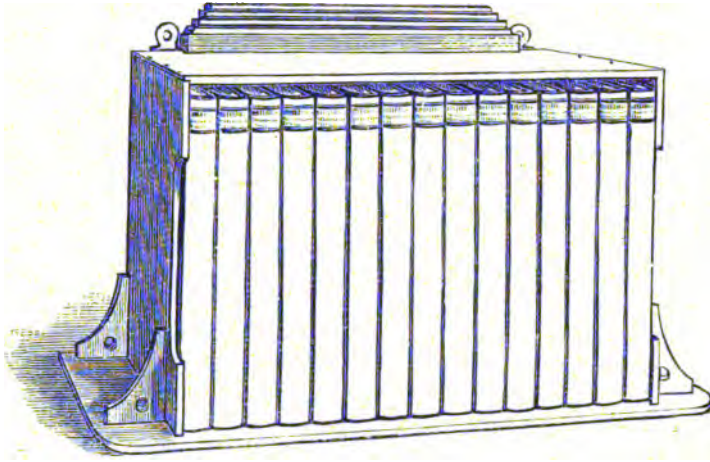
While these stirring events were taking place inside the hall, a black-faced, red-painted savage was flattening his ugly nose against a pane of glass outside one of the windows. It was Attick, whom our chief had convicted of stealing about the time of our arrival. That unpleasant savage had never forgiven Lumley, and, being exceedingly vindictive, had resolved to murder him! With this end in view, he had been prowling about the place for several days, having arrived with a band of his tribe who had assembled at Christmas-time to enjoy some of the good cheer which they understood to be going at that season among the pale-faces.

(To be continued.)

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(NEW SERIES)

EDITED BY

EDMUND ROUTLEDGE

E. R. G. S.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE
AND SONS

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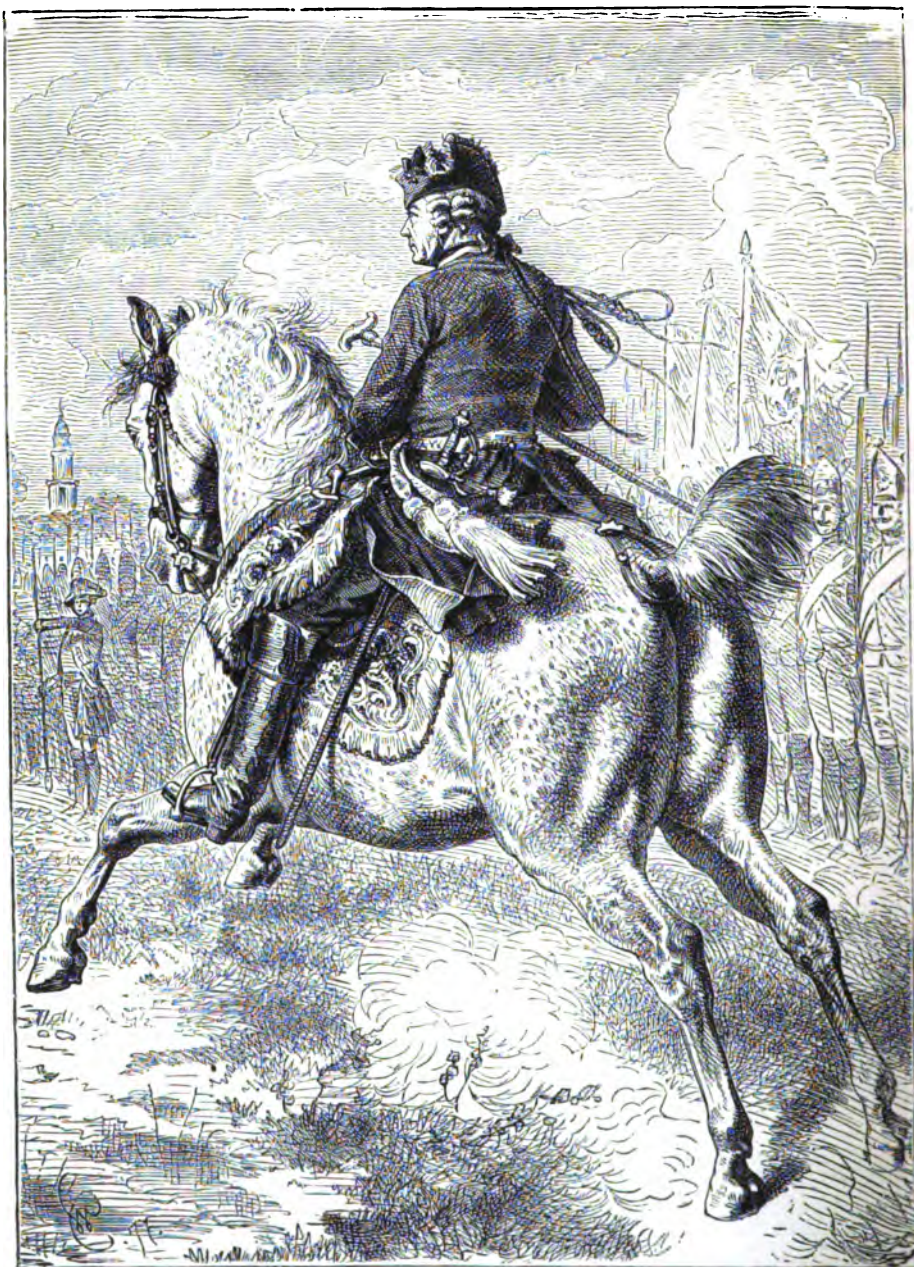
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Frederick the Great.—p. 337

HEROES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

FREDERICK II. OF PRUSSIA.—(SURNAMED "THE GREAT.")

BY HENRY FRITH.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

YOUTH OF FREDERICK.—HIS CHARACTER AND TREATMENT.—SUCCEEDS HIS FATHER.
—HIS CONDUCT.

WHEN we read fairy tales of princes, and even when history reveals to us the inner lives of the descendants of illustrious persons, we do not usually associate kings' sons with pain, poverty, cruelty, and imprisonment. We do not realize the chances which bring an heir to a throne within arm's length of the public executioner, and his chosen companion to an ignominious death. Yet in one instance, at least, hard paternal "justice;" strictness, which boys in these days would deride; blows, imprisonment, cruelty, and even the shadow of death, fell upon Frederick, afterwards the Great, Crown Prince of Prussia!

And these indignities, this measure of hard fare, dealt out to a by no means ill-conditioned son, were not characteristics of feudal times, or of a barbarous ruler. Not longer ago than in our first King George's time did Frederick William rule in Prussia with an iron hand, for in 1713 he came to the throne, fourteen months after his son, the subject of this paper, had made his appearance in the world. On the 25th of February, 1713, old Frederick died; his grandson was born on 24th January, 1712.

But before the infant could even

nominally succeed, his father, Frederick William, had to hold the sceptre (an iron rod in *his* hand), and guide the Prussian nation upon the warlike path which has reached such an eminence of glory in our own time. The army was the hobby of the new king, and he cherished it with such care that, though it was a very costly machine, he seldom permitted it to be used.

The new king (Frederick's father) made very considerable alterations in the royal household, and practised strict economy in every department. He cut down pensions, reduced the stud of horses, cleared the stables; and, in fact, hewed away at all wastes and bootless expenditures. But he spent a great deal of money upon his Grenadiers, his "Potsdam Giants." This astonishing corps included three regiments, and the men were from six feet six to an occasional nine feet in height. One recruit cost the king a sum of twelve hundred pounds sterling to engage!

These peculiarities—the king's love of rigid discipline, his rough manners, his penurious habits, and his frequently cruel treatment of his son—were in direct contrast to the tastes of the fair-haired bright Fritz, who loved music and the arts far beyond the pipeclay and the panoply of war. True, the prince had a Lilliputian regiment, which he learned to drill with much precision and ability; true, his earliest toy was a drum, which he strutted about beating on the terrace; but he objected to the restraint and the strict rules which bound him.

His youthful day was planned for him with a Spartan severity by his father. Even on Sunday he rose at 7, and had prayers, which exercise, with dressing, washing, and

breakfast, had to be completed by a quarter past seven ! This seemingly impossible feat was daily accomplished by the prince bolting his frugal meal, while his attendants washed, combed, and attired him. Then family prayer for half-an-hour. After that, at 7.45, religious instruction till 9, when the prince was brought to the king. They went to church, dined at noon, and the remainder of the day Fritz spent with his attendants. At half-past nine, he retired, bidding his father good night, and he "*must be in bed,*" said the king, after prayers and undressing, at 10.30.

On week days the lad was called at 6, and had no chance to go to sleep again. Dressing and washing, *not with soap*, and breakfast were again simultaneously accomplished after prayer. After domestic prayers, history from 7 till 9 ; religion from 9 till 10.45. Then washing and better dressing to remain with the king from 11 till 2. Studies again from 2 till 5, when Fritz went out riding, or did as he pleased, "if it was not against God," until bed-time. On Wednesday he had a half-holiday, and also on Saturday, if he had done his task well during the week—otherwise he was kept in on Saturday afternoon from 2 to 6 to say the lessons properly.

Every hour, every half-hour, of his year, was thus provided for, and with mechanical regularity he ate, and drank, and moved—a machine indeed so far as his movements were concerned. But as Fritz grew older his natural refinement rebelled against the coarse nature of his father. Of a musical and poetic turn, he detested the strict rules, and the beer and tobacco conferences in which Frederick William so delighted. The consequence was that a breach was formed between father and son, which led to serious consequences. The prince preferred a French or cavalier style of wearing his hair : the king deemed this foppish, and sent for the barber-surgeon to shear the flaxen locks. Frederick cried when the ruthless scissors were produced. Had the king gone away, perhaps the curling hair might have entirely escaped for a while. But the king re-

mained and the barber clipped and clipped, greatly to the monarch's satisfaction. He was reading hard by and heard the scissors snipping. Nevertheless this hard man was not *quite* omnipotent. Everyone liked the cheerful, bright, young prince, so the kind barber pulled back and pasted down the flowing hair, snipping little off, but making much ado in the way of noise and snap. So the fair hair was saved ; the king was satisfied ; the prince grateful ; the barber rewarded ! All were pleased by this little deception.

The hard king cried like a boy when his uncle, George I. of England, died in 1727, yet later his severity towards his son was so great that he thrashed him with a rattan terribly. This undeserved discipline Frederick could not endure ; and, subsequently, while travelling with his parent, the prince, accompanied by two intimate friends, ran away ! The royal party had camped in barns near the village of Steinfurth—the king liked economy, you see—when the prince with his associates, Keith a page and Katte a young officer, determined to take French leave from the Prussian monarch, whose austerities and severities they could not endure.

Keith procured horses. Soon after midnight,—for the king's starting hour was 3 o'clock, and there was no time to lose—the three young men were ready, but vigilant eyes were upon them, and the attempt was frustrated. Later, an excuse was made to visit Heidelberg, and they hurried away alone. When the king reached Mannheim there was no prince. The page, Keith's brother, was there, and in a sudden fit of repentance he told the truth. The prince was brought back and treated as a prisoner. He endeavoured to save Lieutenant Keith, so he managed to give him a hint, and the lieutenant in his turn managed to quit the retinue, and fly to England.

It was well for Keith that he fled, for when the prince returned he was tried by a court-martial for desertion from the army. His companion, Katte, was sentenced to a term of imprisonment, but this leniency would not satisfy the king. Frederick Wil-

liam, in defiance of all appeals, declared the crime was high treason, and the penalty—Death!

Katte was therefore condemned to die, and the prince in his prison was to have the satisfaction of witnessing, from the prison window, the execution of his friend. To Cüstrin was the young man carried on Sunday, the 5th of November, 1730. At that place the prince was incarcerated with much cruelty. The procession passed before the prison on the Monday morning, and Katte took leave of the prince.

"Pardon me, dear Katte, for what I have done for you," cried the generous Frederick. To which appeal the no less generous Katte replied—

"It is sweet to die for a prince I love so well!"

The friends parted. Frederick was spared the horrible sight the king desired, by the tact of the authorities. The execution was not actually within view from the window, and though the dead body lay all day on the scaffold, Frederick never saw his companion more! The Crown Prince was still kept in prison until he would take an oath of repentance, fealty, and submission, which he did, and by so doing escaped the same fate as Katte, for the stern king had quite a desire, at one time, to sacrifice his son.

Things quieted down after this. The prince assumed the virtue of the love of military display, and succeeded in pleasing his father thereby. Frederick took the command of a regiment, and devoted himself to its duties. By these means he came into nearer knowledge of his father's real character, and discovered under the flinty surface a little well of human kindness which seldom pushed its way through the hard superincumbent exterior. The prince acquiesced in his parent's choice of a bride, and in 1732 he was betrothed to the Princess of Brunswick Bevern. He retired to Ruppın until June, 1733, where the marriage was celebrated at Salzdahlum, on the 12th of the month. Then followed festivities at the capital; at length the prince and princess retired to Ruppın. Three years afterwards

he removed to Reinsberg, where he was enabled to pursue his literary and musical studies as he pleased.

We must pass over the next few years of the prince's married life, during which the Austrians became more and more troublesome to the Prussian king, who had already asserted himself as an independent sovereign, instead of following in the emperor's train. The emperor had declined his alliance against France; and, much displeased, Frederick William put obstacles in the way of the completion of Austrian conquest over the Polish king. So matters were much strained.

It was on the 26th May, 1740, that a messenger arrived at Reinsberg, in hot haste from Potsdam. "The king is dying! Come quickly, Crown Prince, or he will have passed away!" But when he arrived he found the king in a wheeled chair. The meeting was both affectionate and affecting. From that time until the king's death, his son was continually in his company. On the 31st May, the final scene—the great transformation which we must all witness—occurred.

"Feel my pulse," said the monarch.

"The pulse is gone!" replied the surgeon.

"How could I move my fingers, if it were gone?" queried the king. But after a prayer, he fainted, and as the weeping queen was gently removed from the chamber, the hard, stern spirit quitted its earthy tenement for a serener resting-place.

On Saturday, June 4, Frederick William was laid in state, according to his written instructions, in regimentals in his oaken coffin, which he had kept in the palace for many a day. At ten at night, the coffin was closed, and thence carried to a marble sarcophagus in the garrison church, where it remains. The Potsdam Grenadiers fired the volleys over the grave: this was their last duty. Next day they were disbanded. The celebrated Four Thousand—the Regiments of Giants, which had cost the late king so much time and money to assemble from all parts of the civilized world—were

sent away to enlist again, or to vegetate at home in pensioned idleness. A stern time was coming upon Prussia, and no need existed—there was no use—for expensive toys, or what Carlyle terms “a stupid, splay-footed eight-foot mass” of humanity, “knock kneed” or “without head.”

CHAPTER II.

ACCESSION OF FREDERICK.—HIS FIRMNESS.—THE PRAGMATIC SANCTION.—CONFLICT WITH AUSTRIA AND SAXONY.

It was a somewhat curious trait in the character of the late king that he had so persistently recruited his army. For a “stingy” monarch this taste appears ridiculous, more particularly when the somewhat dependant position of the kingdom is considered. But when the literary, philosophical Crown Prince arrived at regal dignity, it would be surely only consistent in him to disband the army or a portion of it. Soldiering he had detested, had even quarrelled with his father on the question. No sooner had his father died, than the biggest of all the big grenadiers were sent away, but the middle-sized—say the six-footers, or the six-foot-sixers—were re-embodied. Instead of reducing the army, Frederick increased it.

A man, albeit a king, of poetic taste, quiet habits, suddenly developes a pugilistic bias. It seems incredible, but it is true. The somewhat easy-going prince is at one stroke the proud sovereign, insisting gently, but insisting, upon his title and dignity; reproving the familiarity of relatives or old friends with the reminder, “I am king now!” but begging his mother to call him “son,” and not “Your Majesty.”

In all this—especially in the question of the military activity—we perceive, not inconsistency of humanity, but the consistency of Providence. The penurious king expended money on his army against his natural taste. The quiet peaceful successor increased the number of his troops: dis-

liking war, he, within a few months, found himself obliged to take the chief part in one of the most famous of all conflicts—“The Seven Years War.”

Frederick the Second was essentially a “strong” king. He had great faith in himself. He ruled with a firm hand, indeed, but gave his subjects many privileges. The newspapers quizzed him; printers published caricatures, they said what they pleased: he laughed, and went his way. One anecdote concerning this will illustrate the temper in which he accepted the criticisms levelled at him. One day he was riding through Berlin, and perceived a crowd staring up at a picture on the wall. Enquiring what it was, he ascertained that the illustration was a caricature of himself, but put up so high, that the crowd could not read the letter-press which was appended. The king at once ordered the lampoon to be removed and *placed lower down* so that the populace might easily read the printed remarks. The crowd waited for no more: a hundred ready hands scattered the placard into pieces, and the king proceeded amid acclamations.

But with all his leniency, and all the reforms which he was credited with, and justly, he possessed a very strong idea of the meaning of *Sic volo sic jubeo*. He was certainly “master of his own ship.” He would recognize no terms of authority other than his own. He rewarded the deserving, and those who had suffered for him when he was in disgrace; but in no instance did he raise them into too prominent a position, or give them any opportunity to think more of the services they had rendered than was quite consistent with facts, or with the logic of after events. In fine he knew perfectly well how to take care of “Number One.” He could depend on himself, and, more than all, he knew what he wanted and where to stop. With such a character as this he did not always consider means or instruments to gain his point, but he gained it and paused for the next flight in security. A “strong” man indeed.

With this glance at the king and the

manner in which he determined to rule, we may turn to the political situation, and to the circumstances which led Prussia into the Seven Years War. We will then proceed to follow the king through his ever memorable campaigns in as light a literary style of conveyance as the subject will consent to be carried in.

By the bye, it is a curious fact that neither Frederick William, nor his son Frederick (the Great) was actually crowned king. The latter accepted the submissions of his subjects in certain appointed places, but he never went through the ceremony of a coronation.

We must pass over several years in the life of Frederick, during which he travelled in his dominions and at length returned to Reinsberg where he was again attacked with illness. It was while he was thus suffering that a messenger arrived post-haste from Vienna, and with momentous tidings for the king. Should the messenger be admitted to the ailing and ague-stricken monarch? He waited a while and then the important packet was delivered to the king. It contained important news indeed. The Emperor (of Austria) was dead!

Charles VI. had died suddenly, after a short illness, on the 20th October, and his decease raised a very important question as to his successor. By the act called the Pragmatic Sanction, Charles had named his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa, Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia. She was at this time very young to be saddled with the guardianship of her father's wide realm, but her independent and masculine character, united to her womanly pride and beauty, her fascination of manner, and true courage, gained her many adherents when her succession was disputed by the Bavarian ruler, Charles Albert, who claimed through Anne of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand.

Frederick of Prussia saw in the death of Charles an opportunity to extend his dominions too, and to claim certain duchies of Silesia. Frederick William had indeed guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction on cer-

tain conditions which the emperor had not carried out. So the king felt free to act, believing that, if he did not claim Silesia, Saxony would, and no good would ensue unless he sided with Austria. He therefore suggested terms to Maria Theresa, viz., that if she would yield him Silesia, or part of it, he would take her side and defend Austria, and find money for the conflict. But meantime, and actually before the messenger had reached Vienna with this offer, Frederick with his troops had crossed the frontier and entered Silesia in quite a friendly manner. Preparations had been briskly but silently made in Berlin, and on the 16th December, 1740, the Prussians invaded Silesia, and practically initiated the conflict which led up to the Seven Years War.

The Austrians had only force sufficient in the province to garrison the chief places, and they did so, mistrusting Frederick's proclamation that he came in no hostile spirit, but merely to look after his own interests. The resistance he met with was trifling, the Protestants either remained neutral or sided with him; so, in a short time—with the exception of three garrisoned towns, Glogau, Neisse, and Brieg—Frederick had conquered Silesia. He bombarded Neisse ineffectually, and established a blockade. But nevertheless Maria Theresa would enter upon no terms until the Prussians had withdrawn from Silesia.

Leaving his army in the province, Frederick returned to Berlin, and did not quit it again until February, when he found his troops still blockading as before. He had heard nothing of the Austrian army, if there were one, and was quietly dining one day (27th February), when a dash was made upon him, and he very nearly was made prisoner. The Marshal Neipperg had quietly advanced from Moravia and surprised the Prussians at Baumgarten. Not only this: Neipperg advanced, cut off Frederick's retreat, and compelled the Prussian army to stand at Mollwitz, on April 10th.

On the 8th the king wrote, "We are going to fight to-morrow. I do not know

what will happen to me ;" and to his brother he said, "We are not more than a mile from them (the enemy). To-morrow must decide our fortune."

As it happened, however, the Sunday—so often the fighting day, as we have remarked before—was not the day of battle. The ninth of April broke darkly. The air was filled with snow, and any plan of battle was impossible, as neither force could distinguish the other. The Austrians managed to advance through the tempest to Mollwitz, in which village Neipperg established his head-quarters, and made up his mind to rest on Monday. Fate and Frederick had willed it otherwise.

As may be surmised, the king passed a very anxious time that Saturday and Sunday. He had a well-disciplined but an untried army to oppose to well-seasoned troops who, moreover, had severed his communications. On the other hand the Prussians had been so well drilled that they were only practising again what they had done a hundred times before on parade. They were armed with muskets which, owing to the new iron ramrods, could be loaded and discharged much more rapidly than their enemies' muskets. To this superiority they owed the result of the battle.*

The Prussians advanced calmly, steadily, never hurrying the least. Their advanced guard even came within touch of the Austrians ere the latter had any idea that the enemy were moving. Neipperg was dining, and the whole army "resting." Instead of dashing on, the Prussians—being new troops and under orders—halted. The Austrians formed up and after sustaining a sharp cannonade, Römer, the Austrian cavalry-leader, let his men go at the Prussians.

With a trampling that shakes the ground under its snowy carpet, the Austrians sweep down upon the Prussians. In a moment these are scattered. In vain the Prussian leader rallies his men. He is shot: they are hurtled down, trampled under foot, swept

away like a reedy barrier before the mountain torrent! A rush, a sabre stroke, and all is over. Ruined, distracted, dispersed, Frederick's cavalry is strewn upon the field and streaming to the rear!

The Austrian cavalry-leader pursues the flying squadrons and charges the infantry. They open a withering fire from the rapidly loaded muskets and check the horsemen. Again and again the Austrians charge the wall of men, but without result. Römer falls dead—the squadrons try other tactics, and advance against the sides and rear. The Prussians load and face about, turning all ways, firing still. In vain the Austrian infantry advanced: the leader was shot. Again the cavalry came down, but could make no impression. Then the Austrians refused to move and the Prussians took the initiative at last.

"I never saw anything more beautiful," said an Austrian officer. "They marched with the greatest steadiness, arrow-straight, and their front like a line, as if they had been on parade. The glitter of their clear arms shone strangely in the setting sun, and the fire from them went in no otherwise than a continued peal of thunder."

We can picture the scene. The stern line advancing with irresistible determination across the trampled and bloody snow, firing as the long wall of men stepped regularly forward. At a quarter to eight, after five hours' fighting, the Austrians retreated, leaving the field and the victory to the newly baptised Prussian infantry.

Where was Frederick all this time? When his cavalry fled he was induced to fly too, and actually retreated, under the impression that the field was lost. His general, Schwerin, they say, persuaded him to retire, and the king, thinking the Austrians would break his line, hurried off to Oppeln, thirty and odd miles away. When, next day, he heard of the gallant deeds of his infantry soldiers, he came back again to congratulate them and himself. The loss on both sides was nearly equal—about 4,500 of each army in killed, wounded, and missing. The surprise at the

* It is remarkable that the needle-gun afterwards, in Prussian hands, gained the victory over Austria in 1866.

result of the battle was extreme, and the Austrians must have learnt that the home army of Prussia was thenceforth a factor which would have to be taken into serious consideration in their calculations. The noise of the encounter was heard thirty miles away, and the trumpet of fame blazed the victory still more loudly over Europe to astonish every one; but, curiously enough, the adventures of Frederick during his flight from and return to, the army, remain unrelated and ignored.

The French now endeavoured to ally themselves with Prussia, but Frederick rather distrusted them. He suggested a treaty to the Austrians, but Maria Theresa, hoping that France would remain at any rate neutral, or adhere to the arrangement made with the emperor, declined Frederick's proposals. So Prussia was thrown in with France, and these countries assumed a defensive alliance. But all the while Frederick kept up his communications with Austria, and actually, in October, agreed to let the Silesian garrisons free and to arrange a peace. This compact was stipulated to be a secret one, Frederick declaring that if it were divulged he would resent the betrayal of it.

The Austrian general, thus set at liberty, proceeded against the French and the Bavarians. The result was that Charles, the Elector of Bavaria, was created Emperor (Charles VII.), but fortune immediately turned, and he had to implore the assistance of Frederick against the Austrians.

Frederick consented, excusing himself under the plea that the secret treaty had been divulged. He invaded Moravia in 1742, but nothing was accomplished, and the king was returning towards Prague when he heard that the Austrians were advancing to attack him. On the 17th May, the battle of Czaslau (Chotusitz) was fought. It was hotly contested, but in the end the steadiness and rapid firing of the Prussians gave them the victory. The Austrians retreated, and the direct result of the battle was the peace of Breslau, con-

cluded on the 11th June. Nearly the whole of Silesia, with Glatz, was thereby handed over to Frederick of Prussia. The advantage of this conquest to Frederick was immense and the French were proportionally angry.

Relieved of her most formidable antagonist, Maria Theresa, aided by England, defeated the French at Dettingen, where our Second George appeared as a military hero of no mean order. After this the Austrian tide of success rose breast high. The brave Theresa drove her enemies back and conquered Bavaria before 1744 had come into the world. But unfortunately, though so generally successful, this ambitious lady was revengeful. She believed her time had come to dictate. She would punish severely now she had the opportunity, although all her enemies would have gladly concluded a truce. Victorious in Italy she was victrix in Austria, and her pretensions and designs were so ambitious that Frederick began to think she meditated designs against the former "jewel in her crown," Silesia.

Such a fear as this may have had no solid foundation, but the Prussian king entertained the idea, nevertheless. He endeavoured to form a league against the advancing Austrians; but failing, he joined with France, who declared war against both Austria and England in 1744. The French did not act with vigour: they permitted the Austrian army to cross the Rhine under Count Traun who virtually commanded the enemy. Frederick indeed played his part well and took Prague in September, but Count Traun quite out-generalled him, and caused the Prussians to abandon Saxony. Then Austria pressed him sorely, and when the emperor died, Bavaria and Saxony both declared against Frederick. The allies entered Silesia, the battle ground, and with 75,000 soldiers were awaited by the King of Prussia. He permitted the allies to advance a certain distance, and then marching swiftly, silently, steadily, through the night, he fell upon the Saxons at day-break, at Hohenfriedberg. The battle raged

fiercely. The Saxons were soon quenched, the Austrians not so soon, but the Prussians were not to be resisted. The field was won about eight o'clock at night, and the vanquished left 16,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, besides a number of cannon and standards, in Prussian hands.

This was the 5th June. Frederick then invaded Bohemia, where, in September, the unyielding Theresa, who had made her husband emperor, caused him to be attacked. At Sohr the Austrians learnt another severe lesson, after which Frederick went home again. But not to rest. His active enemy once more compelled him to fight. He rapidly advanced against Prince Charles and

his Saxon allies, and at Hennersdorf, before the enemy was aware of his proximity, he attacked. The Austrians retreated, but were again defeated by the Prince of Dessau in December. Frederick pushed into Dresden, the capital of conquered Saxony, from which he culled a heavy sum of money. Peace was subsequently concluded, on Christmas-day, at Dresden. Frederick was then at rest. The War, however, went on between Austria and France until the Peace of Aix la Chapelle (1748) terminated hostilities; but the "War of the Austrian Succession" had momentous results.

(To be continued.)

THE VISIT TO THE PRISON.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF ERNEST ECKSTEIN.

TRANSLATED BY A. R. HOPE.

I.



T struck two. The director of the city gymnasium, Dr. Samuel Heinzerling, stalked with his natural dignity into the school court and deliberately mounted the steps.

On the threshold he was met by the school beadle, who had just rung the bell and was now betaking himself to his private room, where all sorts of jobs were constantly waiting to be done.

"Haas noathing haappened, Quaddler?"

* *Der Besuch im Carcer*, so popular in Germany that a few years have brought it to its fiftieth edition, depends for much of its interest upon certain peculiarities of pronunciation put into the mouth of the old schoolmaster who plays in it, so to speak, the part of pantaloon, while the young clown of the piece carries out his tricks mainly by the skill with which he imitates this broad dialect. It is impossible to translate the humorous effect which these peculiarities have for a German, and the translator has been obliged to represent them very roughly by some hint of similar English provincialisms. At the same time he has taken other slight liberties in the way of explanation and compression, which will present this amusing story of German school-life in a form more appreciable by English readers.

asked the director, returning a lordly nod to the respectful greeting of his vassal.

"No, Herr Director."

"Good. Wait a moament. The first-former Rompf haas bean absent for some daays. Jost goa to his haouse and find aout if he is really onwell. I haave great daoubts."

"Excuse me, Herr Director: Rumpf is here again. I saw him go over the court just now."

"Well, soa much the better," said the director, and strode along the long corridor to the door of his first-form room.

Dr. Samuel Heinzerling had come unusually early to-day. As a rule, he held to the theory of the academic quarter-of-an-hour's grace. This time a domestic dispute, over which we delicately draw the veil of silence, had driven him sooner than usual from the comfortable arm-chair wherein he was wont to sip his afternoon coffee; and so it happened that the first-form boys had not yet thought of setting

their customary watch after the manner of the chamois.

Already the Herr Director, from the corridor, was aware of a dreadful uproar. Forty excited voices were shouting out *Bravo!* and *Encore!*

Samuel knitted his brows. Now the din-chorus fell silent, and a clear distinct voice began with comic earnestness.

"Well, we will let it bea for this once. Yow are again not proaperly prepaared, Heppenheimer. I am vary moch displeased with you. Sit doawn!"

Thunders of applause. The director stood as if turned to stone.

By all the gods of Greece, that was himself as he talked and lived! A little caricatured, indeed, but yet so deceivingly like, that only one who knew him well could distinguish the difference. Such profanity was unheard of! From the sacred height of his own desk, a scholar was daring to make fun of him—*him*, the sovereign ruler of all the affairs of the gymnasium; *him*, the author of "Latin Grammar for the use of schools, with special reference to higher classes;" *him*, the renowned pedagogue, the æsthetic philosopher and interpreter of Kant,—*proh pudor!* Here was a trick which could only have been conceived by that arch-rascal, Wilhelm Rumpf!

"Will yow jost taake a paasage, Möricke?" went on the voice of this impious pupil. "Whaat! yow are onwell? Heavens, when yong people of yowr age tell me they are onwell, thaats saounds vary baad. Knebel, will yow jost write in the daay-book: '*Möricke, called up to traanslate, was onwell.*'"

Now could the director no longer master his wrath. With a vigorous push he opened the door, and strode among the startled lads like a lion among a herd of gazelles.

He had not deceived himself. It was indeed Wilhelm Rumpf, the greatest ne'er-do-well in the class, who had thus audaciously trespassed upon the majesty of office. But four weeks had this fellow been one of Samuel Heinzerling's scholars, and

already the crown of all tricksters was unanimously voted to him. With his shirt-collar stuck up, on his nose a great pair of paper spectacles, holding a book in his left hand, and in his right the time-honoured piece of lead-pencil, so stood he on the desk, and was about to give forth some new piece of profanity, when the deeply agrieved director appeared on the threshold.

"Rompf!" said Dr. Samuel calmly. "Rompf, yow will goa to the prison for two daays. Knebel, will yow jost write in the daay-book: '*Rompf, ponished with two days' imprisonment for childish, onbecoming conduct.*' Heppenheimer, fetch the beadle."

"Oh, Herr Director!" stammered Rumpf, putting the paper spectacles into his pocket, and slinking off to his place.

"Noa aanswering baack!"

"But I only meant—I thought——"

"Bea quiet, I tell yow."

"But will you please——"

"Knebel, write yow: '*Rompf, ponished with another daay's imprisonment for disobedient conduct.*' I am tired of for ever arguing with yow. Yow should be ashaamed to the bottom of yowr soal. Fye, oh fye!"

"*Audiatur et altera pars*, Herr Director. Have you not pressed this lesson upon us?"

"Good. Yow shaall not saay thaata I am ontrue to my principles. Whaata haave yow to advaance in yowr defence?"

"I can only assure you, Herr Director, that I meant nothing improper all the time. I only thought of exercising myself a little in the art of mimicry."

"Exercise yowrself in yowr Laatin style and yowr Greek graammar."

"So I do, Herr Director. But next to knowledge, art also has its claims."

"Thaata haave I never in my life denied. But would yow give out yowr silliness for aart? Anyhaow, this is a vary baadly paid aart."

"Oh, please, Herr Director——"

"Bea quiet. If yow goa on soa, yow will sooner or laater come to ruin. Knipcke,

jost goa and see whaat Heppenheimer is doing with the beadle.

"Ah, for this once, Herr Director," murmured Rumpf in his most flattering tones; "for this once, will you not let me off?"

"Noa, indeed, yow goa to the prison. Yet we must not let this interlude interfere with our work. Hutzler, jost begin to revise."

"Herr Director, I was not present last time. Here is my certificate."

"Soa! yow were onwell again. Do yow know, Hutzler, yow are oftener onwell than well."

"Unfortunately, Herr Director. My delicate constitution——"

"Delicaate! Yow delicaate? Naow jost listen, Hutzler, I wish every maan under the sun were as delicaate as yow. Laazy are yow, not delicaate!"

"Lazy! but when I have an attack of fever, how can I——?"

"I caan. Yow must haave dronk too much beer. Will yow begin, Gildemeister."

"Absent!" cried six voices at once.

Dr. Samuel shook his head ill-humouredly.

"Doas anyone know why Gildemeister is aabsent?"

"He has a cold," answered one of the six.

"Coald! When I waas his age, I never haad a coald. But whaat are Knipcke and Heppenheimer aabout? Schwartz, jost goa out and see, but come straight baack."

Schwartz went out, and came back after ten minutes with the beadle and the other two messengers.

"Herr Quaddler was busy with papering," said Heppenheimer in respectful tones. "He had to change his clothes first."

"Soa! And do yow need half an hour for that, Quaddler? I think yow are inattentive to yowr duty."

"I respectfully beg your pardon, Herr Director, but the young gentlemen came to my door only two minutes ago."

"Oh!" cried the three first-formers, as from one mouth.

"Naow, I will not inquire further. Here, taake Rumpf and put him into the prison. Rumpf, yow will behaave yowrself properly and not bea calling for the beadle every minute, as haappened laast week. Quaddler, yow will not be persuaded to let Rumpf out into the paassage. If he bea taaken onwell again, he caan open the window. Yow haad best give him all that he waants in the cell, and shut the door on him once for all. Friday evening he is to come out again."

"Very well, Herr Director."

"Yow caan let his food be provided by his friends. Yow understand?"

Quaddler nodded.

"Soa! And naow, away with him!"

"Is it your serious intention, Herr Director, for an artistic performance——"

Samuel Heinzerling laughed with pedagogic dignity.

"Yow are a droall character, for all yowr mischievousness. But I caannot help yow. So long as yow do not prove to me whaat use is in yowr pretended aartistic performance—a vary unlikely thing to expect of yow—yow must submit to the unalterable. Get ready naow, and bea off!"

Wilhelm Rumpf bit his lips together, turned round, and disappeared with Quaddler into the darkness of the corridor.

* * * * *

At this point, may the translator be allowed for a moment to turn aside from his task, and in his own proper person to supply a few words of explanation? It appears that at this gymnasium, as at other German public schools, naughty boys were not wont to be punished by anything so puerile as flogging, but by the manly pains of solitary confinement, when they deserved it. At the top of the school building was a row of bare whitewashed cells, each lighted only by a small grated window in the roof, and furnished cell-like with a couch of bare boards that was hard, a stool that was harder, a table, and, what must have been most necessary in that severe winter climate, a small black stove that seemed to have grown rusty for melancholy! Here young

misdoers were condemned to spend six, twelve, or some other number of weary hours, even whole days together upon serious occasion. It might be, to add extra bitterness to this infliction, that Sunday was appointed for the hours of confinement, whereby the sufferer lost the best day of the week, and got off none of his school-work, which to some minds must have afforded a certain degree of consolation.

These particulars are to be gleaned from other works of the same author, who professes to speak after not a little personal experience. He also tells us that to the lower classes, the cells were seldom more than a vague appalling terror; the authorities would seem to have shared Charles Lamb's disapproval of "dungeons for children;" and the smaller boys' misdeeds could generally be met by an ordinary "keeping in" for an hour or two. But as they advanced in the school, they might become familiar with the inside of the prison, and perhaps found it not such a dreadful place after all. With the young gentlemen of the first and upper-second form, it was of course a point of honour "not to care." In any case, however, even a few hours in one of the cells must have been a gloomy experience, unless the young prisoner could settle heartily to some work, or chanced to have a companion in misfortune with whom he might while away the time by communicating through the walls. We are not surprised to hear that the original colour of these whitewashed walls was hardly recognizable, so scratched and bedaubed had they become by the numerous names, drawings, jests, and other defacements, than which idle hands had here found nothing better to do. One appropriately left on record the story of the offence that had brought him to this place; another relieved his feelings by satirizing the tyrant who had sentenced him thus; a third had been goaded into poetry by the sting of his hard fate; a fourth took occasion to celebrate the charms of the beadle's daughter; others might leave behind them some suitable sentiment from the

classics, or invent an inscription in dog Latin or Greek; while there did not fail to be dirty scoundrels who had not neglected such an opportunity of exercising their despicable talents for defilement.

Each cell was provided with a bell, by which its inmate could summon the beadle if he wanted anything. It will easily be supposed that the sort of boy likely to spend his time in prison, was just the fellow to be constantly ringing for the fun of it, pretending to be unwell, wanting a glass of water every ten minutes, or making the irate official trot upstairs merely to have the pleasure of chaffing him through the key-hole. The beadle must have had his hands full with such restless prisoners; but he was not without some compensation for these disagreeable duties. In the school over which Dr. Samuel Heinzerling presided, we are told, every boy sentenced to confinement under Quaddler's charge, had for each hour of it to pay him a kreutzer of South German money; so that the worse the scholars behaved, the better thing the beadle made of his office. It was not without reason, then, that we find Quaddler treating his prisoners with great courtesy; even with a certain sympathy, unless they came to work too far upon his patience, when he would lose his temper at last, and threaten to leave them to themselves till the hour of release.

We will now return to our story, where we left the beadle, Charon-like, conducting that doomed boy to the shades of his Tartarus.

II.

"What is it that you have done, Herr Rumpf?" asked the beadle, as they walked up the steps.

"Nothing."

"But, please excuse me—you must have done something."

"I have only done what the director is always doing."

"How so?"

"Naow, will yow jost attend? Do yow know, my dear Quaddler, thaaf Rompf is a

ne'er-do-well, and deserves an exemplaary punishment."

"My life!" exclaimed the beadle, striking both hands on his head, "who could have said it was possible? But it is really shameful, Herr Rumpf. If I had not seen you with my own eyes before me, I could have sworn that I heard the strict Herr Director's own voice. A thousand times, I must say it. You will do something in the world. Do you know, I was the other day in Lotz's beerhouse, where there was a conjuror who could imitate anything you like, the chirping of birds and the neighing of horses, the baying of dogs, and a wedding sermon. But he did not so much astonish me as you have done."

"Jost soa! jost soa! my dear Quaddler," answered Rumpf, still imitating the director.

"And did you go on so in his own presence? Now just listen: no offence, Herr Rumpf, but everything in its right place. That was not seemly; and the Herr Director had good cause to be highly displeased."

"Yow saay?"

"I must really beg of you to have done with your fun. It does not befit the seriousness of my duty. Will you please walk in here."

"With moch pleasure."

"Herr Rumpf, I will tell the Herr Director, he has not given you enough punishment."

"Whaat business of yowrs is my ponishment? yow old hombug Quaddler!"

"What business of mine? None. But it concerns me much, very much, that you do not go on mocking the director in this disrespectful way."

"I caan do whaat I like."

"You cannot."

"I caan, Quaddler. I caan saay whaat suits me, and who doas not like it, caan cut his stick or stop his ears."

"Now, just you wait."

"Whaat for?"

"I am going to let the Herr Director know."

"Give him my best compliments."

"You will hear something to surprise you."

Quaddler turned the key, and clattered slowly down the steps.

Meanwhile, in the first-form room Sophocles was being diligently interpreted. Heppenheimer was translating the lament of the unfortunate Philoctetes, as if it had been the exultation of his arrogant kindred—

Ai, ai, ai, ai!

The Director Samuel Heinzerling, interrupted him.

"Saay *Au, au, au, au!* The interjection *ai* is not used as an exclamation of pain."

"I thought *au* was only used for bodily pains," remarked Heppenheimer.

"Well, do yow faancy Philoctetes suffered only in spirit. Yow seem to me to haave followed the course of the traagedy without caareful attention."

"Herr Director, someone is knocking," said Knebel.

"Jost see who it is, Knipcke."

Knipcke hastened to open the door.

"Whaat! yow, Quaddler? Why do yow disturb us again? Bea quick."

"Will you please allow me respectfully to remark that the first-former Rumpf goes on speaking in the same way as you punished him for?"

"Whaat! he plaays out the farce. Well, I knoaw haow to taake the necessaary measures. Knebel, jost write—or noa, better leave things aas they are. Vary good, Quaddler. Heppenheimer, goa on. Thus: *Au, au, au, au*; not: *Ai, ai, ai, ai*. The next paassage yow caan render perhaaps by 'Ah, yow everlaasting gods!' or by 'Great heavens!'"

Heppenheimer performed his task to the director's tolerable "saatisfaction." After him Schwartz translated "baadly." Then Quaddler's bell rang. The author of "The Latin Grammar for the use of schools" declared the lesson at an end. At the door appeared Dr. Klusenbrecher, the mathematical teacher, who had to instruct the first form, from three to four, in the mysteries of analytical geometry. Condescendingly,

yet not without a certain humane benevolence, Samuel Heinzerling extended to his "esteemed Herr colleague" that dimpled right hand of his, and betook himself then to the directorial room, where he meditatively sat down in his seat of care and office.

Quaddler meanwhile went to work to make good use of his spare hours. Vigorously he stuck his brush in the paste pot, and bestreaked one breadth of paper after another with the odorous sticky stuff.

But Wilhelm Rumpf sat yawning on the couch of bare boards, and assured himself in a soliloquy that he was tired up to the ears of this gymnasium, with its useless restraint upon freedom.

Herr Samuel Heinzerling scratched his head, adjusted his great spectacles with their round glasses, and shook twice, thrice, four times his pedagoguish head.

"A miserable laad, this Rumpf!" murmured he to himself. "But I almost faancy thaat more might be done with him in the waay of kindness than by force and severity. I will jost once appeal earnestly to his coonscience. It's a pity about him. He is one of my moast gifted scholars."

He rang.

In three minutes appeared Amy, Quad-dler's sixteen-year-old daughter. She was apparently on the point of going out: so said the coquettish little hat and feather which balanced itself elegantly on her dark hair, and the gay shawl that hung round her shoulders.

"You were pleased to ring, Herr Director?" she said with a graceful bow.

"Where is yowr faather?"

"He is papering. Have you anything to be done, Herr Director?"

"He is paapering. Well then, I will not disturb him at his paste pot. It is noa-thing paarticular, Amy. Are the keys of the prison hanging up?"

"I will just see, Herr Director."

Like a roe bounded the girl down the steps. She was back in a few seconds.

"Yes, Herr Director, they are hanging in their place, both the key of the passage

and of the cells. Do you require anything else?"

"No, thaank you."

Amy disappeared, Samuel stroked his smooth-shaved chin several times, took his hat from the table, and climbed up the stairs to the prison.

Wilhelm Rumpf was much astonished when, after so short a period of imprisonment, the door turned on its hinges. His astonishment reached the highest point, as in this unexpected visitor, he recognized the Director Samuel Heinzerling.

"Naow, Rumpf," said the venerable pedagogue.

"What do you want, Herr Director?" replied the boy in tones of stubborn obstinacy.

"I jost waant to knoaw if yow haave not come to yowrself, and perceived that such puerilities are entirely out of haarmy with the duties of the gymnasium and the spirit pervaaing these waalls."

"I have not thought——"

"Whaat, Rumpf? yow will still staand at defiance. See now, whaat would yow saay, if yow were in my plaace! would yow not taake by the ears in quite another faashion this naughty proud Wilhelm Rumpf? Eh?"

"Herr Director——"

"These are indeed childish tricks, such as one doas not expect from a well-behaaved yong maan of respectable faamily. Do yow knoaw whaat? At yowr next stupid scraape yow shaall be expelled."

"Expelled?"

"Yes, Rumpf—expelled! Soa reflect upon it, and leave off this miscoanduct, which certainly doas yow no credit. I repeat: jost put yowrself in my plaace!"

Wilhelm Rumpf let his head fall reflectively on his breast. He felt that the threatened expulsion was only a question of time. Thereupon a fiendish idea shot through his brain.

"If then I am to be sent away," he said to himself, "I may as well go off with *clat!*"

He laughed as the criminal hero of a sensation romance is used to laugh after

some successful atrocity, and said in a voice of dawning contrition—

"You mean, Herr Director, I should put myself in your place?"

"Yes, Rompf, *thaat is whaat* I mean!"

"Well, if you wish nothing else, I am quite agreeable."

And therewith, he sprang out of the door, turned the key, and left the poor director to his unexpected fate.

"Rompf! *whaat are yow* at? I expel yow at once! Will yow open the door this moament? This moament, I tell yow!"

"I give yow foarhwith two hours of prison," answered Rompf with mock dignity. "Yow yowrsel haave said, I waas to put myself in yowr place."

"Rompf! This is an accident. An accident, I tell yow! Open—I order yow."

"Yow haave no more orders to give. I am now the director. Yow are the first-former Rompf. Bea quiet! I allow no speaking baack."

"My good Rompf. I will forgive yow this time. Please, open, like a nice boy. Yow shaall get off with a light ponishment. Yow shaall not be expelled. I promise yow. Do yow hear?"

His "good Rompf" did not hear. He had softly stolen out through the passage, and was now hastening down the steps, in order to decamp in triumph. As he passed the beadle's door, a stirring idea took him.

He put his eye to the keyhole. Quaddler was standing on a ladder, with his back turned to the door, and very busy sticking a thickly pasted sheet of paper on the wall. Wilhelm Rumpf raised the latch a little, and called into the room with the finest Heinzerling accent which he had at command.

"I aam going, Quaddler. Look aafter Rompf for me. The fellow will playy the fool. He still goas on amusing himself with his impertinent jokes. But staaay yow quiet on yowr laadder. I will only saay *thaat* yow are not to let him out under aany excuse. The raascal would be quite impudent enough to slip aout and maake off. Do yow hear, Quaddler?"

"As you order, Herr Director. Only please excuse me that being up here——"

"Yow must staaay where yow are, and finish yowr paapering. Good bye!"

"Your obedient servant, Herr Director." Wilhelm Rumpf now mounted the steps again and reached the region of the cells.

Dr. Samuel Heinzerling was raging furiously. He appeared just to have discovered the bell, for at the very moment that Rumpf slipped behind a large clothes-press belonging to the beadle's family, there resounded a wild peal, loud and sharp, like the shriek of some wood or water demon.

"Healp!" cried the schoolmaster. "Healp! Quaddler, I deprive yow of yowr plaace and yowr bread, if yow do not come up at once. Healp! Fire! Fire! Murder! Roabbery! Healp!"

The beadle, roused by this continued din to attend to the summons, left his work, and appeared in the prison passage. The mischievous first-former squeezed himself up closer in his hiding-place. Samuel Heinzerling had fallen exhausted on the bed. His bosom heaved; his nostrils worked like a pair of bellows.

"Herr Rumpf," said Quaddler, while he knocked on the door as if to caution him, "this will all be reported."

"Thaank heaven, Quaddler, that yow are there. Let me out. This miserable scaamp haas locked me in. It is atrocious!"

"I tell you, Herr Rumpf, these tricks will do you no good. And your calling the Herr Director a miserable scamp, I will take a special note of that."

"But, Quaddler, are yow infatuated?" raged Samuel in accents of the highest indignation. "I tell yow the wretch haas locked me in here, when I caame to see him and would haave appealed to his coanscience. Maake no more ado, naow. Open the door."

"You must think me very stupid, Herr Rumpf. The Herr Director spoke to me just now and strictly ordered me not to let you out on any pretence. And now behave properly, and leave the bell alone, or I will tie it up."

"Quaddler, I will haave yow sent to jail for illegal arrest."

"Just you listen: if I may make a remark, you know, this mimicry of the Herr Director is very childish—I mean no offence. It is true that the Herr Director speaks a little through his nose; but such a silly row as you are making—the Herr Director does not speak near so absurdly as that. And now I tell you for the last time, keep quiet and behave yourself properly——"

"But I repeat to yow on my honour and faith, the shaameful baase raascal haas turned the key upon me before I knew whaat he waas about. Quaddler! Fellow! Ass! Yow must know me. Will yow open yowr ears."

"What? do you call me an ass? do you call me a fellow? Eh, do you know what, the question is which of us two is most of a fellow and the biggest ass. That will never do! A raw boy calls a respectable old man an ass! Ass yourself! Do you understand me? But just you wait!"

"An ass are yow and an ox into the baargain!" exclaimed Heinzerling in despair. "Yow will not let me out?"

"I have no such intention."

"Good! vary good!" groaned the schoolmaster with hollow voice. "Vary good! Soa I staay in the prison. Do yow hear thaata, Quaddler? I staay in the prison."

"I shall be glad if you come to your senses. But now leave me alone. I have something else to do than listen to your nonsense."

"Quaddler!" cried Samuel again with fresh energy. "I sit still hour by hour. Do yow understand? Hour by hour! like a naughty boy, I suffer this revolting disgrace. Do yow hear, Quaddler?"

"I am going away. Do some work."

"Heavens! my brain is reeling. Haave I indeed gone maad! Fellow, at least taake a peep through the keyhole. Then will yow see——"

"Very likely!—that you may blow into my eye, as you did the other day. I can feel it yet."

"Well, then, yow maay go and be hanged! 'With stupidity, the vary gods combaat in vain,' as our poet saays. But I will get out! I will get out. You shall be formally dismissed from yowr place."

Quaddler clumped angrily down the stairs. This Rumpf was indeed a paragon of impudence. He had called *him* an ass. Thunder! Since the death of his wife, Frau Kathinka Quaddler, nothing had happened like that. Oh, these young gentlemen of the first form!

III.

MEANWHILE Samuel Heinzerling paced his cell with great strides, like some African lion which human greed has exiled in a cage without being able to break the strength of the proud inmate's noble nature. His hands clasped behind his back, his head with its grey mane sorrowfully bowed upon his right shoulder, his lips pressed tight together—so roamed he up and down, up and down, the darkest, ill-humouredest thoughts whirling in his brain.

Suddenly a broad full-moon laugh played over his countenance.

"It is and remains coamic!" he murmured to himself. "Indeed, if I were not soa intimately concerned in the maatter, I could find it aamusing."

He stood still.

"Is there any real disgrace to me in being thus outwitted? Consider it, Samuel! Did not a well-known king with his own hands hold the ladder for a thief who was stealing a clock of his. Has not Prince Bismarck himself been locked up once by fraud and malice. A hundred other such instances might be thought of. And yet the said king holds high honour in history. And yet Prince Bismarck passes for one of the most important diplomats of Europe. No, no, Samuel! Thy worth as schoolmaster, as citizen, as a cultivated thinker suffers not the least from this painful situation. Comfort thyself, Samuel!"

He resumed his promenade in a contented humour. But soon he broke out

afresh. "Ah—my first form!" he muttered, growing pale at the remembrance. "If my first-formers know that I have been laid up in the prison! Intolerable thought! It would be all over with my authority for the future. And they will know it. They must know it. I am discredited for ever!"

"Herr Director!" whispered here a well-known voice at the door of the cell. "You are yet far from being discredited. Your authority stands still in full flower."

"Rompf!" stammered Samuel, "scandalous, onscrupulous fellow! Open the door! Immediately! Consider yourself as morally boxed on the ears. Look on yourself as expelled three times over."

"Herr Director, I come to rescue you. Do not abuse me."

"To rescue? what shamelessness! Let me out, or——"

"Will you hear me quietly, Herr Director? I assure you, it will all be set right."

Samuel reflected.

"Good!" he said at last. "I will give ear to you. Saay on!"

"You see this, I just wanted to show you that my art of mimicry was not such an unpractical one, after all. Forgive me, if I have thus been obliged apparently to violate the high esteem and honour in which I rejoice to hold you from the bottom of my heart."

"You are a rascal, Rompf!"

"Herr Director! How would it be if you were to let me off my punishment, take back your threat about expulsion, and allow me to observe the strictest silence on all that has happened?"

"That will not do. You must serve out your punishment."

"So! Then good day, Herr Director. Don't ring the bell too much."

"Rompf! Just listen! I want to say something to you.—Rompf!"

"If you please."

"You are in many respects a peculiar fellow, Rompf, so I will for once make an exception. But open the door."

"Do you let me off the imprisonment?"

"Yes."

"Will you expel me?"

"No—(and be hanged to you)."

"Give me your paternal word, Herr Director."

"Rompf, do you dare?——"

"Your paternal word, Herr Director?"

"Good! you have it."

"Jupiter Ultor be witness?"

"What?"

"I am calling Olympus to witness."

"Open the door."

"Presently, Herr Director. You will certainly bear no spite against me?"

"No! no! no! Will you let me out at once?"

"You bestow on me your full absolution?"

"Yes, on condition you tell no one how seriously you have offended. I have told you I look on you as a peculiar character, Rompf——"

"I thank you for your good opinion. My word of honour: so long as you are director of the city gymnasium and master of the first form, no treacherous syllable shall pass my lips!"

And with this he turned the key and opened the door.

Like Uhland's king from the tower, so strode Samuel Heinzerling into the free air. He drew a deep breath. Then he put his right hand to his forehead, as if to bethink himself.

"Rompf," said he, "I can take a joke. But you will do me the favour, won't you, not to mimic me again? You—you do it so naturally."

"Your wish is a command for me."

"Good! And now get ready and go downstairs. It is not yet a quarter to four. You can still join in the lesson."

"But would they not wonder, Herr Director? Everybody knows that you gave me three days' prison."

"Good! I go with you."

So they hastened down together.

"Quaddler!" cried the director into the basement story.

The beadle looked out at the lowest step and asked what was wanted of him.

"I haave for various reasons let Rompf off his three daays," said Samuel.

"Ah—it is the Herr Director come back again! H'm—yes, but what shall I say?—Herr Rumpf was not at all quiet in his cell. No offence, Herr Director, but he insulted like a chattering parrot"—

"Let it paas, Quaddler. In this caase I haave special motives for tempering jodgment with marcy. Yow caan taake away the prison-key."

Quaddler shook his head as if in astonishment.

"Soa!" said Samuel. "And naow come with me to the first-form class-room, Rompf."

They passed along the corridor to the schoolroom. The director knocked.

"Excuse me, Herr Colleague," he said in the softest tones of which his grand-sounding organ of speech was capable. "I bring yow baack Rompf. Knebel—by yowr leave, dear Herr Klusenbrecher!—Knebel, write in the daay-book: It waas thought well, in consideration of his sincerely repentant behaaviour, to remit the ponishment ordered Rompf an hour agoa. Soa! And naow will I not further disturb yow, esteemed Herr Colleague—haave yow got it daown, Knebel: to remit the ponishment ordered?"

"Will you not sit down, Herr Director?" asked the polite mathematical master.

"I thaank yow heartily: I haave saat enough for to-daay—Rompf, I expect thaat yow will fulfil yowr promise of amendment in evary respect. Good day, Herr Colleague!"

He spoke and vanished in the labyrinthine passages of the school building.

Wilhelm Rumpf kept his promise most conscientiously. Henceforth he mimicked only the other teachers; Samuel Heinzerling's revered personality was for him sacred and inviolable. Also he maintained the most unbroken silence about what had happened, till in the autumn of that same year, at his own repeated request, Dr. Heinzerling was placed on the retired list. Then, for the first time, the delighted first form heard the whole story of that unexpected reconciliation.

Rumpf's "sincere repentance" proved for the laughter-loving people of the city a spring of endless mirth. Among those who found most amusement in the farce, was the jovial Director Samuel Heinzerling, that distinguished author of "Latin Grammar for the use of schools." May he long be spared yet often to relate over his glass of beer, how he paid a visit to that "on-scrupulous raascal Wilhelm Rumpf" in the prison. For his part, Rumpf will never forget that remarkable adventure of his in Quaddler's jurisdiction, not if he lives to be ever so old.



KÉRABAN THE INFLEXIBLE;

OR, ADVENTURES IN THE EUXINE.

BY JULES VERNE.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH.

PART II.—CHAPTER X.—(continued).



HE distance between Sinope and Scutari is about one hundred and twenty-five leagues, and Kéraban had only seven days left in which to traverse that distance. If he was not behind-hand neither was he much ahead of time. So it was absolutely necessary that no time should be lost.

On the 24th, at sunrise, the caravan quitted Sinope to follow the Anatolian coast-line.

About ten o'clock the little *troupe* reached Istifan, at mid-day Apena was passed, and in the evening, after a day's journey of fifteen leagues, the travellers stopped at Ineboli, which, open to all winds, has only unsafe anchorage for merchant vessels.

Ahmet then proposed to rest for two hours only, and to travel the rest of the night. Twelve hours gained would be well worth a little fatigue. Seigneur Kéraban accepted the situation. No one objected, not even Bruno. Besides, Yanar and Saraboul were anxious to reach the Bosphorus, so as to proceed towards Kurdistan; and Van Mitten was in no less haste, but to fly as far as possible from Kurdistan, the very name of which made him shudder.

The guide made no objection to this plan, and declared himself ready to start whenever they liked. By day or night the road was all the same to him, and this *lou-peur*, accustomed to traverse thick forests

by instinct, had no difficulty in following the coast road.

So, at eight in the evening, they started under a beautiful full moon, which was rising in the east after the sun had set. Amasia, Nedjeb, Kéraban, the noble Saraboul, Yanar, and Van Mitten stretched in the vehicles, permitted themselves to sleep, lulled by the quick motion of the carriages and the tramp of the horses.

They saw nothing of Cape Kerenebé, half hidden in the crowd of sea-birds whose cries filled the air. In the morning they passed Teniléh without any incident having occurred to trouble them: then they reached Kidros, and in the evening halted at Amastia. They had now a right to some hours' rest, after having made more than sixty leagues in thirty-six hours.

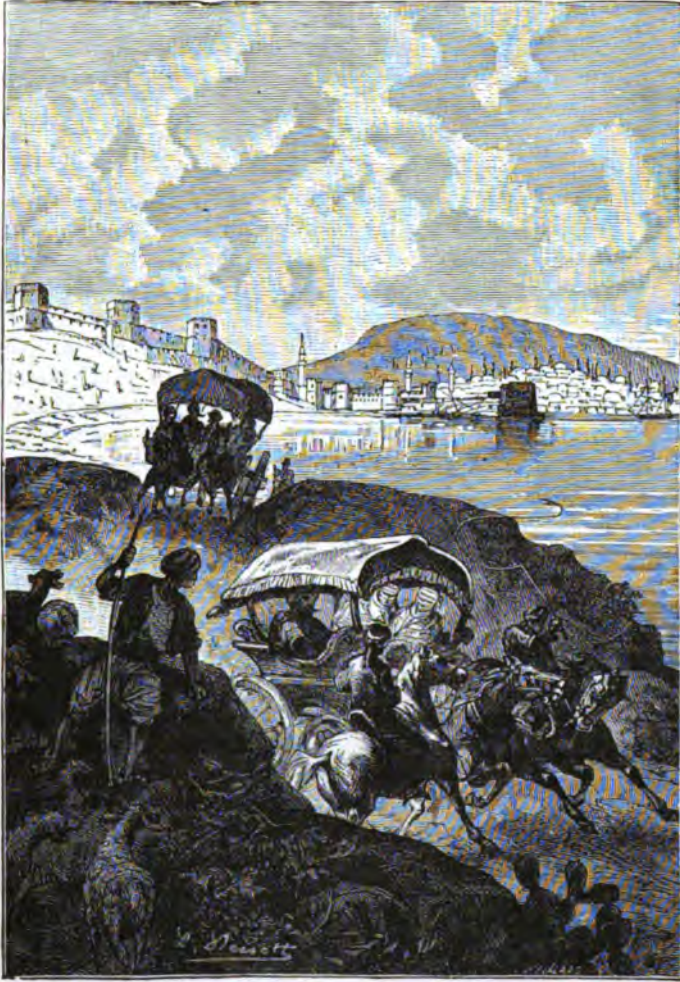
Perhaps Van Mitten—for we must always turn to this excellent man, who had been diligently reading up his guide-book—perhaps Van Mitten, had he been a free agent, and had time and money not been wanting, would have dug out the harbour in the hope of seeking an archæological object of which an antiquary would not dare to dispute the value.

Everyone knows that 290 years before Christ, Queen Amastris, wife of Lysimachus, one of Alexander's captains, and the foundress of this town, was enclosed in a leathern sack, and thrown by her two brothers into the harbour she had constructed. Now, what a glorious thing it would be for Van Mitten, if on the faith of his guide-book he could fish up this famous sack. But, as we have said, time and money were wanting and, without imparting

his idea to anyone, not even to the noble Saraboul, the subject of his reverie, he kept his archæological regrets to himself.

Next morning, 26th September, at day-

break, they left this ancient metropolis of the Genoese, which is now only a miserable village of toy-makers. Three or four leagues further on is the little town of



The caravan quitting Sinope.

Bartan, which was passed close by, and in the afternoon Jelias; at nightfall Ozina, and towards midnight Eregli was gained.

There the party reposed until daylight. This was indeed little enough rest, for the horses as well as the travellers began to feel greatly fatigued by the exigencies of the long journey, which had left them little time for repose since they had left Trebizond. Only four days remained—the 27th, 28th,

29th, and 30th of September—and the last day would have to be deducted from the total, as the 30th was intended to be passed in another fashion. So, if Seigneur Kéranban and his companions did not reach the shores of the Bosphorus very early on the morning of the 30th, the situation would be seriously compromised. There was not a moment to lose, and Kéranban hastened the start at sunrise.

Eregli is the ancient Heraclea, of Greek origin. It was formerly an immense city, whose walls, now in ruins, still indicate the extent. The harbour, at one time very important and well-sheltered, has degenerated with the town which boasts only six or seven thousand inhabitants. After the Romans, after the Greeks, after the Genoese, it fell under the domination of Mahomet II., and the city, which had known long days of splendour, became a simple market-town, devoid of any industry or commerce.

The happy *fiancé* of Saraboul would have still had some curiosity to satisfy there. Was it not at Heraclea, that peninsula of Acherusias, that the mythological cavern, one of the entrances to Tartarus, opened. Does not Diodorus of Sicily tell us that it was by this gate Hercules brought back Cerberus, when returning from the infernal regions? But Van Mitten still kept his desires deep down in his heart. Besides, as to Cerberus, did not he recognise in Yanar his faithful image—his watchful guardian. Of course the Kurdish gentleman had not three heads, but one was enough for him, and when he held that up with a ferocious air, it seemed that his teeth appeared under his thick moustaches as ready to bite as were those of the tri-headed dog, which Pluto had enchained.

On the 27th September the little caravan passed through the town of Sacaria, and towards evening reached Cape Kerpé, where sixteen centuries before the Emperor Aurelius was slain. There they halted for the night and took counsel as to the means by which the journey might be more readily completed, so as to reach Scutari within forty-eight hours—that is to say, on the morning of the last day fixed for their return.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH SEIGNEUR KÉRABAN TAKES THE ADVICE OF THE GUIDE AGAINST THE OPINION OF AHMET.

THE suggestion made at the end of the last chapter had been advanced by the guide,

and it was desirable that it should be taken into consideration.

What distance still lay between them, and the heights of Scutari? About sixty leagues. How much time remained to them to accomplish that distance? Forty-eight hours. That was little enough, if the cattle could not be made to proceed during the night.

Well then, by quitting the road, the windings of which lengthened the journey considerably; and by cutting across the extreme angle of Anatolia, which is included between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora—the travellers could shorten the journey by a good dozen leagues.

"This, Seigneur Kéraban, is the plan I would suggest to you," said the guide, in the cool manner which characterized him, "and I advise you to adopt it."

"But is not the coast road safer than the interior?" enquired Kéraban.

"There is no more danger to be feared in one than in the other," replied the guide.

"And are you well acquainted with these roads by which you offer to lead us?"

"I have traversed them twenty times, when I was working in the forests of Anatolia," replied the man.

"It seems to me that we ought not to hesitate in our choice," said Kéraban. "Twelve leagues is a considerable saving in our journey, and worth the extra fatigue we may have to endure!"

Ahmet listened, but said nothing.

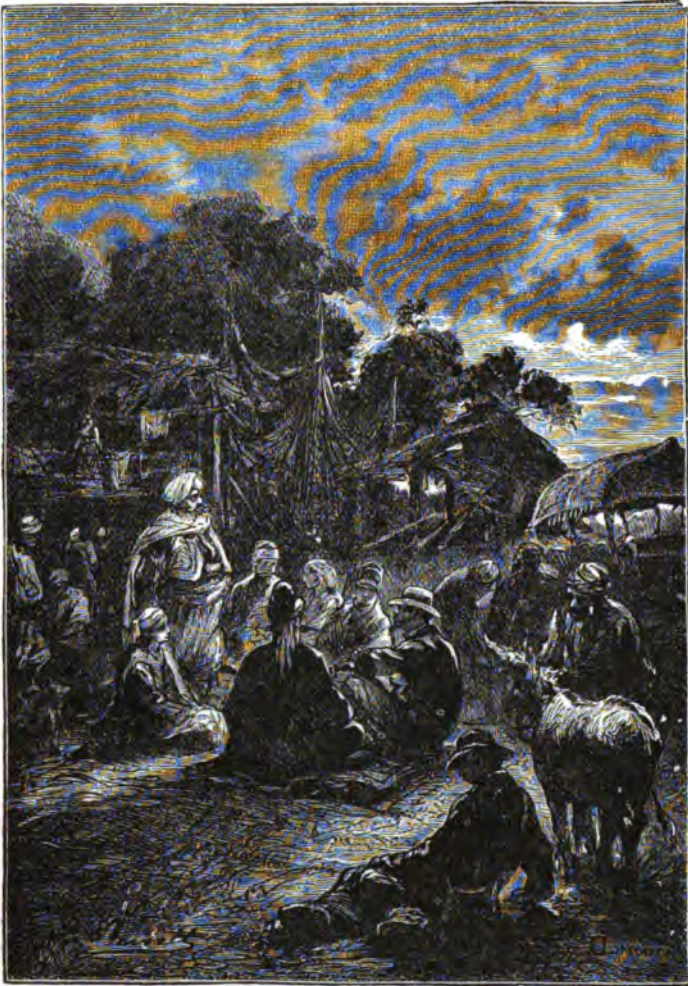
"What are you thinking of, Ahmet," asked Kéraban, turning to his nephew.

Ahmet made no answer. He had certainly nursed suspicions against the guide—suspicions which, it must be confessed, were growing stronger as the termination of the journey was approaching.

In fact, the crafty manner of the man—his frequent inexplicable absences, during which he got ahead of the caravan—the care with which he always held aloof at camping time under the pretext of preparing the camp—the curious, even suspicious glances he bestowed upon Amasia—a care which he seemed specially to entertain for

the young girl:—all these signs did not tend to reassure Ahmet. So he would not lose sight of this guide, accepted at Trebizond, of whom they knew nothing.

But Kéraban was not a man to share these fears; and it would have been very difficult to make him accept as a fact what was still only a presentiment of ill.



Taking counsel for completing the journey.

"Well, Ahmet, before closing with this suggestion of the guide, I await your answer. What do you think of the itinerary proposed?"

"I think, uncle, that so far we have done well in following the coast road, and it would be imprudent to quit it."

"But why, Ahmet? Our guide is perfectly well acquainted with the roads of the interior, which he proposes we shall

follow. Besides, the economy of time is worth the trouble."

"We can, by pushing our teams, very easily make up the——"

"You say this because Amasia is of the party," replied Kéraban. "But if she were waiting for us at Scutari, you would be the first to hasten our journey."

"Very likely, uncle."

"Well, for my part, as I have your

interests to serve, I think the sooner we arrive the better. We are at the mercy of the least delay; and since we can gain a dozen leagues by changing our route, we ought not to hesitate."

"So be it, uncle," replied Ahmet. "Since you desire it shall be so, I will not discuss the matter farther."

"It is not because I wish it, it is because you have nothing to advance against my argument," replied Kéran, "and I am too much for you!"

Ahmet did not answer. At any rate, the guide could not fail to perceive that the young man had some distrust of the modification proposed by him. Their eyes met, but for a second; yet that glance was sufficient to measure swords, as they say in the fencing-school. So Ahmet determined to be on his "guard" in future, not merely on the watch. The guide seemed to him an adversary, only waiting the suitable moment to make a treacherous attack.

As for the others, the abridgment of the journey could not fail to please them, who had scarcely felt "at home" since they had quitted Trebizond. Van Mitten and Bruno were anxious to reach Scutari, to put an end to an irksome and unpleasant situation. Seigneur Yanar and the noble Saraboul, because they wanted to return to Kurdistan with brother-in-law and *fiancé* in the steamer; Amasia to be united to Ahmet, and Nedjeb to assist at the ceremony, and the rejoicings at the wedding.

So the suggestion was well received. It was decided that they would repose that night, 26-27th September, so as to be able to accomplish a long "stage" on the following day.

But there were some precautions to be observed, as the guide indicated. They must furnish themselves with food sufficient for forty-eight hours, for the region through which they proposed to travel was almost uninhabited. They would find neither "khans" nor "doukhans," nor inns, on the journey. So it was necessary to provide themselves with supplies for all requirements.

Fortunately they were able to procure what was wanted at Cape Kerpé on payment of a round sum, and they also acquired a donkey to carry the supplies.

It must be confessed that Seigneur Kéran had a weakness for donkeys—the sympathy of one headstrong animal for another—and the ass he purchased at Cape Kerpé pleased him particularly.

It was rather a small animal, but it was strong enough to carry a horse's load about ninety "oks" or more than one hundred kilogrammes, one of those donkeys which one meets by thousands in Anatolia, where they carry cereals down to the various ports of the coast.

This frisky and active donkey had his nostrils artificially divided, so that he might the more effectually disembarass himself of the flies which introduced themselves into his nose. This gave him a smiling appearance, quite a gay physiognomy and he quite merited the nickname of the "laughing jackass." He was a very different creature from those wretched-looking beasts described by Th. Gautier with drooping ears, and of a thin and scraggy backbone. The animal in question could be probably as obstinate as Kéran himself, and Bruno maintained that the Seigneur had met his master!

A quarter of a sheep, cooked with "bourghoul," a kind of bread made with dried wheat, worked up with butter, was all the provision they needed for such a short journey. A small two-wheeled cart to which the donkey was harnessed served to carry the food.

On the 28th September, just before sunrise, the whole party were afoot. The horses were harnessed to the "talikas" in which each person occupied his or her accustomed place. Ahmet and the guide mounting their horses led the way. In an hour the vast expanse of the Black Sea had disappeared behind the hills. The country appeared undulating as it opened before them.

The journey was not very trying, though the condition of the road left much to be



"Ahmet followed him unseen,"—p. 359

desired, a circumstance which gave Kéraban an opportunity to repeat a "litany of lamentations" against the neglect of the Ottoman authorities.

"One may easily perceive that we are approaching their modern Constantinople," he said.

"The roads in Kurdistan are infinitely superior to this," remarked Yanar.

"I can quite believe it" replied Kéraban, "and my friend Van Mitten will not have to regret Holland in that respect."

"In no respect" retorted the noble Kurd quickly, whose imperious character now displayed itself in all its grandeur!

Van Mitten would willingly have consigned his friend Kéraban to the Prince of Darkness, for the merchant appeared to take a malicious pleasure in tormenting him. But after all only eight-and-forty hours had to elapse before he should recover his liberty fully and completely, and then he would have *his* joke!

That evening the caravan halted near a dilapidated village, a mass of ruined huts scarcely fit to shelter cattle. There vegetated some hundreds of miserable beings who existed on milk and on meat of poor quality, and on bread which contained more bran than wheat. An unpleasant smell pervaded the place; this odour arose from the burning of "tezek" a kind of peat made of mud and dung, a fuel much used in the country, and of which the walls of the hovels are sometimes composed.

It was fortunate that as suggested by the guide, provisions had been provided by the travellers. There was nothing to be obtained in that miserable village, the inhabitants of which would have been much more likely to demand provisions than to supply them.

The night was passed, without incident, in a ruined cart-shed, wherein were some bundles of fresh straw. Ahmet kept watch with more than his usual circumspection, not without reason, for during the night the guide quitted the village and went off by himself some hundreds of paces in front.

Ahmet followed him unseen, and did not

return to the encampment till just before the guide himself came back.

What was the man doing during the time he was absent? Ahmet could not make out. He assured himself that the guide held communication with no one. Not a living being had approached him. Not a cry had been heard in the deep silence of the night. Not a signal had been made from any point on the plain.

"Not a signal," said Ahmet to himself when he had returned to his place in the shed. "But was not the fire which appeared for an instant on the western horizon an expected signal?"

And then a circumstance which Ahmet had not at the time remarked, came vividly before him. He recalled very distinctly that while the guide was standing on a small hillock a fire had gleamed out in the distance—flashed three times distinctly, at short intervals, and then disappeared. Ahmet had at first put this down as a herdsman's fire, but now in the silence of the night, under the peculiar impression which the lethargy—which is not sleep—gives, he reflected: he recalled the appearance of the fire, and came to the conclusion—a conviction which was far beyond any presentiment—that the gleam was a signal.

"Yes," he thought, "our guide is betraying us, that is evident. He is acting in the interest of some powerful personage."

But in whose? Ahmet could not divine, though he was convinced the treachery had something to do with the abduction of Amasia. Though snatched from the hands of those who had carried her away from Odessa, might Amasia not be threatened by new perils? And now, when approaching Scutari, within a few days' journey of the goal, was there not all the more reason to fear!

Ahmet passed the remainder of the night in extreme anxiety. What was he to do? He did not know. Ought he at once to unmask the treason of the guide—treason of which there was no doubt—or to wait for the commencement of the execution of the

plot before confronting and punishing him.

Daybreak found him more calm. He then decided to let things go on as they were for that day so as to ascertain more clearly the intentions of the guide. Resolved not to lose sight of him for an instant, Ahmet would not permit him to stray away either on the march or when the party halted. Besides, he and his friends were well armed, and, if the safety of Amasia had not been at stake, he would have had no fear of any attack.

Ahmet had once again resumed his wonted serenity. His features gave no indication of his feelings to any one of the party, not even to Amasia, whose affection could read his heart deepest; not even to the guide, who, on his part, did not cease to observe him with some considerable penetration.

The only resolution Ahmet made was to confide to his uncle Kéraban the suspicions he had confirmed, and that he would do as soon as occasion offered, even if he had to sustain the most stormy of discussions.

Next morning, very early, they quitted the miserable village. If it revealed neither treason nor mistake, this would be the last day of the journey undertaken to satisfy the *amour propre* of the most inflexible of Osmanlis. In any event the day would be a fatiguing one. The teams would have considerable difficulty in crossing the hilly country which belongs to the orographic system of the Elken. If only on this account, Ahmet had much to regret in having consented to an alteration in the route. Many times they had to dismount to lighten the carriages. Amasia and Nedjeb displayed great energy on these occasions. The noble Kurdish lady was not behind her companions in determination. As for Van Mitten, the husband of her choice, who had been very downcast since his departure from Trebizond, he was obliged to walk as he was bidden despotically.

There was, however, no hesitation as to the direction they had to take. The guide,

evidently, was perfectly well acquainted with all the *détours* of the country. He knew it quite well, according to Kéraban—he knew it too well, according to Ahmet. So the latter could not accept the compliments of his uncle upon the conduct of the man so suspected. It must be stated that all that day the guide never quitted the travellers, but rode at the head of the caravan the whole time.

So things seemed to occur quite naturally, apart from the difficulties inherent to the condition of the roads—to their steepness when they ascended a hill-side, to their ruts when some places, which had been broken up by the late rains, were passed. However, the horses extricated the party from all these trials; for as it was the last day, the "cattle" were called on for some extra exertion. They would have plenty of time to rest afterwards.

Even the little donkey carried his burthen uncomplainingly, so Seigneur Kéraban took a great fancy to him.

"By Allah, this animal pleases me," he said; "and, to spite those Ottomans still more, I have a great mind to arrive on the shores of the Bosphorus on donkey-back."

This was quite understood to be only an idea of Kéraban's, but no one disputed the chances of its being carried out, so the author of it had no excuse for putting it in execution.

Towards nine o'clock in the evening after a really fatiguing day's march the caravan halted, and by the guide's advice began to form an encampment.

"How far are we from the heights of Scutari?" asked Ahmet.

Five or six leagues," replied the guide.

"Then why not push on?" continued Ahmet. "In a few hours we should arrive."

"Seigneur Ahmet," replied the guide, "I do not care to venture on this portion of the province at night. I am afraid I would lose my way. To-morrow at daybreak there will be nothing to fear; and, before noon, we shall arrive at the end of our journey."

"The man is right," said Kéraban. "We must not compromise our safety by too

great haste. Let us camp here, nephew ; let us take our last meal as travellers together, and to-morrow, before ten o'clock, we shall salute the Bosphorus."

Everyone except Ahmet was of Kéraban's opinion ; so they disposed themselves in the best available manner under the circumstances.



The Gorge of Nerissa.

The place had been well-chosen by the guide. It was a somewhat straight defile between the mountains—or, more correctly, hills—of this part of Anatolia. The pass is called the Gorge of Nerissa.

At the end the high rocks united with the lower strata of the cliff, whose semi-circular shelves extended to the left in rising stages. On the right was a deep cavern, in which all the party could find shelter.

If the place was suitable for an encampment of the travellers, it was none the less adapted to the horses, which needed rest and food. A few hundred paces off, beyond the winding gorge, a plain extended, in which were water and grass in abundance. Thither the horses were led by Nizib who was appointed their guardian as usual during nocturnal halts.

(To be continued.)

THE BIG OTTER.

A TALE OF THE GREAT NOR'WEST.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Author of "The Wild Man of the West;" "The Red Eric;" "Dusty Diamonds;" "The Life Boat;"
 "The Coral Island," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.—(continued.)



ON New Year's night, unknown to his comrades—for it was his intention to do the deed secretly, and leave the imputation upon all—he watched his opportunity and thought he had found it when, after the dance was over and the guests had retired, he saw Lumley seated by the fire in conversation with the newly-arrived pale-face girl. Macnab and I had gone with the men to their house for some purpose—I forget what—so that the two were left alone.

Attick might easily have opened the door and shot his victim, but the report, he knew, would have roused every one; besides, his absence at the moment and his dirty gun would have betrayed him to his comrades; so, being a strong man, he preferred the scalping knife, with the use of which he was familiar.

Now, it chanced that there hung a small looking-glass over the hall fireplace. In that glass Lumley could see not only himself but the door and windows of the room behind him, as he sat chatting with Jessie Macnab. Happening to glance into the glass, he observed the flattened nose of Attick on the window-pane with the glaring eyes above it. A *tête à tête* with the fair Jessie was too pleasant, however, to be interrupted by such a trifle; he therefore continued the conversation, though he kept a sharp look-out behind him. Presently he

saw the door open—open so gently that it gave forth no sound. Immediately after, a blackened and savage head appeared with a diabolical expression on the countenance. It was followed slowly by a hand in which a gleaming knife was clutched. Lumley now fully understood what was meditated, for he recognized Attick through his war paint. He did not move, however, for he felt that if he sprang up too soon the savage could easily leap back through the doorway and escape into the dark woods. He therefore laid strong constraint on himself and waited.

Miss Macnab's back was turned to the savage, but, not having the advantage of the glass, she could not see him, and continued her pleasant prattle. Like a dark, noiseless shadow, the Indian advanced, and raised his knife.

"Then you like this wilderness life?" asked Jessie, at that moment.

"Yes, I confess, Miss Macnab, that it has its charms as well as its disagreeables—the utter want of society being the worst of the latter."

"I should have thought," said the girl looking up, "that you—but—but—why do you gaze and frown so fiercely at that——"

She was promptly answered, for Lumley sprang up at the moment with panther-like agility, wheeled round, seized the uplifted arm, and, with a wrench so violent as to break it, he hurled the savage to the ground.

Jessie Macnab sprang up in consternation, but did not give way to that supposed female-in-alarm necessity—a scream. At the same moment Macnab and I entered.

"Hallo! Lumley. What's all this?" cried Macnab. "Nobody hurt I hope?"

"I fear the Indian is hurt somewhat," said our chief, looking down at his enemy, who lay stunned upon the floor. "Go, Max, assemble our men and fetch all the Indians."

In a few minutes all were assembled in the hall, when Lumley, in a low, stern voice, related what had occurred, appealing to Jessie to corroborate what he said.

"Now," he added in conclusion, turning to the Indians, "I have no quarrel with you. There lies your comrade. He has forfeited his life to me, but I forgive him. Take him away."

Lumley said no more, as, in solemn surprise and silence, the Indians lifted up their comrade and bore him out of the hall; but he took good care to make no reference whatever to the looking-glass, and I verily believe that to this day it is believed by the red-men of that region, that Lumley has eyes in the back of his head.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS PACKET. — FRIENDS DEPART, AND LUMLEY IS CAUGHT SINGING.

THE uncertainty of all sublunary things is a truism so trite that I do not mean to insult the reader's understanding by attempting to prove it. I merely refer to it in order to say that the great Nor'west is not exempt from that general rule of uncertainty.

At first peace and prosperity attended us, at least in all the main lines of life, with only trivial variations, and we felt disposed to believe that the sunshine would continue to gladden us throughout the whole winter. But such was not to be the case. Soon after the events narrated in the last chapter, clouds began to gather, the peaceful flow of our life was interrupted, and at last a storm burst which filled the inhabitants of our little fort with consternation.

After the attempted murder by Attick on New-Year's-Day, the Indians left the fort, taking their wounded friend along with them. No doubt they felt that it would be scarcely reasonable in them to expect to be entertained with the good things of the pale-faces after the dastardly attempt that had been made on our chief's life. But Attick, who had been wounded more deeply in his feelings than in his body, resolved to be revenged. He was the more urged to this, because his savage affections had been fixed on Waboose, and no doubt he had been sharp enough to perceive my own regard for the girl, and was jealous enough to believe that I would take advantage of my position and of her residence at the fort to supplant him.

Bad men invariably find like-minded spirits ready to help them in their dark designs. Among the redskins of his tribe Attick found no difficulty in securing the allegiance of one or two men who were in the habit of looking up to him as their leader, and it was not very long before he found his opportunity—as shall soon be told. When the Macnabs had spent three weeks with us, they set off on the return journey to the mountain fort, taking Waboose along with them—for Jessie Macnab had taken so strong a fancy to the fair-haired half-caste, that she had prevailed on her to agree to visit the mountain fort in company with her mother, from whom she refused to be separated even for a few days.

Before their departure, however, I had a conversation with Waboose, in which I reminded her of the packet about which she had spoken to me on a memorable occasion in the woods. I may remark here in passing, that I had conscientiously held to my promise to Lumley, and had carefully abstained from making the slightest effort to gain the girl's affections, or to show her the state of my own feelings. Indeed, I had rather avoided her as much as possible without appearing rude or unkind. Of course I could not, however, help showing my pity for and sympathy with her poor invalid mother, and, as I was the only one

in our little community who possessed the smallest knowledge of medicine or surgery, I was forced to visit their hut daily in the capacity of doctor.

"Waboose," said I, during the conversation above referred to, "you need not be anxious about your mother. I feel assured that her complaint is of such a nature that her general health will be benefited by a trip over the snow—provided she is kept warm and does not travel too far each day. Of course there is no fear of that with you and Miss Macnab to look after her, and I have given careful directions to Mr. Macnab how to treat her."

"You are very kind," replied the girl with much earnestness of tone and manner.

"And now, Waboose," I continued, "you remember saying long ago, you would show me the packet that——"

"Yes, it is here," she said quickly, taking it out of the folds of a light shawl—the gift of Jessie—which covered her shoulders, and handing it to me.

"Thank you. Well, I will examine it carefully this afternoon, and give it back to you to-morrow, before you start."

"No, keep it. I can trust you," she said, with a simple look, that somehow depressed me, for it was almost too simple and sisterly to my mind. "Besides," she added, "it is safer in your hands than mine, and when I come again you will explain to me what it contains."

Next day the party left us. It consisted of Macnab, who, with his wonted energy of nature, was leader and beater of the track; the sprightly Jessie in a cariole drawn by four dogs; Waboose's mother in a similar cariole, and the fair Waboose herself on snow-shoes, for she preferred the mode of travelling to which she had been most accustomed. Two Indians dragging provision sleds brought up the rear.

It had been arranged that I should convoy the party to their first bivouac in the snow, spend the night with them, and continue to journey with them the second day as far as was consistent with the possibility of returning to the fort that night.

Jack Lumley accompanied us at first, but another small party of Indians had come in to stay at the fort at that time, and although he had, I am certain, a very strong desire to go further, with his usual self-sacrificing spirit when duty pointed another way, he turned and left us at the end of a few miles.

I spent the night in the snow-bivouac as arranged, and continued to journey onward with the party next day, until Macnab refused to let me go another step.

"Now, Max," he said, laughingly, "you must turn here. Why, man, it will be midnight before you get in, good walker though you be. Come, good-bye."

"Well, well, I suppose it's better to turn, since you seem tired of my company," said I, turning to Jessie who stood up in her sleigh to shake hands. "Good-bye, Miss Macnab——"

"Jessie, man, Jessie—none of your Miss Macnabs here, else I'll tumble you into the snow by way of farewell," shouted the irrepressible Highlander.

"Very well, good-bye, Jessie," said I, with a laugh, though my heart was heavy enough. "Good-bye, Waboose—farewell, all."

With a wave of his hand Macnab tramped on ahead, the sleigh-bells rang out, and the rest of the party followed.

After they had gone a few yards Waboose turned and waved her hand again. As I looked on her fair face glowing with health and exercise, her upright, graceful figure in its picturesque costume and her modest mien, I felt that two beams of light had shot from her bright blue eyes and pierced my heart right through and through. It was a double shot—both barrels, if I may say so, well aimed at the centre of the bull's eye!

Next moment she was gone—the whole party having dipped over the brow of a snowdrift.

"An Indian! a half-caste!" I exclaimed in a burst of contempt, going off over the plain at five miles an hour, "nothing of the sort. A lady—one of Nature's ladies—born and bred; no, not bred; no need for breeding

where genuine purity, gentleness, tenderness, simplicity, modesty——”

I stuck at this point, partly for want of words, and partly because my snow-shoes, catching on a twig, sent my feet into the air and stuck my head and shoulders deep into a drift of snow. Though my words were stopped, however, the gush of my enthusiasm flowed steadily on.

“And what can be more worthy of man’s admiration and respectful affection,” I argued as I recovered my perpendicular, coughed the snow out of my mouth and nose, and rubbed it out of my eyes, “what more worthy of true-hearted devotion than this—this—creature of—of light; this noble child of nature—this *Queen of the Wilderness!*”

I repeated “this Queen of the Wilderness” for a considerable time afterwards. It seemed to me a happy expression, and I dwelt upon it with much satisfaction as I drove along, sending the fine snow in clouds of white dust from my snow-shoes and striding over the ground at such a pace that I reached Fort Wichikagan considerably before midnight, in spite of Macnab’s prophecy.

I am not naturally prone thus to lay bare the secret workings of my spirit. You will therefore, I trust, good reader, regard the revelation of these things as a special mark of confidence.

On reaching the fort I observed that a bright light streamed from the hall windows, casting a ruddy glow on the snow-heaps which had been shovelled up on each side of the foot-path in front, and giving, if possible, a paler and more ghostly aspect to the surrounding scenery.

I went to one of the windows, and, imitating Attick, flattened my nose against a pane. A pain was the immediate result, for, the glass being intensely cold, I was obliged to draw back promptly.

Lumley was seated alone at one side of the fire, in the familiar attitude of a man who meditates profoundly,—or sleepily; namely, with his legs stretched straight out in front of him, his hands deep in his trousers-pockets

and his chin sunk on his breast, while his eyes stared cataleptically at the flames.

I was about to quit my post of observation, when a sudden action of my friend arrested me.

Drawing up his legs, grasping his knees with his hands, turning his eyes to the ceiling with that gaze which implies that planks and roof count for nothing in the way of intercepting the flight of mind to the realms of inspiration, Lumley opened his handsome mouth and broke forth in song. He had a magnificent voice. I could distinguish both air and words through the double windows. The song was that which I have already quoted elsewhere—“Lovely young Jessie, the flower of Dunblane.” The deep pathos of his tone was thrilling! It flashed a new thought into my brain. Then I became amazed at my own blind stupidity. I now understood the meaning of that restless activity which had struck me recently as being so uncharacteristic of my sedate friend; that anxiety to have all our food well cooked and nicely served, in one who habitually took food just as it came, and cared nothing for quality or appearance; that unusual effort to keep our hall neat and in order; those sharp reproofs to the astonished Salamander for failure in punctuality at meal-hours; that very slight indication of a more frequent use of the brush and comb in one whose crisp curls required little aid from such implements.

Under the excitement of my discovery I burst into the room with “Oh! Lumley, you deceiver!” cutting him short in the very middle of those repeated “lovely young Jessies” which constitute the very pith and marrow of the song.

“Why, Max! back already?” cried my friend, starting up with a slightly confused look, which confirmed my suspicion, and rattling on at a pace which was plainly meant to carry me past the subject. “How you must have walked to be sure—unless, indeed, you convoyed them only a short part of the way; but that could not have been the case. It would have been so unlike your gallant nature, Max—eh? Well, and how did they

get on? Snow not too soft, I hope. Encampment comfortable? But no fear of that, of course, with Peter Macnab as leader. No capizes?"

"None," said I, seizing advantage of a slight pause, "everything went as well as possible, and the carioles went admirably—especially Jessie's."

I looked at him pointedly as I said this, but he coolly stooped to lift a billet and put it on the fire, as he rattled on again:—

"Yes? that's just what I hoped for, though I could not be quite sure of it, for she has the old one which I had patched up as well as possible. You see, as Macnab said—and of course I agreed with him—it was only fair that the invalid should have the strongest and easiest-going conveyance. By the way, Max, I've heard some news. Do you know that that scoundrel Attick is stirring up the tribes against us?"

"No—is he?" said I, quite forgetting the fair Jessie, in this piece of information.

"Yes, and the rascal, I fear, may do us irreparable damage before we can tame him, for he has considerable influence with the young and fiery spirits among the savages—so Big Otter says. Fortunately his power lies only in the tongue at present, for it seems I broke his arm the night he tried to murder me, but that will mend in time."

"Very unfortunate," said I, "that this should happen at the beginning of our career in this region. We must thwart his plans if we can."

"Moreover," continued Lumley, with a sly look, "I am told that he has the presumption to aspire to the hand of Waboose!"

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, as a flame of indignation seemed to shoot through my whole frame, "we must thwart his plans in *that* direction emphatically."

"Of course, of course," said my friend gravely, "it would never do to let such a sweet girl throw herself away on a savage; besides, she's such a favourite with Jessie Macnab, you know. It would never do—never."

I looked at him quickly, but he was gazing abstractedly at the fire. I felt that I

was no match for my friend at badinage, and gave it up!

"But what do you think he could do?" I asked with some anxiety, after a few minutes' thought. "You know that Waboose would as soon think of marrying that bloodthirsty savage as she would think of marrying a—a——"

"A pine-tree or a grizzly bear. Yes, I know," interrupted Lumley, "he will never get her with her own consent, but you know that savages have a knack of marrying women without their consent; and then there is the possibility of his attempting to carry her off—and various other possibilities."

I saw that my friend was jestingly attempting to test my feelings, but I made no reply at first, though I felt strongly on the subject.

"Well, Lumley," said I at length, "your first suggestion I meet with the reply that the consent of parents is not ignored among Indians, and that Waboose's mother is an Indian of so high-minded and refined a nature—partly acquired, no doubt, from her husband—that *she* will never consent to give her daughter to such a man; such a brute, I might say, considering what he attempted. As to Waboose herself, her father's gentle nature in her secures her from such a misfortune; and as to her being carried off—well, I don't think any savages would be bold enough to try to carry off anything from the grip of Peter Macnab, and when we get her back here we will know how to look after her."

"It may be so," said Lumley, with a sigh, "and now, my boy, to change the subject, we must buckle to our winter's work in right good earnest; I mean what may be styled our philanthropic work; for the other work—fire-wood cutting, hunting, store arranging, preparation for the return of Indians in spring with their furs, and all the other odds and ends of duty—is going along swimmingly, but our classes must be resumed, now that the holidays are over, for we have higher interests to consider than the mere eating that we may live and living that we may eat."

"All right," said I heartily, for I was very glad to help in a species of work which, I felt, gave dignity to all our other labours. "I'll get the slates out and start the men at arithmetic to-morrow evening, from the place where we left off. What will you do? Give them 'Robinson Crusoe' over again?"

"No, Max, I won't do that just now at all events. I'll only finish the story and then begin the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' You observed, no doubt, that I had been extending my commentaries on 'Robinson,' especially towards the last chapters."

"Yes—what of that?"

"Well, I'm free to confess that that was intentionally done. It is a dodge, my boy, to get them into the habit of expecting and submitting to commentary, for I intend to come out strong in that line in my exposition of the Pilgrim—as you shall see. I brought the book with this very end, and the long winter nights, in view. And I mean to take it easy too—spin it out. I won't bore them with too much at a time."

"Good, but don't spin it out too long, Lumley," said I; "you know, when men set their hearts on some magnificent plan or scheme they are apt to become prosy. I suppose you'll also take the writing class, as before?"

"I suppose I must," returned my friend, with a sigh, "though it goes against the grain, for I was never very good at penmanship, and we have lost our best scholars too, now that Waboose and her mother are gone."

"By the way, that reminds me," said I, "that Waboose gave me the packet which she received from her father not long before he was drowned. Here it is."

I drew it from my breast-pocket and held it up. "She told me her father had said it was no use her opening it as she could not read it, but that she was to give it to the first white man whom she could trust; you remember my mentioning that to you? Well, she gave it to me only yesterday, and I have not yet found time to read it."

"Did she say she could trust *you*, Max?"

"Of course she did. Why not?"

"Oh, certainly, why not?" repeated my friend, with a peculiar look. "Did she say you might communicate its contents to *me*?"

"Well, no, she did not," I replied, feeling rather perplexed. "But I'm quite sure that if she meant to trust me at all she meant to trust to my discretion in the whole matter; and—Jack Lumley," I added, getting up and grasping my friend's hand, "if I cannot trust *you* I can trust nobody."

"That will do," he said, returning the squeeze. "You are safe. Go-ahead."

The packet was wrapped in a piece of birch-bark, and tied with a piece of fibrous root. This covering removed I found a white cambric handkerchief, inside of which was something hard. It turned out to be the miniature of a handsome man somewhere between forty and fifty. Beside it was a manuscript in English. On one corner of the kerchief was marked in faded ink the name "Eve."

Holding out the portrait I said,—“You see. I knew he was a gentleman. This must be her father.”

"No doubt," replied Lumley—"but what says this letter?"

Unfolding the manuscript I spread it carefully on my knee and began to read.

CHAPTER XIX.

OPENING OF THE MYSTERIOUS PACKET.

THE manuscript was without date or preface, and its contents interested as well as surprised us not a little. It began at once as follows:—

"Whoever receives this packet and letter from my daughter, receives a sacred trust which he dare not shake off, and which I solemnly charge him in the sight of God to take up and fulfil. At the moment while I write I am well and strong, and not old. It is my firm intention, if God spares me, to pursue the course which is herein detailed, but I know too well the risks and dangers of the wilderness to feel assured that I shall live

to act out my part. I therefore write down here, as briefly as I can, my story and my wishes, and shall give the letter with my miniature to my darling Waboose—whose Christian name is Eve, though she knows it not—with directions not to open it, or let it out of her hands, until she meets with a white man *whom she can trust*, for well assured am I that the man whom my innocent and wise-hearted Eve can *trust*—be he old or young—will be a man who cannot and will not refuse the responsibility laid on him. Why I prefer to leave this packet with my daughter, instead of my dear wife, is a matter with which strangers have nothing to do.

“I begin by saying that I have been a great sinner, but, thank God, I have found Jesus a great Saviour. Let this suffice. I was never given to open up my mind much, and I won’t begin now—at least, not more than I can help. It is right to say, at the outset, that I have been regularly married, by a travelling Wesleyan minister, to my dear wife, by whom also Eve and her mother were baptised.

“My fall began in disobedience to my mother. Probably this is the case with most ne’er-do-wells. My name is William Liston. My father was a farmer in a wild part of Colorado. He died when I was a little boy, leaving my beloved mother to carry on the farm. I am their only child. My mother loved and served the Lord Christ. And well do I know that my salvation from an ungovernable temper and persistent self-will, is the direct answer to her unceasing prayers.

“I left home, against her will, with a party of backwoodsmen, my heart being set on what I once thought would be the free and jolly life of a hunter in the great American wilderness. I have lived to find the truth of that proverb, ‘All is not gold that glitters,’ and of that word, ‘There is no rest, saith my God, to the wicked.’

“I was eighteen when I left home. Since then I have been a homeless wanderer—unless a shifting tent may be considered home! Long after my quitting home, and

while staying with a tribe of Indians at the head waters of the Saskatchewan river, I met an Indian girl, whose gentle, loving nature, and pretty face, were so attractive to me that I married her and joined her tribe. The marriage ceremony was, as I have said, confirmed by a Wesleyan minister, whose faithful words made such an impression on me, that I resolved to give up my wild life, and return with my wife and child to my old home. My character, however—which is extremely resolute and decided when following the bent of my inclinations, and exceedingly weak and vacillating when running counter to the same—interfered with my good intentions. The removal of the tribe to a more distant part of the land, also tended to delay me, and a still more potent hindrance lay in the objections of my wife—who has been faithful and true to me throughout. God bless her! She could not, for a long time, see her way to forsake her people.

“Ever since my meeting with the Wesleyan, my mind has been running more or less on the subject of religion, and I have tried to explain it as far as I could to my wife and child, but have found myself woefully ignorant as well as sinful. At last, not long ago, I procured a New Testament from a trapper, and God in mercy opened my eyes to see and my heart to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. Since then I have had less difficulty in speaking to my wife and child, and have been attempting to teach the latter to read English. The former, whose mother and father died lately, has now no objection to go with me to the land of the pale-faces, and it is my present intention to go to my old home on the return of spring. I have not heard of my poor mother since I left her, though at various times I have written to her. It may be that she is dead. I hope not—I even think not, for she was very young when she married my father, and her constitution was strong. But her hair was beginning to silver even before I forsook her—with sorrow, I fear, on my account. Oh! mother! mother! How unavailing is my bitter regret! What would

I not give to kneel once more at your feet and confess my sin! This may perhaps be permitted—but, come weal, come woe, blessed be God we *shall* meet again!

"If my prayer is granted, this paper will never be seen by human eye. If God sees fit to deny me this, and I should die in the wilderness, then I charge the man to whom my packet is given, to take my wife and daughter to Colorado, and, if my mother—Mrs. William Liston, of Sunny Creek—be still alive, to present them to her with this written paper and miniature. If, on the other hand, she be dead, then let him buy for them an annuity, or otherwise invest, four thousand pounds (£4,000) for their benefit according to the best of his judgment. How to come by the £4,000, I will now explain.

"Away in the beautiful and sequestered valley at the head of lake Wichikagan, there stands a stunted pine, near a rock fallen from the cliff above. The spot is not easily found, but my Eve knows it well. It was a favourite resort of ours when we went pic-nicing together. There is a small hole or dry cave in the cliff just behind the fallen rock. Two feet underneath the soil there will be found a bag containing a set of diamonds worth the sum I have named, with a smaller bag containing five hundred pounds in gold. It may not be amiss to say that both jewels and money have been honestly come by. The money I dug out of the Californian mines and bought the jewels in a drunken frolic when in Canada—'for my future wife,' as I then boasted. My dear wife has never seen them, nor has Eve. They do not know of their existence. The five hundred pounds in gold is to be retained for himself by the man who accepts this trust, to enable him to pay his way and carry it out.

"WILLIAM LISTON."

It is difficult to express the conflict of feelings that assailed me when I had finished reading this remarkable manuscript. For some time Lumley and I gazed at each other in silence.

NO. XLIV.

"You accept the trust, I suppose," said my friend at last.

"Of course. How could I do otherwise?"

"But you cannot remain in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company if you do. They would never give you leave of absence for such a purpose."

"No matter. I will not ask leave of absence. I will resign. My time was up, you know, this year. I will write to the governor by the spring brigade, and start away for Colorado in summer."

"But this poor man may have been slightly deranged," suggested Lumley. "He says that at one time he led a wild life. It is possible that his brain may have been affected, and he only dreams of these jewels and the gold."

"I think not," said I decidedly, "the letter is so calm and simple in style that the idea is absurd; besides, we can soon test it by visiting the valley and the spot referred to. Moreover, even if there were no money and the poor man were really deranged, he could never have imagined or invented all that about his mother and Colorado if it were not true. Even if we fail to find the jewels and cash I will accept the trust and fulfil it."

"What! without money?"

"Ay, without money," said I firmly, though I am bound to confess that I did not at the moment see clearly how the thing was in that case to be done. But I was—and indeed, still am—of an ardent disposition, and felt sanguine that I should manage to fulfil the obligations of this remarkable trust somehow.

"Well, Max, you and I will visit this valley to-morrow," said Lumley, rising, "meanwhile we will go to bed."

Accordingly, next morning, after breakfast, Lumley and I slung our snow-shoes over our shoulders on the barrels of our guns,—for the lake was as hard as a sheet of white marble—and started off to pay a visit to the spot indicated in what I may style poor Liston's will.

It was a bright bracing day—quite calm,

but with keen frost which tended to increase the feelings of excitement already roused by the object we had in view. As we passed through the lake's fringe of willows, the tops of which just rose a foot or two above the drifted snow, a great covey of ptarmigan rose with a mighty whirr and swept along the shore like giant snow-flakes, but we took no heed of these—our minds were bent on other game!

The distance to the upper end of the lake was considerable, and the day was far advanced when we reached it. As we took to the land the covey of ptarmigan, which had preceded us to the place, again rose. This time however we were prepared for them. Lumley shot a brace right and left, taking the two last that rose with sportsman-like precision. I confess that I am not a particularly good shot—never was—and have not much of the sportsman's pride about me. I fired straight into the centre of the dense mass of birds, six of which immediately fell upon the snow.

"What a lot of flukes!" exclaimed my companion with a laugh as he recharged.

"Luck before precision, anyday," said I, following his example.

"Ay, Max, but there is this difference that luck is rather uncertain, whereas precision is always sure."

"Well, be that as it may," said I, putting on my snow-shoes, for the snow in the wood we were about to enter was deep and soft, "we have enough for a good supper at all events."

"True, and we shall need a good supper, for we must camp out. There is no chance of our finding this treasure—even if it exists—until we have had a good search and then it will be too late to return home with comfort, or even safety, for it is difficult on a dark night to distinguish tracks on the hard snow of a lake as I've sometimes found to my cost."

We set up several other coveys of ptarmigan as we traversed the belt of willows lying between the lake and the woods, and when we entered the latter several grouse, of

a species that takes to trees, fluttered away from us; but we did not molest them, having already more than we could consume swinging at our belts.

We went straight up the valley to what we deemed the most sequestered part of it and then paused.

"This looks somewhat like the spot, doesn't it?" said Lumley, glancing round. "Yonder is a cliff with rocks at the base of it."

"Yes, but too many rocks," said I, "the paper mentions only one; besides, it refers to a stunted pine, and I see nothing of that sort here."

"True; it must be higher up the valley. Come along."

On we plodded, hour after hour, halting often and examining with care many a secluded spot that seemed to answer more or less the description of the spot for which we searched, but all in vain. Sunset found us as far from our object as ever, and as hungry as hawks. Darkness of course put an end to the search, and, with a feeling of disappointment and weariness that I had not experienced since arriving in that region, I set to work to fell and cut up a tree for firewood while Lumley shovelled a hole in the snow at the foot of a pine and otherwise prepared our encampment.

But youth is remarkably elastic in spirit! No sooner was the fire crackling, the kettle singing, and the delicious odour of roasted ptarmigan tickling our nostrils, than disappointment gave way to hope and weariness to jollity.

"Come, we shall have at it again tomorrow," said Lumley.

"So we shall—" said I—"mind that kettle. You have an unfortunate capacity for kicking things over."

"One of the disadvantages of long legs, Max. They're always in the way. Get out the biscuit now. My ptarmigan is ready. At least, if it isn't I can't wait."

"Neither can I, Jack. I sometimes wish that it were natural to us to eat things raw. It would be so very convenient and save—sh—a—lot—f—time."

Hunger and a wrenched-off drumstick checked further utterance!

That night we lay in our snow camp, gazing up at the stars, with our feet to the fire, talking of gold and diamonds with all the eagerness of veritable misers—though it is but justice to myself to add that Eve's blue eyes outshone, in my imagination, all the diamonds that ever decked the brow of Wealth or Beauty! When at last we slept, our dreams partook of the same glittering ideas—coupled of course with much of the monstrous absurdity to which dreams are liable. I had just discovered a gem which was so large that I experienced the utmost difficulty in thrusting it into my coat-pocket, and was busy shovelling small diamonds of the purest water into a wheelbarrow, when a tremendous whack on my nose awoke me.

Starting up with an indignant gasp I found that it was a lump of snow, which had been detached by the heat of our fire from a branch overhead.

"What's wrong, Max?" growled my comrade, who lay curled up in his buffalo robe, like a huge Newfoundland dog. "Bin dreamin'?"

"Yes," said I with a loud yawn, "I was dreaming of shovelling up diamonds by the thousand when a lump of snow fell and hit my nose!"

"Str'nge," sighed Lumley, in the sleepest voice I ever heard, "so's I—dr'm'n 'f g'ld'n sass-gs an' dm'nd ruple-ply."

"What nonsense are you talking, man? What were you dreaming of?"

"'F gold'n saus'-ges an' dim'nd roly-p'ly. I say—'s fire out?"

"Nearly."

"'S very cold. G't up—mend it, I'ke good f'llow. I'll help you, d'rectly."

He finished off with a prolonged snore, so I rose with a slight laugh, mended the fire, warmed myself well, observed in a sleepy way that the night was still bright and calm, and then lay down in a state of semi-consciousness to drop at once into a nest made of golden fillagree filled with diamond eggs!

Next morning we rose at daybreak, relighted the fire and had breakfast, after which we resumed our search, but still—without success.

"I fear that my surmise as to the state of poor Liston's mind is correct," said Lumley. "We have searched the whole valley, I believe."

"Nay, not quite," I returned, "it is much varied in form, and full of out-o'-the-way nooks. Besides, we have not yet discovered the stunted pine, and you know the paper says the spot is difficult to find. As to Liston's mind I feel quite sure that it was all right, and that the man was a good and true one. The father of Waboose could not have been otherwise."

I said this somewhat decidedly, for I felt sorely disappointed at our failure and slightly annoyed at my friend's unbelief in one whose last writing proved him—at least to my mind—to be genuine and sincere.

"Well, Max," returned Lumley, with his wonted pleasant look and tone, "it may be that you are right. We will continue our search as long as there seems any chance of success."

Accordingly, we ranged the valley round, high and low, until we had visited, as we thought, every nook and cranny in it, and then, much dispirited, returned home.

One morning, about three months after these events, Lumley came into my bedroom where I was drawing a plan for a new store.

"Max," said he, sitting down on the bed beside me, "I mean to start this afternoon on a visit to the mountain fort. You know I promised Macnab that I would look him up about this time and fetch Waboose and her mother back."

"Indeed. When do you start?"

"This afternoon."

I was not surprised at the suddenness of this announcement. Our chief was eminently a man of action. He seldom talked much about plans, but thought them well out; and, when his mind was made up, acted without delay.

"You'll take my letter to the governor and tell Mac to forward it with his spring packet?" said I.

"Yes, that is just what I came to see you about. Is it ready—and are you quite decided about retiring?"

"Quite decided. See, here is the letter. And don't forget your promise to say nothing to Waboose or anyone else about Liston's packet."

"Not a word, my boy."

That afternoon my friend set off on snowshoes accompanied by two men.

"Any message, Max?" he said, at parting.

"Of course. My kind regards to everybody."

"Nothing warmer to *anybody*?"

"Oh, yes," I returned quickly, "I forgot, you may, if you choose, say something a little more affectionate to Miss Macnab!"

"I will, Max, I will," he replied, with a loud ringing laugh and a cheery good-bye.

Some time after that an Indian came to the fort bearing a letter from Lumley. It was written, he said, merely because the Indian chanced to be travelling towards Wichikagan, and contained nothing of importance, and to my surprise and disappointment contained no reference whatever to Waboose. On turning over the last page, however, I found a postscript. It ran thus:—

"P.S. By the way, I had almost omitted to mention Eve. My dear boy, I believe you are right. She is one of Nature's ladies. Jessie has prevailed on her to put on one of her dresses and be her companion, and when they are walking together with their backs towards me, upon my word I have difficulty in deciding which is the more ladylike of the two! And that, you will admit, is no small compliment from me. Jessie has been giving her lessons in English, and music and drawing, too. Just think of that! She says she is doing it with an end in view. I wonder what that end can be, Jessie is sometimes difficult to understand. She is also remarkably wise and far-sighted. I expect to be home soon—farewell."

CHAPTER XX.

I COME OUT IN A NEW LIGHT, AND HAVE
A VERY NARROW ESCAPE.

DURING the absence of my friend everything went on at the fort in the usual quiet way, with this difference, that part of our educational course had to be given up, and I had to read the Pilgrim's Progress instead of my friend, for the men had become so deeply interested in the adventures of Christian that they begged of me to continue the readings.

This I agreed to do, but confined myself simply to reading. I observed, however, that my audience did not seem to appreciate the story as much as before, and was getting somewhat disheartened about it, when one evening as I was about to begin Donald Bane said to me—

"If ye please, sur, the other laads an' me's been talkin' over this matter, an' they want me to say that they would pe fery much obleeged if ye would expound the story as you go along the same as Muster Lumley did."

This speech both surprised and embarrassed me, for I had never before attempted anything in the way of exposition. I felt, however, that it would never do for a man in charge of an outpost in the Great North-West to exhibit weakness on any point, whatever he might feel; I therefore resolved to comply.

"Well, Donald Bane," I said, "it had been my intention to leave the exposition of the allegory to Mr. Lumley, but as you all wish me to carry on that part of the reading I will do my best."

So saying, I plunged at once into the story, and got on much more easily than I had expected; ideas and words flowing into my mind copiously, insomuch that I found it difficult to stop, and on more than one occasion was awakened by a snore from one of the audience to the fact that I had sent some of them to sleep.

In the midst of this pleasant and I hope not unprofitable work, an event occurred which had well-nigh stopped my

commentaries on the Pilgrim's Progress, and put an end to my career altogether.

I had gone out one morning with my gun to procure a few fresh ptarmigan, accompanied by Big Otter. Our trusty Indian was beginning by that time to understand the English language, but he would not condescend to speak it. This, however, was of slight importance, as I had learned to jabber fluently in the native tongue.

We speedily half filled the large game-bag which the Indian carried.

"I think we'll go into the thicker woods now," said I, "and try for some tree grouse by way of variety."

Big Otter gave a mild grunt of assent. He was not naturally given to much talking, and, being amiable, was always ready to conform to any plan without discussion, unless expressly asked. Indeed, even when expressly asked it was not always possible to get a satisfactory answer out of him.

"Do you think we should go up the Dark Valley, or over the Rocky Knoll," said I, referring to two well-known spots a considerable distance from the fort.

"The pale-face chief knows best."

"Yes, but the pale-face asks what the red-face thinks," said I, somewhat amused by the answer.

"He thinks that there are grouse in the Dark Valley, and also in the lands towards the setting sun over the Rocky Knoll."

"If I were to ask you, Big Otter, which of the two directions you would like to take, what would you reply?"

"I would reply, The direction that best pleases the pale-face chief."

"Now, Big Otter," said I, firmly, for I was determined to get an answer out of him, "in which of the two paths are we most likely to find the greatest number of birds?"

"Assuredly in the path which shall be chosen by the pale-face. Is he not a great hunter? Does he not know the land?"

I gave in with a short laugh, and turning, led the way over the Rocky Knoll into the dense forest at the back of the fort. Passing through a belt of this, we came upon

more open ground, where the trees grew in clumps, with willow-covered spaces between. Beyond that we re-entered the thick woods, and at once set up a covey of the birds we were in search of. There were six of them, and they all perched on a neighbouring tree.

Now it is sometimes the case that the birds of which I write are so tame that they will sit still on a tree till they are all shot, one by one, if only the hunter is careful to fire at the lowest bird first, and so proceed upwards. If he should kill the top bird first, its fluttering fall disturbs the rest, causing them take wing. Fully aware of this fact, Big Otter and I fired alternate shots, and in a few seconds brought down the whole covey. This quite filled one of our bags.

"You may take it home, Big Otter," said I, "and tell them not to be alarmed if I don't return till to-morrow. Perhaps I shall camp out."

With his usual quiet grunt of acquiescence my red-skinned companion shouldered the full bag, and left me. I then struck into the thick woods, with the general bearings of which I was well acquainted, and soon after came across the fresh tracks of a deer which I followed up hotly.

I am naturally a keen sportsman, and apt to forget both time and distance when pursuing game. As to distance, however, a backwoods hunter who intends to encamp on the spot where night finds him, does not need to concern himself much about that. I therefore plodded on hour after hour, until the waning light told of the approach of darkness, and convinced me that further pursuit would be useless.

Looking round me then, for a suitable spot on which to make my encampment, I experienced almost a shock of surprise, not unmingled with alarm, on making the discovery that I had forgotten to bring my fire-bag!

To some people the serious nature of this may not at first be apparent. But they may appreciate the situation in some degree when I tell them that on that occasion I suddenly found myself about

twenty miles from home, fatigued, hungry, with the night descending over the wilderness, the thermometer about thirty-five below zero, of Fahrenheit's scale, with the snow for my bed, and without that all important flint, steel and tinder wherewith to procure fire for the cooking of my food and the warming of my frame !

It is true I had my gun which was a flint one, so that by rubbing some slightly moistened gunpowder on a piece of rag, which I tore from my shirt for the purpose, and snapping the lock over it, there was a possibility of a spark catching, but unfortunately the flint was a much worn one which I had chipped away to such an extent during the day, to improve its fire-producing powers, that only the merest glimmer of a spark was evolved after many snappings, and it was so feeble as to be quite unable to catch hold of my extemporised tinder. After prolonged and fruitless efforts the intense cold began to chill me and being well aware of the great danger of getting benumbed, or of falling into that torpid state of indifference to life coupled with intense desire for rest which precedes death from cold, I made up my mind at once, tired and hungry though I was, to turn round and walk straight back to the fort.

I knew myself to be quite capable of walking forty miles on snowshoes in ordinary circumstances. My being tired and the darkness of night were against me, but what of that ? it would only require me to brace myself to a severer task than usual !

I had not gone many miles, however, on the return journey, when a doubt occurred as to whether I was taking the right direction. In the confidence of my knowledge of the country I had carelessly left my old track, which was indeed rather a devious one, and had struck what I believed to be a straight line for the fort. It was by that time too late to retrace my steps and

too dark to distinguish the features of the landscape. I stopped for a minute to think, and as I did so the profound oppressive silence of the night, the weird pallid aspect of the scarce visible snow, and the dark pines around me, which were only a shade or two darker than the black sky above, together with the ever increasing cold, made such an impression on my mind that the prayer "God help me !" burst almost involuntarily from my lips.

Feeling that delay surely meant death, I started off again with redoubled energy, and this impulse of determination, along with the exercise, increased my temperature somewhat, so that hope became strong again, and with it muscular energy.

Suddenly I came upon a snow-shoe track. I went down on my knees to examine it, but the light was insufficient to make it out clearly. What would I not have given for a match at that moment ! However, as the size of the shoe-print seemed to my *feeling* the same with that of the shoe I wore, I concluded that it must certainly be my own track out from home—all the more that it ran almost parallel with the line I was following.

Getting upon it then, I stepped out with much greater ease and with a lighter heart.

After a time the track led me to a slightly open space where the light was better. I thought that objects seemed familiar to me as I looked round. Advancing, I came on a spot where the snow was much trodden down. There was a bank of snow near. I went towards it, while a terrible suspicion flashed into my mind. Yes, it was the very spot on which I had been sitting hours before, while I was making fruitless efforts to obtain a light from the flint of my gun ! I had been doing that of which I had often read and heard, walking unwittingly in a circle, and had actually come back to the spot from which I set out.

(To be continued.)

FOR NAME AND FAME;

A TALE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

BY G. A. HENTY.

Author of "Out with Clive;" "Facing Death;" "By Sheer Pluck;" "Under Drake's Flag;"
 "The Young Buglers;" "Cornet of Horse;" "Friends, though Divided," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIII.—(*continued*).

HEN Yossouf will die too," he said quietly: "he will not leave his white friend."

"No, no, Yossouf," Will said warmly; "you have nothing to do with the business. Why should you involve yourself in our fate? You can do me no good by sacrificing your life."

Yossouf shook his head.

"If," he said presently, "the time comes, and you see that it is of no use any longer to fight, and

that all is lost, would you try to escape then?"

"Yes," Will said, "certainly I would. When all hope of further resistance is gone, and fighting is useless, my duty would be at an end, and if I could manage to escape then I should be justified in trying to save my life."

Yossouf looked relieved. "Very well," he said, "then at the last I will try and save you."

"Still, Yossouf," Will said, "we must hope that it is not coming to that. The ameer has sworn to protect us, and he can do so. The Bala-Hissar is strong, and he can easily hold it with one or two of his Cabul regiments against the Heratee men. He has three or four of these regiments here. He cannot be so false to his oath as to allow his guests to be massacred."

Yossouf made a gesture which expressed his utter disbelief in the ameer, and then

again went about his duties. On the 2nd of September, on his return from the town, he reported that there was great excitement among the people, and that he believed that the night would not pass off without trouble. Major Cavagnari, to whom Will reported the news, sent in a message to the ameer, whose palace was within two or three hundred yards, and begged him to take measures to secure the Bala-Hissar against any attack by the Heratees.

The members of the escort available for the defence of the residency were but about fifty men. Most of the cavalry were away; some were down the pass with despatches, the rest were stationed a short distance off in the plain, as forage was difficult to obtain in the fort. The ameer returned a curt message to Major Cavagnari, saying that there was no cause for uneasiness. The latter, however, doubted the sentries at the gate of the little inclosure.

Just as the officers were about to retire to rest, Yossouf—who had a short time before gone out again, telling Will that he would bring back news of what was going on—ran in.

"The Heratees are coming," he said. "The gates of the fort have been left open. The Cabul men are all in their barracks. They are pouring in at the gates; do you not hear them?"

William Gale ran to the window, and could hear a loud and confused noise of yelling and shouting. He ran in to the envoy's room and warned him that the Heratees were at hand. Without the loss of a moment's time Lieutenant Hamilton got his men under arms, and posted them

at the upper windows of the house, where their fire would command the approaches to the gate. Quickly as this was done the Afghans were close at hand by the time that each man was at his post, and instantly opened a scattering fire at the residency, shouting to the soldiers to come out and join them, and to bring out the Kaffir officers to be killed. The Pathans were, however, true to their salt, and in reply opened a steady fire upon the mass of the enemy. With wild yells the Afghans rushed at the gate, but so steadily and rapidly did the defenders shoot from the upper windows and loopholes cut in the gate, that the assailants were forced to fall back.

"That's right, my lads," Major Cavagnari said cheerfully to his men; "we can hold the place for some time, and the ameer will bring the Cabul regiments down in no time and sweep away these rascals."

The Afghans, now some thousands strong, assisted by all the Budmashes, and turbulent portion of the population of Cabul, surrounded the house on all sides, and kept up a heavy and incessant fire, which was coolly and steadily returned by the Guides. After an hour's fighting there was a sudden roar above the rattle of musketry, followed by another and another. Simultaneously came the crash of shells. One burst in the house, the other tore through the gate. Still there was no sign of the Cabul regiments.

Eight or ten guns were brought to play on the little garrison. The gate was broken down, and nearly half the force of the house were already killed or wounded by the musketry and shell fire. Still they continued the defence. Over and over again the Afghans swarmed up close to the gate, only to fall back again before the steady fire of the Snider rifles of the Guides. Major Cavagnari went from room to room encouraging the men, while the other officers and Will Gale, taking rifles which had fallen from the hands of men no longer able to use them, set an example of cool and steady firing to their men.

For four hours the unequal contest con-

tinued; then a cry arose from the men that the house was on fire.

It was but too true. A shell had exploded in the lower part of the house and had ignited the woodwork, and the fire had already obtained so firm a hold that it was impossible to extinguish it. A few of the men continued their fire from the windows to the last, while the rest carried their wounded comrades out into the courtyard. As the flames shot out from the lower windows the yells of the Afghans rose higher and higher, and a fearful storm of lead and iron swept down upon the little band, who were now plainly visible in the light of the flames. Even now the enemy did not dare, although numbering hundreds to one, to come too close upon them, though they flocked up close to the gate.

"Now, lads!" Major Cavagnari exclaimed, "let us rush out and die fighting hand to hand; better that than to be shot down defenceless here."

Thus saying he led the way, and charged out upon the crowded foe. There were but Lieutenant Hamilton and eight men to follow him: all the rest had fallen. Dr. Kelly had been shot in the house while dressing the wound of one of the soldiers. Mr. Jenkyns had fallen outside. Will Gale had twice been wounded, but was still on his feet, as, grasping his musket, he rushed forward with his comrades. A figure sprang out just as he reached the gate, and with a sudden rush carried him along for some paces. Then he stumbled over a fragment of the wall, and fell just at the corner of the gate, which had swung inward when burst open by the enemy's shell. Confused and bewildered he struggled to regain his feet.

"Keep quiet, master!" Yossouf's voice said in his ear. "It is your only chance of safety."

So saying he dragged Will into the narrow space between the gate and the wall; then, as he rose to his feet, he wrapped round him a loose Afghan cloak, and pressed a black sheepskin cap far down over his face. In a minute there was the sound of a fierce struggle without. The shots of the revolvers

of the two English officers rang out in quick succession, mingled with the loud report of the Afghan muskets. The savage yells rose high and triumphant. The last of the gallant band who had for hours defended the embassy had fallen. Then there was a rush through the gate as the Afghans swarmed into the courtyard, till the space around the burning house was well-nigh full.

Unperceived, Will Gale and Yossouf stepped from behind the gate, and joined the throng, and at once made their way into the stables, where several of the Budmashes were already engaged in their work of plunder. Yossouf caught up three or four horse-rugs, and made them into a loose bundle, and signed to Will to do the same. The young soldier did so, and lifted them on his shoulder so as to partly hide his face. Then he followed Yossouf into the courtyard again.

Already there was a stream of men with saddles, rugs, muskets, and other plunder, making their way out, while others were still thronging in. Joining the former, Will and his guide were soon outside the inclosure. At any other time his disguise would have been noticed at once, but in the crowd his legs were hidden, and all were too intent upon plunder and too excited at their success to notice him.

Once outside the wall he was comparatively safe; the light thrown over the courtyard by the blazing house made the darkness beyond all the more complete. Keeping carefully in shadow Yossouf led him along to a clump of bushes in a garden a hundred yards from the house. Stooping here he pulled out a bundle.

"Here," he said, "is the uniform. Put it on quickly!"

It was but the work of a minute for Will to attire himself in the uniform of the Afghan soldier. He had still retained the musket which he had in his hand when Yossouf had leapt upon him, and as he now went on with his guide he had no fear whatever of being detected. He still carried the bundle of rugs on his shoulder.

As they walked round towards the lower gate of the Bala-Hissar they met numbers of villagers and townspeople thronging in. These had waited to hear the issue of the attack before leaving their homes; but now that the arrival of the plunderers from the residency, and the cessation of the fire, told of the successful termination of the assault, they flocked up to join in the rejoicings over the annihilation of the Kaffirs.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ADVANCE UPON CABUL.

THROUGHOUT the long hours of the night of the 2nd of September, while the roll of musketry and the roar of cannon had gone on without a moment's pause just outside the walls of his palace, Yakoob Khan had made no movement whatever to protect his guests or fulfil his own solemn promises. Silent and sullen he had sat in his council-chamber.

The disgrace of a broken promise is not one which weighs heavily upon an Afghan's mind, and it is not probable that the thought of his tarnished honour troubled him in the slightest degree; but he knew that the massacre which was being perpetrated at his door would be avenged, and that the English troops which had so easily beaten the army which his father had spent so many years in preparing would be set in movement against Cabul the moment the news reached India. He cannot but have dreaded the consequences. But he apparently feared even more to incur the hostility of the Heratee regiments by interfering to save their victims.

Again and again during the night his wisest counsellors besought him to call upon the loyal Cabullee regiments to act against the Heratees, but in vain. It is doubtful whether Yakoob was previously informed of the intended massacre, but there is strong reason to believe that he was so; the proofs, however, were not clear and definite. His conduct cost him his throne, and condemned him to remain to the end of his life a dis-

honoured pensioner and semi-prisoner in India.

Many eager questions were asked of Will and his companion as they made their way down to the gate of the Bala-Hissar. Yossouf took upon himself to answer them, and they passed through the gate without the slightest suspicion.

"Which way now?"

"I think it will be safest to go into the city. We might lie hid for a few days in some deserted hut, but sooner or later our presence there would excite comment. It will be best, I think, to go into the city. In the quarters of the Parsee merchants there are assuredly some who would give you shelter. Domajee, who was the contractor for the supply of the mission, would, I should think, be best to go to. There is little danger, for none will suspect your presence there: his servants are all Hindoos."

"That is the best place, Yossouf. I have been down several times to Domajee, and he is certainly devoted to the English: we can but try him."

The first dawn of morning was breaking when Will and his faithful friend arrived at the door of the Parsee trader in the Hindoo quarter of Cabul. The doors were fastened and barred, for it was impossible to say whether the attack upon the mission which had been heard going on all night might not be followed by a fanatic outbreak against the Hindoo and Parsee traders in the Hindoo quarter, therefore there was little sleep that night. Yossouf knocked gently at the door.

"Who is there?" a voice at once inquired from within.

"I come on urgent business with Domajee," Yossouf replied; "open quickly, there are but two of us here."

There was a slight pause, and then the door was opened, and closed immediately the two visitors had entered. A light was burning in the large ante-room as they entered it, and several Hindoos who had been lying wrapped up in clothes on the floor rose to their feet to inspect the newcomers. A moment later the trader him-

self came down the stairs from an apartment above.

"What is it?" he asked. He did not pause for an answer. The light from the lamp he carried fell upon Will's face, now white as a sheet from loss of blood. With the one word, "Follow," the Parsee turned on his heel and led the way upstairs.

"Has the mission been captured?" he asked, as they entered an empty room.

"Yes," Will replied, "and I believe that I am the only survivor."

The fatigue of climbing the stairs completed the work caused by prolonged excitement and loss of blood; and as he spoke he tottered and would have fallen had not Yossouf seized him, and with the assistance of the Parsee laid him on a couch.

In a few words Yossouf informed the trader of what had happened, and satisfied him that no suspicion could arise of the presence of one of the British in his house. As the residency had been burnt down, and the bodies of those who had fallen within it consumed, no one would suspect that one of the five Englishmen there had effected his escape, and it would be supposed that Will's body, like that of Dr. Kelly, had been consumed in the flames.

The Parsee was sure that Cabul would soon be reoccupied by the British, and putting aside his loyalty to them he felt that his concealment of an English survivor of the massacre would be greatly to his advantage, and would secure for him the custom of the English upon their arrival at the town. He first descended the stairs, and warned his Hindoo followers on no account whatever to breathe a word of the entry of strangers there. Then he again returned to the room, where Yossouf was sprinkling water on Will's face, and was endeavouring to recover him to consciousness.

"There is blood on the couch," the trader said: "he is wounded and is suffering from its loss. See! the sleeve of his coat is soaked with blood, but I see no mark on the cloth."

"No," Yossouf replied, "he has put on that uniform since the fight."

"Go downstairs," the trader said; "my wife and daughter will see to him."

As soon as Yossouf left the room Domajee's wife and daughter entered with many exclamations of surprise and alarm. They were at once silenced by the trader, who bid them cut off the wounded man's uniform and stanch his wounds. Will had been hit in two places. One ball had passed through the left arm, fortunately without injuring the bone; the other had struck him in the side, had run round his ribs, and gone out behind, inflicting an ugly-looking but not serious wound—its course being marked by a blue line on the flesh behind the two holes of entry and exit. The wounds were washed and bound up, some cordial was poured between his lips, and ere long he opened his eyes and looked round in bewilderment.

"You are safe and among friends," the Parsee said. "Drink a little more of the cordial, and then go off quietly to sleep. You need have no fear of being discovered, and your friends will be here ere long."

Four of the Hindoo servants now, at the order of the trader, came upstairs, and, lifting the couch, carried Will to a cool and airy chamber in the upper story of the house. Here a soft bed of rugs and mattresses was prepared, and Will was soon in a quiet sleep, with Yossouf watching by his side.

It was but twenty-four hours after the massacre that a well-mounted native from Cabul brought the news over the Shatur-Gardan Pass into the Khurum valley; thence it was telegraphed to Simla, and in a few hours all India rang with it. Not an instant was lost in making preparations for avenging the murder of the British mission. On the same day orders were sent to Brigadier-General Massy, at that time commanding the field force in the Khurum valley, to move the 23rd Punjaub Pioneers, the 5th Ghoorkas, and a mountain battery to the crest of the Shatur-Gardan Pass, and to intrench themselves there.

A day or two later the 72nd Highlanders and the 5th Punjaub Infantry ascended the Peiwar-Khotal to Ali-Kheyl, to secure the

road between the Khotal and the pass. The 72nd then moved forward and joined the 23rd Pioneers and 5th Ghoorkas on the Shatur-Gardan, and on the 13th General Baker arrived there and took the command; but some time was needed before the advance could commence. As is usual with the British, the great transport train which had with such pains been collected and organized for the war, had been dispersed immediately peace was signed, and the whole work had now to be recommenced.

Vast numbers of animals had been used up during the campaign, and there was the greatest difficulty in obtaining the minimum number which was required before the troops could move. At last General Roberts managed to collect in the Punjaub 2000 mules and 700 camels and bullocks. The tribes in the Khurum valley too, who had been kindly treated and were well satisfied with the change of masters, furnished many animals for the transport of stores as far as the Shatur-Gardan.

The news had thrown the Ghilzais and other tribes among the mountains beyond the Peiwar-Khotal into a state of ferment, and several determined attacks were made by them upon convoys on their way up to the head of the pass. These, however, were always successfully repulsed by the baggage guards with considerable loss to the assailants, and on the 26th September, three weeks from the date of the massacre, General Roberts joined the troops at Ali-Kheyl and moved forward to the Shatur-Gardan.

During this time two or three letters had been received from the ameer, who wrote to General Roberts deprecating any advance of the British troops, and saying that he was trying to restore order, to put down the mutinous Heratee troops, and to punish them for their conduct.

As, however, the details which had been received of the massacre showed that the ameer had behaved in a very suspicious if not in a most treacherous manner at the time of the massacre, and that if he possessed any authority whatever over the

troops he had not attempted to exercise it, no attention was paid to his letters.

The advanced party of the invading force moved down from the Shatur-Gardan Pass. It consisted of the 12th and 14th Bengal Cavalry, two guns of the Royal Horse Artillery, two companies of the 72nd Highlanders, and the 5th Punjaub Native Infantry. The road was found to be extremely steep and difficult, and much labour was necessary before it could be made practicable for guns and wheeled carriages. No enemy was encountered, and the little force encamped at night in the Logan valley, over which the cavalry skirmished far ahead, but found no foes awaiting them.

On the following day they made another march forward, the brigades of Generals Baker and Macpherson descending from the pass into the valley. The advanced force halted at Zerghun-Shah, and soon after they had done so some of the cavalry rode in with the surprising news that the ameer was close at hand.

Half an hour later Yakoob Khan, attended by some of his principal nobles, rode into camp. He was received with the honour due to his rank, but personally General Roberts greeted him with great coldness. The ameer stated that he came into camp because he could not control the soldiery of Cabul, and that therefore he had left the place, and come in to show his friendship for the English.

Whatever may have been the motives for his coming, they were never fully explained; circumstances which afterwards occurred strongly confirmed the suspicion that he meditated treachery. He was treated honourably; but the guard of honour which was assigned to him was in fact a guard over him, and from that time he was virtually a prisoner.

General Roberts declined altogether to discuss with him the events of the massacre of Cabul, save that this was a matter which could not now be entered into, but would be fully investigated on the arrival at the Afghan capital. The following day the brigades of Generals Baker and

Macpherson joined the advance at Zerghun-Shah.

The amount of transport available was only sufficient for half the baggage of the army, and it was necessary, therefore, to move forward in two divisions—the one advancing a day's march, and then halting while the animals went back to bring up the baggage of the second division on the following day.

A proclamation was now issued by the general and sent forward among the people of the valley saying that the object of the expedition was only to punish those concerned in the massacre at Cabul, and that all loyal subjects of the ameer would be well treated. On the 3rd of October Macpherson's brigade, with the cavalry, reached Suffed-Sang. Here they halted while the baggage animals went back to bring up General Baker's brigade.

The attitude of the people of the valley had now become very threatening. Great numbers of hill-tribemen had come down, and on this day an attack was made upon the rear-guard, but was beaten off with loss. That the natives were bitterly hostile was undoubted, but they were for the most part waiting to see the result of the approaching fight. The Heratee and Cabul regiments were confident that they would defeat the approaching column. They had a great advantage in numbers, had been drilled in European fashion, were armed with Enfields, and had an enormous park of artillery at their disposal. They were able to choose their own fighting ground, and had selected a spot which gave them an immense advantage. They were therefore confident of victory.

Had the British troops been beaten the inhabitants of the Logan valley were prepared to rise to a man. The Ghilzais and other hill-tribes would have swept down upon the line of retreat, and few if any of the British force would have returned to tell the tale.

The next day Baker's division had the post of honour, and made a short march to Charasia. Beyond this village the

enemy had taken up their position. Three miles beyond the village the valley ends, a mass of hills shutting it in, with only a narrow defile leading through them to the plain of Cabul beyond.

Upon both sides of the defile the enemy had placed guns in position and lined the whole circle of the hills commanding the approach to it. Mountaineers from their birth, they believed that, although the British infantry might possess a superiority in the plain, they could be no match for them on the steep hillside; and they no doubt thought that no attempt would be made to storm so strong a position, but that the British column would march straight up the valley into the defile, where they would be helplessly slaughtered by the guns and matchlock men on the heights. Judging from their own tactics they had reason for the belief that their position was an impregnable one.

In their hill fights the Afghans never come to close quarters. Posted behind rocks and huge boulders, the opposing sides keep up a distant musketry duel, lasting sometimes for days, until one side or the other becomes disheartened with its losses or has exhausted its ammunition. Then it falls back, and the other claims the victory. The idea that English soldiers would, under a heavy fire from their concealed force, steadily climb up the broken mountain-side and come to close quarters, probably never entered into their calculations.

At daybreak on the 6th a working party were sent forward to improve the road towards the defile. But they had scarcely started when the cavalry in advance rode in and announced that the enemy were in great strength on the hills, and had guns in position to command the road.

General Roberts had now a choice of two courses—he could either attack the whole Afghan force with the one division at hand, or he could wait until joined by Macpherson's brigade next morning. The feat of carrying such a position in face of an immensely superior force with only half of

his little command was a very serious one; but upon the other hand every hour added to the number of hillmen who swarmed upon the flanks of the army just beyond musket range. A delay of twenty-four hours would bring the whole fighting force of the tribesmen into the valley, and while attacking the enemy's position in the front he would be liable to assault upon his rear by them.

Confident in the valour of his soldiers he chose the first alternative, and at eleven o'clock his little force marched out from the camp to attack the Afghan army.

By this time the enemy's position had been reconnoitred, and it was found to be too strong for a direct attack. It was therefore resolved to ascend the hills on on both flanks and so to drive their defenders back beyond the defile. This in any case would have been the best mode of assault, but against semi-savage enemies flank attacks are peculiarly effective. Having prepared for an assault in one direction, they are disconcerted and disheartened by finding themselves attacked in a different manner, and the fear of a flank being turned and the line of retreat thereby menaced will generally suffice to cause a rapid retreat.

General Baker himself took the command of the left attack. His force consisted of four guns of No. 2 Mountain Battery, two Gatling guns, the 7th company of Sappers and Miners, a wing of the 72nd Highlanders, six companies of the 5th Ghorkas, 200 men of the 5th Punjaub Infantry, and 450 of the 23rd Pioneers. This was the main column of attack. The right column, under the command of Major White of the 72nd Highlanders, consisted of a wing of that regiment, 100 men of the 23rd Pioneers, three guns of the Royal Artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. This attack was intended only as a feint, and to distract the attention of the Afghans from the main attack. A strong reserve was left in Charasia to guard the baggage and to overhaul the tribesmen.

As General Baker's column reached the

foot of the hills, the 23rd, who led the advance, thrown out in skirmishing line, began to climb the ascent. The enemy were armed with Sniders and Enfields, and their fire was rapid and continuous; fortunately it was by no means accurate, and our losses were small.

The Afghans in their hill fighting are accustomed to fire very slowly and deliberately, taking steady aim with their guns resting on the rocks; and, so fighting, they are excellent shots. It is probable, however, that the steady advance of our men towards them flurried and disconcerted them, and that they thought more of firing quickly than of taking a correct aim. The 72nd pressing up the hill were assisted by the fire of the mountain guns and Gatlings, and by that of the Punjaubees in their rear. Gradually the upper slopes of the hills were gained, and the British troops pressing forward drove the Afghans back along the crest. Several times they made obstinate stands, holding their ground until the 72nd were close to them.

These, however, would not be denied. The massacre of the mission at Cabul had infuriated the soldiers, and each man was animated with a stern determination to avenge our murdered countrymen. For an hour and a half the fight continued, and then the Afghans abandoned the ridge and fled in confusion. They rallied upon some low hills 600 yards from the rear, but the mountain guns and Gatlings opened upon them, and the whole line advancing to the attack, the enemy fell back. Major White's column had been doing excellent service on the right. Although the attack had been intended only as a feint it was pushed forward so vigorously that it met with a success equal to that which had attended the main column on the left. The enemy were driven off the hills on the right of the defile. Twenty guns were captured, and the direct road cleared of the enemy.

Unfortunately our cavalry was in the rear. The road through the pass was difficult, and before they could get through

into the plain on the other side the masses of Afghans had fallen back into the strong villages scattered over it, and could not be attacked by cavalry alone. The enemy had from 9000 to 10,000 men upon the ridge, including thirteen regiments of regular troops. They left 300 dead upon the field, and besides these carried off large numbers of killed and wounded during the fight. Upon our side only 20 were killed and 67 wounded.

Had General Roberts had his whole force with him, he could after capturing the hills have at once pushed forward and have attacked the enemy on the plain, and the Afghans, disheartened and panic-stricken, would have been completely crushed. With so small a force in hand, and the possibility of a serious attack by the tribes on his rear, General Roberts did not think it prudent to advance farther, and the regiments which had taken the principal part in the massacre of Cabul marched away unmolested.

Enormously superior as they still were in numbers they had no thought of further resistance. The capture of positions which they deemed impregnable by a force so inferior in number to their own had utterly disheartened them; and the Heratee regiments, which but the day before had been so proudly confident of their ability to exterminate the Kaffirs, were now utterly demoralized and panic-stricken. In the night the whole of the Afghan troops scattered and fled. Our cavalry, under General Massy, swept along the plain of Cabul, and, skirting the town, kept on as far as the ameer's great intrenched camp at Sherpur, three miles further along the valley. Here 75 guns were captured.

In the morning Macpherson arrived. General Roberts now advanced with his whole force of infantry and found that he had no longer a foe before him. The Afghan army had disappeared. There was no longer any occasion for haste, and the column halted until all the baggage had been brought up through the difficult defile. The total defeat of the Afghan army had

overawed the tribesmen, and these at once retired to their hills again.

The villagers, however, were bitterly hostile, and seized every opportunity of firing at small bodies of troops on cavalry patrols. This continued for some time, and General Roberts at last was obliged to punish it with severity, and in such cases all found with arms in their hands were at once shot. On the 11th of October Sir Frederick Roberts and his staff with a cavalry escort rode into the Bala-Hissar, and the next morning the British troops marched into the fort. The gates of Cabul stood open, and a column was marched through the town and formal possession taken of it.

During the first five weeks which elapsed after the massacre of the mission William Gale remained almost prostrate in the house of the friendly Parsee trader. He had barely recovered his strength after his prolonged illness when the attack was made, and the events of that night, and the great loss of blood which he had suffered had reduced his strength to that of an infant. Under the care of the Parsee and his family, however, he slowly but steadily regained strength. For the first month but little news from without reached him; then a report came that the British had assembled in considerable force on the crest of the Shatur-Gardan, and were going to move on Cabul from that direction. Then day by day the tidings came in of the advance of the force.

It was reported generally that the ameer had gone out to meet them, with the intention of leaving them when the decisive moment arrived, and taking command of the tribesmen, who would fall upon and annihilate them. On the 6th the town was unusually quiet, and Will heard that the Afghan army had moved out to occupy the hills commanding the approach through the defile, and that with the aid of the tribesmen the British army was to be exterminated there.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FIGHTING ROUND CABUL.

ALL day long on the 6th of October William Gale sat at an open window in the upper story of the Parsee's house facing west, and listened to the distant roar of the battle, while all Cabul was in a state of wild excitement in the sure anticipation of victory. Will felt equally confident as to the result of the battle. He knew that, well led, a British force could be trusted to carry any position held by the Afghans, and he felt sure that even should he fail to carry it by direct attack the English general would sooner or later succeed in turning it by flank movements.

About two o'clock in the afternoon William noticed a change in the character of the sounds in the town. In the Hindoo quarter all had been quiet, for the inhabitants greatly feared that, in a burst of fanaticism following a victory achieved over the British, the Afghans might sack the Hindoo quarter and murder its inhabitants. Yossouf, however, had been all the morning out in the town, and had from time to time brought in a report of the rumours current there.

At first it was said that the British were being utterly routed, that they were being exterminated by the Afghan fire, that the hill tribes were sweeping down upon their rear, and that not a man would escape. Presently the reports became more contradictory. The firing was still heard, but it was no longer one continuous roll. Some said that the British were annihilated; others that, repulsed in their attack, they had fallen back to their camp; but soon after two o'clock Yossouf rushed up to William's room with the news that the Afghans had been driven from the heights, and that the British were in possession of these and of the defile through them. Yossouf had throughout the morning been swayed by conflicting emotions and wishes. At one moment he hoped that his countrymen might conquer; then the fear that after victory the Hindoo quarter might be sacked and his English friend discovered

and killed, overpowered his feeling of patriotism.

It must be remembered that Afghanistan has for centuries been rather a geographical expression than a country. Its population is composed of a great number of tribes without any common feelings or interest, and often engaged in desperate wars and conflicts with each other. The two leading tribes, the Ghilzais and Duranees, had long struggled for ascendancy in the cultivated portion of the country. For a long period the Ghilzais had had the supremacy, but the Duranees were now lords of the country.

The mountain tribes for the most part held themselves entirely independent, and although in time they gave a nominal allegiance to the Ameer of Cabul, yet, as had been shown in the Khurum valley, they hated their native masters with an animosity far exceeding that which they felt towards the British. That throughout the war the tribesmen were ready when they saw an opportunity to attack English convoys and small columns is true, but they were animated by a love of plunder rather than of country; and over a considerable area of Afghanistan, notably at Candahar, the people in general would have infinitely preferred the mild and just rule of the English to the military tyranny of Cabul.

Thus Yossouf had grown up without understanding the meaning of the feeling which we call patriotism. He had, it is true, been taught to hate the unbelievers, but this feeling had disappeared on his acquaintance with Will Gale, and he now ranked the safety and happiness of his friend far before any national consideration.

How weak is the feeling of patriotism among the Afghans is shown by the fact that most of the British frontier troops consist of Afghan hillmen, who are always ready when called upon, to fight desperately against their countrymen and co-religionists. Examples of treachery, such as that exhibited by the two Pathans who fired their guns to warn their countrymen of the

British advance up the Spingawi Pass, are almost unknown.

It was then with a feeling of joy that Yossouf related to his English friend the news of the defeat of the Afghan army. Throughout the Hindoo quarter there was deep but suppressed gladness at the news of the British victory, and this increased when, as the night went on, it was known that the Afghan army was totally dispersed, that the troops remaining in Cabul had fled, and that the city was virtually open for the entrance of the English.

When, on the 12th, with bands playing and colours displayed, the British troops marched through Cabul, Will would fain have gone out and joined his countrymen. But the Parsee pointed out that this would draw the attention of the Afghans to the fact that he had been concealed by him, and that in case at any time the British should evacuate Cabul and return to India he would be a marked man for the vengeance of the Afghans. Will, therefore, wrapped up in a long cloak and accompanied by Yossouf and the Parsee, left the house after dark, and proceeding to the gate walked out to the Bala-Hissar.

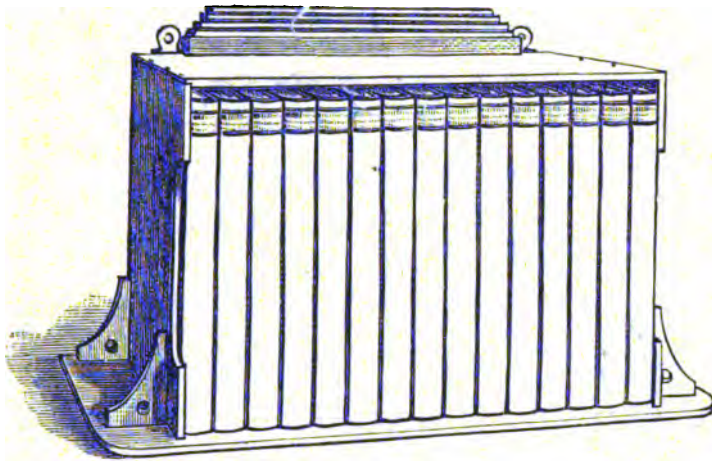
Explaining who he was Will was soon passed through the sentries which had been set at nightfall, and was conducted to the quarters of the general. The latter was greatly surprised when he was told that an English soldier who had been present at the attack upon the mission wished to speak to him, and at once ordered Will to be brought before him. Great was his surprise when he learned from the young soldier that he had fought under him at the taking of Peiwar-Khotal and having been made prisoner near Ali-Kheyl, had been brought to Cabul, and had joined the party of Sir Lewis Cavagnari on its arrival at that city; still more that, having been in the residency when the attack upon it was commenced by the Heratee soldiery, he had managed to escape from the massacre of that night.

(To be continued.)

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"Looking back, I saw my Indian friend wheel round, raise his gun to his shoulder, and fire."—p. 397.

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CHAPTER XX. (*continued.*)

WHAT my feelings were on making this discovery it is scarcely possible to describe. My first act was to look up and exclaim as before, "God help me!" But there was nothing impulsive or involuntary in the prayer this time. I fully realized the extent of my danger, and, believing that the hour had come when nothing could save my life but the direct interposition of my Creator, I turned to Him with all the fervour of my heart.

At the same time I am bound to confess that my faith was very

weak, and my soul felt that solemn alarm which probably the bravest feel at the approach of death, when that approach is sudden and very unexpected.

Nevertheless, I am thankful to say that my powers of judgment and of action did not forsake me. I knew that it would be folly to attempt to follow my track back again through the intricacies of the forest in so dark a night, especially now that the track was partly mingled and confused with that which I had made in joining it. I also knew that to give way to despair and lie down without a

fire or food, would be to seal my own doom. Only one course remained, and that was, to keep constantly moving until the return of day should enable me to distinguish surrounding objects more clearly.

I went to work therefore without delay, but before doing so once again solemnly and earnestly committed my soul and body to the care of God. And, truly, the circumstances of my case intensified that prayer. I felt as if I had never really prayed in earnest in my life before that night.

Then, laying aside my gun, blanket, and cooking utensils, so as to commence my task as light as possible, I went to the most open space of ground I could find, and there described a large circle on my snow-shoes. This was the track on which I resolved to perform a feat of endurance. To walk all night without intermission, without rest, so as to keep up my animal heat, was the effort on the success of which depended the issue of life or death.

I began with that vigour which is born of hopeful determination to succeed or die. But as time wore on the increasing weakness and exhaustion began to render me less capable of enduring the intense cold. Having my wallet on my back I took out some biscuit and pemmican and ate it as I walked. This revived me a good deal, nevertheless I restrained myself, feeling convinced that nothing but steady, quiet perseverance would carry me through. Soon thirst began to torment me, yet I did not dare to eat snow, as that would have merely injured the inside of my mouth and frozen

the skin of my lips. This feeling did not however last long. It was followed by a powerful sense of drowsiness.

This I knew to be the fatal premonitory symptom, and strove against it with all my power. The better to resist it I began to talk aloud to myself.

"Come now, my boy, you mustn't give way to *that*. It is death, you know. Hold up! Be a man! Act as Lumley would have acted in similar circumstances. Dear Lumley! How he would run to help me if he only knew!"

Suddenly the words, "In Me is thy help," seemed to sound in my very ears. I stopped to listen, and was partly roused, but soon hurried on again.

"Yes, yes," I exclaimed aloud, "I know the text well," but the words had scarcely left my lips when I stumbled and fell. Owing to my sinking powers I had failed to keep the centre of the track; my right snow-shoe had caught on the edge and tumbled me into the soft snow.

How shall I describe the delicious feeling of profound rest that ensued when I found myself prone and motionless? Equally impossible is it to describe the agonising struggles that I made to induce my unwilling spirit to rouse my listless body. Those who have striven in semi-consciousness to throw off the awful lethargy of nightmare may have some conception of my feelings. I knew, even then, that it was the critical moment—the beginning of the end! In a burst of anxiety I began to pray—to shout with all my strength for deliverance. The effort and the strange sound of my own voice roused me.

I staggered to my feet and was able to continue my walk. Being somewhat brighter than I had been before the tumble, I perceived that the circular track was by that time beaten hard enough to bear me up, so I put off the snow-shoes and walked with much more ease.

From this point however my mind became so confused that I can give no reliable account of what followed. I was conscious at various periods during that dreadful

night of becoming alive to several incidents and states of mind. I recollect falling more than once, as I had fallen before, and of experiencing several times that painful struggle against what I may style mental and physical inertia. I remember breaking out frequently into loud importunate prayer, and being impressed with a feeling of reviving energy at such times. Sometimes a text of Scripture seemed to flash before my eyes and disappear. On these occasions I made terrible efforts to grasp the text, and have an indistinct sensation of increased strength resulting from the mere efforts, but most of the texts faded as quickly as they came, with the exception of one—"God is our Hope." Somehow I seemed to lay firm hold of that and to feel conscious of holding it even when sense was slipping away, but of the blanks between those conditions I know nothing. They may have been long or they may have been short—I cannot tell. All remains on my memory now like the unsubstantial fragments of a hideous dream.

The first thing after that which impressed itself on me with anything like the distinctness of reality was the sound of a crackling fire, accompanied with the sensation of warmth in my throat. Slowly opening my eyes I became aware of the fact that I was lying in front of a blazing fire, surrounded by Big Otter, Blondin, and Dougall, who stood gazing at me with anxious looks, while Henri Coppet knelt at my side, attempting to pour some warm tea down my throat.

"Dere now, monsieur," said Coppet, who was rather fond of airing his English, especially when excited, "Yoos kom too ver queek. Ony drink. Ha! dere be noting like tea."

"Wow! man, mind what yer about. Ye'll scald him," said Dougall, anxiously.

"You hole yoos tongue," replied the carpenter contemptuously, "me knows w'at mees do. Don' wants no Scoshmans for tell me. *Voila!* Monsieur have swaller *un peu!*"

This was true. I had not only swallowed, but nearly choked with a tendency to

laugh at the lugubrious expression of my friends' faces.

"Where am I?" said I, on recovering a little. "What has happened?"

"Oo ay, Muster Maxby," answered Dougall, with his wonted nasal drawl, "somethin' *hess* happened, but it's no sae pad as what *might* hev happened, whatever."

As this did not tend to clear my mind much, and as I knew from experience that the worthy Celt refused to be hurried in his communications, I turned an inquiring look on Blondin, who at once said in French—

"Monsieur has been lost and nearly frozen, and Monsieur would surely have been quite frozen if James Dougall had not discovered that Monsieur had left his fire bag at home, by mistake no doubt; we at once set out to search for Monsieur and we found him, with his head in the snow and his feet in the air. At first we thought that Monsieur was dead, but happily he was not, so we kindled a fire and rubbed Monsieur, and gave him hot tea which has revived him. *Voila!* Perhaps Monsieur will take a little more hot tea?"

While Blondin was speaking, the whole scene of the previous day and of the terrible night, rushed in upon my brain like a flood, and I thanked God fervently for my deliverance, while I complied with the man's suggestion and sipped some more tea.

It revived me much, but on attempting to rise I found myself so weak that I fell back helplessly with a deep sigh.

"Ye've no need to trouble yourself, Muster Maxby," said Dougall, "we've brought the new dowe-sleigh for ee."

Looking in the direction in which he pointed, I observed not far off the splendid new dog-sleigh which we had spent much time in making and painting that winter. Our fine team of four semi-wolf dogs, gay with embroidered harness as they lay curled up on the snow, were attached to it.

"I suspect I should have died, but for your thoughtful care, Dougall," I said gratefully as the good fellow assisted to

place me in the vehicle and wrap the buffalo robes around me.

"Hoots! Muster Maxby," was the remonstrative reply.

Big Otter placed himself in front of the *cortège* to beat the track. The dogs followed him with the sleigh-bells ringing merrily. Blondin took hold of the tail-line, and the others brought up the rear.

Thus comfortably, with a bright sun shining in the blue sky, I returned to fort Wichikagan.

CHAPTER XXI.

A BUFFALO HUNT FOLLOWED BY A PALAVER, AN ARRIVAL, AND A TRAITOR CHASE.

WE must turn away now, for a short time, to another, though not far distant, part of the Great Nor'-West.

It is a more open country than that immediately around Fort Wichikagan, and lies to the south of it. Here and there long stretches of prairie cut up the wilderness, giving to the landscape a soft and park-like appearance. The scenery is further diversified with various lakelets, which swarm with waterfowl, for the season has changed; early spring having already swept away the white mantle of winter, and spread the green robes of Nature over the land. It is such a region as a millionaire might select in which to build a palace, but no millionaire has yet beheld the lovely spot. With unlimited wealth at his command he still confines himself to the smoke and dust of civilization, leaving the free air and the brilliant beauty of the wilderness to the wild-fowl and the penniless hunter, and the wandering savage.

In the midst of one of the stretches of rolling prairie-land, great herds of buffalo, scattered in groups, are browsing with all the air of security peculiar to domestic cattle. Happily their memories are short. They seem prone to enjoy the present, forgetful of the past and regardless of the future—happily, I say, for those humpy

and hairy creatures are not unacquainted with man's devices—the sudden surprise, the twang of the red man's bow and the crack of the hunter's rifle.

It was the forenoon of a splendid day, when this peaceful scene was broken in upon by obstreperous, fighting, peace-destroying man. A little cloud of dust on the horizon was the first indication of his approach, and a very antique buffalo-bull was first among the thousands of innocents to observe the cloud. It stirred the memory of other days no doubt, within his capacious bosom and probably sent a thrill through his huge frame, which terminating naturally in his tail caused that appendage to vibrate and curl slightly upwards. At the same time he emitted softly a low rumble, which might have served for the bass of a cathedral organ.

Most of the cows near the patriarch looked up in evident surprise, as though to say, "What in all the world do you mean by *that*?" But the patriarch took no notice of them. He kept his wicked little eyes fixed intently on the cloud of dust, twitching his tail nervously, and rumbling cathedral-organically. If I might venture to guess at the mental operations of that patriarch, I should say that he was growling to himself, "Is that you again, you galloping, spit-firing two-legged, yelling brutes?" or some such bovine expression.

By degrees the cloud came nearer and enlarged. Simultaneous the groups of buffaloes drew together and began to gaze—perchance to remember! The patriarch became excited, wriggled his tail, which was ridiculously small for his body, pawed the ground, trotted hither and thither, and commenced playing on all the deeper notes of his organ.

At last there could be no doubt. The two-legged brutes came on, mounted on four-legged brutes, which began to trot as the distance between them diminished. This was enough. The patriarch tossed his haunches to the sky, all but wriggled off his tail, gave utterance to a bursting bellow, and went scouring over the plains like a

gigantic wild pig. The entire buffalo host, performing a similar toss and wriggle, followed close on his heels.

At this the redskins put their steeds to the gallop, but did not at once overtake their prey. Clumsy though their gait was, the buffaloes were swift and strong, causing the whole plain to resound under their mighty tread. Indian steeds, however, are wiry and enduring. By slow degrees they lessened the distance between them—both pursued and pursuers lengthening out their ranks as the "fittest" came to the front. As they thundered on they approached one of the large clumps of woodland with which the plain was covered, as with islets. The patriarch led to the left of it. The savages sweeping aside took to the right.

The sudden disappearance of the pursuers seemed to surprise the patriarch, who slackened his pace a little, and, lifting his shaggy head, looked right and left inquiringly. "Was it all a dream?" he thought—no doubt.

If he thought it was, he received in a few minutes a rude awakening, for the redskins came sweeping round the other end of the clump of trees, yelling like fiends, brandishing their weapons and urging their steeds to the uttermost.

To snort, bellow, turn off at a tangent, and scurry along faster than ever, was the work of a moment, but it was too late! The savages were in the midst of the snorting host. Bows were bent, and guns were levelled. The latter were smooth-bores, cheap, and more or less inaccurate, but that mattered not. Where the range was only two or three yards, guns and bows were true enough for the end in view. At such work even bad shots met their reward. Arrows sank to the feathers; bullets penetrated to the heart or shattered the bones. Ere long numerous black lumps on the prairie told of death to the quadrupeds, and success to the bipeds.

But I do not drag the reader here, merely to tell of savage sport and butchery. The Indian was only following his vocation—working for his food.

That same evening two of the Indians stood on a hillock a little apart from their camp where smoking fires and roasting meat and marrow bones, and ravenously-feeding men and women, and gorging little boys and girls, formed a scene that was interesting though not refined. One of the Indians referred to was Big Otter. The other was Muskrat, the old chief of his tribe.

"Does my father not know?" said Big Otter, deferentially, "that Attick plans mischief against the palefaces of Wichikagan."

"No, Big Otter," returned the old chief, with a scowl, "Muskrat does not know that, but he hears, and if it is true he will have Attick flayed alive, and his skin dressed to make moccasins for our young squaws."

"It is true," rejoined Big Otter, sternly. "His plan is to attack the fort by night, kill the palefaces, and carry off the goods."

"Attick is a fool," said Muskrat, contemptuously. "Does he not know, that no more goods would evermore be sent into our lands if we did that, and also that the palefaces always hunt murderers to death? No, if that had been possible, or wise, Muskrat would have done it himself long ago."

After this candid statement, he stared solemnly at his companion, as though to say, "What think ye of that, my brave?"

Apparently my brave did not think much of it, one way or other, for he only looked indifferent and said, "Waugh!"

"Big Otter's ears are sharp," continued Muskrat. "How did he come to hear of Attick's intentions?"

The younger Indian paused thoughtfully before replying.

"Waboose told me," he said.

"Does the daughter of Weeum the Good hold communion with evil spirits?" asked the old chief with a slight elevation of the eyebrows.

"Not willingly, but evil spirits force themselves upon the daughter of Weeum the Good. My father knows that Attick is

presumptuous. He wishes to mate with Waboose."

"Yes, I knew he was presumptuous, but I did not know he was so great a fool," replied the old chief, scornfully.

"My father knows," continued Big Otter, "that when the paleface chief went and brought Waboose back to fort Wichikagan, Attick was staying there in his wigwam, by the lake. The big chief of the palefaces, who fears nothing, had forgiven him. Attick went to Waboose, and offered to take her to his wigwam; but the daughter of Weeum the Good turned away from him. Attick is proud, and he is fierce. He told Waboose that he would kill all the palefaces. Although a fool, he does not boast. Waboose knew that he was in earnest. She went to the paleface Muxbee (by which name Big Otter styled my humble self,) and told him all, for she has set her heart on Muxbee."

"Did she tell you so?" asked Muskrat, sharply.

"No; but the blue eyes of Waboose tell tales. They are like a kettle with holes in the bottom—they cannot hold secrets. They spoke to Attick as well as to me, and he became jealous. He swore he would take the scalp of Muxbee. One day, soon after the lake opened, Muxbee asked Waboose to go with him in a canoe to the valley at the head of lake Wichikagan. Attick followed in another canoe, but kept far behind. They did not know it was Attick; Waboose found it out afterwards. Muxbee did not talk to Waboose of love. The ways of the palefaces are strange. Once I thought that Muxbee liked Waboose, and that, perhaps, he might wed with her, and stay with us as the good Weeum did, but I doubt it now. He only asked her to take him to the stunted pine where her father was so fond of going with her. When there he went looking here and there about the rocks, and found a splendid thing—I know not what—but Waboose told me it shone and sparkled like the stars. Beside it was a bag of the yellow round things that the palefaces love so much. He told her

he had expected to find these things, but she must not ask him questions just then—he would tell her afterwards. I suppose he is a great medicine-man, and holds intercourse with the spirit-world.” Big Otter paused thoughtfully a few seconds, and then continued:—

“When he was putting these things in his breast, Waboose caught sight of Attick among the bushes, and pointed him out. Muxbee sprang up and levelled his gun with the two pipes at him, but did not fire. Attick fled and they saw him no more.”

“Did Waboose tell Big Otter all this?” asked the old chief.

“Yes. Waboose has no secrets from her mother’s brother.”

“And why has Big Otter left the pale-faces, and brought Waboose away from them?” asked Muskrat.

“Because he fears for the palefaces, that Attick will kill them and carry off Waboose. By bringing Waboose here with us, we draw Attick along with us away from the pale-faces, and as long as Waboose is in our camp, she is safe. Attick dare not harm her.”

A gleam of intelligence lit up the swarthy features of the old chief, as he said “Waugh!” with much satisfaction.

But both he and Big Otter were wrong in their calculations. So far, indeed, the latter was right, that the presence of Waboose in the camp effectually drew Attick after them, and thus removed danger from the inhabitants of Fort Wichikagan, but they were wrong when they thought their camp a place of safety for the poor girl.

“Did Muxbee not care when Big Otter carried Waboose away?” asked the old man.

“He did not know she was going and I did not tell her she was not to return. I took her away with her mother when Muxbee was out hunting. I told the big paleface chief that I must go with my tribe to hunt the buffalo in the south, and that they must go with me. He was very unwilling to let them go at first, but I was resolved, and Waboose is a good obedient girl.”

That night two events occurred in the redskin camp which caused a good deal of surprise and commotion.

The first was the sudden disappearance of Waboose and her mother. They had been gone some time, of course, before any one thought of suspecting flight. The moment, however, that suspicion was aroused, Big Otter went straight to the wigwam of Attick. It was deserted! He knew well the bad and weak men of the tribe who were led or swayed by Attick. Hurrying to their tents he found that these also were deserted. This was enough.

“Masqua,” he said to the Indian whom he chanced to meet at the moment of quitting the last wigwam. “Attick has carried off Waboose. Assemble some of the young men. Choose only the strong and those whose horses are swift. Go yourself with your son Mozwa—gallop round the camp till you find in which direction they have gone—then return to me at the council tent and wait.”

Masqua understood the value of prompt obedience. Without a word of reply, he turned and ran away.

Big Otter hurried to the council tent, where old Muskrat was already surrounded by his chiefs. There was less than usual of the grave deliberation of the North-American Indians in that meeting, for the case was urgent. Nevertheless there was no bustle, for each bronzed warrior knew that the young men would require a little time to hunt up the trail of the fugitives, mingled as it must be with the innumerable footprints of man and beast in the neighbourhood of a camp; and, until that trail was found, they might as well deliberate calmly—especially as all the men met at the council armed, and ready to vault on the steeds which were already pawing the earth outside. These horses were restrained by youths who longed for the time when they too might be styled braves, and meet in council.

“Is all prepared?” asked the old chief, as Big Otter entered the tent.

"The young men are out," was the curt reply.

"Good. The night is dark, but my warriors have sharp eyes, and the moon will rise soon. No effort must be spared. The daughter of Weeum the Good must be brought back. It is not necessary to bring back Attick or his men. Their scalps will do as well.

"Waugh!" pronounced with much emphasis, showed that the old man's words were not only understood, but thoroughly appreciated.

At this moment occurred the second event which I have said was the cause of surprise in the camp that night, if not of commotion. While the old chief was yet speaking, his words were checked by the sound of horses' hoofs beating heavily on the prairie.

"The young men," said Muskrat; "they have been swift to find the trail."

"Young men in haste, bringing news, do not trot," said Big Otter.

"Waugh!" assented the council.

"There are but two riders," murmured the chief, listening intently to the patting sounds, which rapidly grew louder.

He was right, for, a few seconds later, two horsemen were seen to trot into the camp, and make straight for the council fire. Some of the Indians had turned out with arms ready as they approached, but on hearing a word or two from one of the riders, they quietly let them pass.

Pulling up sharply, one of the strangers leaped to the ground, flung his reins to the other, and entered the council tent, where he was received with looks of surprise, and with the ejaculation from Big Otter of the single word "Muxbee!"

Yes, good reader, that stranger was none other than myself, and my companion was Salamander. To account for our sudden appearance I must explain.

On returning to Fort Wichikagan four days after Big Otter had left, and hearing what had occurred, I told Lumley I would follow in pursuit, and fetch Waboose back. He remonstrated of course, but in vain.

"You know that a sacred trust has been imposed upon me," said I, earnestly, "and I have resolved to fulfil it. The manner in which I should set about it has perplexed me sorely, I confess, but this sudden departure relieves me, at all events, from uncertainty as to my present course of duty. If Waboose goes off with the tribe, to no one knows where, she may never be found again. You are aware that she is still ignorant of the contents of the packet, and the value of the found treasure. I have kept her so, temporarily, by your advice. If I had told her and her kindred, she would not probably have gone away, but it is too late to regret that now. By going off at once, I may overtake the tribe. Three days' journey on foot will bring me to Indians who are rich in horses. Once well mounted, I can push on, and will easily overtake them if you will lend me Salamander to aid in following up the trail."

"But what of the service?" asked Lumley, with a sad smile, for he saw I was resolved. "You are not yet free."

"True, but you know that Spooner is already on his way here to replace me, my resignation having been accepted. In a week, or two at farthest, he will arrive, when I shall be absolutely free to go where I please. Meanwhile, to prevent even a shadow of impropriety, I ask your majesty for a fortnight's leave of absence to go a-hunting. Surely you won't refuse so small a favour? I will be sure to find Waboose, and bring her back by that time."

"Well, Max, my boy, I won't refuse. Go, and God go with you. I shall expect to see you again in two weeks, if not sooner."

"Unless, of course, circumstances render my return so soon impossible."

"Of course, of course," said Lumley.

Thus we parted, and thus it was that Salamander and I found ourselves at last in the Indian camp. The pursuit, however, had been much longer than I had expected. More than the stipulated fortnight had already passed.

But, to return from this digression. After

we had looked at each other silently for a few seconds in the council tent, as already described, I advanced to Big Otter, and held out my hand. I then shook hands with the old chief, sat down beside him, and expressed a hope that I did not intrude.

"We palaver about the disappearance of Waboose," said the old chief.

"Disappearance! Waboose!" I exclaimed, turning abruptly to Big Otter.

"Attick has fled," said the Indian, sternly, "carrying Waboose and her mother along with him."

"And you sit here idly talking," I exclaimed, almost fiercely, as I sprang up.

Before I could take action of any kind, the young Indian Mozwa entered the tent abruptly, and said a few words to Muskrat. At the same moment the councillors rose.

"We go in pursuit," whispered Big Otter in my ear. "Mount, and join us."

Almost bewildered, but feeling perfect confidence in my Indian friend, I ran out, and vaulted into the saddle. Eager and quick though I was, the redskins were mounted as soon as myself. No one seemed to give orders, but with one accord they put their horses to the gallop, and swept out of the camp. The last words of the old chief, as we darted off, were—"Bring her back, my braves, and don't forget the scalps of Attick and his men!"

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CHASE.—THE CAPTURE, AND THE REVELATION.

A STERN chase is usually a long one. There are not many proverbs the truth of which comes more powerfully home than this—at least to those who have had the misfortune to engage in many such chases. To make a slant at a fugitive, so as to cut him off, or to make a short cut and head him is pleasant, if you be strong in wind and limb, but to creep up right astern, inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard, and to overcome him at last by sheer superiority and perseverance, is a disheartening task.

And that was the task we undertook the night we left the Indian camp, and went off at full gallop over the rolling prairie in pursuit of the scoundrel Attick and his crew.

But Indians are by nature persevering, and, for myself, I was roused to the highest pitch of indignation and anxiety. Salamander and I had ridden far and fast that day, besides which we had eaten only a mouthful of pemmican and biscuit since breakfast, nevertheless, under the excitement of the moment our weariness vanished, our hunger fled, and we engaged in the pursuit with all the ardour of the youngest brave among them.

Fortunately I had secured two exceptionally fine horses, so that they were quite able to compete with the inferior, though fresher horses of the Indians.

"How long is it since you discovered that they were gone?" said I, as I galloped alongside of Big Otter.

"Not more than an hour," he replied.

"Do you think they had a long start before that?"

"I cannot tell. Perhaps two hours, perhaps four. Certainly not five, for they were seen in camp when the sun was high."

I was greatly relieved to learn that they had not got a longer start of us, and very thankful that I had come up in time to join the pursuers. I was calming down somewhat under the influence of these thoughts, when I had a sudden feeling of being shot from a cannon into the air. This was succeeded by a sensation of having my nose converted into a ploughshare, and that was instantly followed by oblivion!

In the uncertain light my steed had put his foot in a badger-hole—that was all, but it sufficed to check the pace of the whole party.

On recovering I found my head on Salamander's knee. I felt dreamy and indifferent. "What has happened?" I asked, in English.

Our interpreter, who had a tendency to answer in whatever language he was addressed—whether English, French, or Indian—replied:—

"Yoos bin a-most busted, sar!"

Suddenly the true state of the case flashed upon me. Languor fled. I leaped up, and scrambled somehow into the saddle.

"Have I been long insensible, Salamander," I asked, as we resumed our headlong pace.

"On'y what time I kin count twinty, sar."

Rejoiced to find that no longer time had been lost, I galloped along contentedly, and in silence, though with a rather confused feeling in my brain, and a sensation of being possessed of six noses rolled into one.

Although no one, as I have said, seemed to lead the party when we started, I soon found that Big Otter was really our chief. He rode ahead of us, and more than once pulled up to dismount and examine the trail. On these occasions the rest of the party halted without orders, and awaited his decision. Once we were completely thrown off the scent. The fugitives had taken to a wooded tract of country, and it required our utmost caution not to lose the trail.

Presently we came to a small stream and crossed it, but the trail ended abruptly here. We were not surprised, being well aware of the common Indian device of wading in a stream, which holds no footprints, so as to throw pursuers out. Dividing our force, one party went up stream; the other down, but although eager, sharp, and practised eyes examined the banks, they could not discover the spot where the fugitives had again taken to dry land. Returning to the place where we had divided, Big Otter again examined the trail with minute care, going down on his knees to turn over the blades of grass, and examine the foot-prints.

"Strange," said I, impatiently, "that so simple a device should baffle us."

As I spoke, the chief arose, and, dark though it was, I could see a gleam of intelligence on his swarthy visage.

"Attick thinks he is wise," he said, in a low voice, "but he has no more brains than a rabbit. He was from childhood an idiot."

Having paid his tribesman this compliment, he remounted, and, to my surprise, went straight back the way we had come.

"What means this?" I asked, unable to restrain my impatience.

"Attick has doubled back, that is all. If there had been more light we should easily have seen that. We shall soon find the place where the trail breaks off again."

The Indian was right. On clearing the wooded land we found that the moon was up, and we followed the trail easily. Coming to a hillock in the open ground, the top of which was covered with thick and stunted bushes, we rode into them, and there experienced much difficulty in picking our way.

Suddenly Big Otter turned at a right angle from the line we had been hitherto pursuing, and, putting his horse to the gallop, held on with the decision of one who knows he is on the right road.

As the prairie was open, and the moon growing brighter, we had now no difficulty in following up the fugitives, and pressed on as fast as our horses could go.

Daylight came and found us still galloping; but, as there was no sign of those whom we pursued, and as our horses were getting tired, we halted at a small stream for a short rest and breakfast.

"They must be well mounted," said I, as we sat on the banks of the stream appeasing our hunger with masses of dried buffalo meat, while the horses munched the grass near us.

"Attick is always well-mounted," replied Big Otter, "but his men may not be so well-off, and women are difficult to urge on when they are unwilling."

"Then you have no doubt that we shall overtake them?" I asked.

"We *must* overtake them," was the laconic reply.

I felt somewhat comforted by the decision of the Indian's tone, and a good deal more so by his ordering his warriors to remount before half-an-hour had passed. He did not, however, press on as hard as before,

fearing, no doubt, that the horses would break down.

I felt assured that Attick would not dare to halt until he believed himself almost beyond pursuit ; and, as the chase therefore bade fair to be a very long one, it seemed wise thus to spare the horses.

About noon, however, we passed through a strip of woodland, and, on coming out at the other side, observed a party of horsemen on the distant horizon.

"Waugh!" exclaimed Big Otter, shaking the reins of his steed and going off at racing speed. We soon began to overhaul the cavalcade, and then perceived that they were doing their utmost to get away from us.

"It is Attick and his party—is it not?" I asked, excitedly.

"It is Attick," was the brief reply.

Another belt of woodland lay a little to the right on the horizon. The fugitives headed for it. We urged our horses to their utmost speed, and soon dashed through the belt of wood, expecting to see the fugitives on the plain beyond. What was our surprise then, to find them assembled in a group, calmly tying up their horses, and kindling a fire as if for the purpose of cooking their mid-day meal. As most of the men had laid aside their guns, and we outnumbered them by two to one, we checked our headlong course, and trotted quietly up to them.

To my great joy I saw as we approached that the girl who stooped to kindle the fire was Waboose. Her mother sat on a bank near her, looking very pale and worn.

Attick, who still carried his gun in the hollow of his left arm, expressed well-feigned surprise at seeing us.

"Big Otter seems to be on the war-path," he said, "but I have seen no enemies."

"Big Otter's enemy stands before him," returned our leader, sternly. "Attick has been very foolish. Why did he run away with the daughter of Weeum the Good?"

"Attick scorns to run away with a squaw. Waboose agreed to go with him on the hunt. There she is: ask her?"

This was a bold stroke of the wily savage.

Instead of flying from us he pretended to have been merely hurrying after a band of buffalo, which was said to be moving southward, and that he had halted in the chase for a short rest and food. This plan he had hastily adopted, on perceiving that it was impossible to escape us, having previously warned Waboose that he would shoot her dead if she did not corroborate what he said. But Attick was incapable of believing that fearless heroism could dwell in the breast of a woman, and little knew the courage of the daughter of Weeum the Good. He mistook her silence and her downcast eyes for indications of submission, and did not doubt that the delicate-looking and shrinking girl was of much the same spirit as the other women of his tribe.

Great, then, was his astonishment when he saw the Saxon blood in her veins rush to her fair brow, while she gazed at him steadily with her large blue eyes, and said—

"The tongue of Attick is forked. He lies when he says that the daughter of Weeum agreed to follow him. He knows that he carried her from the camp by force against her will."

Attick had thrown forward and cocked his gun, but happily the unexpected nature of the girl's reply, and the indignant gaze of her eyes, caused an involuntary hesitation. This did not afford time for any one to seize the intending murderer, but it enabled me hastily to point my rifle at the villain's head and fire. I have elsewhere said that my shooting powers were not remarkable ; I missed the man altogether, but fortunately the bullet which was meant for his brain, found its billet in the stock of his gun, and blew the lock to atoms, thus rendering the weapon useless.

With a fierce shout he dropped the gun, drew his scalping-knife, and sprang towards Waboose—or, as I had by that time found a pleasure in mentally styling her—Eve Liston.

Of course every man of our party sprang forward, but it fell to Salamander to effect the rescue, for that light-hearted and light-limbed individual chanced to be nearest to

the savage when I fired at him, and, ere the knife was well drawn, had leaped upon Attick's back with the agility of a panther. At the same moment Big Otter flung his tomahawk at him. The weapon was well though hastily aimed. It struck the savage full on the forehead, and felled him to the earth.

The rest of Attick's party made no attempt to rescue him. Like all bad men, they were false to each other in the hour of need. They quietly submitted to be disarmed and led away.

We had to encamp early that evening, because the unwonted and severe exercise to which Waboose's mother had been exposed, had rendered her quite unfit to travel further without rest. Attick, who had soon recovered sufficiently to be able to walk, was bound along with his men, and put under a guard. Then the encampment was made, and the fires kindled. While this was being done, I led Waboose aside to a little knoll, from which we could see a beautiful country of mingled woodland and prairie, stretching far away to the westward, where the sun had just descended amid clouds of amber and crimson.

"Is it not glorious!" I exclaimed, "should we not be grateful to the Great Spirit who has given us such a splendid home."

Waboose looked at me. "Yes, it is glorious," she said, "and I am grateful, but it is strange that you should use the very same words that were so often on the lips of my father just before he——"

She stopped abruptly.

"Just before he went home, Eve," I interposed, "no need to say died. Your father is not dead, but sleepeth. You shall meet him again. But it is not very strange that men should use the same words when they are animated by the same love to the Great Spirit."

The girl raised her large eyes with a perplexed, inquiring look.

"What troubles you, Eve?" I asked.

"Eve!" she repeated, almost anxiously. "Twice you have called me by a name

that father sometimes used, though not often, and when he used it he always spoke low and *very* tenderly."

I felt somewhat perplexed as to how I should reply, and finally took refuge in another question.

"Tell me, Waboose," said I, "did your father ever tell you his own name?"

"Of course he did," she answered with a look of surprise—"you know well it was Weeum."

"Yes, William," said I, "but——"

"No—Weeum," she said, correcting me. "Once or twice I have heard him say Willum, but all our people call him Weeum."

"Had he no other name?" I asked.

"No. Why should he have another? Is not one enough?"

"You never heard of Liston?"

"Liston?—No, never."

"Waboose," said I with sudden earnestness, "I am going to tell you something that will probably surprise you, and I will show you something that may give you pleasure—or pain—I know not which. You remember, that when I found the curious ornaments near to the stunted pine-tree, I asked you not to question me at that time about the packet you gave to me long ago. Well, the time has come when I ought to tell you all about it. But, first, look at this."

I had taken from my pocket, while speaking to her, the miniature of her father, which I now handed to her. She fixed her eyes on it with a startled look, then sprang up with an exclamation, at the same time drawing one hand across her eyes, as if to clear away some mists that dimmed them. Eagerly she gazed again, with parted lips and heaving bosom, then burst into a passionate flood of tears, pressing the miniature alternately to her lips and to her heart.

I stood helplessly gazing at her—anxious to comfort, but unable.

"Oh! why, why," she cried, suddenly dropping the miniature, "why do you mock me with this?" It is so little, yet

so like! It looks alive, but it is dead. It is nothing—a mockery!”

The poor girl caught it up, however, and began to kiss and caress it again.

Some time elapsed before her passionate grief was subdued sufficiently to permit her to listen to me. When it was nearly exhausted and found vent only in an occasional sob, I took her hand gently and said—

“Give me the picture now, Waboose. I will wrap it up again, for I have much to say.”

Then, unfolding the last writing of the poor fellow whom the Indians had styled Weeum the Good, I slowly translated it into the Indian language. It was not an easy task; for, besides feeling that it stirred the heart of the listener with powerful emotions, I had great difficulty in taking my eyes off her changeful face so as to read the manuscript.

“Now, Eve Liston—for that is your real name—” said I, when I had finished, “what do you think ought to be done?”

The girl did not reply at once, but sat so long with her hands clasped tightly on her lap and her eyes fixed wistfully on the ground, that I had to repeat the question.

“What is to be done?” she replied imply, “of course what father wished to be done.”

“And are you ready to go with me to the far south to see your father’s mother? Can you trust me to protect you?”

“Oh, yes,” she replied, with a straightforward look that almost disconcerted me, “have you not protected me well already?”

“And are you willing, Eve, to leave your tribe and go off alone with me?”

“Alone!” she repeated, with a look of surprise, “oh! no—not alone. Mother must go too, and also Big Otter.”

Once more I felt somewhat confused, for, to say truth, I had totally forgotten her mother and Big Otter for the moment.

“Well now, Eve—for I intend to call you by that name in future, except when in the presence of your people—I must talk this matter over with your mother and Big Otter. I have some fear that the latter may object to go with us.”

“He will not object,” said Waboose quietly. “He loved my father, and always obeyed him.”

“Very good. So much the better. Now, as to the valuable jewels—the ornaments, I mean.”

“Have you got them here?” asked Eve.

“Yes. Knowing the risk I shall run of losing them or having them stolen from me, I have had a belt made which fits round my waist under my clothes, in which the jewels and the money are placed. If I can manage to get them and you safely conveyed to Colorado all will be well, but it is a long, long journey, Eve, and——”

I was interrupted at this point by Big Otter, who came to tell us that supper was ready, and that, as the region in which they were encamped was sometimes visited by hostile Indians, as well as by white trappers—many of whom were great scoundrels—it would be prudent to keep within the circle of sentinels after dark.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ATTACKED BY BANDITS.—A SAD DEATH AND A SUDDEN RESCUE.

It was well that we had been warned not to go beyond the camp, for there happened at that time to be abroad on the prairies a band of miscreants who would certainly have shot whoever they had caught straying. The band was composed of white men—that class of white men who, throwing off all moral and social restraints, give themselves up to the practice of every species of iniquity, fearing neither God nor man. They were, in short, a band of robbers and cut-throats, whose special business at that time was hunting buffalo, but who were not averse to sell their services to any nation that chanced to be at war, or to practice simple robbery when opportunity offered.

These men held the opinion that Indians were “vermin,” to exterminate which was commendable. When, therefore, they discovered our camp by the light of the fires, they rode towards it with the utmost

caution, taking advantage of every bush and knoll until our sentinels observed them. Then they rushed upon us like a hurricane, sending a volley of bullets before them.

Several of our men fell, mortally wounded. Our sentinels ran in, and a wild attempt at defence was made, but it was in vain, we had been taken completely by surprise, and, as the only chance of safety, our party scattered in all directions — each man making for the nearest woods.

Only Big Otter, Salamander, and I remained beside the camp fires, resolved to defend our helpless females or die with them. This brought about a most unexpected turn of affairs, for the villains were so eager to hunt and kill the flying Indians that every man went in hot pursuit of a fugitive, leaving us for the moment absolutely alone!

We were not slow in taking advantage of this. Although at the onset some of our terrified horses broke their fastenings and galloped away, others remained quiet. Among these last, I observed, were my own horse and that of Salamander, which I have already said were splendid animals.

Scarcely believing our good fortune, we all bounded towards these. In a moment I had mounted. Eve seized my hand, put her foot on my toe, and, with a light spring, seated herself behind me. Big Otter, vaulting on Salamander's steed, swung Eve's mother up behind him.

"Catch another horse, there are plenty good enough for a light weight like you, Salamander," said I as I put my horse to its utmost speed.

Salamander was not slow to obey, but had scarcely mounted when a loud halloo told that our action had been observed.

I did not look back. One consuming idea filled my mind, and that was to save Eve Liston. That the miscreants who now thundered after us would show us no mercy I felt well assured, and plied the heavy thong I carried with all my might. The noble steed did not require that. It strained every muscle to the uttermost.

I felt cheered to observe that Big Otter kept well up with me, and could hear that Salamander was not far behind.

We now felt that our only hope, under God, lay in the superiority of our horses, and for some time we listened to the pattering of the hoofs behind us with intense anxiety. Soon I began to fancy that we were distancing them, and ere long we became sure of this, at least as to the most of our pursuers, but there was one who kept drawing closer and closer.

Presently a shot was fired and a bullet whizzed close past my head.

At that moment Big Otter reined up so violently as to throw his horse almost on its haunches. I checked my speed but did not rein up. Looking back I saw my Indian friend wheel round, raise his gun to his shoulder and fire. The moon was bright, and I could see that the man who had been closing with us, dropped to the ground. Whether he was killed or only wounded we did not wait to ascertain, but dashed on again as fast as ever. We soon drew rein, however, on observing that the fall of our pursuer had checked his companions. On reaching him they halted, dismounted, and finally gave up the chase. We soon left them out of sight behind us, but still we held on at a hand gallop, resolved to put as much distance as possible between us before encamping.

(To be continued.)

HEROES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

FREDERICK II. OF PRUSSIA.—(SURNAMED THE "GREAT.")

BY HENRY FRITH.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.—FREDERICK'S PLANS FRUSTRATED.—A DESPERATE BATTLE



EACE had been signed at Dresden, and for ten years Frederick of Prussia enjoyed peace. But after the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle Maria Theresa was by no means happy. Her cherished idea of the recovery of Silesia was ever on her mind. She took counsel of her ministers, and agreed with him whose plans coincided with her own. She found that England would not side with her against Frederick, and so sought French aid. In 1756 England and France declared war,

and the Prussian king became aware of the European league forming against him. Russia, as well as Saxony, was about to ally itself to oppose him. So, in 1756, he made a bold move. He did not wait to be attacked: he attacked Saxony. He had previously endeavoured to obtain a clear exposition of the Austrian purposes, but without avail. So he took the Saxon bull by the horns, and declared war. This was as the letting out of water, which ran for seven years in blood.

Frederick's plans to conquer Saxony at one blow were frustrated by the Saxon army assuming an attitude of masterly inactivity, and shutting itself up in the lines of Pirna. There, as a cat pursued by a dog will take refuge in a tree and calmly

observe her enemy, so did the Saxons retire to the heights above Dresden and contemplate with feline complacency the boundings, and listen to the vain barkings, of Frederick the Great.

The Prussians could do nothing at all. They could only sit down and wait. The Saxons declined to move, and Frederick could not compel them. Meanwhile the Austrians were coming to their assistance, and Browne, their Anglo-named commander, sent to say he was approaching. Frederick found this out, and detached a portion of his blockading army to encounter the Austrians. Browne's men fought well, and, though forced to retire from Lobositz field, they did so in good order and unpursued, and continued their march to Pirna. Nevertheless, the Prussians harassed them so greatly that they finally retreated, and the Saxons "caved in." Frederick kept possession of Saxony, which had served as a bulwark for Austrian safety.

But this success involved him in serious difficulties. Europe armed against him. The empire declared against him. France, Russia, and Sweden joined the enemy. So, in a short time, a force of 430,000 men were all arrayed against Prussia, and counting the chickens—the Prussian States—which they intended respectively to appropriate.

Frederick, however, was far from idle. He was diligently preparing his armies. In March he left Dresden; and, after arranging the three divisions, he, Bevern, and Schwerin, suddenly marched direct on Prague, greatly to the surprise of the allies, and to the detriment of Austria, whose supplies were seized upon before the

generals were well aware of Frederick's plans. The Prussians pushed on, and, as the army approached the famous Bohemian capital, the Austrians filed out to the farther side, and encamped. The Prussians came in sight of the city, and encamped also. The latter had the advantage in possessing a settled plan of action. The Austrians appear to have been divided in their counsels, Prince Karl and Marshal Browne not being in accord as to the conduct of the campaign.

It seems remarkable that the Austrians should have permitted the enemy to make all his dispositions so quietly, and without interference. Frederick, for three days or so, was at work collecting his pontoons, surveying the ground, and making arrangements to effect the wished-for junction with his generals. So well were his plans laid, and so steadily were his instructions carried out, that the divisions met in due time, Schwerin and Winterfeld came in as ordered, but the former was one day late. The junction had been arranged to take place on the 4th of May, and the battle had been decided to take place on the 6th (Friday).

Notwithstanding the wearied condition of some of the troops, Frederick, having made up his mind weeks before to engage and conquer the Austrians on the 6th of May, would not be put off his line of action. So Schwerin's wearied corps had to unite with the fresher troops, and do their utmost. The Austrians, meanwhile, if scarcely so active as they ought to have been, were by no means idle. They had occupied the summit and slopes of a steep hill, the Ziscaberg, and fortified it. The king surveyed the position, and found that to attack the Austrians on the steep face would be too rash; so he wheeled round to the flank, where the ascent was easier, and prepared for the battle. The Austrians pivoted, and brought their front to the attack at right angles to their original formation. They had protected their lines, and made good use of all the natural advantages, which were not a few, in quagmires, lakes, marshes, and the rising grounds.

Nine o'clock, and Frederick is ready. The Austrians must be beaten. He had quite made up his mind to that, although historians think he had some misgivings when the strength of the enemy's position had been surveyed. "Difficult but not undoable." So he began to do.

His first manœuvre was to change his position towards Sterbohol, so as to flank the Austrians, as already stated. On that side the hill seemed more assailable. But Marshal Browne wheeled his wing and met the Prussians. Ten o'clock and the battle was begun by Winterfeld advancing and reaching Sterbohol, whence he rushed upon the enemy. But Austrian artillery proved too much for him, and fearful gaps were cut in the advancing ranks. The iron storm was let loose with awful effect, and, Winterfeld half killed, his men wholly retreated upon Schwerin, and his main body of soldiers.

So far the success lay with Austria, whose troops seized the homestead of Sterbohol, and held it for a while; but the Prussians would not be denied. The tired Schwerin soldiers rallied, and again advanced across the ditches and marshes, sinking into the soft ground and morasses. "Sometimes," says Carlyle, "knee-deep, to the middle some of them, the steady march became a wild sprawl through viscous mud, mere case shot tearing round." The steadiness of the troops must have been extraordinary, their bravery unsurpassed. Up the hill they pressed, but had to retreat.

Then Marshal Schwerin, seeing the pending defeat of the army, seized the colours himself, and encouraged his boys. "Heran, meine Kinder," "This way, my children," he cried. But he had not proceeded far with the standard before he was killed, five case shot lodging in, or tearing to pieces his aged but active body. He falls; his aide-de-camp or adjutant, Von Platen, takes his place, but is instantly wiped out by the cruel cannonade which sweeps off hundreds of the flower of the Prussian army.

At length the Prussians gain a footing notwithstanding the enemy's cannon and

the manful resistance of the infantry. The cavalry also are now engaged and fight manfully. But Prince Karl was carried off the field insensible from heart-spasm. Browne was mortally wounded; and after a struggle almost unparalleled in warfare, which had lasted from ten A.M. until eight P.M., the Austrians retreated into Prague leaving dead and wounded on the field in number equalling 26,000, both sides included. It was a fearful slaughter, and the "cries of the wounded" were afterwards sought to be produced in a pianoforte piece which was greatly in vogue some fifty years or so ago.

Frederick had to mourn the loss of his brave Field-Marshal Schwerin, who had seen so much service, and was estimated by the king as worth 10,000 men. One division of the Prussians was unable to come into action at all, owing to the want of a couple more pontoons wherewith to complete the bridge over the Moldau. Frederick had intended with these fresh troops to harass the Austrians and drive them "over the horizon," but the want of two pontoons altered his final arrangements, and the remnant of the Austrian army escaped into Prague.

Frederick has been censured for beginning the battle when he did, and historians have criticised his obstinacy in deciding to fight with so many tired battalions, when by waiting a day the victory would have been assured with less loss, and Prince Maurice would have crossed the river. On the other hand, the king may have fancied that the Austrians would be reinforced also, and so he adhered to his original programme.

The battle was won, but an immense army had to be retained to invest Prague, which Frederick trusted to reduce very quickly. But it would not yield. Meanwhile Marshal Daun was approaching with reinforcements, and a force of Prussians under the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern was despatched to meet him. This detachment was afterwards strengthened by the arrival of Frederick with a strong division of some 12,000 or 13,000 men.

All this time the allies of Austria who had made a parade of assistance remained on parade still, and no French or Russian came against Frederick when the news of the result of the great battle was told them. Prague still held out, and after a month's siege the Prussians were no nearer the city than before. Daun was steadily advancing to relieve the city. He sent messengers to the Austrians to say he was coming, and these—or some of them—fell into Prussian hands. Frederick, therefore, determined to go himself with a detachment as already mentioned.

So with some thousands he hurried away to join the duke, who was opposed by nearly 60,000 men. The king's army then only amounted to about half that number; but the Great Frederick believed in his star, and he shrank not from the encounter. The Austrians retired a little, and Daun planted himself in a fine position amid the hills near Kalin close by the high road to Prague and Vienna.

Frederick as usual surveyed the situation, and made choice of his intended place of attack. The rear and right flank are the vulnerable places he opines, so the Prussians march quietly but not unmolested by cannon along the road to reach the desired position. It was about two o'clock P.M. on the 18th June, 1757, that the Battle of Kalin was thus initiated. Frederick had his hands full did he but acknowledge the fact. The Austrians were greatly in excess of his troops, while far away in North Germany the French were making an advance, and under D'Estrées were bent upon Hanover. So the King of Prussia had enough to occupy him just then.

The Prussian hussars under Ziethen commenced the engagement at Kalin, and at first drove the Austrians in; but the well-served artillery soon came into play, or to work, and bored long lanes in the squadrons, which had to retreat, as no reinforcements came up. Some unfortunate errors, errors unfortunate for the Prussians, were made in orders, and in acting without orders. There is an account of Frederick

giving too hasty instructions and causing Prince Maurice to attack in a wrong place ; and the Russian officer Mannsturi certainly did not carry out his orders properly. So a general engagement ensued all along the line, instead of being concentrated at one point.

Yet the Prussians fought manfully, and did nearly succeed. The Austrian general had already considered retreat advisable, and had actually sent orders to that effect. By the merest accident, as it appears, the commander of the cavalry was absent when the aide-de-camp rode up to the Saxon squadrons. The colonel in command (Beckendorf) thought retreat unnecessary, and heedless of the already withdrawing artillery, assembled his men, and with some Austrian regiments charged the Prussians already reduced by battle. The infantry quailed and fled. Notwithstanding all the efforts made by the king, the Prussians were compelled to retreat. The Saxons had had their revenge at last. Frederick with a few men attempted to silence a troublesome battery, but his men fell away. Finding himself with only an officer, the king listened to his advice, and hastened away from the field.

The Austrians did not pursue their advantage. Daun remained all next day in his camp, and though he might have inflicted further severe loss on the Prussians, he did not attempt any slaughter. The king's army retired to Prague, with a loss of nearly 14,000 men—nearly half their numbers ; thousands of the splendid and at that time matchless infantry, were reckoned in this total. The Austrian loss was much less, only reaching 8,000.

The effect of this fight was to cause Frederick to raise the siege of Prague, and he accordingly withdrew his men. But his troubles were not yet over. As he returned into Saxony, hundreds deserted, and when he finally got home, he found he had not 70,000 men out of an army of about 117,000 with which he had set out.

The intervention of the French is shown in a letter from Frederick, dated 13 July, 1757. "The French have just laid hold of

Friesland ; are about to pass the Weser ; they have instigated the Swedes to declare war against me. The Swedes are sending 17,000 men. . . . The Russians are besieging Memel. . . . The troops of the Reich are about to march. All this will force me to evacuate Bohemia as soon as the crowd of enemies gets into motion." He adds, "I am firmly resolved on the extremest efforts to save my country. We shall see if Fortune will take a new thought, or if she will entirely turn her back upon me. Happy the moment when I took to training myself in philosophy."

But philosophy scarcely would help him. His enemies were too numerous. The allies marched to Erfurt, and then to Eisenach again, hearing of the Prussian advance. To this district Frederick hurried, for it was manifestly to his advantage to compel the Emperor's troops and the French to fight before the Austrians could engage him again. His position was certainly precarious. The French were on the Rhine. The Austrians were preparing to invade Silesia. The Russians were already in Eastern Prussia, and the Swedes were also preparing a little expedition.

Nevertheless, Frederick never despaired. His strength of mind never forsook him. He certainly feared defeat, but he determined not to survive it, for he continually carried poison about with him. He proceeded towards Thuringia, leaving an army to watch Austria. But Winterfeld, who commanded it, was dead—he was a favourite of Frederick—and his loss affected the king deeply. Winterfeld had been killed in a skirmish at Moys, and thus a great loss had been inflicted upon the Prussian arms.

This was in September. In October the Austrians made a raid on Berlin, but Frederick came back in hot haste to encounter them, and left the French, who then came out of their position and advanced to Leipsic. Then the Prussian monarch turned on them, and compelled them to engage at Rossbach in a district now associated with two of the greatest battle-fields in the world—Lützen and Jena.

Frederick found the Imperial-French army here, and determined to give them battle. His troops numbered about 22,000; the allies had more than double that number in the field, the greater number being Frenchmen under Soubise. The French were eager to attack, and on the 5th November the allies moved round, and Frederick at first believed they were retreating. They were only taking up another position, however, and the king's quick eye soon perceived their intended manoeuvre. He saw they intended to take him in rear, and that by so doing they exposed their own forces to be taken in flank. Somehow it would seem that the allies never counted upon Frederick venturing to attack them.

As the afternoon wore on, the aim of the French became apparent, and Frederick determined to checkmate them. Quietly behind the hills he struck his camp, and the swift cavalry soon headed the allied vanguard. The enemy, of course, were aware that the Prussian army was executing some manoeuvre, but they did not endeavour to find out exactly what it was. So the Prussian cavalry were enabled suddenly to dash down upon the advanced guard of allied cavalry, and throw it into confusion.

In a very short time the allies fled, and the Prussians pursued them. Meanwhile the king had managed to get his guns up the hill, and kept pounding away at the main body of his enemy. The infantry came into action delivering their fire upon the confused French ranks when within forty paces—when the grenadiers “could see the whites of the enemy's eyes.” The confusion was unbounded, the allied army was dispersed with a loss of 8000 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The Prussians lost 165 killed!

This decisive victory again raised Frederick to the pinnacle of fame. All German-speaking people were glad that France had been humbled, and they rejoiced accordingly. The King of Prussia was the more glad, as he could now turn his armed attention to the Austrians separately. They had been rather having

their own way in Silesia, and Frederick determined to crush them as quickly as possible. He proceeded to Leipsic, and in a few days marched boldly into Silesia.

The Austrians, as we said, had been active, and they continued so. As Frederick advanced into the country, reports came to him in rapid succession concerning the Austrian victories. Bevern had been defeated, and Breslau surrendered. Other places had fallen: still Frederick, nothing daunted, pressed on with his small force, about 14,000 men, which the Austrians jeeringly called his “Potsdam Guard Parade.” Frederick on his part, had made up his mind to attack them wherever he could, even on the “Church steeples of Breslau.” The Austrians were entrenched at Breslau, but did not either stay within their lines or fly to the steeples. They came out into the open to give the Guard Parade a fair chance, and they found they had “caught a Tartar!”

CHAPTER IV.

FREDERICK VICTORIOUS.—SECURES PEACE, AND DIES.

It was on the 28th November, that Frederick reached Tauchnitz, and soon after was joined by the serviceable portion of Bevern's lately beaten army, numbering some 20,000 men. This addition to his force was welcome. Bevern himself had been taken prisoner and had not come with his troops. One portion of the army was flushed with victory: the new arrivals were disheartened by defeat and the loss of their general, to whose place Ziethen was promoted. As may be supposed, Frederick was extremely anxious to restore the *morale* of the army—Bevern's army; and to that end he addressed the officers generally in a speech which, for true manliness and determined discipline, can scarcely be surpassed. We can only give a few extracts:—

“Make this my determination known to all officers of the army; prepare the men for what work is now to ensue. . . . For you,

when I reflect that you are Prussians, can I think you will act unworthily? But if there be one or another who dreads to share danger with me, he can have his discharge this evening, and shall not suffer the least reproach from me. . . . The Cavalry Regiment that does not, on the order given, dash full plunge into the enemy, I will, directly after the battle, unhorse and make a Garrison Regiment. The Infantry battalion which, meet with what it may, shows the least sign of hesitating loses its colours and its sabres, and I cut the trimming from its uniform. Now, good night, gentlemen: shortly we shall have beaten the enemy, or we shall never see each other again."

The king supplemented this exhortation by personally mingling with the soldiers and encouraging them too. By all he was welcomed joyfully. So the night passed, and next day the army advanced to Newmarkt, where the first skirmish of the battle was fought. The Austrians were forming a camp outside their intrenchments, a proceeding which filled Frederick with joy, for their position had hitherto been a strong one. It was the party of sappers, who were surveying the camping ground, that Frederick had driven in.

The immense Austrian army, about 80,000 men, had been drawn up in a long extended line for some miles. Had it only remained in the trenches, Frederick might well have declined the contest, but what he had determined to do against intrenchments he was not likely to recoil from when the enemy had come out of them.

The Prussians commenced with the favourite manœuvre of attacking in the "oblique order," which enabled Frederick to concentrate his troops rapidly without serious danger to them. By this manœuvre his actions were on several occasions masked until too late for the enemy to perceive his movements, and on this field the Austrians completely misread his intentions. They fancied the Prussians were about to attack their right, whereas the left wing was Frederick's aim. Too late the

error was perceived. The battle had begun, the left wing was attacked. By masking his intentions, Frederick had induced the Austrian commander to strengthen their right wing, and so soon as he perceived that movement well in action, he let loose his men on their left.

Nadisti, who commanded on the left, had nevertheless guessed the issue, and at once sent for help. Again and again he begged for reinforcements, but Prince Karl turned a deaf ear to all demands. The Prussians opened with a fierce artillery fire, and pushed on. Prince Karl now saw his mistake, and flung his regiments one after the other from right to left of his extended line. But to no purpose. Five miles cannot be covered in a few minutes, and minutes were precious just then. Darkness would come on soon: could the battle be sustained till nightfall the morrow would see a change. But it was too late! The battalions came up, indeed, but got mixed up with the retreating Austrians of Nadisti's corps. After them came the firing Prussians, beating back all resistance, upon the village of Leuthen, which then became the centre of the engagement.

The battle now became very severe. The village, about a mile in scattered extent, was hotly contested for an hour. In vain the Austrian reserves came running up. Too massive in formation, they got shot down in scores by the advancing Prussians. Regiments could not deploy, and stood firing "in sheltered places" a hundred deep. The enemy came on through the churchyard, which speedily was thickly lined with dead and dying. The Austrians now made a stand, and from every available point came the deadly hail from many thousands of men—a fire so sustained as to make the Prussians waver. They hesitated to attack in such a storm of lead and iron—no wonder, when we consider the proportions of the two forces; but Major Möllendorf, seeing the hesitation of the commanding officer, dashed forward, calling on his men to follow. The foremost reply with a cheer, and proceed. The church gate is attacked,

"nine muskets blazing on him through it, he smashes, after a desperate struggle, the Austrians clear out of it, and he conquers the citadel."

But the Austrians were not yet beaten. A fierce charge of cavalry was effected. The Prussian flank, apparently unprotected, offers a tempting opportunity. The cavalry go helter-skelter amid the Prussians, when lo! from a concealed place Frederick's horse-soldiers in turn charge into the rear of the attacking party. The king had, it seems, placed them there on purpose to check any such movement, and his forecast proved correct. The Austrians, completely surprised, are cut down; their leader, Lucchesi, killed: and shortly the cavalry are routed by the stern Driesen and his troopers.

The winter sun set fast and glowed upon a beaten army and a bloody battle-scene. In vain the Austrians tried to rally; the heated Prussians gave them no time. Back, back over the river, they pushed the great array of men and horses: the bridges were crowded, the slaughter was great, and would have been much greater if the daylight had lasted. As it was, the victory was complete. The Austrian loss is estimated at 10,000 killed and wounded, besides more than that immense number of prisoners. Guns and standards also fell into the victor's hands. The Prussian loss was put at 6,300.

Prince Karl retreated rapidly to Breslau, where he left a garrison of 17,000 men, who all soon capitulated, while he himself proceeded into Bohemia, where he arrived with less than half his original force—some 35,000 only being with the colours. The victory had a great effect, and Silesia was soon, once again, in the hands of Frederick.

The Prussian monarch was thoroughly elated by the victory. Carlyle relates how the king congratulated General Moritz by saluting him as field-marshal, a dignity which the old soldier did not at first quite catch.

"Don't you hear that I congratulate you, Herr Feldmarschall?" said Frederick again, and then Moritz gratefully acknowledged the honour which, accompanied by the

sentence, "You have helped me and performed every order, as none ever did before in any battle," made the new Feldmarschall's heart leap, we may be sure.

Frederick was now easier in his mind, and though the Russians gained a victory in Eastern Prussia they did not pursue it. England soon concluded a treaty with Frederick, who gladly agreed; the Hanoverian campaign was settled, not fortunately—England looked in peril; but when Pitt came in he changed the aspect of affairs. He extended a hand to Frederick, paid him a large annual subsidy, and assumed the army of Hanover as an English-paid force. Thus backed up, Prussia was more jubilant and entered on the ensuing campaign with better spirit too, after such a victory as that of Leuthen.

The year 1758 opened well for Frederick. The French were kept in check by Hanover and the English alliance, but Russia was again active in Eastern Prussia, so Frederick hurried off with his usual speed to meet the danger half way. He invaded Austrian territory and laid siege to Olmütz. The progress made was rather slow, but the movements of Daun, the Austrian commander, were slower still. He did not stir to any purpose until egged on from Vienna, and then he was deliberate, as his sluggish nature advised him. He was a very careful general indeed—brave, but a little too cautious. He had however an assistant, Loudon, or Laudon, whose dash and generalship made amends for the cautious tactics of Daun.

It must be remembered that Frederick had to convey all his supplies, ammunition, and food from Prussia for miles, and through an unfriendly district for many more miles. The siege proceeded—Daun managed to throw in some reinforcements to Olmütz, and Loudon—of Scotch descent—made his great *coup*. He met the great convoy, with its great escort, but was at first repulsed. He took the hint, retired for a while, joined hands with another force, and then awaited the Prussians in a defile some miles further back. Here the en-

gagement was continued, the convoy thrown into confusion; the Prussians were discomfited, the wagons taken—miles of wagons—and the troops beaten. This sad loss obliged Frederick to raise the siege and give up the idea of taking Olmütz.

He would not go home however. No! he invaded Bohemia. But the advancing Russians compelled him to return towards Frankfort-on-Oder where, meeting reinforcements, he decided to give battle to the Muscovite, Fermor. At Zorndorf, on the 25th of August, the two armies met in an encounter which will be ever memorable. The Russian force numbered 50,000; the Prussians about 32,000 men. This battle of Zorndorf was perhaps the most sanguinary conflict ever fought by even Frederick the Great, who had some experiences of carnage.

The Russians at first had a temporary success. Perceiving a space between two corps their cavalry made a charge and overthrew the first brigade before the second could come up. But Seidlitz, with the Prussian cavalry, was on the alert. He charged, with some thousands, in upon the Russians, who were chasing the Prussian infantry. Dashing down, the cavalry simply swept the Russians away in heaps. The infantry rallied, returned, and drove the sturdy Muscovites into the swamps, where they sank and floundered, many to death.

They were not beaten however. They came on again, drove in the Prussian centre, and caused a panic. Again Seidlitz came to the rescue, and cut down ruthlessly the ox-like Russians, who stood to be killed, and never wavered. Up and down, in and out, the cavalry charged, arms tired with slaying. The infantry, which had not retired, poured in fearful volleys, but the Russians still stood to die and retaliate. They would not retreat. All day the slaughter went on. Marsh and river in rear, steel and lead in front, the Russian stood and died "in his tracks."

At length ammunition was exhausted, but the fierce hatred had not abated. Hand to hand, steel to steel, foot to foot, the enemies

engaged, clubbing, tearing, biting even, in their rage. "No quarter!" None. No one asked it, none was given; and this awful carnage was over, when the Russians had walked through the morass on a path formed of their dead and wounded. The Prussians had won the fight! They had lost 11,500 men. Several regiments had run away, but Seidlitz and his weary cavalry had covered themselves with glory, and steeped themselves in blood!

Twenty-one thousand dogged Russians lay dead and wounded on the field and in the morass. Such slaughter as this testifies to the tenacity of the Muscovite. The rage of the Prussians had been stirred by the cruelty of the invader, who had burnt and pillaged the country, killing the women and children. Amply were they avenged! The remnant of the Russian army retreated to Poland, and Frederick hurried to engage the Austrians again in Saxony. But Daun came upon the king during the night. The Austrians took the Prussians by surprise. Frederick, however, managed to keep them in check at Hochkirch after a terrible five hours' struggle. But he had to retreat, which he did with marvellous skill.

Though beaten he was by no means inclined to retreat. Daun remained in his intrenchments and did not pursue the beaten army. Frederick rallied his men and contrived to outwit the Austrians, but when 1759 opened with a new campaign he was pressed both for men and money. His veterans had been decimated, his younger troops had deserted, while Austria was growing stronger. The Russians opened the ball. They invaded Prussia, took Frankfort, united with Loudon, and waited for Frederick at Kunersdorf on August 12th.

The Prussians attacked, and completely turned the Russian left. The king unfortunately persisted in continuing the battle. On this occasion he did not "leave well alone." His obstinacy settled the question against his generals' advice. The allies made a stand: fresh battalions came up to engage the tired Prussians. Seidlitz, on whom so much depended, was wounded—

the Austrian cavalry charged, the rout of the king's army was complete. Frederick is said to have quite despaired at last ; and declared he would not survive the defeat. It was crushing, and seemed final. 18,000 men lost, all the artillery captured, and nearly all the higher generals killed or wounded. Only 3,000 men remained under his standard next day !

The allies, however, did not push on. The king rallied and again took command. He sought to relieve Dresden with another army, but the city had already capitulated. The allies waited until the Prussians had recovered—conduct which cannot be understood ; for if their object was to humble Prussia, they had her at their feet had they advanced. The opportunity was lost. The Russians, disgusted with the Austrians, returned home. The Austrians were very angry with their general, and Prussia, by his inactivity, was saved !

But again Daun asserted himself, and compelled a Prussian surrender at Mexen. Things were in a very alarming condition when the year 1759 closed. England retired from her alliance with Frederick. The Prussians were beaten by the Austrians at Landeshut and Glatz. Loudon and the Russians advanced, Lacy and Daun also came into Silesia. Frederick defeated Loudon at Leignitz, however, but the allies entered Berlin. Daun was attacked in November and terribly beaten at Torgau by Frederick, who was wounded. The war then continued in a desultory, skirmishing way, till, at the close of 1761, Prussia was almost exhausted.

A change of rulers in Russia most fortunately led to peace between Frederick and Czar Peter, who had succeeded his aunt the Czarina, in January, 1762. Sweden

then retired. Frederick again defeated the Austrians at Buckersdorf, in July, and there peace was signed with Austria for a while. Prussia and Austria, now left alone, shook hands. So Frederick restored Saxony, Austria gave up Glatz, and a real peace was signed at Hubertsburg in Saxony on February 5, 1763.

So ended the Seven Years' War, with no gain to either party, and with immense losses. Frederick had performed wonders, but he had been very near defeat. His powerful mind alone saved him from a complete collapse, which would have overtaken almost any other nation in similar circumstances. The kingdom was exhausted, but not bankrupt. Distress was grappled with, agriculture encouraged, and an alliance was firmly made with Russia.

Once again Frederick and Austria came into collision, over the Bavarian succession, and in 1778 the Prussians entered Bohemia. But they retreated without fighting. The Austrians cut in between the two Prussian divisions, and the latter returned home. Peace was made in 1779, and the next year Maria Theresa died. The closing days of the heroic Frederick were also approaching. He caught a severe chill at a review by sitting all day in the rain. His constitution, undermined by illness and old age, could not resist the shock, and he sank quietly into the open arms of death on August 17, 1786, at the ripe old age of seventy-four.

His last effort was the formation of a "League of Princes," to resist Austrian encroachments. True to his country he died, a model warrior and beloved king—his epitaph :

FREDERICK THE GREAT !



" 'Let us sup, my friends,' cried Kéran."—p. 407.

KÉRABAN THE INFLEXIBLE;

OR, ADVENTURES IN THE EUXINE.

BY JULES VERNE.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH.

PART II.—CHAPTER XI.—(continued.)



IZIB accordingly directed his steps towards the plain, and Ahmet accompanied him, at once to reconnoitre the district, and to assure himself that there was absolutely nothing to fear.

In fact Ahmet saw nothing suspicious. The prairie, which was bounded westward by an undulating range of hills, was absolutely deserted. The night was calm, and the moon, which would rise about eleven o'clock, was sufficiently old to give good light. Some stars shone between the light clouds, as if they were sleeping in the high zones of the heavens. Not a breath of wind stirred, and no sound was audible in the atmosphere.

Ahmet scrutinized the horizon most searchingly. Would some flame once again illumine the crests of the surrounding hills? Would some signal be made that the guide would come and detect afterwards?

No fire displayed itself on the boundary of the plain. No signal was sent from the distant horizon.

Ahmet desired Nizib to keep a most vigilant watch. He enjoined him particularly to return without a moment's delay in case of any eventuality occurring before the horses had been brought into camp. Then he himself, having given these orders, hurried back through the Gorge of Nerissa.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH IS REPORTED SOME CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE NOBLE SARABOUL AND HER FIANCÉ.

WHEN Ahmet rejoined his companions, the final arrangements for supping first and sleeping afterwards had been completed. The sleeping apartment, or rather the common dormitory, was the cavern, which, high and spacious, contained many convenient recesses wherein each member of the party might repose at his or her pleasure, comfortably. The dining-room was the level plain outside, whereon were scattered boulders and stones which would serve admirably for tables and chairs.

Some provisions had been taken from the cart which had been drawn by the little donkey. The latter was amongst the number of the *convives*, having been specially invited by his friend Kéraban. A little forage, on which the animal had made an excellent meal, sufficed for his part of the feast, and he brayed his satisfaction.

"Let us have supper," cried Kéraban, in a cheerful tone, "let us sup, my friends. Let us eat and drink at our ease. There will then be so much less for this brave little donkey to drag to Scutari."

Of course, at an open-air meal, in the midst of the camp illuminated by resinous torches, every person placed himself as he pleased. Seigneur Kéraban seated himself on a rock, a true seat of honour, the "chair" of the meeting. Amasia and Nedjeb sat together, like dear friends, no longer mistress and servant, on smaller rocks; and reserved a place for Ahmet, who quickly joined them.

As for Van Mitten, he was flanked right and left by the inevitable Yanar and the inseparable Saraboul, and all three were seated before an immense slab of rock, which the sighs of the unfortunate Van Mitten ought to have softened.

Bruno, thinner than ever, with his mouth full waited upon the party.

Not only was Kèraban in a good humour as was natural to him fortune favoured, but, as was usual with him, his enjoyment escaped in joking, and some of his jests were directed at Van Mitten. It is a fact that ever since the Dutchman had devoted himself to save his friends, he had not ceased to excite the caustic humour of Kèraban. In twelve hours it is true the story would be told, and Van Mitten would hear no more of the Kurds, brother and sister, but that was precisely the reason why Kèraban continued to sharpen his wit upon his travelling companion.

"Well, Van Mitten, all goes well, eh?" he said rubbing his hands. "You are at the summit of your desires. Good friends accompany you, an amiable lady whom you have encountered in your travels is by your side. Allah could not have done more for you had you been one of the Faithful yourself."

The Dutchman looked at his friend and pulled a long face, but said nothing.

"Well, you are silent?" asked Yanar.

"No, no, I was speaking, inwardly," replied Van Mitten.

"To whom?" demanded the lady Kurd, imperatively.

"To you, dear Saraboul, to you," said the victim.

Then rising, he stretched out his arms and ejaculated, "Ouf!"

Seigneur Yanar and his sister rose at the same moment, and accompanied him in all his movements. "If you wish," said Saraboul, in that tender tone which admits of no contradiction; "if you wish, we will only stop an hour or two in Scutari?"

"If I wish it?" said Van Mitten.

"Are you not my master?" continued the insinuating lady,

"Yes," muttered Bruno, "he is her master, as much as one is master of a hound that every minute is flying at one's throat!"

"Fortunately," thought Van Mitten, "tomorrow we shall part. But what a scene in perspective will that breaking off be!"

Amasia regarded him with true commiseration; and, not daring to pity him openly, she whispered to his faithful attendant—

"Poor M. Van Mitten! This comes of his devotion to us."

"And of his pliability in the hands of Seigneur Kèraban," replied Bruno, who could not forgive his master for his weakness.

"At anyrate," said Nedjeb, "that proves that M. Van Mitten has a good and generous heart."

"Too generous," said Bruno. "Besides, since my master consented to accompany Seigneur Kèraban on this journey, I have never ceased to repeat that ill would come of it sooner or later. But such a misfortune as this! To become engaged, if only for a few days, to such a woman! I never could have imagined such a thing; no, never. The first Madame Van Mitten was a perfect dove compared with the second."

Meanwhile the Dutchman had again seated himself, still flanked by his body-guard, and Bruno came to offer him some food. But Van Mitten had no appetite.

"You do not eat, Seigneur Van Mitten," said Saraboul, looking him straight in the face.

"I am not hungry," he replied.

"Really, you are not hungry?" said Yanar. "But in Kurdistan everyone is hungry, even after a meal!"

"Ah! in Kurdistan," said Van Mitten, as he swallowed the double helping, which he had been obliged to accept.

"And drink," said Saraboul.

"But I am drinking, I drink in your words——"

He did not dare to add, "Only I know they will disagree with me!"

"Drink," continued Yanar.

"But I am not thirsty."

"In Kurdistan we are always thirsty, even after a meal."

Meanwhile Ahmet, who was always on his guard, was watching the guide closely. The man sat apart eating his share of the supper, but he could not conceal some movement of impatience. At least Ahmet thought so, and how could he think otherwise believing him to be a traitor? The man was anxious that Ahmet and his party should take refuge in the cavern, when sleep would render them defenceless against any pre-arranged attack. Perhaps the guide wished to depart on some secret errand, but he did not dare while Ahmet, whom he feared, kept observing him.

"There, my friends," said Kéraban. "We have had an excellent meal for an open-air supper. We have well recruited ourselves for our last stage. Is not that true, my little Amasia?"

"Yes, Seigneur Kéraban," replied the girl. "I am quite ready to resume the journey if necessary——"

"You would continue it——?"

"To follow you."

"Particularly to make a certain halt at Scutari," returned Kéraban, laughing loudly; "a halt such as our friend Van Mitten made at Trebizond."

"He is laughing at me to boot," murmured Van Mitten, who was very angry, but did not dare to reply in the presence of the susceptible Saraboul.

"Ah," continued Kéraban, "the marriage of Amasia and Ahmet may not be so imposing as the betrothal of Van Mitten and the noble Kurdish lady; of course I cannot give them a *fête* like the Paradise of Mahomet, but I can manage a thing or two, I daresay. I want all Scutari to be present, and wish that my friends from Constantinople shall fill the gardens of the villa."

"There is no need for so much for us," said Amasia.

"Yes, yes, my dear mistress," exclaimed Nedjeb.

"And if I desire it, if I wish it," continued Kéraban; "would my little Amasia thwart me?"

"Oh, Seigneur Kéraban!" she said.

"Well then," continued he, holding up his glass, "let us drink to the happiness of the young people, who so well deserve to be happy."

"To Seigneur Ahmet, to the fair Amasia," cried the *convives* with one accord, in high good humour.

"And," continued Kéraban, "to the alliance of Kurdistan with Holland."

To this toast, given in a cheerful tone and with all hands extended towards him, Van Mitten was obliged to return thanks, whether he wished it or not.

The supper, rough, but very pleasant, was at length over. Now for a few hours rest, and the journey might be accomplished without fatigue.

"We will sleep until daybreak," said Kéraban, "and I order the guide to call us at that time!"

"Very well, Seigneur," replied the man. "But would it not be better for me to relieve Nizib in his guard over the horses?"

"No, stay where you are," said Ahmet quickly. "Nizib will do very well where he is, and I prefer you to remain here. We will keep watch together!"

"Keep watch!" exclaimed the man, who in vain endeavoured to conceal his chagrin. "There is no danger here, in this extreme district of Anatolia."

"Very likely not," replied Ahmet, "but a little excess of prudence can do no harm. I will myself replace Nizib in his charge. So remain here, you."

"As you please, Seigneur Ahmet," replied the guide. "Let us place everything in the cavern then, so that your friends may sleep more contentedly."

"Do so," said Ahmet, "and Bruno will assist you, if M. Van Mitten has no objection."

"Go, Bruno, go," said Van Mitten.

The guide and Bruno entered the cavern and carried in all the cloaks, cafetans and coverings which might serve as bedding. Amasia, Nedjeb, and their companions had not made any difficulty concerning the

supper, and the question of bed would find them equally accommodating, no doubt.

While preparations were being concluded, Amasia approached Ahmet, and, taking his hand, said :

"So, my dear Ahmet, you are really going to pass the night without repose?"

"Yes," replied Ahmet, who did not wish Amasia to observe his anxiety. "Must I not watch over one who is so dear to me?"

"Well, this will be the very last time?"

"The very last. To-morrow all the fatigues of our journey will be ended."

"To-morrow," repeated Amasia, raising her eyes to his; "that to-morrow which seems never to come."

"But which will last for ever," replied Ahmet.

"For ever," murmured the girl.

The noble Saraboul, too, had seized Van Mitten by the hand, and, indicating Amasia and Ahmet, said with a sigh—

"You see them, Seigneur Van Mitten; you see those two?"

"Who?" asked the Dutchman, whose thoughts were far from such a tender course of ideas.

"Who?" retorted the lady sharply, "who but those two *fiancés*. In fact I find you curiously reserved."

"You know that Dutchmen are very self-contained," replied Van Mitten. "Holland is a country of dikes and barriers; dikes everywhere!"

"There are no dikes in Kurdistan," exclaimed the noble Saraboul, who was mystified by his coldness.

"No, indeed there are not," added Yanar, seizing his brother-in-law's arm violently, as if he would crush it in his vice-like grip.

"Fortunately," Kéraban could not help saying, "fortunately our friend Van Mitten will be free to-morrow."

Then, turning to the others, he cried, "Well, now the dormitory is prepared, a chamber wherein is room for all. It is nearly eleven o'clock; the moon is already rising, let us retire to rest."

"Come, Nedjeb," said Amasia.

"I follow you, dear mistress."

"Good night, Ahmet."

"Till to-morrow, dear Amasia, *à demain*," replied Ahmet, as he led the young girl to the entrance of the cavern.

"You will follow me, M. Van Mitten," said Saraboul in a tone which could scarcely be called "engaging."

"Certainly," replied the Dutchman; "but, all the same, if necessary I could remain with my young friend Ahmet."

"What did you say?" asked the imperious woman.

"What did he say?" asked Yanar.

"I said," replied Van Mitten, "I said, my dear Saraboul, that my duty obliged me to watch over you; and that——"

"Very well, you shall watch; *there!*"

She indicated the cavern, while Yanar shoved him by the shoulder, saying—

"There is one thing of which you may rest quite assured, Seigneur Van Mitten: you need have no doubt of it——"

"What is that, if you please, Seigneur Yanar?"

"That in espousing my sister, you have married a Volcano!" said Yanar.

Under the impulse of his vigorous arm, Van Mitten was hurried into the cavern, whither his *fiancée* had preceded him, and whither Seigneur Yanar immediately followed him.

Just as Kéraban was entering in his turn, Ahmet stopped him.

"Uncle, just one word," he said.

"Well, only one," said Kéraban, "I am tired, and want to go to sleep."

"Very well; but I want you to hear me."

"What have you to say?"

"Do you know where we are?"

"Yes; in the defiles of the gorges of Nerissa."

"At what distance from Scutari?"

"About five or six leagues."

"Who told you that?"

"Well, the guide."

"Have you confidence in that man?"

"Why should I distrust him?"

"Because the fellow, whom I have been

watching for several days, has been going on in a way more and more suspicious," replied Ahmet. "Do you know him, uncle? No. At Trebizond he came and

offered to conduct us to the Bosphorus. You accepted his services without knowing who he was. We came away under his guidance——"



"Yanar seized him by the shoulder."

"Well, Ahmet, it seems to me he has proved his acquaintance with these roads."

"Undoubtedly, uncle."

"Do you wish to argue, nephew?" demanded Kéran, whose brow began to knit ominously.

"No, uncle, no; and I beg you to believe that I have no intention to say anything disagreeable. But I am by no means easy in my mind, and I fear for those I love."

Ahmet's emotion was so evident as he spoke, that Kéran was quite touched.

"Look here, Ahmet, my boy; what ails you? Why these fears, when all our trials are just over? I will confess to you—only to you, mind—that I must have been rather mad to undertake this journey. I confess, but for my obstinacy in causing you to leave Odessa, that the abduction of Amasia would not have been accomplished. Yes,

all that was my fault. But here we are, at the end of our journey. Your marriage will not be retarded by a day. To-morrow we shall be in Scutari, and to-morrow——"

"But if we are not in Scutari to-morrow, uncle? Suppose we are much further from it than this guide tells us we are? Suppose we have been purposely led astray, after being advised to leave the coast-road? In fine, suppose this man is a traitor!"

"A traitor!" exclaimed Kéraban.

"Yes; what if this man be a traitor, and serving those who carried off Amasia?"

"By Allah, nephew, how did you conceive this idea? On what foundation does it rest? On mere presentiment!"

"No uncle, on facts! Listen to me. For several days this man has been in the habit of leaving us during our halts, on the pretext of examining the route. Last night he was away from the camp for an hour. I followed him, and I declare that a signal by fire was given to him from a certain point in the horizon, a signal that he was expecting!"

"This is a very serious matter, Ahmet," replied Kéraban. "But how do you connect the acts of this man with the abduction of Amasia by the captain of the *Guidare*?"

"Well, uncle, whither was the vessel bound? To Atina? Evidently not, for we know the storm drove her out of her course. My opinion is that she was bound for Trebizond, where the harems of the nabobs of Anatolia are often replenished. There it might have become known that the girl had been saved from the shipwreck, and the abductors put on her track may have despatched this guide to conduct our little caravan into an ambush."

"Yes, Ahmet. Yes, you may be right. It is quite possible that danger threatens us. You have watched and done well, and to-night I will watch with you."

"No, uncle, rest yourself. I am well armed, and at the first alarm——"

"I tell you I will watch," replied Kéraban. "It shall never be said that such an obstinate man as I am could bring about a new catastrophe."

"No; do not fatigue yourself unnecessarily. The guide by my orders will pass the night in the cavern. Go in."

"I will not."

"Uncle——"

"Once for all, are you going to withstand me? Ah, take care, Ahmet: it is a long time since anyone has contradicted me!"

"Very well, uncle, let us watch together."

"Yes, under arms; and woe to him who enters our encampment!"

So Kéraban and Ahmet paced up and down, their gaze fixed upon the narrow pass, listening to the least noise, and keeping watch and ward upon the cavern faithfully. Two hours, then a third, passed thus. Nothing suspicious happened—nothing to justify the fears of Kéraban and his nephew occurred. They began to hope that the night would pass without incident; but about three o'clock in the morning cries of terror arose from the direction of the pass.

Kéraban and Ahmet at once seized their weapons, which had been placed at the foot of a rock; this time Kéraban, mistrusting his pistols, had got a musket.

At that instant Nizib came rushing up, out of breath.

"Ah, master!"

"What is it, Nizib?"

"Master—yonder; below there——"

"Yonder?" said Ahmet.

"The horses——"

"Our horses?"

"Yes."

"Speak out, you stupid animal," exclaimed Kéraban, shaking the lad roughly.

"Our horses?"

"Stolen!" said Nizib.

"Stolen!"

"Yes," continued the servant. "Two or three men came rushing out and carried them off."

"They have got away with our horses, you say?"

"Yes."

"On the road—that side?" asked Ahmet, pointing in a westerly direction.

"On that side—yes!"

"We must run after them; we must give chase," exclaimed Kéraban.

"Let us remain where we are, uncle," said Ahmet. "To hope to catch our horses is vain. We must, before all things, put our camp in a state of defence."

"Ah, master, look," cried Nizib. "See there—there!"

He pointed to the hollow of a large rock which stood up high, on the left of the place where they were consulting.



"Yes, we will watch—under arms."

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH SEIGNEUR KÉRABAN, HAVING COME INTO COLLISION WITH THE DONKEY, FINDS HIMSELF OPPOSED TO A MORTAL ENEMY.

SEIGNEUR KÉRABAN and Ahmet turned round, and looked in the direction indicated by Nizib. What they saw caused

them to retire and crouch down out of sight.

On the upper ledge of the rock, opposite the cavern, a man was crawling along, with the object, apparently, to reach the extreme angle—no doubt in order to watch the camp. It was only natural to conclude that some secret understanding existed between this man and the guide.

It must be confessed that Ahmet had been correct in his estimate of the machinations which had been formed against Kéraban and his companions: his uncle was forced to admit as much. It was pretty obvious, too, that the danger was imminent; that an attack in the dark was being prepared, and that very night the little caravan, after being surprised by an ambuscade, would be destroyed.

Kéraban, at first, unreflectingly, raised his musket, and was about to fire at this spy who had the hardihood to venture so close to the camp. In another second the gun would have been discharged, and the man would have been shot, no doubt; but such a course—which would have given the alarm—might have had serious consequences, and complicated a situation already sufficiently grave.

"Stop, uncle," whispered Ahmet, throwing up the levelled musket.

"But, Ahmet——"

"No; the report would only be the signal for attack; and, besides, we had better take that man alive. He must know on whose account these wretches are acting."

"But, how are we to take him?"

"Let me manage that," replied Ahmet.

So saying, he disappeared towards the left, so as to "turn" the rock and climb it from the back. Meantime, Kéraban and Nizib held themselves in readiness to interfere, should occasion demand it.

The spy, crouched face downwards, had reached the extremity of the rock. His head alone protruded over the ledge; he was endeavouring to see into the cavern by the aid of the brilliant moonlight.

In about half-a-minute Ahmet re-appeared upon the upper ledge; and, creeping cautiously along, he advanced towards the spy, who had not perceived him.

Unfortunately, an unexpected incident put the man on his guard, and revealed to him the danger which threatened him.

Almost at that moment Amasia came out of the cavern. A feeling of anxiety, for which she could not account, prevented

her from sleeping. She fancied Ahmet was threatened by some danger from the musket or the dagger of the assassin.

Kéraban at once made a sign to the girl to stop, but she did not understand him; and, looking up, perceived Ahmet just as he was raising himself upright on the rock. A cry of alarm escaped her.

At the sound of her voice the spy turned round rapidly and stood up. Perceiving Ahmet still bending down, he threw himself upon him.

Amasia, nailed by terror to the spot, cried to her lover. The spy, knife in hand, was about to stab his adversary, when Kéraban, shouldering his piece, fired.

The spy, hit full in the chest, let fall his dagger and rolled to the ground from the ledge of the rock.

In another instant Amasia was clasped in the arms of Ahmet, who had let himself down from the rock and rejoined her.

At the sound of the shot all the occupants of the cavern came hurrying out—all except the guide. Kéraban, brandishing his musket, exclaimed—

"That was a splendid shot, by Allah!"

"More dangers!" muttered Bruno.

"Do not leave me, Van Mitten," cried the noble Saraboul, seizing the arm of her *fiancé*.

"He shall not leave you, sister," said the resolute Yanar.

By this time Ahmet had advanced to the spot where the spy lay.

"The man is dead," he said, "and he would have been worth more to us living."

Nedjeb had joined him, and she immediately exclaimed—

"But that man is—is——"

Amasia now approached in her turn, and cried out—

"Yes, yes; 'tis he—Yarhud; the captain of the *Guidare*!"

"Yarhud!" exclaimed Kéraban.

"Ah, then, I was right," said Ahmet.

"Yes," continued Amasia, "that is the very man who carried us away!"

"I recognise him now," said Ahmet. "I remember him myself. He came to the

villa to show us his merchandize just before my departure ; but he cannot be alone. The whole band of ruffians is on our track, and to prevent us from continuing our journey they have stolen our horses !”

“Our horses stolen !” exclaimed Saraboul.
“If we had taken the road home to Kurdistan, this would not have happened to us,” said Yanar.

And his look, as it rested on Van



“Ahmet appeared advancing towards the spy.”

Mitten, seemed to hold him responsible for all these complications.

“But whom is this Yarhud acting for ?” remarked Kéraban.

“If he were alive we would drag his secret from him,” said Ahmet.

“Perhaps he carries some paper,” suggested Amasia.

“Yes : let us search the body,” said Kéraban.

(To be continued.)

FOR NAME AND FAME;

A TALE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

By G. A. HENTY.

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 "The Young Buglers;" "Cornet of Horse;" "Friends, though Divided," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XV.—(*continued.*)

AFTER having first heard a complete outline of Will's story, the general called in several of his staff, who had just finished dinner, and then requested Will to give a full and detailed description of his adventures. After he had concluded, Yossouf and the Parsee were called in, and the general warmly expressed his gratification at the kindness that they had shown to a wounded English soldier at the risk of their lives.

He ordered that a handsome present should be made to

Yossouf, and told the Parsee to call again in the morning, when the quartermaster-general would be told to arrange with him for the supply of such articles as the country afforded for the use of the troops.

"Your regiment," he said to Will, "is at present at Jellalabad; whether it will come up here I do not yet know, but in the meantime you will be promoted to the rank of sergeant, which is the least we can do after what you have gone through, and you will take your place with my staff orderly sergeants."

He then sent for one of the sergeants and gave Will into his charge, telling him he would speak further with him when he had arranged the pressing business which

the occupation of Cabul entailed upon him.

Yossouf remained with Will, being at his urgent request placed upon the roll as a native follower, of whom a considerable number accompany each regiment in India. His duties were but nominal, for when Will's story was known Yossouf became a most popular character among the sergeants of the staff. The money which he had received, in the first place from the ameer and now from General Roberts would secure his future. In Afghanistan animals are cheap, and the owner of a small herd of oxen, sheep, or even goats, is regarded by his neighbours as a wealthy man. Therefore Yossouf would, on the departure of the British, be able to settle down in a position of comparative affluence.

Two days later General Roberts, being one evening disengaged, sent for William Gale. He had been much struck with the bearing and manner of the young soldier, and now requested him to give him a full history of his antecedents.

"You have had a curious and eventful history," he said when the young sergeant had finished, "and appear to have conducted yourself with great discretion, readiness, and courage. From what you tell me of your conversation with Colonel Shepherd I have no doubt that he formed the same impression that I do from your manner and appearance, that you are of a respectable if not of good family, and I trust that you will some day discover a clue to your parents. It seems to me that had the authorities of the place where you were left properly bestirred themselves they

ought to have been able to find out who you are. However, that is not to the point now. It is sufficient for me that from your manner and address you would not be out of place in any position. I shall, of course, report the fact of your having fought by Major Cavagnari's side in the attack upon him here, and shall strongly recommend that a commission be granted you. I am sure that, from your conduct hitherto, you will never do discredit to any position in which you may find yourself. Say nothing to your fellow sergeants of what I have told you. It is possible, although not probable, that my recommendation may not be acted upon, and at any rate some months must elapse before an answer can be received."

William Gale returned to his quarters in a state of extreme delight. The communication which General Roberts had made to him was altogether beyond his hopes. He had indeed from the very day that he enlisted often hoped that some time or other he might win for himself a commission, and take his place in the rank to which he had from his childhood believed that he was by birth entitled. The words and manner of his colonel had encouraged this hope, but he had never dreamed that his promotion might be attained so soon. It was but a year since he had enlisted, and five was the very earliest at which he had even dreamed that a commission might possibly be gained.

The next day he had been sent from the orderly-room with a note to the colonel of the 67th, which was the regiment now in quarters in the Bala-Hissar, the rest of the force being encamped in the plain below. As he was walking across the open he was suddenly hurled to the ground with tremendous violence, and at the same moment a roar as loud as that of thunder sounded in his ears. Bewildered and half stunned he rose to his feet, while showers of stones, beams, and other debris fell around him.

One of the gunpowder magazines had exploded. It had been known that very large quantities of powder were stored in

various buildings at the Bala-Hissar, and at the moment of the explosion a body of engineers under Captain Shafto were examining the buildings in which it was stored, and making preparation for the removal of the powder. Singularly enough no soldiers of the 67th were killed, but of the Ghoorkas who were on guard at the arsenal at the time twelve were killed and seven wounded. Shafto was unfortunately killed. The 67th were at once called out and set to work to extinguish the flames which had been kindled by the explosion, great damage being done. The southern wall of the arsenal had been blown down and several buildings set on fire. Explosion followed explosion, and the work of extinguishing the flames was an extremely dangerous one. In the afternoon another magazine blew up; fortunately no troops were in its neighbourhood at the time, but four Afghans were killed and several soldiers hurt at a distance of three or four hundred yards from the spot.

Although it was never proved, it was strongly believed that these explosions were caused by the Afghans, and as large quantities of powder still remained in the Bala-Hissar it was determined that for the present the place should be evacuated. The general, therefore, with his staff and the regiment in garrison, left the fort and joined the camp in the plain.

The little force at Cabul was now isolated. Troops were slowly coming up the Khyber Pass to Jellalabad, where a division was to be formed, destined in the spring to join the force at Cabul should it be necessary to carry on further operations.

Between Cabul and the Shatur-Gardan the natives were in a restless and excited state. Two attacks by 3000 men had been made on the garrison holding the crest of the latter position, 300 in number. These bravely sallied out, attacked the enemy in the open, and killed large numbers of them. Still great numbers of the tribesmen were gathered round, and General Gough, with the 5th Punjaubee Cavalry, the 5th Punjaubee Infantry, and four guns, was there-

fore sent from Cabul to bring down from the Shatur-Gardan the garrison and all the stores accumulated there. The pass, which would shortly be closed by snow, was then to be deserted.

Several executions now took place at Cabul of men who were proved to have shared in the attack on the embassy. Some of the leading men of the place, who had instigated the troops to the attack, were among those executed. Many of the villagers were also hung for shooting at detached bodies of our troops. A proclamation had been issued by the general on his first arrival, warning the people that any attempt against our authority would be severely punished, forbidding the carrying of weapons within the streets of Cabul or within a distance of five miles of the city gates, and offering a reward for all arms belonging to the Afghan troops, which should be given up, and for the surrender of any person, whether soldier or civilian, concerned in the attack on the embassy.

The position of the British force at Cabul was that of a body holding only the ground they occupied in the midst of a bitterly hostile country.

The ameer was powerless, and indeed his good-will was more than doubtful. He had from his arrival in the camp been regarded as a prisoner, although treated with courtesy; and after the battle of Charasia, feeling his own impotence, and being viewed with hostility by both parties, he resigned his position as ameer, and asked to be sent to India, which was done. The abdication of the ameer really took place on the day the troops entered Cabul, but it was not publicly known until the end of the month, as nothing could be done on the subject until his desire was communicated to the Indian authorities and their views concerning it ascertained.

From the moment of his arrival at Cabul General Roberts had set to work to prepare for the winter. He would for four or five months be entirely cut off, and would have to rely upon himself alone. He had before him the terrible catastrophe which

had on the same ground befallen General Elphinstone's army, and knew that it was possible, and indeed probable, that, with the memory of that success before them, the Afghans would unite in another great effort to annihilate the little force shut up in the heart of their country.

Fortunately he had in the ameer's barracks at Sherpur a position which he was confident he could hold against any attacks that could be made upon him. These extensive barracks had been erected by Sheer Ali for the use of his cavalry, but had never been used. They consisted of a large square, three sides of which were surrounded by a lofty wall, an isolated and rocky steep hill rising at the back and closing the fourth side. The buildings were amply large enough to contain the whole of General Roberts' force, and there was abundant room for the stores, baggage animals, and waggons; the only fault was, indeed, that the extent of wall to be defended was too long for the force at his disposal. Round two sides the outer wall was complete, but on the third it had not been taken to its full height, nor had it been continued so as to join the hill behind it.

Great efforts were made to bring in sufficient provisions and forage for the winter, and expeditions were made up the Logan, Maidan, and other valleys for the purpose. Winter was fast setting in. Snow had begun to fall upon the hills, and ice formed on the pools every night. The natives of the valleys near were ready enough to sell their grain, straw, and fuel, but few supplies came in from a distance, as armed bands stopped all caravans on their way. However, a sufficient amount of food and fuel was obtained and stored in Sherpur. Grain, too, was procured for the winter, and the only article of which the supply was insufficient was chopped straw, of which a very large quantity was required.

The attitude of the natives grew daily more hostile. Their priests were preaching a revolt against the infidels, and recalling to the people how their fathers had annihilated a British force thirty years before. Urged

alike by fanaticism and a desire for plunder, the natives over the whole country were seething with excitement, and General Roberts saw that a crisis was approaching.

The Afghans could assemble at least 100,000 men, and among these would be included all the troops of the ameer's disbanded armies, armed with weapons equal to our own, and burning to revenge the defeats which had been inflicted upon them. To oppose them the English general had less than 6000 men. But though prepared for trouble, the storm, when it came, burst suddenly upon the English. The enemy were known to be collecting in great numbers in the Maidan valley, and two columns were sent out to attack them. One was commanded by Macpherson, the other by Baker. Although they were to strike simultaneously at the enemy their route of march lay up different valleys, with a lofty mountain range between them, so they could in no way co-operate with each other. After they had started, General Massy was directed to move out with a small force of cavalry and a battery of horse artillery, and co-operate with General Macpherson.

An hour after the cavalry had started General Roberts himself rode out. He was accompanied by his usual escort, and by two mounted orderly sergeants. One of these was William Gale. They had only proceeded a short distance when they heard, some distance ahead of them, the guns of the Royal Horse Artillery with Massy at work, and the general at once rode forward at a gallop.

General Macpherson had found Mahomed Jan, one of the principal leaders of the Afghans, with 10,000 men near Chardeh.

A fight ensued. The guns shelled the enemy, but the water-courses prevented the cavalry with Macpherson acting, and Mahomed Jan, moving across the hills, placed himself between Macpherson and Cabul. Shortly afterwards General Massy, who had with him three troops of the 9th Lancers and forty-four men of the 14th Bengal Lancers, with four guns under

Major Smith-Wyndham, came in sight of a portion of Mahomed Jan's force.

It was clear that these had in some way interposed themselves between the little force and Macpherson's column, and Massy supposed that they were a party of fugitives flying before the force of Macpherson or Baker. As they came streaming down the hill he got his guns into action. After a few shells had been 'fired, the enemy advanced in full force. Four thousand men were extended in the shape of a crescent, advancing in fairly good order, while behind was an irregular mob of some six thousand men.

The ground upon which General Massy found himself at this time was singularly unfitted for the action of artillery. It was cut up by deep water-courses, and anything like rapidity of movement was impossible. It would have been prudent had Massy, when he saw how large was the force opposed to him, at once retired until he came to ground where his guns could be rapidly manœuvred; but relying upon the effect of the shell, he remained in the position in which he had first discovered the enemy. The shell pitched rapidly into the thick of the Afghans, but no effect was produced in checking their advance. They did not waver for a moment, but came steadily on. The enemy's bullets were now dropping fast among the cavalry and guns. Thirty of the 9th Lancers were dismounted and opened fire with their Martini carbines, but the enemy were too numerous to be checked by so small a body of men.

At this moment Sir Frederick Roberts arrived upon the spot. The position was serious, and to retire the guns in safety it was absolutely necessary to check the advance of the enemy. General Roberts therefore ordered Massy to send his cavalry at the enemy. Colonel Cleland led a squadron of the 9th full at the advancing mass, the Bengal Lancers following, while Captain Gough with his troop of the 9th charged the enemy's left flank; but even the charge of Balaclava was scarcely more desperate than this. Two hundred and

twenty men, however gallant, could not be expected to conquer 10,000. The three bodies of cavalry charged at full speed into the midst of the enemy's infantry, who received them with a terrible fire which killed many horses and men. The impetus of the charge bore down the leading ranks of the Afghans, and the cavalry tore their way through the mass until their progress was blocked by sheer weight of numbers.

A desperate *mêlée* took place, the troopers fighting with their sabres, the Afghans with knives and clubbed muskets. Many of the soldiers were struck from their horses, some were dragged to their feet again by their comrades, others were killed upon the ground. The chaplain of the force, the Rev. Mr. Adams, had accompanied the troopers in the charge, and seeing a man jammed under a fallen horse he leaped from his saddle and extricated him, and brought him off in spite of the attack of several Afghans. For this act of bravery he received the Victoria Cross, being the first chaplain in the army who had ever obtained that decoration.

When the dust raised by the charging squadrons had subsided it was seen that the enemy were still advancing. The Lancers had fallen back, and as the men galloped in they rallied behind Captain Gough's troop, which had kept best together, and had formed up again between the guns and the enemy. Lieutenants Hersee and Ricardo and sixteen of their men had been left dead upon the ground. Colonel Cleland, Lieutenant Mackenzie, and seven of the troopers were wounded.

A second charge was ordered, but this time it was not pushed home, as a wide water-course checked the advance. Under cover of the first cavalry charge Major-Smith-Wyndham had ordered two of the guns to be taken off, and as he now fell back with the other two one of them stuck in the water-course. The greatest efforts were made with the horses which still remained uninjured to get the gun out, but the enemy were pressing close on. Lieutenant Hardy was killed by a shot

through the head, and the gun was abandoned. The other three guns were retired 400 or 500 yards farther, but here they became hopelessly bogged in a channel deeper than any that had hitherto been met with. They were spiked and left in the water, and the drivers and gunners moved off with the cavalry just as the enemy poured down upon them.

Seeing the danger of the situation and the large force of the enemy, General Roberts had, on his first arrival, sent off a trooper at full gallop to General Gough, who commanded at Sherpur, ordering him to send out two hundred men of the 72nd Highlanders at the double to hold the gorge leading direct from the scene of conflict to Cabul. There was but a very small garrison of British troops in the city, and had the enemy made their way there the townspeople would have risen and a serious disaster taken place. After leaving the guns behind them the cavalry retired steadily towards the village at the head of the gorge, keeping up a hot fire with their carbines on the enemy who pressed upon them.

"Ride back, Sergeant Gale," the general said, "and meet the 72nd. Hurry them up at full speed—every minute is precious."

William Gale rode back at full speed. Until a fortnight before he had never been on a horse, but the animal which he rode was well trained and steady, and hitherto he had had no difficulty in keeping his seat as he trotted along with the escort. It was a different thing now, for the ground was rough and the horse going at a full gallop, and he clung on to the pommel of his saddle to steady himself. As he passed through the village he saw the Highlanders coming along at a trot half a mile further on, and was soon beside Colonel Brownlow, who commanded them.

"The enemy are pressing the cavalry back, sir," he said, as with difficulty he pulled up his horse. "The general desires you to use the greatest possible speed, as every moment is precious."

Panting and out of breath as the High-

landers were they responded to Colonel Brownlow's shout, and rushing forward almost at racing speed reached the village, while the Afghans were still 100 yards beyond it. They instantly opened such a fire upon the enemy that the latter ceased their advance and soon fell back, and Cabul was for the moment safe.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIGHT IN THE PASS.

THE Afghan force, after half an hour's effort to carry the village held by the Highlanders, moved off to their left, and working along the hills took post on the heights beyond Bala-Hissar. In the meantime General Macpherson, having dispersed a strong body of the enemy up the valley, marched back towards Cabul, and coming across the scene of the late action brought in the bodies of the dead officers. The guns had already been carried off, for as the enemy advanced, Colonel Macgregor, collecting a handful of lancers and artillerymen, worked round to their rear, and, dispersing a small body of the enemy who had lingered at a village near the guns, succeeded in extricating the cannon from the swamp and carried them off to Sherpur.

From the signal-post established above Bala-Hissar an order was flashed to General Baker, who was many miles away, to inform him of what had occurred, and to order him to march back with all speed. Late that evening he arrived with his column, and the British force was again united. The next day 560 men of Macpherson's brigade, composed of portions of the 67th, the 72nd, the 3rd Sikhs, and 5th Ghoorkas, were sent out to attack the enemy, who had established themselves upon a lofty peak south of Cabul.

The Afghans occupied the crest in strength, and, hidden behind the hill, had 5000 or 6000 men lying in wait to attack the assailing party in the rear as they pressed upwards. The position was, how-

ever, too strong to be carried. After several hours of fighting the little British force had driven the Afghans from the lower part of the hill, but were unable to mount towards the crest, for ammunition was running short, and the enemy were too strongly posted. General Roberts therefore ordered Macpherson to hold the ground which he had gained until next morning, when more troops would be sent. At eight o'clock in the morning, accordingly, General Baker moved out from Sherpur with a strong force and attacked the enemy's position in flank, while Macpherson continued his advance in front. The Afghans fought desperately, and clung to their position until the British were close up, when a desperate hand-to-hand struggle took place, and the British became masters of the position.

While the fighting had been going on great masses of the enemy had come down from the end of the valley and threatened the road between Sherpur and Cabul. The 9th Lancers made a magnificent charge among them, broke them, and drove them back. Several other brilliant charges were made, and the plain was kept clear of the enemy. Captain Butson, however, who commanded, was killed, and two other officers wounded. With each hour that passed the position grew more serious, as immense bodies of the enemy were seen advancing from all sides. The city was now in open revolt, and the small garrison there with difficulty held their own.

One more effort was made to drive the enemy off the hills. Early on the 15th General Baker with, 1200 infantry and eight guns, left the cantonment. After very severe fighting the enemy were driven from their lowest positions, but as Baker advanced a body of 15,000 to 20,000 of the enemy marched out across the plain towards the position just captured. Steadily they advanced, and the shells which our mountain guns sent among them, and the volleys poured down from the face of the hill, did not suffice to check them in the slightest. Reassured by their own enormous numbers, and feeling that

success was in their grasp, they pressed forward and desperate fighting took place.

A position held by the 5th Punjaub Infantry was carried by their attack and two guns were lost, but the rest of the positions were maintained. Seeing that it was impossible to hold the Bala-Hissar and Cabul in the face of the hordes opposed to him, which were estimated by the general himself as numbering 80,000 men, but which the Afghans themselves afterwards acknowledged were between 100,000 and 120,000, General Roberts determined to concentrate his troops at Sherpur. Baker was ordered to maintain the position he held at all costs until the troops from the Bala-Hissar were withdrawn. This he did; and although as he fell back the Afghan hordes swarmed round him, he fought his way back to Sherpur, and by nightfall all the British force were safely gathered in the cantonments there.

Two days previously General Roberts had telegraphed for the regiments most advanced in the passes below to come forward; they arrived on the morning of the 16th, and the general had no longer any anxiety as to his ability to hold the cantonments for months, if necessary, against the attacks of the Afghans. Had these attacked on the morning following what was virtually a victory, whilst still flushed with triumph and excitement, it would have needed all the efforts of the English to hold their position against so formidable an attack. The Afghans, however, contented themselves with occupying several walled villages near the cantonment and keeping up an incessant fire upon it.

Meanwhile their main body indulged in wild excesses in Cabul, sacking the Hindoo quarter and plundering all the shops without much distinction of nationality. Thus three days elapsed, the British making the most of the time afforded them by strengthening the weak points of their defences. Lines of waggons were placed in the gap between the unfinished wall and the foot of the hill. Wires were stretched

in all directions and chevaux-de-frise erected beyond.

On the 18th the enemy came down in force, and for some hours a tremendous musketry fire was kept up at the position; but the fire of the musketry and guns from the walls was so hot that they did not venture upon an attack. The following day General Baker sallied out and attacked a fortified post a few hundred yards from the wall. From this place the enemy had greatly annoyed the garrison. After some severe fighting the Afghans were driven out and the place blown up.

On the evening of the 22nd the general received news that the Afghans, having prepared a great number of ladders for the assault, intended to attack that night. There had been several similar warnings, but this time the news proved correct. A signal fire was lit upon one of the heights at four in the morning, and at five o'clock the plain was covered with the enemy. Quietly they crept up in the darkness towards the walls, and at six o'clock a prodigious shouting was heard, and from the villages, orchards, and inclosed ground upon all sides the enemy dashed forward to the assault.

As they approached they opened fire on all sides, pressing chiefly towards the weak point near the foot of the hills. But, tremendous as was the roar of the Afghan fire, it was drowned by the roll of musketry which broke from the whole circuit of the walls where the British troops, rifle in hand, had been lying for three hours waiting the attack.

So terrible was the storm of lead that swept the plain that the Afghans paused in their advance. For two hours they remained around the walls, yelling, shouting, and firing heavily; but all the efforts of their leaders could not induce them to rise from the ground and hazard a charge. Many dropped within eighty or ninety yards of the wall, but beyond that the bravest dared not advance.

When morning broke, the welcome news was brought down from the outlook on the

top of the hill that far across the plain could be seen the tents of the force of General Gough, who was coming up through the passes to the relief of the garrison. The news had reached the assailants also. Considerable bodies of the enemy were observed moving out from Cabul, as if with the intention of attacking the relieving force. The assailants of the British position, finding their inability to produce the smallest impression, were now beginning to waver, and General Gough ordered the cavalry and horse artillery to go out by the road which led through a gorge in a hill behind, and to sweep round and take them in the rear. This they did with immense success. At the moment that they fell upon the enemy the British infantry sallied out from the cantonment and attacked them in front. A panic seized the Afghans; in a few minutes the whole plain was covered with flying fugitives, among whom our cavalry swept backward and forward, cutting them up in all directions, while the fire of our infantry and of the guns on the walls searched them through and through whenever they attempted to gather in a knot and make a stand.

By nightfall the whole of the Afghans had either fled to the hills or were driven into Cabul. Upon the following day General Gough's force marched in; but before their arrival it was found that the enemy had again evacuated the city, and the British were, as before, masters of the position.

After the decisive defeat which had been inflicted upon them, and the dispersion of the great force which had gathered confident of victory, there was little fear of any further attempt on the part of the enemy. They had brought their whole force into the field, and as this was defeated and dispersed before the arrival of General Gough with his reinforcements, it was evident that success could not be hoped for against the united strength of the English.

The time passed quietly now. The Bala-Hissar and Cabul were re-occupied, and as

the natives were cowed by the crushing defeat they had experienced, there was no longer any repetition of the insolent and defiant manner which they had before manifested.

On the 3rd of January a message was brought to the orderly-room that the general wished to see Sergeant Gale. Upon his presenting himself at the general's quarters, Sir Frederick Roberts, to his surprise, at once advanced and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Mr. Gale," he said, "I am very happy to inform you that the Horse Guards have acted upon my recommendation, seconded by that which was sent in by your colonel, who wrote at once upon receiving a notification from me of the step I had taken, saying that you had distinguished yourself very highly in the attack upon the Peiwar Khotal, and that he was convinced that you would make in all respects an excellent officer. With my despatches that have just come in I have received a notification that my request has been attended to, together with a copy of the *Gazette*, in which you are appointed to the 66th Regiment. I have to congratulate you, sir; you are now an officer, and will, I am quite sure, do every credit to my recommendation."

The young soldier was for a moment too moved at the tidings to speak coherently, but he murmured his thanks to the general for his kindness.

"Do not say anything about that," the general said heartily; "it is a pleasure to me to have been able to advance a promising young soldier. I am only sorry that you are not gazetted to a regiment in my own division. The 66th are at Candahar, and unfortunately they will not, I understand, form part of a column with which General Stuart will advance in the spring up the valley through Ghuzni to this place. Had it been so it would have been best for you to wait their arrival here; but as it is, you had better go down the pass to India and work round and join your regiment. It is a long road, but it is always best for a young officer to be with

his regiment, especially when in the field, and it is possible that they may have their share of fighting round Candahar. And now there is one thing more. You will have to get an outfit, and there will be the expense of your travel until you join your regiment. There will be no difficulty about an outfit. This you can procure easily on the sale of some officer's effects. By the by, poor young Thompson, who died yesterday, was about your size, and you had better bid a lump sum for the whole of his kit. I shall be happy to be your banker for that and the needful sum for your travelling expenses. When you join your regiment you will, of course, be able to draw your pay from the date on which you were gazetted."

Will thanked the general very heartily for his offer, but said that he had £100 standing at his account at the bank of Hindostan, which had been presented to him by the owners of the vessel in which he arrived there, and that this would be more than sufficient for all his needs if the general would kindly authorize the staff paymaster to cash his drafts upon the bank.

This request was at once granted. The paymaster of Lieutenant Thompson's regiment estimated that the effects of the young officer would sell at auction for about £20, and this sum William Gale gladly paid, thereby obtaining a complete outfit of regimental and civilian clothes and under linen of all descriptions. Another £30 bought him a horse and saddlery; while for £5 he obtained a rough pony for the use of Yossouf, who steadily refused to leave him, although Will pointed out to him that, glad as he should be to have him with him, it would be far more to his advantage to remain among his people at Cabul, where he had means of settling comfortably.

Upon the following day, having obtained his new uniform, which he found required no alteration to fit him fairly, William Gale dined with General Roberts, who had kindly invited him in order to introduce him in his new position to the officers of

his staff. He was obliged to remain three or four days longer at Sherpur until a strong escort with sick was going down through the passes to Jellalabad. His baggage was stowed upon a camel, and after a kind adieu from General Roberts, and a very cordial one from the staff sergeants, among whom he had worked for three months, he started with the convoy for the lower valleys. The escort consisted of a hundred men of the infantry of the Guides. The way down the pass was difficult, but no snow had fallen for three weeks, and the roads were fairly beaten down by passing parties. Still their progress was slow, and late on the afternoon of the second day after starting they were still four miles from the fort of Jugdulluk, which was held by a British force, and where they were to halt for the night.

The Guides were on the alert. A party of four men were 200 yards ahead of the little column, which was commanded by Captain Edwards. Presently a shot rang out from the front followed by a scattered discharge. William Gale was at the moment riding by the side of Captain Edwards; he had already placed himself under that officer's orders in case of any emergency.

"Mr. Gale," Captain Edwards said, "will you ride forward at once with six men to the advanced party. When you get there take such measures as you may think fit, and send me back word as to the strength and position of the enemy."

With six of the Guides Will at once rode forward, while Captain Edwards halted until the little column was gathered closely together, the camels and dhoolies with sick men in the centre, the soldiers in readiness for action around them. A soldier now ran up with a slip of paper upon which Will had scribbled in pencil: "The enemy are apparently in considerable force. The defile opens here. They are disposed among rocks and boulders on either side."

Will, on arriving at the advanced party, had found at once that the force of the enemy was too strong for him to attempt to move forward at present. He had posted

the men behind boulders by the wayside, ordering them to pick off any man that showed himself, and they were soon engaged in a sharp musketry skirmish with the enemy. One of their number had fallen at the first discharge, and Will, taking his rifle, used it with effect until the head of the convoy arrived.

It was now fast becoming dark, and the flashes of the enemy's fire from behind the rocks showed how numerous were the assailants.

"There must be a couple of thousand of the scoundrels," Will said to Captain Edwards as the latter came up to ascertain the state of affairs. "Hampered with the convoy, the position is an awkward one. It is fortunate they attacked where they did, for we can hold our own here; while, if they had waited till we got fairly down into this comparatively open valley, and then attacked us on both flanks, it would have been very awkward. We must try and clear them out; we cannot stop here all night. It is freezing very sharp now, and the cold will be intense in an hour or two."

"I will take thirty men," Captain Edwards said, "and skirmish along among the rocks on the left. Do you take as many more, and move along the right of the path. The remaining forty shall stay here under my sergeant to guard the convoy from an attack in rear in case any of the enemy should come down the defile behind us."

The fight soon became exceedingly hot. Making their way along the rocks on either side of the path, the Guides slowly drove the enemy before them. It was hard work, however, for the tribesmen fought steadily, and as those in front fell back upon those lower down the valley their resistance became every moment more obstinate. Eight of Will's party had already fallen; but although, sword in hand, he was leading them, encouraging them with voice and gesture, not a bullet had as yet struck him. Presently, Captain Edwards, having crossed the valley, stood by his side.

"We are at a standstill," he said. "Nine of my men are killed or wounded already,

and the fellows are as thick as peas. I am afraid we shall never be able to force our way through. "There," he exclaimed, as a sound of firing was heard in the rear, "they have come down on the convoy from behind. We had better, I think, fall back a bit, and take post near the mouth of the defile. We must defend ourselves as best we can till morning."

The movement was steadily executed, the wounded men being carried with them as they retired. The tribesmen advanced as they fell back, not venturing to press them, however, for the rearguard kept their faces towards them, and any who ventured to show themselves instantly paid the penalty of their rashness. For an hour the fight went on. It was night now, and dark as pitch in the deep valley in which the fight was going on, the position of the combatants being only indicated by the flickering flashes of the muskets. The Afghans were gradually creeping nearer, as the Guides could see by the flashes.

"If the fellows only make a determined rush at us," Captain Edwards said to Will, "it will go hard with us. Fortunately they are as much in the dark as we are, and will find it difficult to gather for a rush."

"I think we may hold out till morning, but by that time news that we are blockaded here will spread throughout the hills, and we may have 10,000 of them down on us. I think, if you will give me leave, the best plan will be for me to try and make my way down to Jugdulluk to bring up help from there."

"You would never get through," Captain Edwards advised. "It is a brave offer, Gale, but could not be done."

"I think it might be done," Will said. "It is as dark as pitch. I will take my lad with me, and will borrow a native cap and cloak from one of the bearers—there are some Afghans among them. I will take off my patrol jacket, and leave it behind me, and my boots. We will crawl along in the dark. If, as is likely enough, we stumble against some of them, we will say we are wounded, and are making our way to the

rear. They cannot see us in the dark, and my Afghan will pass muster, and Yossouf will certainly not be suspected. If I am discovered and killed he will go forward and deliver the message."

The plan seemed to offer a possibility of success, and Captain Edwards, seeing how serious the position was, consented to allow Will to attempt it.

A few words to Yossouf sufficed to inform him of the task Will was about to undertake, and he at once agreed to share the danger. A rough sheepskin cap was obtained for Will from one of the camel men. His tunic was thrown off, and a posteen or Afghan sheepskin coat was put on in its place. He took a long matchlock which the camel man carried slung over his shoulders, took off his boots, and thrust a pair of loose Afghan shoes into his belt. Yossouf needed no preparation beyond borrowing a matchlock. Wringing Captain Edwards' hand, Will stooped on his hands and knees, and, with Yossouf a pace or two ahead, began to crawl down the path.

Before starting the orders had been sent round to the soldiers to fire at the rocks on either side of the path, but on no account to fire down the road itself. As he expected, Will found this clear of Afghans for a considerable distance. A heavy fire had, previous to their starting, been directed down this path to prevent the Afghans from gathering there in the darkness preparatory to making a rush. They came across several dead bodies, but the enemy were all behind rocks on one side or other of the road.

When they had crawled a hundred yards they were past the front line, from which the Afghans were keeping up a heavy fire; but Will knew that from their numbers they must extend far back down the valley, and indeed from almost every rock the flashes of the matchlocks blazed out as the lurking tribesmen fired in the direction of the mouth of the defile. They were nearly a quarter of a mile down when an Afghan, who had been crouching behind a rock close to the path, advanced into the road to fire, when he stumbled against Yossouf.

"What are you doing?" he exclaimed.

"We are both wounded by the Kaffirs," Yossouf answered, "and are making our way back to bind up our wounds. I think my arm is broken, but I mean to come back again to have a few more shots at the infidels."

"Good!" the Afghan replied. "How goes it in front?"

"Their fire is lessening," Yossouf said. "We must have killed many. We shall finish with them in the morning if not before."

The Afghan fired, and then retired behind his rock to load again, while Will and Yossouf continued their way. A few hundred yards farther they rose to their feet. Will slipped on the Afghan shoes, and they then proceeded at a rapid pace down the pass. Several times they withdrew from the road and hid beside it as they met parties of tribesmen hurrying up to join in the attack, but in an hour after starting they heard the welcome challenge of the sentry at Jugdulluk. Saying who he was, Will was at once passed forward into the fort and taken to the quarters of the officer in command.

"I am Lieutenant Gale, of the 66th," Will said, "and was on my way down the pass with the convoy of wounded and 100 men of the Guides under Captain Edwards. They have been attacked at the lower end of the defile, some four miles above, by a very strong body of tribesmen. They are attacked front and rear. I have made my way through to ask you if you can despatch a force to their rescue. Were the tribesmen attacked in their rear now, they might be scattered easily enough; but they are assembling very fast, and in the morning it will be a difficult matter to reach them."

"We have fancied," the officer said. "for the last two hours that we heard distant firing, but we could not be sure, for any noise echoes so in these mountains. I will set out at once with you with as many men as I can spare."

(To be continued.)

OUT-OF-THE-WAY BIRDS.

By COLONEL A. W. DRAYSON, R.A., F.R.A.S.



E occasionally see in the pages of the "Field," the announcement of out-of-the-way birds having been seen in some locality in England. These birds are rare from one of two causes: first, because the bird is a stranger to the locality, and although very common in some places, is seldom seen in the district where its presence has been announced. Thus we read accounts of a jack snipe having been seen in some places where during several years no other specimen has been observed, or a golden plover having been shot near London, or a woodcock having been seen in the Regent's Park, &c. Then again a white blackbird has been observed, or a brown-and-white sparrow, or some rare variety of well-known species. In this article I purpose describing my experiences with birds which are not common anywhere, and whose appearance and habits in their natural, wild state is but little known from personal observation to the readers of this magazine.

The first bird I will mention is one which in some parts of England is rare but in others is common enough. It is interesting, because it is the largest of our English birds, and in olden time, when falconry was practised, was the royal game. This bird is the heron. As a boy I took great interest in watching the heron. Its curious sort of heavy flight at once indicated the bird: any one who has once seen a heron on the wing is not likely to mistake

it for any other bird. Three heronries that I visited were situated in Epping Forest, Cobham Park, and the New Forest.

The heron being a shy bird, we may be certain that it is only in very wild places that we find they have built their nests. The heronry in the New Forest is in the most beautiful and least frequented part. In fact, I have often inquired from those persons who have been to the Forest, if they had seen the heronry, and they have replied that they never knew there was one there. On the summit of the highest trees the heron builds its nest, and from its size it is easily distinguished from that of any other bird. I have counted thirty nests in the trees in the New Forest, all belonging to the same community. Under the trees in which the nests are built will be found the bones of a variety of fish: sometimes whole fish will be seen on the ground, they having been dropped by the old birds when they attempted to feed their young ones. They do not seem to care about picking up these dropped fish, but when more food is required, they soar off to the nearest stream or estuary, and capture a fresh supply. A few weeks ago, when in the New Forest, I came upon a heron which was fishing in the stream at Queensbower. The bird did not see me until I was within a few yards of it, as I was concealed by the high bank and some bushes. As I peeped through the latter, I saw the heron pick a fish out of the water and immediately fly away with it in its beak. I concluded that the heron, from the direction of its flight, was making for the heronry, which was about a six minutes' fly from Queensbower.

In the same locality, viz. the New Forest, I have seen the buzzard, which is a very fine bird belonging to the hawk tribe. On one occasion I saw one of these birds make a sudden dart from a tree, and pick up a

young rabbit. The buzzard is rare now in most parts of England. It is so destructive to game that it is the duty of a gamekeeper to kill it when seen. It is, however, a grand-looking bird, and its existence anywhere gives a wild sort of character to the vicinity.

All along the south coast of Dorsetshire, but especially near the Needles in the Isle of Wight, cormorants are numerous. This bird is most destructive to fish, and its powers of digestion are so great that it will eat nearly its own weight of fish in twenty-four hours. Sometimes the Needles rocks look quite black from the number of cormorants on them, and the quantity of fish annually destroyed by these birds must be immense. The long neck, black colour, and rapid flight of this bird render it unmistakable; it has also a curious habit of sitting on a rock and spreading out its wings to dry, and remaining for several minutes in this curious attitude. When in Connemara, in the west of Ireland, some years ago, I and some friends with me saw a cormorant dive from a rock, into the river near, and bring up a large eel. The bird turned and twisted this eel in its beak, trying to swallow it, but the fishy creature dropped into the water. The bird dived and recaptured the eel, and again tried to swallow it. The head and part of the body went down the bird's throat, but the tail could not be managed, and the eel again dropped in the water. Another dive recaptured the eel, and after several struggles we saw that it was swallowed by the cormorant, which stood for several minutes as though rather oppressed by having a live eel inside him. The Chinese use these birds for fishing. A ring tied round the bird's throat prevents his swallowing the fish, which he has caught as he dives from the boat.

Another great bird for fishing is the pelican. I saw a great deal of these birds at Natal, where they used to come for the purpose of fishing in the bay and rivers. They are shy birds, and it is difficult to get near them. Being desirous of obtaining a specimen of these birds, I one day took a shot

with a bullet at a pelican which was standing on a rock fishing. The bullet nearly cut the pelican's head from its body. Upon opening the bill I found five mullet in the bag under the lower beak. It was evident, from the bird continuing its fishing, that it did not consider these five fishes enough for a day's ration, but was waiting for more.

The pelican is a handsome bird, and strong on the wing. When it has not its bill-bag full of fish there is no sign of this appendage visible, as it packs up neatly; but I have seen these birds on the wing when their bills were full of fish, and when they must have had at least three or four pounds of fish secured in their pouch.

Another out-of-the-way bird that was usually to be found fishing with the pelican, was the pink flamingo—a lovely bird as regards delicacy of tinting in its plumage. A number of these birds used to fish every morning in Natal Bay. They used to stand in about a foot of water, and their reflections apparently doubled their quantity. They procured plenty of fish, and then soared away to their homes up the coast.

Formerly there used to be great numbers of eagles and hawks in South Africa. No person had any object in shooting these destructive birds, and they consequently multiplied exceedingly. A large species of hawk almost invariably followed me when I went out quail shooting; and many times, when I have wounded a quail, the hawk has flashed through the air, caught the quail, and carried it off, to make a meal on. Eagles also would adopt the same plan, and on one occasion when I had wounded a pouw (a large bustard), an eagle caught the pouw and carried it away. A bullet from my second barrel went so near the eagle that he dropped my game and sailed away. The size and strength of this eagle can be realized when I state that the pouw weighed 14lb.

Once, when near the Umlass river, I was shooting wild ducks. This river was about six miles from Natal Bay. As I was walking up a steep slope I heard a rushing noise, and an eagle darted past within a

foot of my head. The bird turned in the air and was again coming towards me when a heavy charge of shot broke its wing, and it fell to the ground. On approaching the bird it threw itself on its back, and presented a formidable array of talons and beak. So, knowing the power of these, I dared not touch it, but a second charge of shot killed it. I had evidently invaded the special domain of this eagle, which, unacquainted with the power of firearms, thought it might attack me with impunity.

Several ospreys (a large eagle which feeds on fish) used to frequent the high land at the entrance of Natal Bay. A large dead tree on the summit of the hill was usually occupied by one of these birds which seemed to be a sort of sentry. Suddenly he would rise in the air, utter two or three shrill screams, and soar to such a height that he was only just visible; then he would dart down into the sea, on some fish which he had observed from his elevated position, and with his prize would sail away inland, the fish held in his talons. The course followed by this bird was over my tent, and I have frequently watched for him and sent a bullet so close to him that in his alarm he would drop the fish, which I usually found to be a mullet. When he was thus robbed, he would proceed to his look-out station and procure another fish. By this means I obtained many fish of from two to three pounds in weight, and more than once the fish, having on it the marks of the eagle's talons, was still alive although it had fallen from an altitude of several hundred feet.

The first time I ever saw the bustard wild, was on some open ground a few miles from Pietermaritzburg, Natal. This bird is called by the Boers the pouw, and is nearly the best bird for eating that I have ever partaken of. The pouw is a very cautious bird, and it is difficult to approach it nearer than eighty yards, unless you adopt some plan. It is keen sighted, and watches your eye, and can tell when you are looking at it. Being a heavy bird it is disinclined to rise on the wing if it can avoid doing so. If it thinks

it is not seen, it will crouch on the ground; a novice consequently might easily pass a pouw without being aware of its proximity. Knowing this peculiar habit of the bird, I rarely failed to obtain a fair shot at any pouw I had seen from a distance. My method was to ride to a point about one hundred yards from where the bird was walking. I would then circle round, never looking at the bird or appearing to notice it. The circle I gradually contracted, keeping the bird on my right hand, so that when I dismounted I should be facing it. The pouw would watch me carefully for some time, and would then, if it thought I had not seen it, crouch on the ground, lying so close that it might easily be overlooked. When within about fifty yards of the bird, I would dismount, and, leaving my pony, would run straight at the bird so as to lessen my distance from it. The pouw cannot spring up on the wing at once, but has to run a short distance before it can take flight. When the bird had expanded its wings and was just risen from the ground, I stopped and fired. Sometimes, after firing, the pouw would sail away as though unhurt: when it had gone about half a mile it would descend very quickly, and I then knew I should find a dead bird. I have killed many pouw exceeding twenty pounds in weight, and one turned the scale at twenty-seven pounds. Farther in the interior of Africa the large bush-pouw was to be found. I only saw two of these birds, and was successful in shooting only one. This bird is in habits very like the common pouw, but is much larger, sometimes weighing forty pounds in weight. In olden times the bustard was common on Salisbury plains and in Norfolk; now, however, a bustard in England is nearly as uncommon as a wolf.

A smaller bustard, called the coran, used to be common both at Natal and on the frontier of the Cape Colony; but is now rare. I have at Natal shot five coran in a day. It is the most delicious bird for eating, the flesh being tender, sweet and juicy.

Africa alone is the residence of another

out-of-the-way bird, viz., the secretary bird, which lives entirely on reptiles, snakes, lizards and tortoises being its natural food. I never shot secretary birds, because I looked on them as my friends. Many a time I have sat down on a ridge and watched a secretary bird stalking over the plain in search of his food. With a good pair of glasses I could bring the bird as it were near to me, and could note its every movement. The secretary bird, on alighting from its long flight, would strut over the ground, with a dignified kind of march; then it would run along for ten or twenty yards, then walk again. When it saw a snake, it would move cautiously round the reptile, then suddenly spring in the air and descend some yards from its prey, approach it again, and watch its chance for a blow either with its feet, wings, or beak. I have seen a regular stand-up fight between a snake and one of these birds, the snake making repeated darts, and the bird either avoiding these or striking the snake when it was erect with its wings or legs; then the snake would be seized by the bird's bill, and carried to a great height, from which it would be dropped on to the ground, the bird descending almost as rapidly as the reptile. I have seen a secretary bird on the wing, carrying a snake at least six feet long; and I once came on the remains of a rock snake that must have been ten feet long, and on which a secretary bird was still feeding. This bird has the beak of a hawk, but not the talons, it consequently always carries its prey in its beak; whereas the eagle and hawk tribe carry theirs in their talons. A full-grown secretary bird stands about four feet high—it is very long in the legs, and is of a grey colour marked with black. As a destroyer of snakes it is invaluable, and is so much esteemed in the Colony, that a heavy fine is inflicted on any person who is known to have killed one of these birds.

The largest of sea birds is the albatross, and this creature is seen in the neighbourhood of South Africa. I have seen albatross fully a thousand miles from land,

and as this bird is very cautious about settling on the sea on account of the shark which frequent those latitudes, the bird must have been nearly twenty-four hours on the wing when I saw it. Except when rising from near the sea, I never saw an albatross flap its wings as birds usually do when they fly. An albatross glides through the air in a series of curves, and when one sees the ease with which these great creatures rush through the air without any apparent exertion or movement of the pinions, it seems that flying is the simplest thing in the world; and that to construct a machine on the lines of an albatross would at once solve the question of aerial navigation. It is a beautiful sight to see an albatross floating, as it seems, in the air, just over the stern of the ship, watching for scraps of food, which the cook throws overboard. As soon as a piece of meat, bread or biscuit falls into the sea, the albatross drops into the water and seizes it. To descend is easy enough, but to again get on the wing the bird has to run along with outspread wings, over the waves for several yards before it can renew its flight. The calmer the sea the greater is the difficulty for the bird to rise. The first albatross I caught was captured with an ordinary fish-hook and line. The hook was not swallowed, but merely held in the bird's beak. This albatross, though much smaller than many I saw, yet measured twelve feet from tip to tip of the wings, its body however was not much larger than that of a goose. Having made a thorough inspection of this bird, previous to which we had lashed his powerful beak to prevent his biting us, we released him, and allowed him to return to the air and sea.

That same facility of moving through the air without flapping the wing which the albatross possesses, I have also remarked is a peculiarity of the lammergeyer, the large vulture of the Himalaya. I have seen a lammergeyer several hundred feet high, wheeling in circles for an hour at a time, ascending by spirals, until this enormous bird looked but a small speck against the

cloudless sky. How I have envied these birds as they sailed grandly round and round, and from their elevated position could view the magnificent ranges of the snowy Himalaya, and see nearly two hundred miles round them.

The changes produced in the plumage of birds by climate is singularly marked when one ascends the Himalaya mountains. At the foot of these mountains on the Indian side the pheasant is seen, and is the exact counterpart of our English pheasant. When one rises some seven thousand feet, the pheasant, although in size and shape similar to those lower down, is now adorned with white feathers, particularly about the head, breast and tail. At twelve or fourteen thousand feet high, this bird is almost white. Then, as one descends the Steppes into Chinese Tartary, the pheasant is smaller, and has bright red and gold coloured plumage, until he shades off into the golden or Chinese pheasant. One of the most beautiful of the pheasant tribe inhabits the forests in the Himalaya, its local name being the monal; it is known also as the impeyan pheasant. It is a very large bird, half as big again as the English pheasant, its plumage being of a rich golden green. Not many years ago the monal was common in the forests of the Himalaya, but unfortunately it became the fashion for ladies to adorn their hats with a portion of these birds. Some sportsman probably, having penetrated the Himalaya and shot a monal, preserved a wing to send to a lady friend. The mania of fashion then set in, and there was a demand for the plumage of these birds. Every artifice was therefore used to obtain them: poisoned food was spread on their feeding place, and hundreds of these birds were thus destroyed, only a few of which were ever found by the poisoners. The ladies who decked themselves with these feathers carried their heads as high as though the bird had been fairly shot for food, probably unconscious and unthinking of the destruction and cruelty which their adornment had caused. When I crossed the Himalaya in 1877, I saw not more than

a dozen monal and shot only two. The bird is very strong on the wing and very wary, and excellent eating.

On my first arrival on the frontier of the Cape, I saw near Algoa Bay a bird about the size of an English starling: the plumage was of a brilliant green, and the eyes golden. I followed this bird from bush to bush for nearly a mile, because I had seen at a naturalist's in England, previous to leaving, a similar bird, which, I was told, was very rare and valuable. At length I shot the bird, and was delighted at my success. On showing this bird on my return to camp, I was laughed at, and informed that I had shot a sprew, a bird very like a starling, and more common at the Cape than the starling is in England.

A most lovely bird in South Africa is locally termed the golden cuckoo. The back is a golden green, the under part a satin white. The first pair of these birds, sent to England and stuffed, fetched fifty guineas. This bird is rare even in Africa, it frequents the kloofs of the Amatola Mountains, and is very difficult to obtain. In the Natal bush there were many lovely and rare birds. Among the former were several varieties of the lowries, and finches of all colours. These birds would flash in the sunlight as they flew from tree to tree, like falling stars on a dark night. Their feathers are much prized by the Zulus as head ornaments, and I have frequently been requested by these men, who attended me in shooting, to kill some of these birds; but being usually in the bush after large game, I would not let the report of my gun be heard under any less reason than for a shot at a buck.

In Canada and Nova Scotia there are but few rare or beautiful birds. Waterfowl, however, are abundant, wild geese, wild duck, widgeon, &c., being plentiful. One bird that always interested me was the loon, known also as the great northern diver. This bird frequents the great inland lakes, as also the coasts in America. It is a very fine bird, and has a peculiar call which can be heard for miles. Whenever a loon is on

a lake, and calls, it is a sign that something is moving in or near the lake. The Indians say that, when the loon sees a moose or bear come to drink or feed on the shore of the lake, this bird gives a warning cry. Consequently, when this sound is heard, the Indians will examine the shores from the best look-out station. The loon, when alarmed, can sink itself so deep in the water that it shows no part of its body above water. It can again float with no apparent effort. The diving powers of the loon are very great : I have seen the bird dive, and reappear at nearly one hundred yards from where it disappeared. The bird could not swim this distance on the surface of the water during the time ; and I was puzzled to know how it dived so much more rapidly than it could swim on the surface. The Indians said, it flew under water : a remark I considered they made as a joke. Recently, however, when I was at the Brighton Aquarium, I saw a water-bird moving with great rapidity under water, and progressing at this speed in consequence of flapping its wings exactly as it would move them if flying through the air. The Indians therefore were quite correct in their remarks, and the rapid motion of the great diver under water was at once explained.

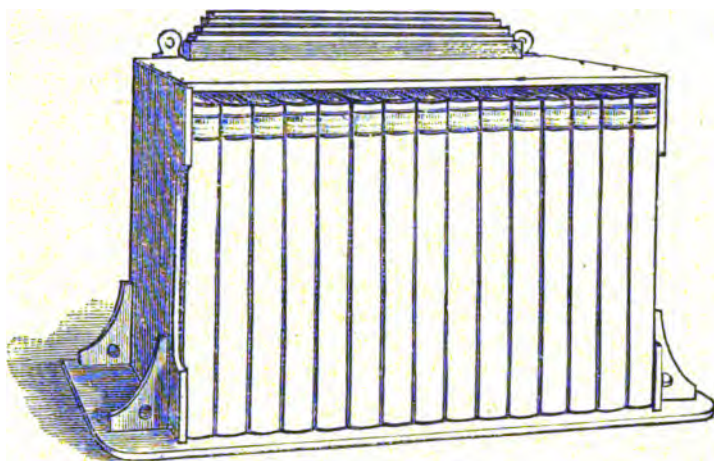
I lately had a curious experience as regards the reasoning capacities of pigeons. The first season that I was in Nova Scotia my gardener informed me that a flock of pigeons visited my garden very early every morning and ate up all the seeds he had planted the day before. Armed with a saloon pistol, I took my station the following morning at day-break at my window. I soon saw a dozen or more pigeons settle in my garden. At my first shot I hit one of the birds and broke its wing. On catching the wounded pigeon, I held it up to show it to its companions, which were perched on the roof of my house, and with outstretched necks were observing me. I made a great show of this pigeon as I wrung its neck, the birds on the roof being very attentive during the execution. Although pigeons in scores would fly over my garden, would settle and feed in the next yard, and would rest on the roof of my house, yet, during four years, not one pigeon ever settled in my garden after I had shot one. There must have been many birds not hatched when I killed the pigeon, so the old birds must have told the young ones that it was dangerous in my garden.



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The Duke of Wellington.

HEROES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY HENRY FRITH.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY.—HIS BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS.—HE PROCEEDS TO INDIA.—
SERINGAPATAM AND ASSAYE.—RETURNS TO ENGLAND.



O detail the life and career of the great Duke of Wellington in a single article, or in two articles, is an impossibility. We will, therefore, content ourselves by narrating the most stirring episodes in the marvellous career of Arthur Wellesley, and let boys fill up the smaller links in the chain for themselves.

Arthur Wellesley was an Irishman, and so in connection with his birth we may be permitted to make a "bull," and say Wellesley was not a Wellesley at all. Richard Colley Wesley, we find, became Baron Mornington. His son, Garret Wesley, succeeded, and *his* son was Arthur Wesley, afterwards Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, and "many other people besides,"—for his titles were legion. He was born, or his birthday was always said to be, on the 1st of May, the year of his birth being the same as that of Napoleon the Great—1769. But, as is often the case with men destined to be great, there is some confusion as regards the day of his birth.* The Countess of Mornington used to say, May the first. The duke, it is said, kept it on the 18th of June. Some Irish "authorities of the period" state that the 3rd of April and 6th of March are respectively entitled to the honour, while both Dublin and Dangan Castle (Meath) claimed to be the birth-place. Of one fact we are at any rate quite certain. He was baptized on the 30th April, 1769, so he could scarcely have been born after that.

* There is also a doubt respecting the birthday of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The entry in the register of St. Peter's Church, Dublin, runs thus, "Arthur, son of the Rt. Hon. Earl and Countess of Mornington," christened "by Isaac Maun, archdeacon,"—date as above.

Arthur Wesley went to school at Chelsea and Eton, where he had a few fisticuff encounters. But it does not appear that he ever made any particular mark in collegiate history. When the earl his father died, Lady Mornington was obliged to economise, and went to live in Brussels. Young Arthur is described as a quiet, imaginative, shy lad; without any remarkable talent except for playing the violin. He studied at Angers for the army, in a presumably perfunctory way, learning French, of course, thoroughly, and after a year returned home. He was gazetted to the 41st regiment on the 7th of March, 1787, when about eighteen years old. Here again biographers differ. Some declare he was first appointed to the 73rd regiment. At anyrate, we find general agreement in the statement that he quickly gained his majority in the 33rd Foot, with which his name is still associated. In 1793 he obtained his lieutenant-colonelcy by exceedingly rapid steps. He seems to have served both in the cavalry and infantry before this elevation was reached.

Before he was twenty-one years of age, Colonel Wesley, as he was then called, had become member of parliament for Tuam. He was aide-de-camp in Dublin at the time, and so he continued in all the gaiety and pleasures of the laughing, witty, Irish capital of those days. The young colonel seems to have fully enjoyed the situation,

but he fell in love with Lady Catherine Pakenham, one of the reigning beauties of the lord lieutenant's court. The marriage was pronounced impossible for want of means. Colonel Wesley then went abroad with his regiment to the Low Countries unconsoled.

In this his first campaign, he was not much gratified by the manner in which war was conducted. Lord Moira was in command, and he marched from Ostend to join the Duke of York near Malines. Wesley did not co-operate in this movement. He was at Antwerp, when at Boxel the English were repulsed and would have been routed had not Colonel Wesley with his regiment checked the pursuit, and saved the division. For this service General Dundas created the colonel a brigadier. The campaign, disgracefully organized and conducted, came to a close in the spring of 1795. Wesley was disgusted at the incapacity displayed by his superiors, and requested permission to quit the army. Fortunately his request was refused, and he proceeded, after a severe attack of illness, to rejoin his regiment then *en route* for India. From about this period, *i.e.* May 1798, we have him writing his name in despatches "Arthur Wellesley," the older form of the family name of Lord Mornington's line.

On the 17 February, 1797, Colonel Arthur Wellesley entered Fort William. On the 10th March, 1805, Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley quitted India a hero and a statesman. The means by which these astonishing results were obtained, we will endeavour briefly to describe. First for the capabilities he brought to bear upon his work,—for young people must remember that they will not succeed by "luck:" they must have the power of *application* and observation as well. "There have been few officers," says a critic, "who've exhibited, in such a conspicuous manner, their fitness for command and their love of their profession, or who set themselves to work with such zeal to make themselves master of the situation, as Wellesley did." He grasped

details and stored up information, while by no means neglecting either his regimental or social duties. He enjoyed his dinner-party, gave particular directions concerning the transmission of his potatoes, while he at the same time devoted considerable attention to politics, and to the care and comfort of the men under his command.

The great Tippoo (Sahib) was plotting the overthrow of the British Company's power in the East Indies. Lord Mornington, Wellesley's brother, was Governor-General of India. He desired war. The colonel counselled peace. "The power of maintaining peace depended in Wellesley's opinion in a nation's ability to go to war at a moment's notice." This maxim should be laid to heart by modern statesmen. India at that time was governed mainly by independent native princes. The East India Company had certain almost isolated dependencies, but nothing like the extent of territory which they afterwards obtained, and which we still retain.

Tippoo was the ruler of the Mysore territory, whose dominions had been considerably pruned by the sword of Cornwallis in the treaty of 1792. This amputation of territory Tippoo Sahib could not endure. He had inherited his kingdom and a detestation of the British from his father, the great Hyder Ali. He had a good army of 50,000 men, trained and led by French officers. He therefore considered himself formidable, and entered into negotiations with the French. This the British commanders could not put up with. They addressed to him their several demands for explanation. Tippoo declined to reply and then the English declared war. On the 25th February, 1799, hostilities commenced.

The British had made all preparations. A force had been assembled in the Carnatic. Two forces advanced against Seringapatam, the capital of Mysore. Wellesley commanded the left division of the main body, under the command-in-chief of General Lord Harris—a name now known in more peaceful fields of contention in England.

The preliminary skirmishes were followed by the investment of Seringapatam, whither Tippoo had gone after his defeat at Malvelly. The capital of Mysore, on an island in the river Cavery, was strongly fortified. The surrounding country was broken, but the British arrived before the place quite unmolested, on the 3rd of April. Tippoo had sent his army by the wrong road to intercept his enemy.

The first attack—an attempt to clear the enemy from the “tope”—was made at night and failed. In this attempt Colonels Shaw and Wellesley took part, and the latter officer was wounded in the knee. But the assault was renewed by daylight, when the sultan's soldiers were routed. After the desirable junction with the army of General Stuart had been effected, General Harris commenced the siege in earnest. On the 3rd of May, the breach was pronounced practicable, and the order was given for the advance at noon.

The sultan was in the town and at dinner when the news was carried to him of the British advance. He declined to believe that the Infidels would dare to assault his capital in the middle of the day, and went on with his dinner. But when intelligence was carried to him that his general was dead and the reports of the firing were heard, he began to think there might be something in it. So he rose and washed, mounted his horse, and leisurely proceeded to investigate the situation for himself.

To his immense astonishment he found that the city was in imminent danger. The allied forces were already entering the town. The ramparts had been carried, and when the sultan had reached the western bastion, he found he must retire. But he was still unhurried. Quietly enough he rode back amongst his men, who were retreating. Tippoo seized fire-arms and discharged a number of effective shots at the advancing columns, but he was carried off in the rush amid his men into the town, still fighting. The British now came rushing into the inner town. In the great gateway a struggle ensued. Already wounded, Tippoo slashed

at a soldier, who at once shot him. His body was quickly stripped, and there the sultan lay, undistinguished, save by the amulet on his arm, from his own soldiers.

We need not dwell upon the scenes which ensued upon the capture of the town. The soldiers threw aside all discipline, and it was not till Colonel Wellesley with his regiment had entered and hanged some and flogged others, that peace and order were restored. The treasury was attacked, and many soldiers parted with priceless gems for a bottle of rum! We hear of an officer purchasing from a private two pairs of gold bangles—the least valuable of which was worth £32,000, the other could not be estimated. The total amount of the treasure was valued at twenty millions of pounds sterling, of which Colonel Wellesley received £7,000 in cash, and a large sum in pearls.

The command of the town was given to Wellesley, who was in 1799 made governor of the city and province. But his tranquillity did not remain long undisturbed. A captive who had been set free from Seringapatam—a soldier named Dhoondiah—began to commit atrocities in Bednore. The robber-band he commanded became formidable and threatened Wellesley's frontier, so the governor went in search of him. It was no easy matter to find this personage. He moved fast. At length, however, Wellesley with about 1,200 cavalry overtook him. The British charged without hesitation the formidable five thousand rebels, and dispersed them, killing numbers in the retreat. Dhoondiah himself was among the slain, and the self-styled “King of the Two Worlds,” departed to another on which he had not counted.

Colonel Wellesley was handed over the command of the troops in Trincomalee, and afterwards nominated to proceed to Egypt. But illness prevented his departure. The immediate consequence was his despatch, when recovered, to the chastisement of Scindiah, the Mahratta prince, who would not make any terms with the East India Company. Rao Scindiah ruled the Punjab, Agra, and Delhi, besides other terri-

tories. His dominions extended from the Nerbudda to the Indus. There were three other chiefs, Halkar, Guickwar, and Bhoonslah; but Scindiah was the most formidable. His army was estimated at 40,000, officered by Frenchmen; and in those days such a force was considered a large one. Now-a-days we make war with hundreds of thousands, under entirely different conditions of arms, and with scientific apparatus. Then, the flint-lock and the bayonet were the adjuncts of the musket. The Snider and Martini-Henry rifles were undreamt of; the troops went into action with the certainty of a hand-to-hand fight, not an exchange of shots at some thousand yards or so.

Of the four princes above mentioned, each of the first pair was amicably engaged in an endeavour to overcome the other. The rajah, the nominal chief of the whole territory, had been superseded by his peshwah or prime minister, and he sided with Scindiah. So Halkar made war, defeated them, and made a new minister of his own. The deposed peshwah appealed to Bombay. The British agreed to support him, "for a consideration;" and made him sign a treaty never to make war without leave. This alliance produced another. The other chiefs, Halkar, Scindiah, and Bhoonslah (of Berar) united and threatened the Nizam—the ally of England.

The peshwah was replaced in Poonah, but Halkar and Scindiah were still threatening. General Wellesley desired them to retire, but they parleyed and declined. So after a vain attempt to induce them to go into their own territory, Wellesley advanced against them, and seized Ahmednuggar in August. It was in this assault that a young officer named Colin Campbell attracted Wellesley's notice and won his praise.

When Ahmednuggar had capitulated, Wellesley, assisted by Colonel Stephenson and auxiliaries, proceeded against Scindiah, who had been largely reinforced, and at length came in sight of the allied Mahratta army numbering about 56,000 men, and 100 pieces of cannon, which were fortified or posted at Assaye. Wellesley's force was

8,000 men, including about 1,600 cavalry. He had therefore only seventeen guns and 1,600 troopers to oppose to one hundred guns, and 30,000 cavalry; and a handful of infantry against 26,000 native foot soldiers.

Wellesley's little army came marching up the heights and displayed its puny array to the grand multitude below, who, protected by a long line of cannon, awaited the attack. On the left the infantry were posted, the horsemen were massed in brilliant ranks on the enemy's right. General Wellesley determined to attack on the left against the infantry battalions, which were posted on ground unsuitable to cavalry manoeuvres. He, therefore, advanced against the Mahratta flank, and the enemy changed front very skilfully. The neglect on Scindiah's part to guard a ford gave the English a chance of which they speedily availed themselves. They crossed the river, marching and deploying under a terrific cannonade.

The British guns endeavoured to protect the advance of the force, but were quickly silenced by those of the enemy. Dismounted, the gunners slain, the English cannon were rendered at once useless. Wellesley could now only trust to his infantry, of whom only 1,500 were Europeans. The 74th and 78th regiments covered themselves with glory. The Mahrattas even charged upon the bayonets of the 74th, but were repulsed. Then Colonel Maxwell rushed in with the 19th Dragoons and completed the discomfiture of the Mussulman hordes. The struggle was fearful, the losses immense, but the Mahrattas were completely routed. Six thousand men lay dead or wounded in their ranks, and the British force had 428 killed, and 1,135 wounded, a large proportion of the 8,000 men who had advanced so bravely. One company mustered only four rank and file after the battle.

Colonel Stephenson came up soon and followed the retreating hosts, while Wellesley remained and rested his men, attending to the wounded and burying the dead. He had no means to transport the wounded, and he would not leave them uncared for. Colonel Stephenson pressed on, attacked

and reduced fortresses, and after a while Wellesley again had an engagement with Scindiah, who had pretended to make peace. At Argaum, the British army of 18,000 attacked—after a march of 26 miles—the 40,000 who opposed them. The result hung in the balance for a while, but the final issue was decisive. The native army was defeated with enormous losses in guns, baggage, and animals. The fortress of Gawlighur was surrendered, and peace arranged.

Delhi, Agra, Gwalior, and Ahmednuggar, were ceded to the East India Company, and by the same treaty it was arranged that no foreigners should be permitted to enter the Mahratta army. After some harassing skirmishing, General Wellesley obtained leave of absence. But the affairs of Mysore required his attention, and he proceeded to Seringapatam. There he fell ill. The East India Company did not treat him very generously. He obtained his leave and quitted India for ever, with a European reputation, handsome presents—a grand sword and epergne for Assaye—and the titles of Major General and Knight of the Bath.

CHAPTER II.

SIR ARTHUR'S MARRIAGE.—HE PROCEEDS TO PORTUGAL.—PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.—BATTLES OF TALAVERA, BUSACO, AND ALBUERA.

SIR ARTHUR Wellesley returned home and took part in Lord Cathcart's expedition, became member for Rye, and in 1806 married the Lady Catherine Pakenham, his old love. She had survived an attack of small-pox, only with the loss of her splendid beauty; and when she had recovered she wrote to General Wellesley to tell him so, and to set him free from the engagement into which they had entered. Arthur Wellesley was not the kind of man to do as she suggested. He came home to marry her, and the union took place. His eldest son Arthur (the Marquis of Douro) was born in 1807, and Charles Wellesley in 1808. The former succeeded to the dukedom of Wellington, and died in 1884.

The condition of affairs in Europe now necessitated the despatch of an expedition to Copenhagen, in which General Arthur Wellesley took part. One of the officers brought home a mare from Zeeland, and when a colt was born the little animal was named Copenhagen. This was the horse on which Wellington rode at Waterloo. The Danish fleet, which Napoleon proposed to utilize, was appropriated by England until peace had been signed.

The ambition of Napoleon, who wished to partition the Spanish peninsula, once again gave Sir Arthur Wellesley active employment. A force had been assembled to proceed to Spanish America, but when the perfidy of Napoleon and the patriotic struggle of the Spanish and Portuguese became known, the English government determined to assist the Spanish patriots. The French marched rapidly on Lisbon; the royal family fled. Appeals came to England for assistance; and, instead of attacking Spanish America, Sir Arthur Wellesley was directed to save Spain.

The little army assembled at Cork, then sailed for Portugal, where they landed, and advanced on Lisbon. Sir Arthur defeated Laborde, and determined to dislodge Junot from Torres Vedras. But when Sir Harry Burrard arrived he suspended all the operations, and waited until Junot attacked him, which he did at Vimiero, in which contest Sir Arthur seems to have commanded. As it happened, only a portion of the British were engaged, but the whole French army was defeated with very considerable loss in men and munitions.

The incapacity displayed in the command of the troops disgusted Wellesley, who returned home, and again took up his duties as Secretary for Ireland. He was thanked in the House for his services at Vimiero. Meantime the British were occupied in endeavouring to drive the French out of Portugal after the armistice of Cintra had lapsed, and a most unfortunate convention it was. The Emperor Napoleon forced the English, under Sir John Moore, to retreat to Corunna, where the leader himself was

buried and "left alone in his glory." The horrors of the retreat have often been related. It was with the consequences of the movement that our hero was concerned.

When this news reached England, Sir A. Wellesley was consulted as to proceedings. He suggested the despatch of English officers to Portugal to the native regiments, and a force of British troops to aid them. The Portuguese had offered Sir Arthur a command, a post which he declined, but which was conferred on Lord Beresford. The command of the British contingent was offered to and accepted by Wellesley, who sailed for Portugal again on the 16th April, 1809, and reached the Tagus on the 22nd of the same month. He sailed along the coast of France, and Spain, and Portugal. His return was made at the head of his victorious troops, by land, even to the gates of Paris, in five years.

Soult and Victor were his opponents. Wellesley drove in Soult's advance guard, and the French then retired behind the Douro, destroyed the bridge, and carried all the boats to their side of the stream. The river is about 300 yards wide; the British were quite unprovided with boats, and at first sight the possibility of crossing the stream seemed out of the question. But we know Wellesley always overcame difficulties. He knew no failure.

A building on the opposite side of the stream attracted his attention, and he at once perceived that if he could occupy this and cover the crossing of the main body of the army, he would relieve Oporto. The initial difficulty lay in getting an advance guard over. There is always a way where there is a strong will. Colonel Waters came to say that two very curiously associated individuals, the prior of Amarante and a barber, who had eluded Soult and paddled over the river, were there beside the stream with the skiff. The prior and the barber and the soldier then volunteered to go across, and with them Waters managed to cut out and tow across several barges.

The Buffs commenced to cross the river, and some boats had passed over when the

French perceived the others. Wellesley had planted his artillery in the gardens of the convent commanding the approach from the town, but the French streamed out amid the cheers of the inhabitants for the brave British. The boats continued to cross, the French continued to pour out, and as they quitted the city to attack the building in which the English were posted on that side, the inhabitants came out and brought more boats across. Battalion after battalion came into action. The Guards crossed. The 48th and 66th came rushing out upon the French, who declined to face the cannonade on the other side of the seminary already occupied. The French quitted the city. Hill's regiment fired into them in flank, while General Murray sat on his horse without doing anything, and permitted the fugitives to pass him regiment after regiment, and never fired a shot, or drew a sabre!

The retreat was hasty and unexpected. The inhabitants of Oporto welcomed the victors. Wellesley would permit no vengeance on the wounded French. Soult left his guns, stores, and plunder in the city, and thus, without impediment, he marched on to unite with Marshal Ney, and invade Spain. The British were compelled to remain in Oporto, for the army was in great distress for food, clothing, and pay—

" Sick of parading ;

In wet and cold wading ;

Or standing all night to be shot in a trench ! "

Added to the actual privations and sickness under which the army was suffering, there was a lamentable want of discipline in the ranks, which caused the general much trouble and anxiety.

In July, however, Wellesley found himself in a position to take the field again, and he united his forces with the Spaniards under Cuesta, to march on Madrid. As Wellesley the Victorious advanced, Victor retired, and, quitting Truxillo, he stood near Talavera da Reyna. But Cuesta would not fight. He subsequently followed the French alone, leaving Wellesley at Talavera. In two days, however, he and

his men came running back like men who had seen a ghost, and declared that Victor was coming to eat them all up. At Talavera Wellesley at last determined to sustain an attack. He had no faith in his Spanish allies, but he thought they would fight in the strong position which he had taken up at Talavera.

The battle of Talavera was a hardly contested and a very sanguinary engagement. At one time, indeed on more than one occasion, the French nearly succeeded in piercing the British lines, but their stubborn bravery and the bayonet stopped the inroad.

At the commencement of the action Sir Arthur was very nearly taken prisoner. He had ascended to a tower at the rear of the advanced battalions, and was quietly observing the more distant movements of the enemy when, from the wood close by, the French light troops came dashing headlong unexpectedly upon the English posted beneath. The attack was so sudden that the young British battalions gave way, and Sir Arthur was obliged to hurry down from his tower and ride off. The enemy still came on, and three fresh regiments had to be ordered up to check them. Thus commenced the great battle of Talavera which lasted nearly two days.

Joseph Bonaparte had the supreme direction of affairs, and some celebrated French marshals were serving under him. The cannon opened the ball on the British left, and Mackenzie was driven back by the strong force despatched against him. But not for long. General Donkin's brigade came up and sustained the attack; then as this force was in danger from the overwhelming masses of the enemy, General Hill was ordered up with the 48th and 29th. These fine regiments came marching steadily on; and, after delivering a withering fire, charged. The French fell back at the point of the bayonet, but as day closed they again came on. A desperate struggle ensued. Hand to hand, with gleaming steel, and muskets clubbed, the foes contended. There was no room for load-

ing, the fight was one of sheer pluck and tenacity; but at length, as night fell, the French were tumbled from the heights and the weary British battalions bivouacked on the soaked battle-field under arms all night; snatching what rest they could with their bridles on their wrists, or their muskets piled beside them.

The French again attacked at dawn. Again the British left was stormed, again the invader was repulsed. From five until nearly ten the battle raged, and then a truce was silently agreed upon by mutual consent while the men's dinners were prepared. During the interval a curious scene—not without its parallel in history—was observed. A river—a small stream rather—ran through the blood-stained field and divided the resting combatants. Numbers of men of both armies hurried down to the water to procure the needed refreshment, or some water for cooking purposes. Drinking from cups and shakos the brave fellows met in peace, chatted when they could, nodded to each other, shook hands, and exchanged flasks or wine bottles. Unfortunately duty and the “assembly” bugles put an end to the harmony, and the new acquaintances parted only to meet again in deadly strife or not at all.

The French artillery covered the approach of the columns which advanced steadily against our men. The bullets and round shot tore through the waiting ranks, while the files were closed up every minute, huge gaps being sometimes cut in the red line of British infantry. But not a shot was fired from the English files. On came the French, when suddenly the word was given. Twenty yards off the faces of late acquaintances could be plainly recognized, then the English muskets were levelled and one fearful volley poured in. Without waiting to see the effect of it, or pausing to load again, the British closed with the bayonet. Campbell's brigade assisted in the struggle, and the legions of France were beaten with a loss of ten guns.

But the fight was by no means over. Still heavy guns and rattling musketry

played upon the opponents, the Spaniards even summoned up courage to make a charge, and the victory was won on that side. But after this a terrible loss occurred to the British cavalry. Ordered to charge on the plain, they did so, but did not notice a sloping ravine which cut deeply through the ground. Beyond this ravine the French infantry were advancing. The charge of cavalry was made, and the open ravine perceived too late! In vain did Colonel Elley gesticulate and endeavour to check the headlong rush. The horses were within a few paces of the ravine before an attempt was made to pull up. The French formed square and kept up deadly volleys. The German cavalry turned and wisely galloped out of range, but the 23rd Dragoons swept on, passed the ravine, climbed the slope, and charged the French troops in rear of the infantry squares.

Their partial success placed them in an almost hopeless plight. The whole army might fall on them. So they turned and rode back past the fire-edged squares, men and horses dropping fast. "They are all my prisoners," cried the French officer in command. But the dragoons thought not. They made their way exhausted into the valley, in twos and threes, and all who remained re-formed.

We cannot spare more space to detail other incidents of this gallant and protracted struggle. At the last charge the Guards were broken, but the 48th came up, opening their files to permit the Guards to reform. A loud cheer arose, the cry was echoed from rank to rank, an Irish hurrah pealing above the din. This was too much for the hesitating French. "They halted—turned—fell back—and never came on again," says Maxwell. The British cavalry swooped upon the disordered ranks, and the gallant enemy, beaten by the more gallant English infantry, retired behind the Alberche, leaving the victory and the battlefield to Sir Arthur Wellesley, at six o'clock.

The British loss amounted to 5423; the French casualties to over 9000 men, in killed and wounded. Wellesley had now

only 14,000 men fit for duty, and they bivouacked, supperless, without shelter or water, on the cold ground in the biting air, "which succeeded a burning day," without a murmur! Fortunately the light brigade, under Crawford, arrived, having accomplished a march of 62 miles in 26 hours, "in heavy marching order and under a burning sun,"—of such stuff was, and we believe is, our infantry composed.

Sir Arthur Wellesley continued his advance under circumstances, and in the face of impediments, which would have appalled most men. The Spanish allies were more than useless, they were obstructive! The Home Government neglected to send supplies or money or stores or clothing. Horses and transports were equally wanting, while the British minister in the Peninsula was anything but competent. At home, Sir Arthur was attacked by the Whigs, his success derided, his future discounted, and all evil predicted by those who endeavoured to secure the fulfilment of their prophecies. Added to these drawbacks, Sir Arthur had to manœuvre against and engage large armies, well found, exceeding his own in numbers and commanded by the warrior marshals of France.

To add insult to injury the Spanish authorities actually declined to supply with food the army which was delivering them. We read that strings of mules laden with provisions "were continually passing through the famishing ranks" of the British. Can it be wondered at that British discipline in the ranks was lax at times and that Wellesley hesitated to move against the French? "A starving army is actually worse than none," he said. He therefore assumed the defensive in a strong position on the Tagus, and waited.

While he was thus inactive in the field, Sir Arthur received the gratifying intelligence that he had been raised to the peerage as Baron Douro, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera and Wellington in Somerset. The allies remained in cantonments, till March 1810, by which time some 365,000 French soldiers under Ney, Junot,

Massena, and other commanders had invaded Spain. Ciudad Rodrigo was captured, for Wellington would not advance to relieve it. Almeida fell into Massena's hands also. He afterwards moved upon Viseu and advanced towards "Busaco's mountains dun," a series of hills, a Sierra, on whose highest point is a convent and a garden. On the left of the river Mondego is another ridge, the Sierra de Murcella. On this mountainous ground, on the 24th September, 1810, the skirmishing commenced, and two days later the light division was seriously engaged, but was withdrawn by Wellington's orders.

The British forces retired behind their ridge. The French remained waiting for Massena on theirs. The French pressed gallantly forward at last, and actually gained the ridge. But the heavy guns were in position, the infantry overlapped them in flank, and "forced the shattered column down the hill." This was the first advance in the grey of the morning. As the light grew stronger Simon's brigade led up to the assault on the Sierra. The artillery made splendid and rapid practice, whole sections were swept away from the gallant regiments which breasted the slope in the face of the artillery. Gaps from end to end—lanes made by the cruel round and case shot—were visible every moment: yet the French came on. They gained the summit breathless and black with powder and smoke and with the biting of many cartridges. The English horse artillery retired, and the French, assured of victory, came cheering over the slope.

But what is this! A line of red-coats and of glittering steel. A counter cheer. Unperceived, Crawford had drawn up his two light regiments, the 43rd and 52nd behind the crest. At the word they advanced, and "eighteen hundred British bayonets went sparkling over the brow of the hill."

It was a grand sight. The brave French soldiers who had won their way panting and begrimed, were met by "the thin red line" of fresh soldiers of England. An extended

movement overlapped the enemy's column on each side. Scatting volleys rent the masses, the rattle of the musketry, the swift gleam of flame and steel, were for a few minutes heard and seen in quick succession. The light division plunged in and down the hill; again the French divisions hurtled down, strewing the rocky slopes with dead and dying as the struggle upward had already thickly overlaid it. As at Waterloo years afterwards the charge was fatal. Any other effort proved in vain. Ney withdrew his troops, the British position was too secure. He left 6000 of his men behind him, and attempted to outflank Wellington. But the English general retired; and, after a splendid and orderly march of 200 miles, accompanied by thousands of the natives flying from the French, he carried his army into the lines of Torres Vedras, which he had constructed. Against these iron defences the French eagles beat their wings in vain.

Wellington and his allies, safe within their defences, waited quietly. The French supplies were all exhausted. The boast "to drive the English into the sea" could not be executed. Nearly thirty miles of fortifications checked the French army in front. A hostile population and a devastated country lay behind. There was no choice left. Retreat while there was yet time was the only course open to the French army. Meanwhile Soult captured Badajoz; and, in March, 1811, Wellington set out in pursuit of Massena, and nearly caught the marshal himself. Then followed the relief of Campo-Mayo by Beresford, and after that Massena attempted to relieve Almeida, which precipitated a tremendous struggle at Fuentes d'Onoro in the beginning of May. One incident of this battle particularly deserves mention. Captain Ramsay's battery became surrounded, but the gallant gunners drew their swords and cut their way out through the French cavalry. Then suddenly hiding and unlimbering they poured such a terrific fire on the pursuing squadrons that they retired in disorder.

The fight went on all day; and on the

two following days Massena remained in his position. On the 8th he retired, and soon after Almeida was evacuated by the French, with little loss in consequence of the mismanagement of an English general officer who left one exit quite unguarded. The Siege of Badajoz was raised by the allies about this time under Stewart and Beresford who retired when the advance of Soult was made known. On the 16th of May, Beresford and the allies fought Marshal

Soult at Albuera, one of the most sanguinary battle-fields on record. It was pronounced by Wellington "one of the most glorious and honourable to the character of the British troops of any that had been fought during the war." The allies went into action 7000 strong and lost 3,500; the French lost 9,500, and both sides claimed the victory; but the French retired from the field.

(To be continued.)

FOR NAME AND FAME;

A TALE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

BY G. A. HENTY.

Author of "Out with Clive;" "Facing Death;" "By Sheer Pluck;" "Under Drake's Flag"
"The Young Buglers;" "Coronet of Horse;" "Friends, though Divided," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVII.—AT CANDAHAR.



HE garrison of Jugdulluk consisted only of 220 Sikhs. The officer in command left seventy of these in charge of one of his subalterns, with the injunction to exercise the most extreme vigilance in his absence. Then, with 150 men, a subaltern, and Will Gale, he started up the path to effect the rescue of the beleaguered convoy. The road wound and turned frequently among the spurs of the lofty hills which had cut off the sound of firing from the garrison, and only a faint and distant murmur was audible when they started. After marching two miles, however, the rattle of the musketry became clear and distinct. Upon the way the officer in command learned from Will the exact position of things in front and the situation of the Afghans.

When within half a mile of the scene of action fifty men were thrown out on either side of the road, while the other fifty advanced very slowly along the centre. The orders to the flankers were to search among the rocks as they advanced, and to bayonet or shoot every Afghan they found among them. It was not long before they came upon the enemy. Then the rifles cracked out, and the wild shouts of the Afghans betokened their astonishment at being thus unexpectedly assailed in rear.

Numerous as they were they offered but a slight resistance. Their one thought was to effect their escape; and they hurried rapidly away as the relief advanced, climbing the steep sides of the valley by paths known only to themselves, and then from the hillside far above opening a scattered fire at random down into the valley.

In five minutes all resistance had ceased. The flanking parties were ordered to shelter themselves behind the rocks and to return the fire of the natives on the hillsides, to retain the position until the convoy passed

through, and then to close behind it as a rear-guard.

With the fifty men in the road the officer then pushed forward, and was soon greeted by a shout of welcome from the defenders of the defile. There was not a minute to be lost, for the Afghans, when they recovered from their first scare, would renew the attack; and the party pressing down the defile on their rear, ignorant of what had taken place below, were still keeping up an incessant fire. Twenty-eight of the Guides were already killed or wounded.

Several of the sick men in the dhoolies volunteered to walk down to the fort and to give up their places to those of the wounded men who were unable to walk, and in a few minutes the convoy moved forward.

The fifty men of the relieving party placed themselves in their rear; and as the tribesmen who had been attacking them from behind rushed down through the defile with exulting shouts, believing that they were now secure of their victims, the Sikhs opened so heavy a fire on them that they fell back up the defile in disorder. As the convoy wound down the valley the enemy again assembled on the hills and pursued them hotly. But the Sikhs and Guides kept up so steady a fire that they did not venture to approach to close quarters, and with a loss of eighteen more men the convoy reached the shelter of the fort. Conscious of their inability to attack this position the Afghans drew off.

On returning to his friends Will had resumed his uniform, and now on reaching the fort Captain Edwards expressed to him his warmest thanks for the hazardous adventure that he had undertaken.

"I shall, of course," he concluded, "furnish a full report of the affair to the general, and I should think he would recommend you for the Victoria Cross. If any fellow ever deserved it you do so, for it seemed to me almost certain death to venture through the pass. I never expected to see you again, and I was never more glad in my life than I was when the firing

began down below in the valley, and knew that help was at hand; for had you failed it would have been all up with us. I doubt if we should have seen the morning, and at anyrate few of us would have been left by that time."

The convoy reached Jellalabad without further adventure, and Captain Edwards reported to the general the events of the march. He was requested to give a full written report of the affair, and the general stated that in forwarding it he should certainly append a recommendation that Lieutenant Gale should receive the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in venturing through the Afghans to fetch assistance for the convoy.

Will himself, as soon as he reached Jellalabad, hurried away to the cantonment of the Norfolk Rangers, who were in a village a mile distant from the town. He was not recognized as he passed through the soldiers scattered about the village street, and was soon at the principal house where the colonel had his quarters. On sending in his name he was at once shown into the room where the colonel was at work.

"I am indeed glad to see you," the latter said, rising and shaking him heartily by the hand, "and I congratulate you most warmly on your promotion. I promised to do what I could for you when you joined, but I did not expect that it would be so soon."

"I am indeed obliged to you, colonel, for your kindness," Will said, "and am conscious how much I owe to you."

"Not at all, my boy, not at all; it was General Roberts himself who recommended you for your commission, and I was only too glad to back up his recommendation to the best of my power. We all thought you were gone when you were reported as missing at Ali-kheyl, and we heard from the sentry that having gone forward to investigate the origin of a noise he had reported to you, you were suddenly fired upon, and that he saw no more of you as he ran back to the picket. I was glad indeed when the report was received from

poor Cavagnari that upon his arrival at Cabul he had found you there just recovering from your wounds. Then, of course, we gave you up again when we heard of the massacre of the mission; and it seemed like a resurrection from the dead when I got a letter from Roberts saying you were found again, and that he was recommending you for a commission. I see by the *Gazette* you are appointed to the 66th, and we were expecting to see you on your way down. Had you any difficulty in getting through the passes?"

"The convoy was attacked, sir, by the tribesmen when near Jugdulluk, but the garrison came out to our rescue and we got through safely. But we had thirty men killed or wounded."

"A smart affair," the colonel said; "and now of course you will take up your quarters with us for a day or two before you go on. The officers will all be glad to see you, and you will be able to tell us all about the attack on the mission and the recent fighting. Roberts has been having some hot work there. We have been grumbling horribly at our bad luck. We thought at the time we were fortunate at being sent back to India when peace was signed, instead of being kept in the Khurum Valley. But the consequence has been that we have been out of it all. However, we must look upon you as our representative."

Will hesitated about staying, but the colonel overruled his objection, saying that as there would be no fighting until the spring there could be no particular hurry for him to join his regiment. A spare room was placed at his disposal in the colonel's quarters, and Will was soon made at home. The officers flocked in upon hearing of his arrival, and all congratulated him most warmly upon his promotion. An hour later a mounted orderly rode up to the colonel's quarters.

"Is Lieutenant Gale here?" he asked. Will went forward.

"A note from the general," the orderly said, handing it to him; "also one for Colonel Shepherd." Will's note was simply

an invitation to dine that evening with the general. The colonel's letter was as follows:—

"DEAR COLONEL SHEPHERD,—As Lieutenant Gale was promoted from your regiment I think it is likely that he has found his way to you. I have written to ask him to dinner; please spare him to me. I hope you will do me the pleasure of accompanying him. He has performed a most gallant action, and I have just had the pleasure of writing a despatch recommending him for the V.C."

Will and the colonel at once wrote notes accepting the invitation. When these had been sent out to the orderly the colonel read aloud to the officers present the note he had received from the general.

"Now," he said, turning to Will, "what is that you have been doing? You told us the convoy had been attacked and sharply pressed, but you said nothing of your share in the affair. What was it?"

"It was simple enough, sir," Will answered, colouring hotly. "We were surrounded just at the mouth of the defile. The enemy held the valley in front in great force, and another party were pressing on our rear. Things looked awkward, and so I volunteered with my faithful Afghan boy to get through the fellows in front and make my way down to Jugdulluk, which was four miles away, to bring the garrison up on their rear. It was simple enough, and in fact there was less danger than in remaining with the convoy to be popped at by the Afghans. The night was very dark, and down in the bottom one could hardly see one's hand. The Afghans had been cleared pretty well off the road by our fire, so there was no difficulty whatever in making our way down. We were, in fact, only questioned once; and my boy's statement, that we were wounded and were going to the rear, was accepted at once."

"The fact that you succeeded," the colonel said, "does not detract from the pluck required to attempt such an adventure. To my mind there is more courage required

in venturing alone through the midst of the Afghans at night than there would be in charging any number of them in hot blood in the light. You have earned the V.C. well, Gale, and I am sure we all feel proud of you, though you do not belong to us now."

There was a chorus of approval from the officers around.

"I don't belong to you now, sir, but," Will said earnestly, "I shall always feel, whatever regiment I may be with, that the Norfolk Rangers are my corps. It is the kindness which was shown me here which has put me in the way of rising, and I shall never forget it."

It was now time to dress for dinner, and Will for the first time arrayed himself in full-dress uniform. The buttons and facings he would of course get altered when he joined the regiment. The general received Gale with great kindness. He had a large party to dinner; among them was Captain Edwards; and after the table was cleared the latter, at the general's request, gave a full account of the attack upon the convoy, and Will was then called upon to relate the part which he had taken in it, which he did very modestly and quietly.

For two days longer he stopped at Jellalabad, and then with a hearty farewell to the officers of the Rangers he started down the pass. He again journeyed with a convoy; for, although the tribes below Jellalabad were cowed into submission, many attacks were made by the mountaineers upon small parties going up or down the passes, and stringent orders had been issued that no officer should go down except when accompanied by an escort.

After a week's travelling Will arrived with Yossouf at Peshawur, then he rode by easy stages until he reached the Indus, where, taking his place on a steamer, he travelled down the river to Sukkur, where he disembarked and started for the weary march across the desert to the foot of the Bolan.

Along the road large numbers of coolies were at work constructing a line of railway

which was now almost complete to the foot of the pass. It did not ascend this, but turning to the right wound up the hills to the plateau. It was intended to be taken on to Candahar, and its completion would have been an immense boon both to that city and to India, as it would have opened a great trade to the north, and have enabled the inhabitants of the fertile plain around Candahar to send their corn, fruit, and other products down to India. Unhappily, with the subsequent abandonment of Candahar the formation of the railway was stopped, and the whole allowed to go to ruin. The work has, however, been recently taken in hand again.

Will and his follower ascended the Bolan, stopped a day or two at Quettah to rest their horses, and then proceeded on through the fertile plains of Pisheen and over the Kojak Pass, and thence on to Candahar. Here Will joined his new regiment and was well received by its officers.

In every regiment in the service an officer risen from the ranks is invariably received with special courtesy and kindness. Every endeavour is made to place him at his ease in his new position. This is specially so when, as in Will's case, the promotion has been earned by distinguished services in the field.

In most instances officers promoted from the rank of sergeant are a good deal older than the young lieutenants among whom they find themselves. Being often married men, and having nothing but their pay to depend upon, they find themselves, therefore, unable to take much part in the pleasures and gaieties of the regiment.

In India, however, as the rate of pay is much higher, an unmarried officer can live very comfortably on his pay; and as in the field the expenses are far less than when a regiment is in cantonments at a large station, where there is much gaiety, Will found that he was able to live very comfortably on his pay in the same style as that of his comrades. They on their part were pleased to find in Will a young fellow of the same age as the other junior

lieutenants, and withal a pleasant, gentlemanly young man. The fact, too, that he had seen so much service, had gone through stirring adventures, and had fought by the side of Cavagnari in the Bala-Hissar, made him quite a hero among them, and Will was soon thoroughly one of themselves. When it was known that the regiment was likely to remain at Candahar for some time, many luxuries had been brought up from India, together with means of passing away the time, such as the necessary appliances for cricket, racket, and other games.

Among these, too, were several boxes of books; and Will, who had at first a little amused his comrades by his absolute ignorance of cricket, but who soon became a promising recruit at that game, steadily devoted three hours a day to reading in order to improve his mind, and to obtain a knowledge of the various matters which were topics of conversation among his comrades. Above all he diligently studied the newspapers, great parcels of which arrived every week, in order to obtain some knowledge of the political state of affairs in England, the position of parties, and the various matters occupying public attention.

He had at first found his ignorance of these matters a great drawback to him in general conversation; but he discovered that newspapers rather than books are useful in enabling a man to mix with his fellows in social talk, and that the current events of the day form ninety-nine hundredths of the subjects of conversation. The fact that all his messmates had been thoroughly posted in the history of Rome and Greece, that they could read these languages almost as well as English, that they had been coached in high mathematics, and had a knowledge of French and German, gave them, Will found, very little advantage in general conversation; and he was surprised to discover how entirely useless from a practical point of view is much of the instruction which must be mastered by young men before obtaining a commission.

Many times, when talking with the young

officers with whom he was most intimate, he inquired of them what good they found the learning they had obtained during their many years of schooling, and was surprised at the universal reply, "No good whatever!" He found, however, that some of the more thoughtful of them admitted that they had gained increased powers of thought and reasoning from their training.

"That is the good of education, Gale," Captain Fletcher, who commanded Will's company, said to him one day. "A certain time must be spent upon education, and the course of study is intended to strengthen and improve the mental powers. As far as soldiers are concerned, it would certainly be of more practical use if the time we spent at school on Greek and mathematics had been expended in acquiring three or four European and Indian languages. But, you see, boys educated at the same school must all work together, and study the same books, whatever be the profession for which they are intended. Our practical, that is our professional, education, only begins when we go to Woolwich or Sandhurst. Perhaps some day a different system will be employed. There will be special schools for lads intended for various professions and careers. Till that is done we must all work upon a common basis, which has at least the advantage of forming the mind for the after work of acquiring the special branches required by us in the careers we may adopt. If you ask my advice, I should not at your time of life dream of setting to, to learn the dead languages or to study mathematics. Read the histories of Rome and Greece, and study that of your own country. Read books of travel and the biographies of great men, and keep yourself well posted, as you are doing, in current public events. You will then find yourself able to take part on equal terms in any conversation which may be going on. You will indeed be considered by strangers an exceptionally well-informed young fellow, and you may pass through life without any person having a suspicion that Latin, Greek, and mathematics, the cardinal points of an

ordinary education, are wholly unknown to you."

Will was cheered by the advice, and henceforth directed his studies only in the direction which Captain Fletcher had indicated. At the beginning of April a large diminution had taken place in the force stationed at Candahar, as General Sir Donald Stewart marched with the greater portion of the force for Cabul. The route led through a country which was the stronghold of the fanatical party, the important town of Ghuzni containing the most turbulent population in all Afghanistan. This had been the centre whence the attacks on General Roberts had been organized, and it was deemed necessary to march a strong force through the country, to overawe the tribesmen, and break up their organization.

The march was uneventful as far as Shahjui, the limit of the Candahar province. At this point the Taraki country begins. The Mollahs here had been actively preaching a holy war, and several thousand men were reported as having collected. The villages were found to be deserted, and everything betokened an active opposition to the advance.

When the head of the column arrived at Ahmed-Khel a body of the enemy, estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000, were seen clustered on a semi-circle of hills beyond the village. The baggage of the column stretched far along the road, and it was all important to prevent the enemy from falling upon this long line. General Stewart, therefore, determined to attack them.

The two batteries of artillery opened fire upon the enemy, who at once in reply rushed down to the assault. The charge was led by some 3000 or 4000 Ghazis, as they were called, fanatics who had sworn to give their lives in carrying out their object of exterminating the hated infidel. Some of these men were armed with rifles and matchlocks; some with heavy swords, knives, and pistols; others again with pikes made of bayonets or pieces of sharpened iron fastened upon long sticks. Some were on foot, and some on horseback.

With wild yells the mass rushed down upon our troops, and so sudden and unexpected was the attack, so swiftly did they cross the 400 or 500 yards of intervening ground, that they came upon the British before preparation could be made for their reception. At the moment when they charged, some of the cavalry were moving across in front of the infantry, and these, before they could be got into a line for a charge, were surrounded by the enemy. In an instant they were lost to sight in the cloud of dust and smoke. It was a hand-to-hand struggle, and in the confusion a troop charged to the right in rear of the main line of the infantry, and burst into the midst of the 19th Punjaub Infantry, who were in reserve in rear of the position occupied by the general and his staff. In a moment all was confusion.

The ammunition mules were stampeded, riderless horses dashed hither and thither, and close behind the cavalry the Ghazis with a furious rush dashed in among the broken infantry. Upon the left flank, too, the Ghazis swept round in the rear of our infantry line, and for a time it seemed as if the whole British formation was broken up, in which case the numbers of their foes must have prevailed. Colonel Lister, V.C., however, who commanded the 3rd Ghoorikas, threw his men rapidly into company squares, and poured a tremendous fire into the fanatics.

All along the line the attack raged, and so hurriedly had the battle commenced that many of the men had not even fixed bayonets. Desperate was the hand-to-hand fighting, and valour more conspicuous than that of the Ghazis was never shown. Furiously they threw themselves upon the line of their opponents, clutching their muskets and trying to wrench them from their hands, while they strove to cut down their holders.

Many of them threw themselves upon the fixed bayonets and died in the endeavour to cut down the soldiers with their swords, but the three regiments which formed the line—one British (the 59th), one Ghoorikas,

and one Sikhs—alike held their own and poured rolling volleys into the ranks of the enemy.

Desperately the Ghazis strove to capture the guns, which were firing case and shrapnel into them at a distance of thirty yards, mowing them down in hundreds. Not even would this terrible slaughter have checked them had not the 2nd Punjaub Cavalry most gallantly charged them again and again. The general, surrounded by his escort, was in the midst of the fight, the enemy having burst in between the guns and the 59th Foot, and officers and troopers had alike to fight for their lives, several of the escort being killed and wounded. At last, however, the Ghazis fell back from the terrible fire.

The 1st Punjaub Cavalry coming up from the rear joined the 2nd in a hot pursuit; and our native allies, the Hazaras, seeing the Afghans in retreat, also rushed out after them, and the rout of the enemy was complete. The fighting had lasted about an hour, and the enemy left over a thousand dead on the field, besides the bodies which had been carried off. Their wounded, of course, were far more numerous.

Ghuzni surrendered without opposition when the column reached it, the fighting men having been engaged in the battle of Ahmed-Khel, and having had enough of hostilities. On the 23rd of April a force under Brigadier-general Palliser advanced against a large body of natives who had assembled near the village of Ghalez. Again led by the Ghazis, these rushed to the attack with a courage and desperation equal to that shown by the fanatics in the previous battle.

Our men, however, were this time prepared, and were able to inflict very heavy losses upon the enemy without allowing them to get to close quarters. This was the end of the Afghan resistance. General Stewart moved on to Cabul without further fighting, and effected a junction there with the force under General Roberts.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BATTLE OF MAIWAND.

WITH the junction of the forces of Generals Stewart and Roberts, what may be called the second period of the Afghan war came to an end. All opposition had ceased, and it appeared probable that there would be no more fighting. Abdul-Rahman, a prince of the royal house who, after for some time fighting against Sheer Ali, had been defeated and obliged to fly the country, had for a long time been a resident among the Russians.

Upon the abdication of Yacoob he had crossed the frontier and entered the northern province of Afghanistan, assuming the title of ameer. He had been well received in that part of the country, and as no other competitor for the throne appeared to have chances equal to his, and as the British government were most anxious to withdraw their forces from the country, his authority was recognized by us. Negotiations were opened with him, and it was arranged that as he approached Cabul the British force would retire.

The summer had passed not unpleasantly at Candahar: the country was peaceful, cricket-matches were got up between the various regiments, and horse-races established. Candahar was governed by a *protégé* of the British named Wali Shere Ali. He had organized a native army to support his authority upon our withdrawal. The only circumstances which occurred to mar the pleasing time were isolated attacks upon British officers and men by Ghazis.

These attacks were sometimes made in broad daylight in the streets of Candahar, where the escape of those who perpetrated them was impossible; these fanatics regarding their own life with indifference, so that they could but kill one or more of the British before being cut down.

One day as William Gale was walking in the principal street of Candahar at a short distance behind Colonel Ripon, an Indian official of very long standing and experience who had come up on a special mission to

arrange with the Wali the details of the civil government of the province, he saw three Afghans who were loitering in the road draw their long tulwars and dash upon that officer. The first who reached him delivered a sweeping blow, which the colonel, taken by surprise, partly received on his uplifted arm, but was struck to the ground. Another of the Ghazis raised his sword; but before it could fall Will Gale, who saw at once that he was too far behind to interpose between the assailant and their victim, drew his revolver from his belt, and, taking a hasty aim, fired. The shot was an accurate one, the bullet striking the Afghan on the forehead just as he was about to strike. He fell forward on the colonel, receiving as he did so a tremendous blow which the third Ghazi was aiming at the prostrate man.

Before the blow could be repeated Will had bounded forward, and, sword in one hand and revolver in the other, faced the two Afghans. Another shot freed him of one of his assailants just as the other, rushing recklessly forward, aimed a blow at him which he was not quick enough to parry. His right arm fell to his side, but in an instant he threw himself upon his foe, and the two fell heavily to the ground, the Afghan striving desperately to shorten his sword so as to use the point, while Will strove to liberate his left arm, which was under the man, and so use his revolver, which he still grasped.

At this moment some soldiers of the 66th ran up, and one of them with his bayonet, which since these attacks began were always carried at the belt, brought the conflict to a conclusion by running it through and through the Ghazi's body. Will soon rose to his feet. Colonel Ripon had already freed himself from the body of the dead Ghazi and had struggled up, the blood streaming from his head and arm.

"I have to thank you for my life, sir," he said warmly. "Had your aid come but two seconds less promptly, they would have finished me. But I fear you are severely wounded."

"Oh, no," Will answered; "it is only a flesh wound from my shoulder to my elbow.

Luckily my sword partly caught the blow. I was aiming at the other fellow, and had not time to parry fairly. I shall be none the worse for it in a week's time. My wound is less severe than yours, sir."

"We are both bleeding pretty freely," the colonel said. "My quarters are close at hand, and as the principal medical officer lives in the same house, you cannot do better than come in with me."

In a few minutes their wounds were bandaged, the doctor saying that no serious harm had been done in either case, but that care and quiet, lest fever should supervene, would be necessary for a week or two. The house was much more airy and commodious than that in which Will was lodged, and the colonel begged him so strongly to move his quarters thither until able to return to duty that Will agreed to do so, and was soon installed, with Yossouf in attendance, in the colonel's quarters.

He was greatly pleased with the old officer, whose manner was most kind and courteous, and who from his long experience in India was full of anecdotes and information concerning the country. Ten days after the struggle the doctor told them that there was no longer any occasion for his services.

Their wounds were healing favourably and all fear of fever had passed. At the same time it would still be some weeks before either could take his arms from its sling. The following day, in honour of his convalescence, Colonel Ripon invited several friends to dinner, among them General Burrows and Colonel Galbraith of the 66th. All had of course heard the details of the attack on Colonel Ripon, and Will was congratulated warmly upon the promptness that he had showed.

"Do you know, colonel," General Burrows said as they were smoking their cigars after dinner, "there is a wonderful likeness between you and Lieutenant Gale. I should have taken you for father and son anywhere."

The other officers agreed with the remark. The likeness was certainly strong. Both

were men of six feet in height. The colonel's hair and moustache were grizzled, and his face bronzed with the sun of many Indian summers; he was thin and spare of habit, but his shoulders were broad, and it was evident that in his youth he must have possessed much of the muscular strength which was apparent in Will's more rounded limbs. But it was in their eyes that there was the greatest similarity. Both were gray and of nearly the same shade; both had a simple, straightforward, and kindly expression; both were shaded by straight and rather heavy eyebrows. The men looked at each other.

"I suppose he is like me," Colonel Ripon said; "still more like, I fancy, what I remember myself at his age; but curiously enough he has ever since I met him been recalling some one else to my mind," and a shade passed over his face.

Seeing that Colonel Ripon was not disposed to talk further on the subject a fresh topic of conversation was started. There was news that Ayoub Khan, the brother of Yacoub, who was governor at Herat, was marching south at the head of a large force with the intention of opposing Abdul-Rahman and again reseating Yacoub on the throne. He had also preached a holy war against the British.

"I fear that the trouble is serious," General Burrows said. "The troops Ayoub is bringing with him have not yet met us in the field. The population on the road is wild and fanatical in the extreme, and will no doubt join him to a man. On the other hand, the troops of the Wali are not to be depended upon, and the brunt of the fighting is sure to fall upon us."

Three days later the order was issued by General Primrose that the 66th Regiment, the Bombay Grenadiers, and Jacob's Rifles, together with the 3rd Scinde Horse and 3rd Bombay Cavalry, with a battery of artillery, were to move out with the Wali's army towards Girishk on the river Helmund, which formed the boundary between the province of Candahar and that of Herat.

After the long period of inactivity at

Candahar, Will was delighted at the thought of taking part in an expedition with his regiment; but when they reached the Helmund, life was for some time exceedingly monotonous. The news of Ayoub's advance greatly excited the population, who had been further worked up by agents widely distributed through the country, and by the exhortations of the Mollahs and Ghazis, consequently rambling at any distance from the camp was forbidden, and the shooting parties, which had been one of the great resources of their life at Candahar, were peremptorily put an end to.

Colonel Ripon had accompanied the force as the Wali's adviser. Both he and Will had recovered completely from their wounds. When the regiment first marched, indeed, the surgeon had strongly recommended Will to remain behind until his wound had completely healed, but the young officer had so strongly begged to be allowed to accompany the regiment that the surgeon had consented.

His colonel had for a time relieved him from all duty and he rode in rear of the regiment, but within a fortnight of their arrival at the Helmund he was able to lay aside his sling and to take his turn of regular duty. The officers did all that they could to make existence tolerable on the sandy shores of the Helmund; they got up foot-races and athletic sports for the men, played cricket on the sands, and indulged in a bath twice a day in the river.

Will often spent the evening in Colonel Ripon's tent. A warm friendship had arisen between the two officers, and each day seemed to bring them closer together. All this time Ayoub's army was known to be approaching. It had been delayed by want of transport and by the difficult nature of the country over which it had to pass. The guns, too, of which it was reported to have a large number, had greatly hampered it; but by the second week in July it was near at hand. For some time the Wali's troops had been showing signs of insubordination, and little doubt was entertained that they had been tampered with by Ayoub's emissaries.

The question of disarming them was several times discussed, but the Wali maintained his faith that they would remain true to their salt; and the British force was already so small that it was deemed imprudent to diminish their strength by dispensing with the services of a strong body of men, who might after all be faithful at the critical moment. Moreover, it was doubtful whether they would submit to be disarmed by a force so inferior to their own. Should the attempt to disarm them succeed they must either be escorted back to Candahar by a strong detachment of the British, or be permitted to disperse, in which case they would assuredly swell the advancing army of Ayoub.

On the 14th of July the conspiracy among the Wali's troops came to a head. They openly mutinied and marched out with their cannon and arms from the camp. This was situated at a short distance from that of the British, and Colonel Ripon was the first to gallop in with the news.

Unfortunately the British commander was not a man endowed with promptness of decision, and no steps were taken until the mutineers had proceeded a considerable distance; then the cavalry and artillery were despatched in pursuit. Had the order been given at once there can be no doubt that the Wali's force would have been completely cut up, and those who escaped would have arrived a mere horde of fugitives, for the most part without arms, at Ayoub's camp.

Late as was the pursuit it was not ineffectual. Six British guns opened fire upon the Wali's artillery, which was in rear of the retreating column, with such effect that the gunners were seized with a panic, and, cutting the traces, fled for their lives. A good many were cut down by the British cavalry, and the six guns deserted by them were brought into camp.

Colonel Burrows' little force now stood alone, for he had with him but 1500 infantry, 500 cavalry, and six of his own guns besides those taken from the mutineers—a force altogether disproportioned to that with which

Ayoub was advancing, swelled as it was by the accession of the Wali's army. A message was sent to General Primrose at Candahar asking for reinforcements; but that officer, although he had a considerable force at his disposal, declined to despatch any reinforcements whatever. News now arrived that Ayoub, instead of marching direct upon Girishk, had crossed the Helmund higher up and was moving across the country by a line parallel with the road from Candahar to Girishk. By this movement he would have the option of placing himself either between Colonel Burrows' force and Candahar, of marching direct upon the latter city, or of keeping to the north and coming down upon the road between Candahar and Shahjui, and then marching direct for Cabul. Under these circumstances General Burrows determined to fall back at once to a spot where he might oppose Ayoub's advancing force. Accordingly the brigade marched from the Helmund to a village called Khusk-I-Nakhud and there encamped. General Nuttall with the cavalry made reconnaissances in the direction of the enemy.

The people of the country held altogether aloof, and no accurate information was obtained as to the strength of Ayoub's army, which was believed by General Burrows to be very much smaller than it really was. Early in the morning of the 26th it was known that Ayoub was marching upon Maiwand, a village farther to the north, and at half-past six the troops moved out to intercept him.

It was at this time believed that it was only the enemy's cavalry with whom we should have to deal. Upon arriving near Maiwand, however, news was brought in by spies that the whole of the enemy were at hand. The force was at once halted in a position singularly ill adapted for a fighting ground. Deep ravines ran both to the right and to the left of the ground occupied by the British. By these the enemy could advance under shelter until within a short distance. On either side were ranges of hills completely commanding the position.

It is difficult to imagine a more unsuit-

able position than that which General Burrows prepared to hold with a mere handful of troops against an enormously superior force. What was the total strength of Ayoub's army was never exactly known, as it was swollen by enormous numbers of Ghazis and tribesmen from the villages. These were in fact far more formidable opponents than the regular Afghan troops, as their tremendous rushes, and indifference to the loss inflicted upon them, were trying in the extreme for even the best trained troops to withstand.

The morning was thick and but little could be seen of Ayoub's army. His cavalry, indeed, were found to be moving about in large masses, but these fell back at our advance. Lieutenant Maclean, with two horse-artillery guns and a small cavalry escort, galloped out the extreme left and opened fire on the Afghan cavalry. His infantry at once appeared in force swarming down towards the guns, and these were withdrawn to a position nearer to our line.

The British infantry were formed in the following order:—The 66th were on the right, the Bombay Grenadiers in the centre, and Jacob's Rifles on the left. Two guns were placed in position to support the 66th on the right; the remaining four British guns, and the six smooth-bore guns captured from the Wali's mutineers, were placed between the grenadiers and Jacob's Rifles. The 3rd Scinde Horse and 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, were formed in the rear of the line.

As the enemy advanced our guns opened a heavy fire upon them, but it was fully an hour before their artillery replied. Then thirty guns were unmasked and opened fire upon the British line. Under cover of this heavy fire swarms of the enemy's irregulars advanced towards our position. When within 600 or 700 yards of the 66th the British opened with their Martini rifles, and the shower of lead at such an unexpected distance checked the advance of the enemy.

For some time the artillery duel continued, but the enemy's guns were then moved on to the hills on either side of the British position and a terrible cross fire was opened from both flanks. At about two o'clock the smooth-bore guns began to get short of ammunition. Only sixty rounds had been captured with them, and there being no reserve of ammunition fitting them they ceased fire. The position now became most serious. From the ravines on either side the Ghazis swarmed up in vast numbers. The artillery thundered from the heights upon our troops. Some of their batteries were brought up to within very short distances; and great numbers of the enemy, keeping along the ravines sheltered from our fire, came up in the rear and seized the villages there. The companies of Jacob's Rifles on the left, after resisting for some time the furious attacks of the Ghazis, began to waver. The enemy's cavalry swept down in heavy masses, while our cavalry, for some reason which has never been explained, remained inactive. The general has stated that he ordered them to charge, but that they would not do so; the cavalry affirmed that they never received orders. Anyhow, at this critical moment the 3rd Scinde Horse and the 3rd Bombay Cavalry remained inactive. The confusion amid Jacob's Rifles rapidly grew in spite of the efforts of the officers to rally them. The Ghazis swept down upon them and the Rifles broke in confusion and rushed among the Bombay Grenadiers, who, hitherto fighting steadily, also fell into confusion, as the Rifles and Ghazis in a confused mass burst into their ranks.

"This is hot work," Will Gale said to his captain when the enemy's guns on the heights on either side began to play on the line of the 66th with their flank fire.

"It is, indeed," the officer answered, "and the fire of the enemy from the edge of that ravine is very trying. I wish to heaven the general would move us farther back; he has made a hideous mistake in fighting on such ground as this."

(To be continued.)



“‘Read it, Ahmet, read it,’ said his uncle.”—p. 453.

KÉRABAN THE INFLEXIBLE;

OR, ADVENTURES IN THE EUXINE.

BY JULES VERNE.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH.

PART II.—CHAPTER XIII.—(continued).



AHMET bent over the corpse, while Nizib held a lantern which he had procured from the cavern.

"Here is a letter," said Ahmet, as he withdrew his hand from the dead man's pocket.

The latter was addressed to a certain "Scarpante."

"Read it, Ahmet, read it," said his uncle, who could not control his impatience.

Ahmet opened the paper and read as follows:

"The horses of the caravan once seized, while Kéraban and his companions are asleep in the cavern whither Scar-

pante will conduct them——"

"Scarpante!" exclaimed Kéraban, "that is the guide—the traitor!"

"Yes: I was not deceived in him," remarked Ahmet. "Then," he continued—"let Scarpante make a signal by waving a torch, and our men will descend upon them in the gorge of Nerissa."

"And that is signed——?" asked Kéraban.

"It is signed—Saffar!"

"Saffar—Saffar—so it is he then!"

"Yes," replied Ahmet, "it is evident it is the same insolent person whom we encountered on the railway line at Poti, and who some hours later embarked for Trebi-

zond. Yes, it is this Saffar who caused Amasia to be carried off, and who wants to recapture her at any price."

"Ah, Seigneur Saffar," cried Kéraban, raising his clenched hand, and letting it fall on an imaginary head, "if ever I find myself face to face with you——!"

"But where is this Scarpante?" asked Ahmet.

Bruno hurried into the cavern, but returned almost immediately, and said—

"He has disappeared—by some other aperture, no doubt."

That was in fact what had occurred. Scarpante, his treason discovered, had made his escape from the other extremity of the cavern.

So the disgraceful plot was now disclosed in all its details. It was indeed the intendant of Saffar who had offered himself as guide; it was Scarpante who had conducted the party, first along the coast and afterwards across the mountainous regions of Anatolia. It was no other than Yarhud whose signals had been perceived by Ahmet the night before, and it was the Captain of the *Guidare* who had come secretly to convey Saffar's last commands to Scarpante.

But the vigilance and perspicacity of Ahmet had checkmated this manoeuvre. The traitor unmasked, the criminal designs of his master were revealed. The name of the abductor of Amasia was known to be Saffar who had been threatened by Kéraban with his vengeance and reprisals.

But if the trap into which the party had been led was discovered, the peril was none the less imminent, and might befall them at any moment.

So Ahmet, with his usual quickness, perceived the only solution, and made his decision at once.

"My friends," he said, "we must at once quit these gorges of Nerissa. If we are attacked amongst these rocky defiles, not one of us will come out alive."

"Let us proceed," said Kéraban. "Bruno, Nizib, and you, Seigneur Yanar, have your weapons ready for any event."

"You may depend upon us, Seigneur Kéraban," replied Yanar. "You will see what my sister and I are capable of."

"Yes, indeed," responded the courageous lady, brandishing her yataghan with magnificent action. "I will not forget that I have an affianced husband to defend."

If ever Van Mitten experienced deep humiliation, it was when he heard the intrepid woman speak thus. But he also seized his revolver and was quite determined to do his *dévoir*.

The whole party then proceeded to mount the defile and gain the plateau, when Bruno who could never escape from ideas of feeding remarked—

"But we cannot leave the ass here."

"There is something in that observation," remarked Ahmet. "Perhaps Scarpante has led us astray; or perhaps we are farther from Scutari than we imagine. The cart contains all the provisions we possess."

These hypotheses were both plausible. It was to be feared that the traitor had compromised the arrival of Kéraban and his party on the shores of the Bosphorus by leading the caravan astray.

But there was no time to argue the point, action was necessary and at once.

"Well," said Kéraban, "the ass will follow us—why should he not?"

So saying he took the animal by the bridle, and attempted to pull him towards him.

"Come on," said Kéraban.

The ass never moved.

"Will you come with good-will?" asked Kéraban, giving the bridle a violent jerk. But the ass, which no doubt was inflexible in his way, declined to budge.

"Shove him, Nizib," said Kéraban.

Nizib assisted by Bruno then endeavoured to push the donkey from behind, but the animal moved backwards farther than he advanced.

"Ah! you intend to try conclusions with me, do you?" said Kéraban, who began to be angry.

"Good," muttered Bruno, "obstinacy against obstinacy."

"You resist me then! resist me!" repeated Kéraban.

"Your master has found his," said Bruno to Nizib in an undertone.

"That would astonish me," replied Nizib.

Ahmet then broke in impatiently—

"We must depart. We have not a moment to lose—let the ass alone—leave him where he is."

"I? yield to an ass? Never!" exclaimed Kéraban.

Then seizing the quadruped by the ears he pulled as if he would pull them out altogether.

"Will you come on?" he said.

The ass did not stir.

"Ah! won't you obey me? Well then, I will compel you to do so, somehow."

Then Kéraban entered the cavern, and emerged with some handfuls of hay which he twisted up and presented to the donkey. The animal made a step in advance.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Kéraban, "that makes you step out, and by Mahomet you shall go on."

The hay was then fastened to the extremities of the shafts of the cart, but in such a way as to be just without the reach of the ass, which by extending his neck could smell the hay, and so he proceeded, in a continuous but vain endeavour to reach the tempting morsels, towards the pass.

"Very ingenious," said Van Mitten.

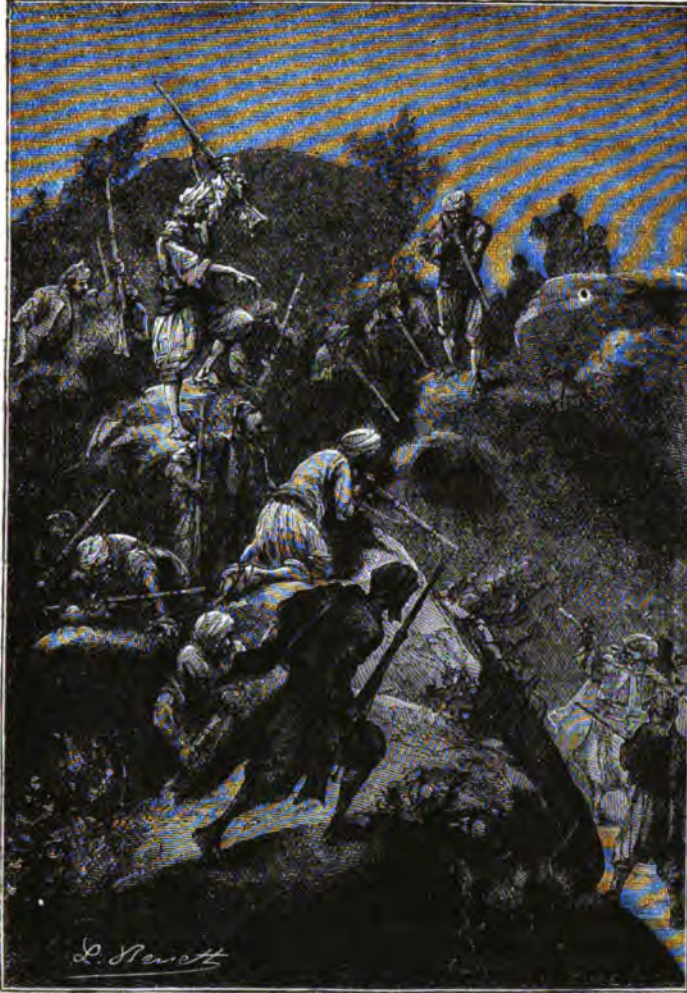
"Well, then, imitate him," said the noble Saraboul, dragging him after the cart. She was also a tempting morsel, which continued progressing before him, but Van Mitten was, unlike the ass, not desirous to reach to it.

The whole troop, continuing in the same

direction, had soon cleared their camping-ground, which was a position quite untenable.

"So, Ahmet," said Kéraban, "in your

opinion this Saffar is the same insolent individual, who by his obstinacy caused the destruction of our chaise on the Poti railway?"



"Saffar's mercenaries had attacked the caravan."

"Yes, uncle; but he is, above all, the miscreant who endeavoured to carry off Amasia, and his punishment belongs to me."

"Let us proceed two by two now," said Kéraban, "and may Allah assist us."

Scarcely had Kéraban and his company ascended fifty paces when they perceived the rocks surmounted by assailants, who uttered loud cries and fired a volley at them.

"Retreat, retire," cried Ahmet, who led his party back to the limits of the encampment.

It was too late to escape from the gorges of Nerissa: too late to seek a better position on the plateau. Saffar's mercenaries, to the number of a dozen, had attacked the caravan; their chief was exciting them to this criminal proceeding, and in the position they occupied they had the advantage.

Seigneur Kéraban and his companions were actually at their mercy.

"Keep together," cried Ahmet.

"The women in the centre," said Kéraban.

Amasia, Saraboul, Nedjeb, formed a group around which Kéraban, Van Mitten, Ahmet, Yanar, Nizib and Bruno ranged themselves. There were six men against twelve, one against two, and in a disadvantageous position besides.

Almost immediately the banditti, uttering horrible cries, came down the pass and dashed into the encampment.

"My friends," said Ahmet, "let us fight to the death!"

The combat at once began. Nizib and Bruno were immediately wounded, but slightly. Yet they did not give ground, they all fought valiantly, and none more courageously than the Kurdish lady, who fired many shots at the assailants.

It was evident that they had had orders to take Amasia alive, and that they preferred to fight cautiously with that object, so that no harm might befall her. So, notwithstanding superiority of numbers, the first success did not lie with the banditti, many of whom fell dangerously wounded.

At that juncture two new combatants appeared on the scene—Saffar and Scarpante.

"Ah! the villain; there he is," exclaimed Kéraban. "That is the railway-man!"

Many times Kéraban aimed at him, but could not fire on account of the attacks made by the assailants.

Ahmet and his friends fought valiantly. They all were possessed with the same idea to save Amasia at any hazard, at any price to save her from falling into the hands of Saffar.

But, notwithstanding all their courage and devotion, they had to yield to superior numbers. So, little by little, Kéraban and his companions gave way, became separated, and then had to take to the rocks in the defile; confusion was already setting in amongst them.

Saffar perceived this.

"Seize her, Scarpante, seize her," he cried, indicating Amasia.

"Yes, Seigneur," replied Scarpante, "and this time she shall not evade you."

Then, profiting by the disorder, he managed to seize Amasia, and endeavoured to drag her away.

"Amasia, Amasia," cried Ahmet, who attempted to advance to her rescue, but was opposed by the band, who intercepted him, and compelled him to fight.

Yanar also attempted to reach the young girl and to rescue her from the hands of Scarpante, but he could not, and the intendant succeeded in dragging her away some paces up the defile.

But Kéraban aimed at him, and Scarpante fell mortally wounded, letting go the young lady, who at once attempted to rejoin Ahmet.

"Scarpante is dead. Let us avenge him," exclaimed the chief of the bandits.

They at once threw themselves on Kéraban and his friends with a ferocity it was impossible to resist. Pressed so closely at all points, the assailed found it almost impossible to use their arms.

"Amasia! Amasia!" exclaimed Ahmet, as he vainly endeavoured to rush to the assistance of the girl, whom Saffar had now seized and was carrying away.

"Courage, courage," cried Kéraban continually.

But he felt that his party and himself, overpowered by numbers, must be soon destroyed.

At that moment a shot fired from the top of the rocks struck down one of the assailants. Other shots succeeded quickly, and more of the banditti fell. Their fall disheartened their companions.

Saffar stopped at once, and sought to find the cause of this diversion in his enemy's favour. What was this unexpected reinforcement?

Already Amasia had disengaged herself from the clutches of Saffar, for he had been disconcerted by the sudden attack.

"Father, father!" she cried.

It was indeed Selim, who, followed by

twenty men, well armed, had come to the assistance of the little caravan, just as it was in imminent danger of destruction.

"*Sauve qui peut,*" shouted the bandit leader, setting the example by running

away. He quickly disappeared into the cavern, followed by his *troupe*, who were aware of the existence of the exit at the back.

"Cowards!" exclaimed Saffar, seeing



Death of Scarpante.

himself thus abandoned. "Well, they shall not have her living!"

So saying he dashed at Amasia, just as Ahmet was rushing on him.

Saffar discharged the last barrel of his revolver at the young man; it missed fire. But Kéraban, who had lost none of his coolness, did not fail. He rushed at Saffar, seized him by the throat, and plunged

his dagger in his enemy's heart. One shudder and all was over. Saffar, in his death-struggle, did not even hear his foe exclaim—

"That will teach you how to smash my carriage!"

Seigneur Kéraban and his friends were saved. Scarcely any had been severely wounded. Nevertheless they had all fought

valiantly : Bruno and Nizib, whose courage had not failed ; Seigneur Yanar, who had performed prodigies of valour ; Van Mitten, who had quite distinguished himself in the *mêlée* ; and the energetic Saraboul, whose pistol had often been discharged in the thickest of the fight.

However, had not Selim so unexpectedly arrived, Amasia and her defenders would have been no more. All would have perished, for they had determined to die for her.

"My father, my father," cried the girl, throwing herself into Selim's arms.

"My old friend," said Kéraban ; "you here !"

"Yes, I," replied Selim.

"What fortunate chance brought you hither ?" asked Ahmet.

"No chance at all," replied Selim ; "and I would long ago have started in search of my daughter, if at the moment of her abduction I had not been wounded."

"Wounded, father !"

"Yes, by a shot fired from the felucca. For a whole month I was condemned to remain at Odessa by my wound. But a few days ago Ahmet's telegram——"

"A telegram !" exclaimed Kéraban, whose attention was at once arrested by this hated word.

"Yes, a telegram from Trebizond."

"Ah, that was a——"

"No doubt, uncle," said Ahmet, embracing Kéraban ; "but, for the first time that I have ventured to send a telegram without your knowledge, confess I did well."

"Yes, wrong well done," replied Kéraban, shaking his head, "but I will not reprove you, nephew."

"So," continued Selim, "learning from the telegram that danger threatened your little caravan, I assembled my brave servants, reached Scutari, and pursued the coast-road."

"By Allah, you arrived only just in time, friend Selim," said Kéraban. "We would have been lost without you. Nevertheless we fought well !"

"Yes, indeed," said Yanar, "and my

sister proved that she could, in case of necessity, use her weapons !"

"What a woman !" muttered Van Mitten.

At that moment the first streaks of day began to appear on the horizon. Some clouds in the zenith variegated the first rays of sunlight.

"But where are we, friend Selim ?" asked Kéraban ; "and how have you managed to find us in this region, into which we have been misguided by a traitor !"

"And so far out of our way," added Ahmet.

"Not so, my friends, not so," replied Selim, "you are on the way to Scutari, only a few leagues from the sea !"

"Eh ?" said Kéraban.

"The shores of the Bosphorus are yonder," continued Selim, pointing north-east.

"The Bosphorus !" exclaimed Ahmet. And all the party ascended the rocks to gain the plateau which extends above the gorges of Nerissa.

"There ! see !" said Selim.

And in fact at that moment a natural phenomenon revealed to the travellers the desired locality. As daylight strengthened, a mirage presented, one by one, the objects situated below the horizon. One would have said that the hills which formed the boundary of the plain, had been engulfed in the earth as a theatrical scene sinks beneath the stage.

"The sea ! the sea !" exclaimed Ahmet, and the cry was echoed by all present.

Although the appearance was only the effects of a mirage, the sea was distant but a few leagues.

"The sea ! the sea !" repeated Kéraban. "But if it is not the Bosphorus, if it be not Scutari,—this is the last day of the month, and——"

"It is the Bosphorus. It is Scutari," said Ahmet.

The mirage grew more distinct and presented the profile of the town on the horizon.

"By Allah, it is Scutari," said Kéranban, "there is the mosque of Buyuk Djami!"

It was indeed Scutari, which Selim had left only three hours before.

"*En route! EN ROUTE!*" cried Kéranban; and like a good Mussulman, who in all circumstances acknowledges the greatness of Providence, he added—

"*Ilah il Allah!*" as he turned towards the rising sun.

A moment after, the little caravan was

hastening along the road which lies close by the left shore of the strait. Four hours later, on that day, the 30th September, the last day permitted for the marriage of Amasia and Ahmet,—Seigneur Kéranban, his friends, and the donkey, having achieved the tour of the Black sea—gained the heights of Scutari, and with loud acclamations welcomed the shores of the Bosphorus.

(To be continued.)

SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR.

A TALE OF THE "LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN."

BY A CLERK.

CHAPTER I.—A CLEVER TRICK.



OME years ago, when I was a junior clerk in a city banking-house, I was expected to be very punctual in my attendance at nine A.M. It was not always pleasant to turn out, and living as then we did some twelve miles from

London, I was obliged to rise early. The train in which I habitually came up was also very punctual, and we regular travellers united at Christmas in bestowing a gratuity upon the engine-drivers and guards (for there were three drivers and their "mates" on different engines in turn, and guards occasionally changed). So we were quite friends with all the train officials.

One very particular morning I was late. I mean "very particular" because we had instructions to be at our desks early that morning. But, as luck would have it, I had been to a picnic the afternoon before (bank holiday). There had been a dance after the picnic dinner, and the ladies had to be escorted home and the chaperons looked after. Moreover that "one pipe" in

Frank's rooms had occupied considerable time, and a good deal of discussion followed. Thus it fell out that next morning some of us were a little late. Fortunately the train was also late, and as the driver saw me coming he pulled up for a second or two, and I hopped in. He made up his time, and when we arrived at the terminus I complimented him, adding—"You've got a new engine, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir. She's only just out. She's a bit stiff yet, but she can go. She's all right!"

"I should think so," I replied as I looked at the pair of coupled driving-wheels, six feet six in diameter. "She's the biggest you have out, isn't she?"

"Well, no, sir; I think *Vesovvus* beats her an inch or so; but they've called her *Levi-athan!* whatever that is."

"'Monster,' I suppose. Good morning, Barton. Going down with the express?"

"Yes, sir, at 11.45. We're doin' it a bit sharper this month. Good mornin', sir."

He touched his hat; and in fifteen minutes I was at my desk, and talking to a

very grand personage indeed—no less a gentleman than Sir Joshua Bolder. Sir Joshua was a very rich man, and kept a large balance; and that morning he was very affable—more so than usual to me, for I had not always acted as paying clerk, having been appointed only that week in place of Robinson on leave.

Sir Joshua had some bills, and also wanted a large cheque cashed. His account, as I have said, was a good one; but he preferred having an advance against these bills. Our assistant manager told me how to act. I cashed a cheque for £800, and entered the bills. At about 3.50 P.M., Sir Joshua came in again in a great hurry, and demanded a cheque. I handed him one. He filled it hurriedly for £2000, got the notes, nodded, and bidding me 'good-day,' lighted a cigar and went out. The entries were made, the bank closed at four, and Sir Joshua's account was looked at.

It was actually overdrawn! This, for a man of his wealth, was curious. He always kept a "lively" account, paying in and drawing out large sums; for he played and speculated; but still it was extraordinary. I mentioned the fact to the assistant manager.

"Oh, well, we have the bills. They're good enough. We can let him overdraw a little. Let me look at those entries—and the bills, please."

I complied, and placed the bills with the book on the desk.

"These are not the documents," said Mr. Wright. "Bring me the bills Sir Joshua handed in."

"Those are they, sir," I said, flushing as I spoke. "We have had no others backed by Downes & Hills."

"Be good enough not to talk nonsense," was the pleasant and encouraging reply. "These are not the bills."

I felt hot all over; my knees trembled. I had no other bills—and said so.

"This is a pretty business. These are no use—look at the endorsement. Do you know Sharpe and Stinger?"

I confessed I did not. Drawer and en-

dorser were alike strange, and the whole thing began to wear a very unpleasant aspect.

"Go at once to Eaton Square," said Mr. Wright. "See Sir Joshua, shew him these bills. If they *are* correct, return to my house. In any case come to me. I'm afraid, Tompkins, you've been *done*!"

"Impossible!" I said. "Excuse me, Mr. Wright, but Sir Joshua came in again at noon and went out smoking quietly——"

"Did he?" exclaimed the assistant manager, "you are only proving my assertion. *Sir Joshua does not smoke*. Make haste; I will see about this. It is a well-planned swindle. We need not discuss matters now. The money is gone—nearly three thousand pounds, and good bills exchanged for bad ones. Did you leave them within reach?"

"No, sir," I answered, trembling. "Sir Joshua took them to look at as I was entering the notes—he——"

"I see it all. Lose no time. I will take the numbers of the notes and advertise them. Meantime go you to Eaton Square. I will communicate with the police. Do all you can—Quick!"

I hurried away, jumped into a hansom, and in less than half-an-hour was in Eaton Square. Sir Joshua had just returned—I told him all.

"*Done*, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "I suppose you'll be dismissed, eh, young man?"

I replied that unless I could catch the swindler I was afraid of the consequences.

"Like me, was he?" muttered Sir Joshua. "Didn't you see *any* difference? Where were your eyes? Well, you're responsible, and must take the consequences. Hallo! what's the matter?"

My eyes had filled with tears. I was thinking of my mother—a widow—my sister, too, dependent to a certain extent upon my exertions. I could not help showing my emotion: ruin stared me in the face. I burst out—

"Oh, Sir Joshua, what shall I do?"

At that moment a very pretty dark-haired

little girl, apparently about fifteen years old came into the study and clung to her father's arm affectionately. He encircled her neck with one arm and pulled her gently to his side. She was his only child, Ethel—motherless! and she looked at me pityingly, her lovely dark violet eyes glistening with childish sympathy.

"Hum!" said Sir Joshua. "Ethel, dear, run upstairs—I am coming in a moment. This will be a serious thing for you, eh?" How cool *he* was: he had nothing to lose—I had everything.

"I shall be ruined," I replied huskily; "and then—my mother——"

"Oh, well—Ethel, dear, *will* you go upstairs?—I will see. Who's that? Mr. Bungay? You look surprised—didn't you expect to see me?"

"Well, I admire your rapidity of action. I saw you at Euston Square at noon, I know you have been at Hurlingham and in the park since, and here we are again—as your friend the clown says, Ethel."

The girl smiled and put up her face to be kissed. Then she turned and gazed shyly at me again.

"At Euston? I? Haven't been there since the week before last. I have a 'double' apparently. This young gentlemen comes from the C—— Bank;" and then Sir Joshua told the tale to his friend.

"Ah, your 'double' has bolted to America. He got into a Liverpool train, no doubt. He's off! you can telegraph."

"No use now. Three thousand is serious, though. There's no way that I know of except——"

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said to the visitor; "are you Mr. Frank Bungay the chairman of the line?"

"Yes," he replied, kindly. "I am."

"Then give me an order for a special train, and I'll catch the man at Liverpool."

"Are you serious?—do you know what you ask?"

"Quite, sir. My whole fortune depends on this. I am a bank clerk. The man has swindled us. I can pay for a 'special';

but I want your order." This was cool, I thought after.

"What do you say, my friend?" said the chairman. "This young man is a friend of yours?"

"Yes, papa," whispered Ethel. "I'm *sure* he is!"

"Well, I think that's the only way. I'll see the money's all right. Yes, 'by all means 'go.'"

"Then here goes. I'll do better than a special train. Take my card." He wrote a few lines. "Take this to Mr. Crawford."

"The locomotive superintendent?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; you seem to know us all very well. He will help you. Be off. No time to lose. Good-day."

I clasped his hand. He smiled at my enthusiasm.

Sir Joshua gave me a friendly nod, but held up his hand to detain me. Then withdrawing to the window with the Railway Magnate, he left me with Ethel for a few minutes.

We did not speak for a minute or two. At last some idea came upon her and she suddenly asked:

"Did you lose money: were you robbed?"

"No, Miss Bolder," I replied. "The man took some securities from the bank and got a cheque by cheating."

"Forged papa's name, perhaps," said the ready girl. "But they cannot punish you, can they? They would never be so unjust as that!"

"Yes, they will. I deserve it for being careless, but it will nearly break my mother's heart. If your father and Mr. Bungay will only permit me to follow the thief with a detective, I think we might succeed in obtaining the money."

As I had finished speaking the door-bell rang, and the servant, coming in, said a policeman desired to see Sir Joshua.

"Tell him to come in," said the baronet. "The plot thickens. I think we can trust this young man with the detective," he

added. "How quickly this man has scented the case, has not he?"

My heart beat quickly. The capture would be soon accomplished.

The policeman in plain clothes entered, and immediately was put in possession of all the particulars.

"Ah, I know the gent, Sir Joshya," he replied; "I know him: tall party when in his own togs; plain ugly man with whiskers——!"

"Supposed to be like you, Bolder," said the chairman. "But we have no time to lose. We have agreed to accept your suggestion, young sir," he continued, turning to me. "You can take my card to Mr. Crawford at Camden Town, and he will manage something for you. I cannot promise you a saloon carriage for your journey."

"I would rather ride upon the engine a great deal," I replied warmly. "We shall get along faster, and it will save time in putting up a 'special.'"

"Rather dangerous, I am afraid," said Sir Joshua. "Now be off. Good evening."

The detective and I left the house together. My first act was to telegraph home. We then went down to the Bank, against the policeman's wish, where we found Mr. Wright and told him the decision we had arrived at. He gave me five pounds for expenses and gave the detective a similar sum. Bidding him a hasty good-bye, we drove to Euston and took a train to Camden Town at 5.20 P.M.

After some enquiry and much hunting we found the locomotive superintendent, and handed him the card. He read it carefully and then looking up said quietly—

"Don't you wish you may get it!"

We said we did, and the detective went so far as to call upon Mr. Crawford to assist the ends of justice in the Queen's name.

"Queen's name is all very well, but it won't make engines and drivers turn out at five minutes' notice," replied Mr. Crawford. "Oh, yes, I see the chairman's card, but even *he* can't suspend all the traffic 'atween

here and Liverpool by writing a letter. I must see the traffic-manager first. Besides, there's no engine ready just this minute."

He paused and called a messenger-lad from the office.

"Run down to Euston and show that to Mr. N—— he said, putting the card in an envelope." Then he bade us wait a moment till he returned. He came back in a short time followed by my acquaintance, the driver of the *Leviathan*, who acknowledged my presence with a respectful nod.

"You appear already acquainted," said the superintendent.

"The gentleman travels up by the 7.55 of a morning," explained the engine-driver.

"Well, can you take your engine out again for a smart run to Rugby, and head the fast train there. We'll have the line cleared. You will have two passengers. Here's a pass. Can you do it?"

"If it's the *Leviathan* he will," I exclaimed. "She's a splendid engine!"

This decided the question. The *Leviathan* was Mr. Crawford's pet. He had fitted her with a new safety valve of peculiar construction, and had some new 'smoke arrangement.' She was the first of a fine class of 'express' locomotives which have become famous. The engineer was pleased even at my appreciation and smiled.

"Oh, we'll do it well enough," said the driver. "We've just filled up coalin'. We'll soon get her in steam again and ready for the run; though her day's work should be about over!"

"You'll have no time to lose," said Mr. Crawford. "You must get to Rugby by 7.5: it's near six now."

"Six," I thought; "shall we ever do that distance in an hour and fifteen minutes?"

"All right," replied the driver, "if you'll give us a clear road, I'll bet my boots we'll be in time. The man you want left by the 12.10 express, did he? He's pretty nigh Liverpool now, if he's gone to Liverpool. You've wired, I s'pose?"

The bank had, also the city police authorities.

"We'll catch him up, never fear. But

these men are up to so many moves, you won't believe. Now, sir, come along, and you too please," said the driver, to the detective who seemed to hesitate. "It's only a little run extra. Come, sir, this way: mind the engines."

"We shall have to go pretty smart," remarked the officer as he climbed up to the footplate of the splendid locomotive awkwardly. "How fast, eh?"

"How fast? Well, about seventy mile an hour," replied the driver. "All right, Harry?"

"All right," replied the fireman. "Ye can pull out."

We crossed various points as in response to our whistles they were cleared for the main line down. With a long sustained whistle ending in a sudden shriek of defiance, we quitted Camden Town for our race against time at seventy miles an hour!

CHAPTER II.—AGAINST TIME.

I GLANCED at my watch as the engine ran slowly up towards the Primrose Hill tunnel. The time was exactly twelve minutes to six. We had then just an hour and fifteen minutes to run 84 miles, roundly speaking, and catch the train which had left Euston at 5 P.M., and was timed to leave Rugby at 7.5. This was the Liverpool express—and may still be, for all I know—and reached the city on the Mersey at 10 P.M. A favourite train for passengers to the States when the vessels leave on the forenoon tide of the next day.

If the Atlantic liner in which, as we believed, our man intended to bolt with his securities, or their proceeds, had dropped down channel, we should have to go on to Queenstown. But we trusted to the police to detain all the outgoing vessels until our arrival.

These reflections passed more rapidly through my brain than did the engine through the tunnel. We rattled on up the hill to Willesden, and so with ever-increasing speed by Sudbury and Harrow, Pinner and

Watford. We slackened a little to run through the last-named place, and I got a glimpse at the station clock. It showed seven minutes past six. We had run seventeen miles and a half in nineteen minutes. Not very good speed for the *Leviathan*.

Roaring through the Watford Tunnel we quickened up by Boxmoor, still running up hill; and we raced along by the canal by Berkhamstead greatly to the astonishment of the bargees and their families. The clock on the old church pointed to 6.15. We had made ten miles in nine minutes from Watford, and had only fifty minutes left to run nearly fifty-six miles!

"We shall scarcely do it," I ventured to shout to the driver, who had not moved a muscle nor relaxed his attention from the line ahead, except to open the "regulator" valve a trifle, and once to let the "reversing lever" go a little farther forward as we sped through Watford Tunnel. The man only smiled, but uttered no sound, or if he said anything, I did not hear it, for the roar and rattle of the engine and tender drowned all other noises.

The policeman appeared to be in a terrible fright and clung on to anything he could hold to. Once he grasped the top of the water-gauge and burnt his fingers. Finally he gripped the handle of the brake on the near side, and held on in defiance of the rushing wind that met him. Had it not been for the circumstances under which the ride was taken, I should have enjoyed the run immensely. As it was, it was highly exhilarating and novel.

I knew that the speed must be increased before we had gone much farther; but steam was already blowing off at one hundred and twenty pounds, and we were still running up hill. There was a long grade near Rugby, but we tore gallantly on to Bletchley, increasing our speed evidently after we passed Cheddington Junction. I managed to look at my watch then, notwithstanding the gathering gloom and the tremendous jolting of the locomotive.

We had run thirty-six miles. The time was 6.22, or thirty-four minutes from the

start. We were certainly gaining now, but had forty-eight miles still to accomplish and only forty-three minutes to do them in.

On, on, whistling through Leighton, and now we had a nice run of six miles which we did very sharply. But our plans were upset by a goods train that was in the act of shunting at Bletchley, and we had to stop dead for nearly a minute till the engine had got clear of the down line.

As we passed the stationary locomotive the driver and his fireman "groaned" at the unfortunate driver of the "goods," and then for the first time our Jehu seemed anxious. He looked at his watch and gave the fireman a nod. Some coals were heaped upon the furnace, and the regulator valve opened just a fraction more, but with a result that could not be mistaken.

We were simply "flying" now. How the leading wheels kept the rails, has always been to me a mystery ever since. We scarcely seemed to see a bridge in the distance before we had passed underneath it. Wolverton, with its great shops and sheds, was quickly passed, the jar and jolting of the points and crossings appearing highly dangerous. But the *Leviathan* kept the metals as steadily as possible. We had come at a tremendous pace certainly. Wolverton is $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Euston Square, and we had run from Camden, a mile less, in about forty-eight minutes, including the "check" by signal for the shunting train. Time at Wolverton 6.36 p.m. We had still nearly half an hour, but no doubt the train would wait for us for a few minutes. I said as much to the engine-driver.

"We won't keep her waitin'," he shouted. "Never fear, I think we'll have a little more steam. Hold on, there, policeman. Come in under the weather-board, man, and catch hold of the lever; you'll be blown off the foot-plate in a minute."

The unhappy policeman did as he was told, and the feed was shut off. The steam was rising, and we wanted plenty of it; but I fancied there was a glow from the front of the engine, and the fireman who had gone

to put on the head lamps told me the front of the engine was red hot!

As soon as the fireman had come back in safety, the driver gave the engine some more steam, and in a few minutes as it appeared we had passed Weedon amid a roar of voices of those who saw us rush by, almost blazing, through the dusk of the closing day. Weedon, seventy miles, passed over in little more than an hour. We had, by the driver's reckoning, thirteen miles more to go, and ten minutes to do the distance, and the Kilsby tunnel yawning in front.

Now came the final struggle. We had run by a station, Crick, as I supposed. We had passed over those last six miles in five minutes or less. There was still a chance of failure. But the driver never seemed to doubt the issue. I did. Watch in hand I timed the miles. One mile had gone, and the "second" hand had not made a revolution. Two miles had been passed some seconds before the little hand had come round again.

"Bar accidents, we're all right now," shouted the brave and steady driver as we cleared the tunnel. "Three miles, there's the lights yonder, above. See. Rugby, by jingo. What's the time, sir?"

"Two minutes after seven," I shouted. "At least nearly. We shall scarcely fetch it."

The driver laughed, and for a few seconds opened the valve nearly half way. The great engine puffed loudly its triumph as it rushed headlong towards the line of lamps glimmering in the waning light. In half a minute the steam was shut off, and the driver wiped his face and hands.

"Time, sir, please," he said again.

"Four minutes past seven," I replied.

"And here we are in the station," he said as we glided in one minute before time. The express had shunted for us, and as we drew up the noble *Leviathan* was the cynosure of all eyes; porters, guards, enginemen and passengers being equally interested.

"How long did it take ye, mate?" inquired a brother engineer. "We heard ye was a-comin' behind us."

"How long?" replied the *Leviathan's* Jehu. "Well, it's just seventy-seven minutes and a half since we left Camden Town, and we didn't turn a hair!"

"Ye ought to have a medal, Ben," said his friend; "and if I was the prime minister, I'd give ye the Victoria Cross. Good night, mate."

We took leave of Ben who had made such a tremendous run, and rewarded him substantially. He professed himself very grateful and we parted—he to get some refreshments and perhaps to return to town, we to continue our journey to Liverpool in search of the criminal. We were regarded rather closely as we entered the train, but we kept our own counsel, for much depended upon our discretion. The train started immediately we had entered it, and we sought some repose, for we had a good deal to do yet, and our adventures were by no means over.

CHAPTER III.

LEFT ALONE.—TRICKED AGAIN.—FOUND AT LAST.—AN ENGAGEMENT.

TEN O'CLOCK and "Liverpool," struck simultaneously upon our ears as we aroused ourselves from a sound sleep. At least I can answer for myself, for I had enjoyed a nap which the jolting of the engine had induced, and the smoothly running carriage consummated. Yes, we were in Liverpool, and the policeman was wide awake.

A local inspector was waiting on the platform, and by some freemasonry immediately recognised my attendant, with whom he entered into conversation. But my man was very anxious, and hurried me away as fast as he could. Why? The telegraph had been in use, and every ocean-bound steamer was being watched carefully. Men were also stationed at the hotels, in order to intercept any travellers of the height and manner described. So we confessed that the London police had done all they could. But my man was very anxious, and hurried me away as soon as he could. Why?

NO. XLVI.

We went to the hotel in the station and made enquiries as to the steamers about to sail for the States. We found that one of the White-star fleet, was advertised to leave the river next morning, and we determined to be at the office in Water-street very early and endeavour to obtain some information about our friend, and if any luggage had arrived which bore any clue to such a person as I described having been seen in possession of it. But all our enquiries were of no avail. We interrogated porters at the docks and landing-stage; we enquired at Hotels, late though it was, and at midnight went to bed thoroughly beaten, having borrowed necessaries from our host.

I was awakened at eight o'clock next morning by the boots, who brought me a pencilled note from Fraser the policeman. It was as follows:

"I have got a clue. Don't believe the man has left London. Am off to town. Follow me as quickly as you can. Keep clear of Liverpool detectives, who want to be paid."

Here was a mess! We had chartered a special engine, gone to a lot of expense and put ourselves to any amount of inconvenience, all to find that our man had never left London.

"Has my friend gone?" I enquired.

"Yes, sir, just gone to catch the train," he says. "A detective came here at six, and said he would call again. Your friend went out after and saw him, and then hurried off to the station with his hand-bag."

"I wish you had called me sooner," I said, for I did not like the idea of going back alone. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"The policeman said we wasn't to trouble you unnecessary," replied the man. "He said he could manage very well, and said you could get up in plenty of time."

"Very well," I replied. "When is there a train to Euston?"

"At 9.15 and 11. You'll catch the 9.15 easy."

"Very well," I replied. "I'll have breakfast in half an hour." The man left the

room and I fell into a train of thought, instead of preparing for the train to London. While I was endeavouring to make up for lost time, a man in uniform entered my room very unceremoniously. He was a Liverpool policeman. I remembered my companion's warning, and was on my guard.

"Good mornin', sir. Any news of your man? Sharp fellow he is."

"Well, we have some clue to his movements. Have you any idea where he is?"

"Yes, sir, between ourselves, I believe he's in this very house."

"In this house! Really?"

"Yes, sir, when your London policeman comes down, I think we shall manage the business. The fellow is very sharp; very sharp indeed."

"Yes, so I understand," I answered.

"I have four men outside, sir. Will you please send for your companion, we shall want him."

"I am afraid he is not visible just now," I answered; "but we will have breakfast up. I must return to London at 9.15."

"Sorry I cannot allow that, sir, until your friend comes in. Where is he?"

"He has left—he had a clue and went up by the early train at seven o'clock; the 'boots' told me so."

"Gone!" exclaimed the policeman.

"Well, I *am* blowed! He's a 'downy' customer, he *is*."

I felt rather annoyed, and a trifle alarmed.

"Is anything wrong?" I ventured to enquire.

"A good deal there is," was the reply, as the man rang the bell. "You'll excuse me, sir, but I must detain you for the present."

Just then the boots came in, and in reply to questions, told the policeman the circumstances attending my friend's departure.

"Will you explain, if you please?" I said coldly.

"Will you tell *me* all I want to know?" he said in reply. "I have authority for what I do, and you will find it best to tell the whole truth."

"I have nothing to conceal," was my reply. "If you can assist, all the better. Here is a note I received in bed this morning. Will you now explain?"

"The thing is as plain as possible. That man—your plain-clothes inspector—is *the thief himself*. I recognized him at the terminus last night as Joseph Langhorne, a ticket-of-leave. 'Gentlemen Joe,' is his name with us. He twigg'd me too, but I had no warrant when I called this morning; he had given me the slip, and now may be in some other disguise in the train. He is about the smartest man at dressing-up I ever heard of or saw. He once took in his own mother, and was robbed by a 'pal,' who thought he was a doctor. Oh, he's a rare bird is 'Gentleman Joe'!"

"Rare, or not, he's done *you* pretty brown," remarked the boots. The policeman laughed at what he fancied was a joke, though I was indignant. There was a pause, and then the serjeant said—

"Eat your breakfast, sir, and I'll wait for you. We will have a look round the ships."

So, after breakfast, we went down to the great landing-stage and examined many of the vessels—particularly the Atlantic liner *Baltic* of the "White Star" line, which was to sail at noon. She was a splendid ship, and if not equal to the later developments of sea-going steamers, held in those days a foremost place in speed and comfort.

We watched the lading of the passengers' baggage, and examined the faces of the emigrants in the steerage or fore-deck cabins, and on the upper deck forward, peering in and out, and more than once addressed in uncomplimentary language.

We examined the cabins and state-rooms, looked into the saloons, and finding no one in the least like our lively "chase," we went on deck again. Leave-taking was going on, and the ship was making ready to drop down the River. The tender had come off from the office with the captain and the manager, and soon we should be under way. The emigrants were looking miserable: one man was holding a child in his arms, kissing it:

repeatedly, while the mother was away for a few minutes. The man appeared quite absorbed in his child, and two ladies looked

on sympathetically, for the child looked unhappy too.

I turned suddenly, and caught the un-



"The man appeared quite absorbed in his child."

happy father's eye. The policeman was not near, and the man seemed utterly wretched and ashamed of being seen so moved. He turned round abruptly and ran against the serjeant.

A cry, a loud oath, the child was suddenly dropped on deck, and ran away crying to its mother, and the emigrant was a prisoner.

"Overdone just a trifle, Joe," remarked

the serjeant. "Laid it on a little too thick, you did. But it was a capital move!"

I looked again in the greatest astonishment; for the working-man's face altered as if by magic, his eyes drooped, his nose appeared to form into a straighter line, his lips expanded, and there to all appearance, but without grey hair or whiskers, stood Sir Joshua Bolder—the policeman with whom I had travelled on the engine—the forger and the thief—Joe Langhorne himself.

"My trick, Joseph," said the policeman. "I am sorry to cross you, but the darbies must be worn."

A crowd had come round us, but the policeman demanded protection from the mate, who gave it, and informed the captain. In ten minutes we were in the tender and on our way to the hotel. Here the serjeant telegraphed to the London office, and pending the arrival of the metropolitan men, the prisoner was conducted to the cells preparatory to an investigation which would be held concerning him.

"You see I was right, sir. Now, if you please, you can remain here or return to London," said the Liverpool detective.

"I think I will remain with you until the man is safely lodged in the cells," I said. "One cannot make too sure, though there is no mistake *this* time, I hope."

So I saw my late companion put in the police cells, until the charge had been entered and depositions taken. I was also

obliged to make a statement and sign it. When the man was finally tried, my evidence convicted him, and he received a severe sentence in accordance with his deserts. The money and the securities were found upon him and restored to the bank. The directors censured me and threatened to dismiss me for my share in the matter; but Sir Joshua interfered and my situation was not really imperilled. This kindness on the part of the wealthy baronet induced me to call upon and thank him, and he promised me his interest if I attended to my business, which I am happy to say I did. Since then I have been promoted and am in a fair way to become the manager of a branch of the Bank. I am a welcome visitor in Eaton Square having been so fortunate as to render some little service to Miss Bolder on one occasion at a party when her dress caught fire.

I may add that I have an idea in my head concerning matrimony, and in my day-dreams of marriage and love, Ethel is the principal figure. I wonder what she will say when she reads this tale—if it is ever printed—I hardly dare tell her. But time will show.

P.S. Ethel *has* read the tale in MS.; she says she likes it; and—well—we are engaged at last. My promotion is arranged. So all goes swimmingly. We'll have a "special" licence; and will travel by the London and North Western when we go to the Lakes for our Honeymoon!



THE BIG OTTER.

A TALE OF THE GREAT NOR'WEST.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Author of "The Wild Man of the West;" "The Red Eric;" "Dusty Diamonds;" "The Life Boat;"
"The Coral Island," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(continued.)



URING all this exciting chase Waboose's mother had clung to her stalwart support with the uncomplaining patience of Indian women; but we were deeply concerned to find on halting that she was too much exhausted to dismount, and that blood was trickling from her lips. Indeed she would have fallen to the ground if Big Otter had not caught her in his arms.

"Are you wounded, mother," exclaimed Eve, going down on her knees, seizing one of the poor woman's hands and kissing it tenderly.

"No, Waboose, but I think there is something wrong here," she pressed her breast gently and coughed up some blood.

"She is quite worn out," said I. "Come, Big Otter, let us carry her to a more comfortable place, and make a fire. A cup of tea will soon revive her."

I spoke cheerily, with a view to comfort Eve, but I confess that great anxiety filled me when I looked at the poor woman's wan face and emaciated frame. The blood too, appeared to me a fatal symptom, though I had but a hazy idea of everything relating to disease.

The place we had selected for our encampment was a dense mass of forest, which covered the prairie in that part to an extent of about two square miles. Near

the outer margin of this patch there was a curious steep mound which rose so high that from the top of it one could see over the surrounding trees. It rose somewhat in the form of a cone with a flat space at the apex, of not more than twenty feet in diameter. On the outer rim of this apex was a fringe of rocks and low bushes. It was in fact a natural fortress, which seemed so suitable for us in our circumstances that we at once set about making our camp on the top of it. We took care, however, to kindle our fire in the lowest lying and densest thicket we could find at the foot of the mound. We also made the fire as small and free from smoke as possible, for fear of attracting any one to the spot.

While I was busy down in the dell preparing the tea, Salamander having been left to take care of the camp on the mound, Big Otter came to me. I was alarmed by the solemn expression of his face.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" said I, anxiously.

"The wife of Weeum the Good is dying," said the Indian, mournfully.

"Oh! say not so," I exclaimed, "how dreadful to poor Waboose, if this were to happen just now. You must be mistaken."

"Big Otter may be mistaken. He is not a medicine-man, but he saw a young girl of his tribe with the same look and the same flow of blood from the mouth, and she died."

"God forbid!" I exclaimed as I took up the kettle in which the tea was being made.

"See, it is ready, I will take it to her. It may at least revive her."

I hurried to the top of the mound, where

poor Eve sat by the couch of brush we had spread, holding her mother's hand and gazing into her face with painful anxiety. She looked up hastily as I approached, and held up a finger.

"Does she sleep?" I asked, in a low voice, as I seated myself beside the couch and set down the kettle.

"Yes—I think so—but——"

She stopped, for at the moment her mother opened her eyes, and looked wistfully round.

"Weeum!" she murmured in a faint voice. "I thought I heard him speak."

"No, dear mother," said Eve, beginning to weep silently. "Your spirit was in the land of dreams."

"See," said I, pouring some hot tea into a can and stirring it. "I have brought you some of the palefaces' sweet-water. I always carry a little of it about with me when I go a-hunting, and had some in my wallet when we started on this wild race. Was it not fortunate? Come, take a little, it will strengthen you, mother."

It was the first time I had called her mother, and I did so from a feeling of tenderness, for she seemed to me at the time certainly to be dying; but she misunderstood my meaning, for she looked at me with pleased surprise, and then laughed very softly as she glanced at Eve. I perceived, however, from the innocent look of inquiry returned by the latter, that she did not understand her.

After taking some of the tea, the poor woman revived, and I whispered to her daughter:—

"Don't you think it might please her to see the miniature?"

"Perhaps. I am not sure. Yes, give it to me. I will show it, but say nothing about my father's writing or wishes. I have not yet been able to speak to her."

To our disappointment she could make nothing of the portrait. Perhaps the moonlight was insufficient, though very bright, but it is more probable that her sight was even then failing.

"What is that?" said Eve, with a

startled look pointing at something behind me.

I turned sharply round, and beheld a column of bright flame shooting high up into the night air. An exclamation of bitter chagrin escaped me, for I knew well what it was, after I had got the fire kindled down in the thicket, on our arrival, I had noticed that I had laid it close to the roots of a dead fir-tree, the branches of which were covered to the top with a species of dried moss. At the time I knew that there was danger in this, but as our fire was to be very small, and to be extinguished the moment we were done with it, I had allowed it to remain, rather than be at the trouble of shifting and re-kindling it. I afterwards found that Big Otter had left the fire in charge of Salamander, and gone to shift the position of the horses, and Salamander had left it to fetch water from a neighbouring spring. Thus left to itself, the fire took advantage of the chance to blaze up; the moss on the dead tree had caught fire, and the instantaneous result was a blaze that told of our whereabouts to whoever might be on the look-out within ten or fifteen miles of us in every direction.

Immediately afterwards Big Otter and Salamander came leaping into our fortress.

"What is to be done now?" I asked, in a tone of deep mortification.

"I would say mount and fly," replied the Indian, "if it were not for *her*." He pointed to the dying woman as he spoke.

"It is quite out of the question," said I. "She cannot be moved."

"The paleface talks wisdom," said Big Otter. "We must put the place in a state of defence, and watch instead of sleep."

A deep sigh from Salamander told that the proposed mode of spending the night was most unsatisfactory.

Having no other resource left, however, we at once set about our task.

A number of large loose stones lay about on the little plateau that crowned our mound. These we rolled close to the edge of it, and ranging them in line with those that were already there, formed a sort of breast-work

all round. Our three guns we had of course brought with us, as well as ammunition, and, as mine was a double-barrelled fowling-piece we had thus four shots at command at any moment. These being already charged we placed ourselves at three points of our circle, and prepared for a weary watch.

The blaze of the burning fir-tree soon went out, and there were fortunately no other dead trees at hand to be kindled by it. The moon had also become obscured with clouds, so that we were left in comparative darkness. The dead silence which it was needful to maintain, and the occasional murmur of the dying woman rendered our position *erie* and sad in the extreme.

At such times, when danger threatens and everything that is calculated to solemnise surrounds one, thought is apt to be very busy; and often, in such circumstances, the mind is more prone to be occupied with distant scenes and persons, than with those near at hand. Ere long the sick woman appeared to have fallen asleep, and her daughter was seated in perfect silence by her side. No sound whatever fell upon my listening ear, for the night was intensely calm, and in spite of my efforts to resist it, my thoughts strayed away to the home in "the old country"; to scenes of boyhood, and to the kind old father, who used, as a term of endearment, to call me "Punch."

A slight motion on the part of Salamander, recalled me, and, by way of rousing myself to the necessity of present watchfulness, I examined the priming of my gun. Then it occurred to me that a bullet, if fired at a foe in the dark, would be very unlikely to hit; I therefore, drew both charges, and loaded with buckshot instead. You see, thought I, there is no absolute necessity to kill anyone. All I can possibly wish to do is to disable, and big shot is more likely to do that without killing, than bullets.

While thus engaged, the clouds rolled off the moon, and I saw my companions clearly, sitting like statues at their posts. In a few minutes I heard the sweet, low voice of Eve.

She was speaking to her mother. As I sat there and observed her fair hair and skin, and recalled—for I could not just then see—her blue eyes, I found it difficult to believe that there was even a drop of Indian blood in her veins. "Not that I object to Indian blood," I said to myself, mentally, in self-justification, "by no means. Indians are God's creatures as well as white men, and many of them are a great deal better creatures than many white men, but——"

At this point, my mental remarks ceased, for I observed, to my surprise, that Eve opened a small book, and from the continuous tone of her voice, I knew that she was reading.

"It must be the Testament," thought I, "which poor Liston mentioned in his manuscript as having been obtained from a hunter."

The voice became more distinct as she proceeded, and I could make out that she read the English slowly and with great difficulty, and then translated it into Indian to her mother.

"God so loved the world," she read with peculiar emphasis, and paused, as if wishing to impress the blessed truth, "that He gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

She closed the book at this point, and I observed that she bent over the sick woman a long time.

Suddenly there arose on the still night air a low wail, so deep—so suggestive of a breaking heart, that I sprang up and leaped to the girl's side.

There was no occasion to ask what had occurred. The mother lay there dead, with the jaw dropped and the glazing eyes staring at the sky. Kneeling down I gently closed the eyes, and with a napkin bound up the face. Big Otter glided towards us, followed by Salamander. One glance sufficed. They cast a look of pity at the orphan, who, with her face on her knees, sobbed as if her heart would break. Then, without a word they glided back to their posts. I turned to Eve and took her hand.

"Dear girl," I began, but she checked me.

"Go," she said, "danger may be near; your post is unguarded."

Raising her hand to my lips I left her without a word, and resumed my watch. Again profound silence reigned around, broken only now and then by an irrepressible sob from Eve.

Some hours afterwards—I knew not how many, for I had been half asleep—Big Otter came to me.

"We may not stay here," he said. "Come, I need your help."

Without reply I rose and followed. It was still very dark. He went to where the body of the Indian woman lay. It was cold and stiff by that time. In passing I noticed that poor Eve acted as sentinel for Big Otter—occupied his post and held his gun.

I found that a shallow grave had been hollowed out close to where the corpse lay.

Understanding at once the purpose for which I had been called, I kneeled at the head while the Indian kneeled at the feet. Grasping the shoulders carefully I waited for a word or look from Big Otter, but instead he turned his head to one side and uttered the single word—

"Come!"

Eve glided instantly towards us, went down on her knees, and printed a long passionate kiss on the cold forehead. Then the Indian looked at me, and we lifted the body into the grave. Eve spread a blanket carefully over it, and at once left us to resume her post—at the breastwork, while we covered in the grave with earth and dead leaves.

We had barely accomplished this duty when a loud report rudely broke the silence of the night, and a rushing of feet was heard at the foot of the mound. Leaping to my post, I instantly fired one of the barrels of my gun. Several fierce cries followed, showing that the buckshot had taken effect, and from the nature of the cries we at once perceived that our assailants were white men. I purposely reserved my second barrel, for, my comrades having also fired,

were swiftly reloading, and, therefore, defenceless.

It was well that I did so, for two men who had not been in the first rush, now came up the mound at a run. Aiming right between them, I fired and shot them both. They fell with hideous cries, and, rolling head over heels down the steep ascent, went crashing into the bushes.

"They are the men from whom we have just escaped," said I to Big Otter, but my Indian friend was so elated by the success of my shot, and withal so excited by the fray, that instead of answering, he gave vent to a terrific war-whoop, in true Indian style.

The attacking party had come on in front, from the direction of the plains. To my consternation, Big Otter's war-cry was replied to in our rear. Turning quickly I saw the dark forms of several savages running up the slope of our fortress. These, like the white men, had been attracted to us by our column of fire. I was going to send a charge of buckshot amongst them, when my Indian friend stopped me.

"Let them come," he said, quickly, "They and the white men are sworn foes. Be ready to follow me."

This last was said to all of us, for we had instinctively drawn to the centre of our plateau with the idea of fighting back to back with the foes who surrounded us. Again we heard the white men charging up the front of our little hill, but before they reached the top, a dozen savages had leaped into our enclosure.

"Help! against the paleface dogs," cried Big Otter, pointing his gun and firing at them as they came up.

A wild war-whoop rang out from the Indians, who were only too ready to accept the invitation to fight the palefaces. A defiant cheer burst in reply from the white men, who were equally eager for the fray.

"Come!" whispered Big Otter at this point.

We had no difficulty in slipping away at the rear unperceived amid the din and smoke, and ran to where our horses had been tied. Mounting, like squirrels, we

went off like the wind in the direction of the open prairie, and soon left our little fortress far behind us, with the redskins and the palefaces fighting on the top of it like wild-cats!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE POWER OF SLEEP.—PLANS DISCUSSED AND A FAR JOURNEY RESOLVED ON.

It was broad daylight when we once again drew rein, and then we were all so overcome with sleep and exhaustion, after the prolonged watching and excitement of the night, that we could scarcely sit on our horses.

Eve, who sat behind me, grasping my waist with both arms, swayed so heavily once or twice, as nearly to throw me down.

"We *must* stop," said I to Big Otter, who was close beside me.

"Yes," replied the Indian; but his tone told that he was barely awake.

"If you doosn't, me drop," said Salamander. The worthy interpreter seemed to think English the easiest language in the circumstances.

"Oh! I'm *so* sleepy," said poor Eve, whose grief helped to increase her exhaustion.

"Come, we will camp in this thicket!" said Big Otter, turning his horse in the direction of a long strip of bush that lay a few hundred yards to our right.

On reaching it we penetrated, almost mechanically, to the thickest part of it, dismounted and fastened our horses to the trees. Turning instantly, to assist Eve in making a couch of leaves, I found that she had lain down where she had dismounted, and was already fast asleep.

"Here, Salamander, lend a hand to lift her," I said, looking round, but Salamander was also in the land of Nod, flat on his back, with his eyes shut and his mouth open.

Turning to Big Otter, I found that he was standing staring at me with an expression of such awful solemnity that I was partially roused with a feeling of alarm.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed, "what has happened—speak man?"

But Big Otter only gazed more intensely than ever, swayed slightly to and fro, and gave a sort of wink, or rather, a slap together of both eyes. Then I understood that the wretched man was only glaring like an owl in the sunshine, in his tremendous efforts to keep awake. He assisted me, however, to lift Eve to a more comfortable position, and while he was in the act of laying her fair head gently on a pillow of moss, I observed that he sank down and instantly fell into a profound slumber, but even in that hour of mingled danger and exhaustion, the Indian did not neglect to hold his gun to his breast with a firm grasp. I also had enough wit left to keep my double-barrel in my hand, and was in the act of examining the locks, seated at Eve's feet, when my own senses forsook me.

We lay there, perfectly silent and motionless, during the whole of that day, for it was not until the sun was descending towards the western horizon that we awoke. I happened to be the first to move. Rising softly so as not to disturb the others, I went to search for water, and was fortunate enough to find a small pool, which, though not very clear, was, nevertheless, sufficiently good to slake our thirst. Sitting down beside the pool, I lifted my heart and voice in thanksgiving to God for having thus far delivered and guided us.

While thus engaged a slight rustling in the bushes caused me to spring up. It was caused by Big Otter, who had followed me.

"What does the pale-face think?" he asked, sitting down beside me.

"He thinks that the Great Master of Life has delivered us from our enemies. He is good," said I, being still influenced by the devotional feeling which had been broken in upon.

For a few moments the Indian did not reply, but continued to look thoughtfully at the ground. At length he spoke.

"Was the Great Master of Life good when He let Waboose's mother die in the

midst of war and weakness? Was He good to Waboose when he left her fatherless and motherless?"

"Yes, He was good," I answered, confidently. "He took the mother of Waboose home to dwell with Himself and with her father Weeum. And men and women, you know, cannot be taken to the happy land, without leaving their children behind them—fatherless and motherless."

Big Otter did not reply, but I saw by his grave look that he was not satisfied. After a brief pause, he resumed:—

"Was the Great Master of Life good to the wicked pale-faces, when he allowed the red-men to slay them in their sins?"

"Yes," I returned, "He was good, because the Great Master of Life cannot be otherwise than good. He has made our brains capable of understanding that, and our hearts capable of resting on it. But He is our Father. Children do not understand all that a father does. Big Otter has touched on a great mystery. But what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. Only let the red-man be sure of this, that, whatever we come to know in the hereafter, will tend more and more to prove that the Great Master of Life is good."

For a long time the Indian remained silent, and I could not tell by the expression of his grave face, whether my reasoning weighed with him or not; I therefore offered up a brief prayer that the Spirit of God might open his eyes—as well as my own,—to see, and our hearts to receive the *truth*, whatever that might be. Then I said:—

"The thoughts of Big Otter are deep, what do they lead to?"

"No," he replied, "his thoughts are not deep, but they are confused, for he has heard his pale-face brother call Waboose, Eve. How did he come to know that name? It was only used by Weeum, and seldom by him—never by anyone else."

It struck me that now was as suitable a time as might present itself to let the Indian know about the contents of the packet, so I said:—

"Listen, Big Otter. I have something important to tell."

From this point I went on, and, in as few words as possible, related all that the reader knows about the packet, and the wishes of poor William Liston. I also shewed him the miniature, at which he gazed with visible but suppressed emotion.

"Now," said I, in conclusion, "what do you think we should do?"

"What Weeum wished must be done," he replied simply but firmly.

"You were fond of Weeum?" I said.

"Yes, Big Otter loved him like a brother."

"Don't you think," said I, after some minutes' thought, "that it is our duty first to return to the camp of your tribe, and also that I should send Salamander back to Fort Wichikagan to tell where I have gone, and for what purpose? For Salamander is not free like myself. He is still a servant of the fur traders."

"No, that is not your duty," said the Indian decidedly. "Your duty is to obey the commands of Weeum! My tribe will not die of grief because Waboose does not return. As for Salamander—send him where you please. He is nobody—nothing!"

Although not quite agreeing with Big Otter in his contemptuous estimate of the value of Salamander, I believed that I could get along quite well without him; and therefore resolved to send him back—first to the Indian camp to tell of our safety and intentions; and then to the fort with an explanatory letter to Lumley, who, I knew full well, would be filled with great anxiety on my account, as well as with uncertainty as to how he should act, destitute as he was of the slightest clue to my fate or my whereabouts.

"And you, my friend," I said, "what will your movements be?"

"Big Otter will go and help you to obey the commands of Weeum," he replied. "There is no wife, no child, waiting for him to return. He must be a father to Waboose. Muxbee will be her brother.

The trail to Colorado is long. Big Otter has been there. He has been a solitary wanderer all his life, and knows the wilderness well. He has crossed the great mountains where the snow lies deep even in summer. He can be a guide, and knows many of the mountain tribes as well as the tribes of the prairie—Waugh!

"Well, my friend," said I, grasping the Indian's strong hand, "I need not tell you that your decision gives me joy, and I shall be only too glad to travel with you in the capacity of a son; for, you know, if you are to be a father to Waboose, and I am to be her brother, that makes you my father—don't you see?"

The grave Indian smiled faintly at this touch of pleasantry, and then rose.

"We have nothing to eat," he said, as we returned to the place where we had slept, "and we cannot hunt in the night. Is your bag empty?"

"No," said I, glancing at the contents of my wallet, "there is enough of biscuit and pemmican to give us a light meal."

"That will do," he returned; "we need rest more than food just now."

This was indeed true; for, notwithstanding that I had slept so soundly during that day, I still felt a strong disinclination to rouse myself to action, and an intense desire to lie down again. These feelings being shared by my companions, it was resolved to spend the night where we were, but we took good care to kindle no fire to betray us a second time. We roused Eve and Salamander to take some food, after which we all lay down, and, ere long, were again sound asleep.

This double allowance of rest had the most beneficial effect upon our frames. We did not awake till an early hour the following morning, and felt so much refreshed as to be ready and anxious to set off on our journey, without the delay of breakfasting. This was fortunate, for the scraps that remained in my wallet would only have sufficed for one meal to a man of ordinary appetite; and, as it was important to expedite Salamander on his return journey,

these had to be given to him. Poor fellow, he was much cast down on hearing of my decision in regard to him.

"But, sar," he said, with a sorrowful countenance, "w'at for I no go vith you?"

"Because you are still a servant of the Fur Company, and not entitled to break your engagement. Besides, it is desirable that Big Otter's people should know why he and Waboose have left them, and where they have gone; and if you explain matters correctly they will be quite satisfied, for they all respect the memory of Weeum the Good. Moreover, it is important that Mr. Lumley should know what has prevented my return, both to relieve his mind, and prevent his sending out to search for me."

"But, sar," objected Salamander, "w'at if me meets vid de vite scoundrils?"

"You must fight them, or run away from them."

"Vell, me kin fight, but me kin more joyfully run away. But," he continued, still objecting, "me got no grub."

"Here is enough for one day," I said, giving him all I possessed, "if you spin it out. To-morrow you can roast and eat your moccasins, and the third day you can starve. Surely that's not hard on a strong young fellow like you, and if you push on fast enough you'll reach the camp of the red-skins early on the third day."

Salamander sighed, but made no further objection, and half-an-hour later he left us.

As we now possessed only two horses, it naturally fell to my lot, being a light weight compared with Big Otter, to take Eve up behind me.

"We must get a horse for Waboose," said the Indian, as we galloped over the prairie that day. There is a tribe of Blackfoot Indians not far from here who have good horses, and understand the value of gold, for some of them have been to the settlements of the pale-faces. You tell me that you have gold?"

"Yes, I found a bag of five hundred gold pieces with the diamonds in Weeum's packet."

Big Otter looked at me enquiringly, but

did not speak, yet I guessed his thoughts ; for, though I had shown him Liston's letter and the miniature, I had not shown him the gold or the jewels, and he must have wondered where I carried them ; for he knew, of course, that they were necessarily somewhat bulky and were not in my wallet, which I had emptied more than once in his presence. I therefore explained to him :—

"You know perhaps that gold is heavy and five hundred pieces are bulky and troublesome to carry, so I have had a piece of cloth made with a hole in the middle of it for my head to go through ; one end of it hangs over my breast under my shirt like a breast-plate, and one end hangs over my back, and on each of these plates there are rows of little pockets, each pocket the size of a gold piece. Thus, you see, the gold does not feel heavy, being equally distributed, and it does not show, as it would if carried in a heap—besides, it forms a sort of armour—though I fear it would not resist a rifle-bullet !"

"Waugh !" exclaimed Big Otter with an intelligent look.

"As to the diamonds, they are not bulky. I have concealed them in an under belt round my waist."

As Big Otter had predicted, we came to a large village of Blackfoot Indians two days afterwards, and were received with cordial friendship by the inhabitants, who knew my Indian friend well. He had visited them during his wanderings many a time, and once, at a very critical period in their history, had rendered important service to the tribe, besides saving the life of their chief.

A new tent was set aside for our use, and a small one pitched close to it for Waboose, whose dignified yet modest bearing made a profound impression on those children of the wilderness. They recognised, no doubt, that Indian blood flowed in her veins, but that rather increased their respect for her, as it gave them, so to speak, a right to claim kinship with a girl, who was obviously one of Nature's aristocracy, besides possessing

much of that refinement which the red-men had come to recognise as a characteristic of some of the best of the pale-faces.

Indeed, I myself found, now that I had frequent opportunities of conversing with Eva Liston, that the man who had been affectionately styled Weecum the Good by the Indians, had stored his child's mind with much varied secular knowledge, such as Indians never possess, besides instilling into her the elevating and refining precepts of Christianity. Being of a poetical turn of mind he had also repeated to Eve many long and beautiful pieces from our best poets, so that, on more than one occasion, the girl had aptly quoted several well-known passages—to my inexpressible amazement.

"I wonder," said I, when we three were seated in our tent that night, refreshing ourselves with a choice morsel of baked buffalo-hump with which the hospitable Blackfeet had supplied us, "how it comes to pass that Indians, who are usually rather fond of gifts, absolutely refuse to accept anything for the fine horse they have given to Waboose?"

"Perhaps," said Eve, with a little smile in which the extreme corners of her pretty mouth had the peculiar tendency to turn down instead of up, "perhaps it is because they are grateful. Indians are not altogether destitute of that feeling."

"True, Eve, true, it must be that. Will you tell us, Big Otter, how you managed to make these fellows so grateful?"

"I saved the chief's life," returned the Indian, curtly.

"Yes, but how, and when?"

"Four summers have passed since then. I was returning from a trip to the Rocky Mountains when it happened. Many bad pale-faces were in the mountains at that time. They were idle bad men from many lands, who hated work, and loved to fight. One of them had been killed by a Sioux Indian. They all banded together and swore that they would shoot every Indian they came across. They killed many—some even who were friendly to the white men. They did not ask to what tribe they be-

longed. They were 'redskin varmints;' that was enough!

"The Strong Elk, whose hospitality we enjoy to-night, was chief of the Blackfeet. I was on my way to visit him, when, one evening, I came upon the camp of the pale-faces. I knew that sometimes they were not friendly to the red man, so I waited till dark and then crept forward and listened. Their chief was loud-voiced and boastful. He boasted of how many Indians he had killed. I could have shot him where I lay and then escaped easily, but I spared him, for I wished to listen. They talked much of the Strong Elk. I understood very little. The language of the pale-face is difficult to understand, but I came to know that in two hours, when the moon should sink, they would attack him.

"I waited to hear no more. I ran like the hunted buffalo. I came to Strong Elk and told him. It was too late to move the camp, but we put it in a state of defence. When the pale-faces came, we were ready. Arrows, thick as the snowflakes in winter, met them when they came on, and many of them bit the dust. Some ran away. Some who were brave still came on and leaped our barricades. They fought like fiends. Their boastful chief saw Strong Elk and rushed at him. They grappled and fell. The pale-face had a keen knife. It was raised to strike. One moment more, and the Blackfoot chief had been in the happy hunting-grounds with his fathers, when the gun of Big Otter came down on the skull of the boastful one. It was enough. Strong Elk was saved—and he is grateful; waugh!"

"Well, he has reason to be!" said I, much impressed by the modest way in which the story was told. "And now," I added, "since we have got a capital horse and the journey before us is long, don't you think we should start to-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow—and it is time for Waboose to rest. She is strong, but she has had much to weary her, and her grief is deep."

With a kindly acknowledgment of the Indian's thoughtful care of her, Eve rose and went to her tent. Big Otter lighted his

pipe, and I lay down to meditate; but, almost before I had time to think, my head drooped and I was in the land of forgetfulness.

It is not my purpose, good reader, to carry you step by step over the long, varied, and somewhat painful journey that intervened between us and Colorado at that time. It was interesting—deeply so—for we passed through some of the most beautiful as well as wildest scenery of the North American wilderness. We kept far to the westward, near the base of the Rocky Mountains, so as to avoid the haunts of civilized men. But space will not permit of more than a brief reference to this long journey.

I can only say that on arriving at a village belonging to a remote tribe of Indians, who were well known to my guide, it was arranged that Big Otter and Waboose should stay with them while I should go to the cities of the pale-faces and endeavour to convert my diamonds into cash. Happening to have a friend in Chicago I went there, and through his agency effected the sale of the diamonds, which produced a little over the sum mentioned by William Liston in his paper. This I took with me in the convenient form of bills on well-known mercantile firms in the region to which I was bound, and, having wrapped them in a piece of oiled silk and sewed them inside of the breast-plate that contained my gold, I set off with a light heart, though somewhat weighted shoulders, to return to my friends in the far west.

CHAPTER XXV.

TELLS OF A WONDERFUL MEETING AND A FRUSTRATED FOE.

I MUST change the scene now, and advance the courteous reader considerably in regard to time, as well as place, on the journey which we have pursued so long together.

It is one of those scenes of romantic beauty on the extreme frontiers of civilization, where the rifle has not even yet given place to the plough; where the pioneer husbandman and the painted warrior meet

—the one to look with patronising superiority on the savage, whom he means to benefit; the other to gaze curiously at the pale-face, and to wonder, somewhat indignantly, when and where his encroachments are to cease.

Woodlands and prairies, breezy uplands and grassy bottoms, alternate in such picturesque confusion, and such lovely colours co-mingle, that a painter—had one been there—must have deemed the place at all events the vestibule of paradise.

There is a small hamlet on the slope of a hill, with a broad river winding in front, a few hundred yards from the hamlet, which opens out into a lake. On the margin of this lake lie a few boats. On the surface of it float a few more boats; with one or two birch-bark canoes. Some of these are moving to and fro; the occupants of others, which appear to be stationary, are engaged in fishing. There is the sound of an anvil somewhere, and the lowing of cattle, and the voices of children, and the barking of dogs at play and the occasional crack of a gun. It is an eminently peaceful as well as beautiful back-wood scene.

To a particular spot in this landscape we would direct attention. It is a frame-house, or cottage, which, if not built according to the most approved rules of architecture, is at least neat, clean, comfortable-looking and what one might style pretty. It is a "clapboarded" house, painted white, with an edging of brown, which harmonises well with the green shrubbery around. There is a verandah in front, a door in the middle, two windows on either side, and no upper storey, but there are attics with dormer windows, which are suggestive of snug sleeping-rooms of irregular shape, with low ceilings and hat-crushing doorways.

This cottage stands on the apex of a little hill which overlooks the hamlet, commands the river and the lake, as well as an extensive view of a sparsely settled district beyond, where the frontier farmer and the primæval forest are evidently having a lively time of it together. In short, the cottage on the hill has a decidedly com-

fortable come-up-quick-and-enjoy-yourself air which is quite charming.

On a certain fine afternoon in autumn Eve Liston, *alias* Waboose, Big Otter and I, rode slowly up the winding path which led to this cottage. We had been directed to it by the postmaster of the hamlet,—a man who, if he had been condemned to subsist solely on the proceeds of the village post-office, would have been compelled to give up the ghost, or the post, in a week.

"We must be careful, Eve, how we break it to her," said I, as we neared the top.

Arrived at the summit of the hill we found a rustic table, also a rustic seat, on which was seated a comely matron engaged in the very commonplace work of darning socks. She cast on us a sharp and remarkably penetrating glance as we approached. Doubtless our appearance was peculiar, for a pretty maiden in savage costume, a somewhat ragged white man, and a gigantic savage, all mounted on magnificent steeds and looking travel stained and worn after a journey of many weeks, was not probably an every-day sight even in those regions.

Dismounting and advancing to act as spokesman, while my companions sat motionless and silent in their saddles, I pulled off my cap.

"I have been directed to this house as the abode of Mrs. Liston," said I, with a tremor of anxiety, for I knew that the comely matron before me could not be she whom I sought, and feared there might be some mistake.

"You have been directed aright, sir. May I ask who it is that desires to see her?"

"My name is Maxby," said I, quickly, for I was becoming nervously impatient. "I am quite a stranger to Mrs. Liston, but I would see her, because I bring her news—news of importance—in fact, a message from her long-lost son."

"From Willie Liston?" exclaimed the lady, starting up, and seizing my arm, while she gazed into my face with a look of wild surprise. "Is he—but it can't be—impossible—he must be——"

"He is dead," said I, in a low, sad voice, as she hesitated.

"Yes," she returned, clasping her hands, but without any of the wild look in her eyes now. "We have mourned him as dead for many, many years. Stay, I will call his—but—perhaps—sometimes it is kindness to conceal. If there is anything sad to tell might it not be well to leave his poor mother in ignorance? She is old and——"

"No, madam," I interrupted, "that may not be. I have a message from him to his mother."

"A message! Then you knew him?"

"No, I never saw him."

"Strange! You have a message from him, yet never saw him. Can you not give me the message to convey it to her? She is getting frail, and a shock might be serious. I am William Liston's cousin, and have come to take care of my aunt, and manage her farm."

"The message, by Mr. Liston's wish," said I, "was to be delivered by me to his mother. I will be very careful to deliver it gently."

"Well, I will bring her to you. She usually comes out about this time to enjoy the sunset. I will trust to your discretion, but bear in remembrance that she is not strong. Forgive me," she added, turning to my companions, "this surprise has made me forget my duty. Will your friends dismount?"

Eve at once dismounted, and shook the hand which the lady—in reality her aunt!—extended, but Big Otter sat quite still, like a grand equestrian statue, while the lady entered the house.

I saw that the poor girl was much agitated, but, true to her Indian training, she laid powerful constraint on herself.

In a few minutes an old lady with the sweetest face and most benignant aspect I ever saw came out of the cottage and advanced to the rustic seat. Before sitting down she looked at us with a pleasant smile and said:—

"You are heartily welcome. We are

always glad to see strangers in these distant parts."

While speaking she tremblingly pulled out and put on a pair of spectacles to enable her to have a clearer view of her visitors. The scene that immediately followed took me very much by surprise, and completely frustrated all my wise plans of caution.

She looked at me first and nodded pleasantly. Then she looked at Eve, who was gazing at her with an intense and indescribable expression. Suddenly the old lady's eyes opened to their widest. A death-like pallor overspread her old face. She opened her arms wide, bent forward a little towards Eve and gasped—"Come to me—Willie!"

Never was invitation more swiftly accepted. Eve bounded towards her and caught her in her arms just in time to prevent her falling.

The poor old mother! For years she had prayed and longed for her lost Willie, though she never once regarded him as "lost." "Is not the promise *sure*?" she was wont to say, "Ask and ye shall receive." Even when she believed that the erring son was dead, she did not cease to pray for him—because he *might* be alive. Latterly, however, her tone of resignation proved that she had nearly if not quite given up all hope of seeing him again in this life, yet she never ceased to think of him as "not lost, but gone before." And now, when at last his very image came back to her in the form of a woman, she had no more doubt as to who stood before her than she had of her own identity. She knew it was Willie's child—one glance sufficed to convince her of that—but it was only Willie—the long-lost Willie—that she thought of as she pressed the weeping girl with feeble fervour to her old and loving heart.

During the time that this scene was enacting, Big Otter remained still motionless on his horse, without moving a muscle of his grave countenance. Was he heartless, or was his heart a stone? An observer might readily have thought so, but his con-

duct, when the old lady at last relaxed her hold of Eve, proved that—Indian like—he was only putting stern restraint on himself.

Dismounting with something of the deliberate and stately air of one who is resolved not to commit himself, the Indian strode towards Mrs. Liston, and tenderly grasping one of her hands in both of his, said:—

“Weeum!”

Truly there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and in some cases that step is an exceeding short one. It seemed so to me now, as I beheld the tall Indian, stooping to gaze with intense earnestness into the tear-besprinkled face of the little old lady, who gazed with equally intense amazement into his huge dark visage.

“What *does* he mean by Weeum?” she asked, with an appealing look at me.

“Weeum,” I replied, “is the Indian way of pronouncing William. Your late son, dear madam, was much beloved and respected by the tribe of Indians with whom he dwelt, and was known to them only by the name of William, or Weeum. This man was his most intimate and loving friend, and brother-in-law.”

The poor old lady was deeply affected while I spoke, for of course my words confirmed at last her long resisted fear, that Willie was indeed no longer of this world.

Big Otter waited a few seconds, still holding her hand, and then turning to me said in his native tongue:—

“Tell the pale-face mother, that the sister of Big Otter was the wife of Weeum; that Big Otter loved Weeum better than a brother, and that Weeum loved Big Otter more than any man of his tribe. Every one loved Weeum the Good. He was so kind, and so brave! At first he was very fierce, but afterwards that passed away, and when Waboosé began to grow tall and wise, Weeum turned soft like a woman. He

spoke often to the red-men about the Great Master of Life and he taught Big Otter to love the Great Master of Life and the name of Jesus. Often Weeum talked of going to the far south to see one whom he called a *dear old one*. We did not understand him then. Big Otter understands him now. So shall it be in the great hereafter—things that are dark now shall be light then. But Weeum could not leave his wife and child, and we would not let him take them away. Sometimes Weeum spoke mysteries. One day he said to me, ‘Brother, I *must* go to the far south to see the dear old one. I will take my wife and child, and will return to you again—if the Great Master of Life allows. If, however, I die or am killed, Waboosé will reveal all that is in Weeum’s heart. She cannot reveal it now. She will not even understand until a *good* pale-face visits your tribe.’ Weeum said no more. He left the mind of Big Otter dark. It is no longer dark. It is now clear as the sun at noon. The ‘good pale-face’ is here (pointing to me as he spoke), and the ‘dear old one’ is before me.”

He paused a moment at this point, and then, with an evident effort to suppress emotion, added:—

“Weeum was drowned, soon after the day he spoke to me, while trying to save life. Since then—there has been no sun in the sky for Big Otter.”

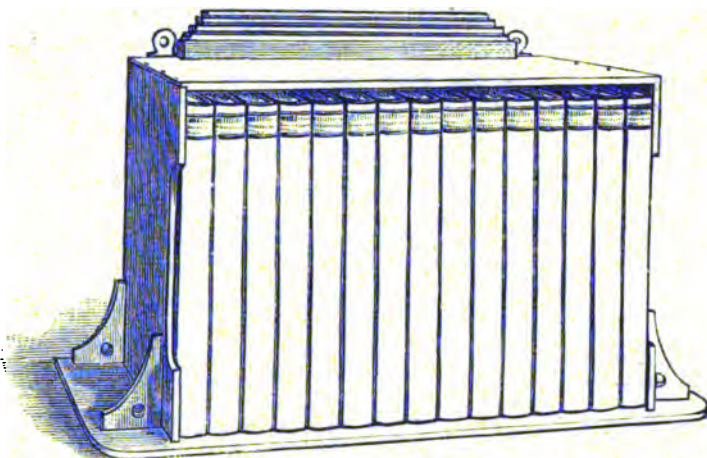
The poor old mother listened to this speech with intense interest and deepening emotion, but I could see that the tears which flowed over the wrinkled cheeks were tears of gladness rather than of sorrow. It could scarcely at that time come as news to her that her son was dead, but it did come as a gladsome surprise that her willful Willie had not only found the Saviour himself—or, rather, been found of Him—but that he had spent his latter days in striving to bring others to that great source of blessedness.

To be continued.)

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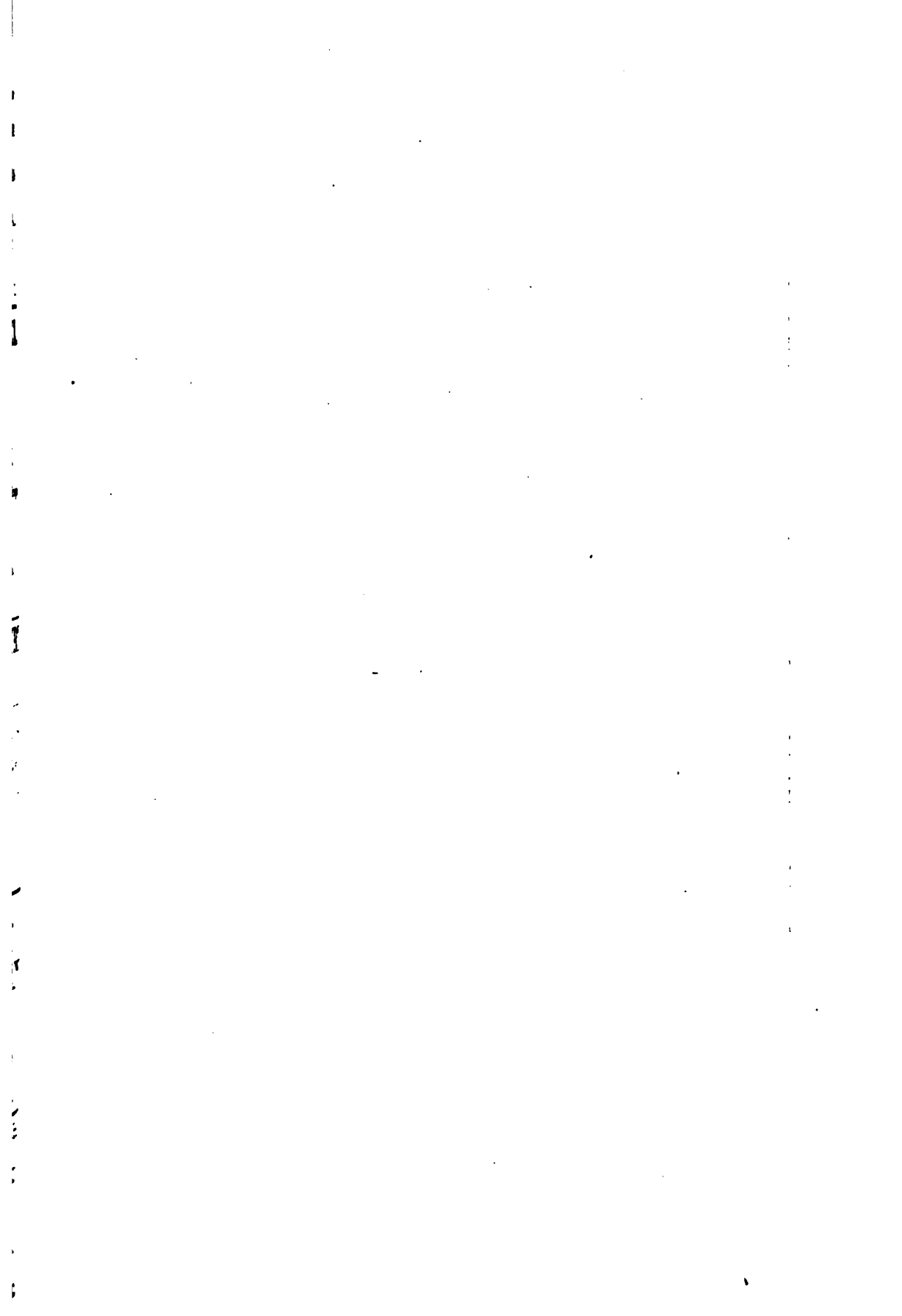
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The Chevalier Bayard. —p. 481

HEROES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

PIERRE DU TERRAIL; CHEVALIER DE BAYARD.
(THE HERCULES OF FRANCE.)

By HENRY FRITH.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY OF BAYARD.—HE PROCEEDS TO THE COURT OF SAVOY.—IS NOTICED BY THE FRENCH KING, AND BECOMES A FAVOURITE.—HIS DEEDS AND PROWESS.—HIS ENGAGEMENTS WITH, AND ESCAPES FROM, THE SPANIARDS.



IN the reign of cruel, crafty, superstitious Louis the Eleventh of Fair France, there was born in Dauphiny, at the Chateau Bayard, in the year 1475-6, a child who was called Pierre du Terrail. This new arrival was descended from fighting ancestors, men who had distinguished themselves in war against the English at Verneuil and Poitiers and Agincourt, and where they had some of them been killed. His father had distinguished himself in the service of Louis, and small wonder that young Pierre du Terrail took to his father's weapons almost as soon as he had become emancipated from his nurse's arms.

That he was early trained in chivalry and in all knightly exercises we may believe. Not only was it the habit of the age and the custom of this warlike family, but we find the great recommendation of Pierre to the Court of Savoy was his dexterity in the management of his steed. We have, however, very limited knowledge concerning his youth, when thirteen years old he steps into the pages of history, like Minerva, fully armed, and quite a little soldier. His warlike sport was displayed when only that age. His father on his death-bed sent for his four children and enquired of them what they would choose to do when he had

quitted them. The eldest preferred to remain at home with his parents, but Pierre boldly declared that he, having inherited such a glorious name, would rather endeavour to imitate the noble deeds of his illustrious ancestors. How well he did so, all the world knows—he lived “without fear and without reproach.” Could volumes say more? What an undying epitaph he carved for himself upon the stones of history.

The Bishop of Grenoble, Pierre's uncle,* having been summoned to the family conclave, advised the lad to be placed with the Duke of Savoy then at Chambéry. He was to be a page, and the bishop took all the trouble and expense of the outfit and the start in life upon himself. Aymond his father gave him his blessing, and young Peter set out with his uncle, who was sincerely attached to him. Madame du Terrail wept when her brave little son quitted his father's chateau. But she had always instilled into his mind good precepts and a high example. His first duty, she told him, was to God: kindness and charity were to be extended to all; envy, lying and deceit were contemned as the blackest vices; brotherly love and sympathy with the poor and needy were to be his aim. Such high principles, already inculcated and thus rooted in his heart, permeated the career of the young scion of Bayard. He promised, kissed his mother, and departed in high spirits, happy and contented. He never fell away from the high aims and pure

* Brother-in-law of Pierre's father.

motives of his youth. Many of us, in these prosaic times, have promised our parents when we quitted our home, to be steady and good ; but I am afraid only few of us have lived as did young Pierre du Terrail without fear and without reproach, in favour with God and man !

Full of hope and pleasant anticipations did young Bayard, as we may call him, reach the duke's court the same day. Charles of Savoy received him kindly and was much struck with his graceful mien and gallant horsemanship. His chivalrous studies were continued, and in a few months Pierre the page was quite an accomplished young warrior. It happened that fate had another destiny in store for him, for when Charles of Savoy visited Charles the Eighth of France at Lyons, where the French king was holding high revels and tourney, the Duke of Savoy was met by the king's envoy, and was welcomed with the page Bayard to court. Here Pierre's manner of managing his horse called forth the admiration of the French counts, who brought him to the notice of the king. Charles was much pleased. He took the lad and gave him to the Comte de Ligny, who after a few years made him a "man at arms," and a gentleman of his household, Pierre all the time being a universal favourite.

After Bayard (nicknamed "Piquet" because of his spurring the horses when bidden to show off his horsemanship) had remained some time at court, a certain great warrior, Monsieur de Vaudré or Vaudray, proclaimed himself quite ready to encounter any number of knights, singly, in combat. So, after the custom of the period, he hung up his shield before his tent, and when any knight struck it he gave in his name to Mountjoy the king-at-arms.

As Pierre passed the shield he sighed, he longed to strike it and try his mettle against the redoubtable De Vaudray, but he had no money to defray the cost of horse and armour, lance and sword.

His companion, a gentleman named Belabre, enquired why he sighed.

"Alas," replied Pierre, "I long to touch

yonder shield, but I have no means to provide accoutrements for the tournament !"

"There is your uncle, the Abbot of Ainay," replied Belabre, "he will surely assist you."

"Nay," replied Bayard, "my uncle the bishop would were he here, but the abbot will not."

"Let us try. At anyrate, touch you the shield, and I will find means to provide the arms."

Bayard wanted little more persuasion. He went up and touched the shield, greatly to the astonishment of Mountjoy who attempted to dissuade him.

"You are but a lad, Piquet ! Would you match yourself against the boldest knight in Christendom ?" said he.

Bayard proudly replied that he did so intend, and hoped to acquit himself to the satisfaction of the ladies who would judge the tournament, and whose honour all knights were sworn to fight for and protect. We read that knights were called "Servants of Love" in an old ballad ; and one of the first lessons a squire or page was taught was worship and respect to the fair sex—

"Servants d'amour regardez doucement
Aux echeffaults anges de Paradis,
Lors jouterez forts et joyousement
Et vous ferez honorés et chéris."

So Bayard gave in his name and went with his friend to the abbot, who, after some demur and objection, consented for the honour of the house to give the money. Bayard, delighted, thanked him warmly and withdrew.

The day of the tournament arrived. Many illustrious knights' names were proclaimed, and amid acclamations they boldly did their *devoirs* against the redoubtable Sire de Vaudray. Bayard's turn came last. He was already favourably known and he was greeted with kindness. He was splendidly accoutred and mounted, his weapons keen and bright, while his youth and mien told strongly in his favour. He commenced his career boldly and well, notwithstanding his youthful appearance. The grim warrior perceived his presumption, but no doubt

forebore to put forth all his strength. He found however a tough adversary, and well indeed did Bayard handle axe and sword.

When the contest had concluded, the young man raised his vizor, as all the rest had done, and paced his charger round the lists. His face won him many suffrages, his prowess more. In the end the votes of the majority were given in his favour, and the king was delighted with the young man.

"He is the best present I ever made you, cousin," said Charles to the Comte de Ligny.

Nor was the veteran de Vaudray behind-hand in his praise. Bayard won golden opinions from all at court. After a while however De Ligny sent the young man to Aire to be enrolled with his artillery, and Bayard prepared for this service with alacrity. Both king and count presented him with money and horses. Both expressed their goodwill and good wishes for his success. In great esteem and favour did Bayard quit the court and set out for Picardy.

His approach was made known by his servant who had proceeded in search of a lodging, and his companions of the artillery came out to welcome him, for fame had preceded him with praise. As he entered the town the balconies were occupied by fair ladies, who had heard of his arrival, and who all desired to behold the wonderful young warrior who had successfully engaged the celebrated Sieur de Vaudray; for in those days knights were recognized by their doughty deeds, as in our peaceful fields of cricket the best players are all recognized champions of the game. In this semi-triumphant manner did Bayard enter the town of Aire, where in a few days he highly distinguished himself in tilt and tourney of his own providing. His success was decided. He was adjudged the prizes, which he at once bestowed upon Belabre his friend and a Scotch knight, both of whom had performed featly. In these amusements and in learning the science of artillery warfare did Bayard pass two years, till, in 1494, Charles the Eighth proceeded

to war with the kingdom of Naples, and Bayard was appointed standard-bearer to the company of artillery, a responsible and honourable grade in arms.

King Charles and his army were soon victorious. He carried all before him, and after a while returned towards France confident in his men, who numbered only ten thousand, and in the moral influence of victory. But his march was unexpectedly arrested near Fornova, where sixty thousand of the Italian forces had assembled to bar the French king's path. This immense force was well entrenched, was supported by a powerful artillery, and commanded from a rising ground the French position. But Charles, quite undismayed, put his force in battle array. We went from regiment to regiment encouraging his troops and reminding them of past successes. At eight in the morning he was ready to advance across the Taro.

The Duke of Gonzaga, who commanded the Italians, had offered a great reward for the French king, and so every effort was made to capture him. The Italians attacked in front and rear, but Charles, surrounded by a faithful band, hewed a path through all enemies. Notwithstanding all the efforts of their enemy, the valiant Frenchmen stood and fought, preferring to die rather than yield. Such desperate valour prevailed. The enemy were routed. Bayard highly distinguished himself in the battle, and captured a standard with his own hand from a number of the enemy. For this noble act the king presented him with five hundred crowns, and knighted him on the field of battle, in which the youthful chevalier had had two horses killed under him.

Bayard was now on the high road to fame and fortune. The young king was his friend—Charles was little older than his youngest knight—and everyone smiled on Bayard. The king proceeded to Lyons and passed two years in progresses through France. But, hearing of the revolt of the Neapolitans, he proceeded to Lyons. He reached Tours, and amused himself with tennis. Here he was seized, and died sud-

denly in 1497, aged twenty-eight. He had reigned fourteen years, well and justly.

Louis XII., who was subsequently called the father of his people, succeeded to the French throne, and under him Bayard gained fresh laurels. The king despatched De Ligny with an army into Italy: our hero accompanied the count. Several cities opened their gates to the conquerors, and Bayard distinguished himself on all occasions. But when the French retired in the winter, Ludovic Sforza raised an army in Germany, and recovered the territory which the Milanese had lost.

When the Comte de Ligny heard this he again assembled his troops and pushed into Italy. Bayard was then tilting and making merry at Carignan, where he with his usual bravery carried off the prize, and with his usual modesty declined to receive it. He proceeded against the Milanese, and in the encounter which ensued defeated a party of the enemy, but, being too ardent in pursuit, entered the gates of Milan unattended, and was surrounded by the enemy. He was at once made prisoner and carried before Sforza.

"What brought you hither, my good gentleman?" demanded Ludovic.

"I had no idea I was unattended," replied Bayard. "But my men, wiser than I, avoided being made prisoners. Yet I thank Heaven I have fallen into good hands."

Ludovic then enquired concerning the French army and other points of detail, questions which Bayard answered truly, but in such a manner as to impress Ludovic with the bravery and resolution of the force. When he had conversed, and was quite anticipating "*durance vile*," Ludovic bade him rejoin his friends, commanding that his horse and weapons should be restored to him. Bayard, vaulting into the saddle, saluted the commander, and then rode gratefully away to De Ligny's camp, where preparations to ransom him had already been made, and where he was received with every token of delight.

It was about this time that Bayard challenged a Milanese, who had been very insulting to him. This individual, Hyacinth Simoneta, met our hero in single combat.

Many a time had this boastful but undeniably brave cavalier taunted the French knights, and at length Bayard, David-like, could no longer brook the giant's defiance. He challenged him, the challenge was accepted, and, in view of their respective adherents, did Bayard and Simoneta engage *à outrance*. After a stubborn fight, in which both cavaliers displayed great bravery, Bayard's skill and address conquered. Simoneta fell and died upon the field.

The French continued their victorious way, and, having conquered the Milanese and made Sforza prisoner, pushed on to Naples until checked by Gonzalvo de Cordova, a relative of the Spanish commander, Don Alonzo de Soto Mayor. Bayard had been put into the governorship of some of the conquered territory, as the French advanced; and it was while he was stationed at Monervina that he attacked and defeated this Soto Mayor and took him prisoner. The Spaniard was a brave man, and Bayard treated him with much generosity. He gave him his parole and trusted him, yet honour and bravery did not go hand in hand with the Spaniard, who quitted the town secretly. Bayard, however, caught him and carried him back to Monervina, to prison.

When the stipulated ransom had been paid De Soto Mayor was released from prison, and then the Spaniard became more false and declared he had been ill-treated and badly used by Bayard and his officers. This calumny the chevalier could not endure. He was all honour and generosity—even the ransom paid for Soto Mayor had been divided amongst the troops,—so Bayard sent to call upon the Spaniard to retract his falsehoods, or meet him in single combat. The false Soto Mayor preferred to fight. A considerable escort attended each combatant, who met and almost immediately engaged. On horseback and on foot, with sword and poniard, they fought with consummate skill.

Bayard at length succeeded in wounding his adversary in the throat; which so enraged the Spaniard that he cast away his sword,

and, seizing his deadly dagger, grappled with his youthful opponent; but, as in the classical combat of Roderick Dhu and Fitz-James—

“Hate and fury ill-supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide.”

The Spaniard in this combat tottered and fell. A poniard thrust in the brain, according to one authority, secured the victory for Bayard: other accounts say that the foe fell ere Bayard reached him, and that the chevalier, calling on him to surrender, found him dead. Be this as it may, De Soto Mayor was killed and his body carried away by his friends.

“*Demaziado, Señor Bayardo, por el honor d'España,*” said the Spaniards. Bayard had “done too much for the honour of Spain,” but in so doing he had preserved his own. The dead knight alone was to blame: the Spanish officers confessed as much, and a truce was signed.

We have now to relate two adventures in which Bayard played leading and honourable parts. The truce with the Spanish had lasted but a week when the Spaniards became very insulting and anxious to revenge the death of Soto Mayor. One day when our hero and a friend were outside the lines, a party of Spaniards accosted them, and challenged them, with eleven others, to meet an equal number of Dons. After some consideration, Bayard agreed. The week following was fixed for the combat, and certain conditions were arranged, one of which was that no unhorsed knight should continue to fight.

The intentions of the Spaniards became evident when the engagement commenced. They treacherously aimed at the French horses, and thus dismounted the knights. They reaped little advantage, however, for the Spanish chargers would not pass the dead steeds; and Bayard, disgusted with the unfairness of the Spaniards, kept up unequal battle until nightfall, when the Frenchmen proved victorious. The truce quickly came to an end with such treacherous foes, and Bayard made them pay for their duplicity.

He received intelligence that an immense sum of money was on the way to the Spanish Gonzalvo. So he determined to intercept it. With only a score of men he hid himself, and sent a companion with another force to cut off the treasurer's retreat. Bayard's good fortune again favoured him. He suddenly fell upon the escort, who fled at once without striking a blow, and the arrival of the other French detachment under Tardieu completed the rout. Tardieu at once cried “Halves” of the treasure, some 15,000 ducats; but Bayard preferred to refer the claim to the French general, who at once decided in Bayard's favour. The chevalier then awarded the moiety of the prize to Tardieu, and distributed the other half amongst his soldiers. So disinterested a warrior was indeed rare in those days!

The escapes and good fortune of the hero of this paper seem almost romance. Another incident will illustrate this. One day the Spaniards essayed to gain the bridge, which was a French post, and an important one. Bayard perceived them and sent La Basque for reinforcements while he and his body-guard defended the passage against more than 200 Spaniards. Four of the foe at the first onset fell beneath Bayard's arm, but it was not till the wished-for help arrived that the Spaniards were beaten and pursued. They in their turn being greatly reinforced, the French withdrew, Bayard defending the retreat. In the charge which ensued his tired steed was surrounded and he yielded. The foe then retired. After a while the Frenchmen missed their leader, and De Guiffrey cried out, “Comrades, Bayard is missing! I will have news of him if I have to go alone!” So he turned, followed by his men, and again attacked the Spanish troops. Bayard, being still armed, suddenly turned on his escort, seized a fresh horse, and, with his friends, cut his way out from the Spanish ranks in safety.

CHAPTER II.

A STRATAGEM. — THE BRAVE PAGE. —
BAYARD IN ITALY AND FLANDERS. — HIS
EXPLOITS AND DEATH.

IN the year 1505 Bayard returned from Spain and had to remain at Lyons, suffering as he was, from the effects of an old wound. But when an expedition against the Genoese was promulgated, our hero volunteered for service, where he as usual greatly distinguished himself. The Genoese submitted. Then Ferdinand (of Arragon) and Louis of France entered into a league to conquer Venetia. The League of Cambrai was entered into in 1508 by Louis Maximilian of Germany, the Pope, and the Spanish King, to put down the arrogance of the Venetians. Bayard received a command, and proceeded to Milan.

The Venetians were by no means idle. They also armed and laid in supplies. They defended themselves boldly; but we need not follow step by step the victorious advance of the French army. Suffice it to say the conquerors hewed their way to Padua, where in the assault and general operations the valour of Bayard was again conspicuous amid so many other brave knights. He, however, planned a daring adventure, which may be related at greater length.

At Trévisa the Venetians were commanded by a very enterprising captain, the Duke of Malvezze, and to hinder this gentleman in his designs was one of Bayard's pet ideas. The chevalier confided his design to two trusty comrades; and, with thirty men-at-arms he set out, under the guidance of a trusty spy, to a deserted mansion, which the Venetians, in their foray, would pass. Lying in ambush, the French let the enemy go on to harass the Allied Camp; then they very cautiously followed them until they got them in a convenient spot for attack. Notwithstanding the disproportion in men, the determination and generalship of the French were so remarkable that they routed their opponents and carried away prisoners more

numerous than themselves. The Emperor Maximilian happened to see the cavalcade on its return, and highly distinguished Bayard, who had so boldly conceived and so successfully carried out the attack on a troublesome enemy.

"I wish," said the emperor, "I had a dozen soldiers like you, even had I to give them 100,000 florins a year!"

On this celebrated occasion Captains Crompte-Daillon and Lallayette shared the praise; for Bayard, as usual with him, magnified his companions' prowess at the expense of his own deeds. In a somewhat similar fray Bayard again encountered Scanderbeg, the great Albanian leader, and defeated his troops in a well-planned attack and ambuscade. The restless energy of the chevalier would permit him no repose. He was so well seconded by his companions as to be almost invincible, and we may judge of what stuff his adherents were made by the following incident, which occurred at the capture of the castle of Bassano.

A youth named Boutières, a page, had lately joined Bayard. The lad was scarce seventeen, but in the attack on the castle he captured the standard and the standard-bearer, a full grown man. Considerable plunder was found, and provision. Bayard and his captains sat down to enjoy the latter, when the quondam page came in with his stalwart prisoner. Pages, we must remember, were then cadets of noble houses who were learning to bear arms and undergoing apprenticeship for knighthood. Bayard laughed at the disproportion of the combatants, but the standard-bearer, being annoyed and ashamed, sought to excuse his capture by saying he had not yielded to the young Boutières but to the party in the castle. The page, at hearing this, was angry, knowing it to be untrue; and he begged Bayard to grant him permission to encounter the man in single combat. Bayard willingly consented, when the cowardly standard-bearer decided the matter by declining the combat and stamping himself a false knave as well as

politroon. With such followers as Boutières did Bayard wage war and conquer, so that he was called "the Hercules of France."

It is not our purpose—indeed, space will not permit us—to detail a tithe of the actions in which Bayard took noble share. At Brescia, which the Venetians had besieged and which Gaston de Foix was endeavouring to relieve, Bayard received a thrust which was at first deemed mortal. He was carried to a house, whose inmates he protected from insult and pillage while the town was being "looted," and it is a commentary on his virtue that Bayard was the only man in the city who had no share of the plunder. Such self-denial is unique in history, we believe.

Gaston de Foix, the chivalrous general of France, lost his life at Ravenna; and ere this misfortune befel, while Bayard was at Carpi, he consulted an astrologer, who, after examining his hands and face, declared he would die of a gun-shot wound in twelve years. Gaston also had consulted the chiromancer, who replied, "A battle will be fought on Good Friday or Easter Sunday: the French will conquer: the victory will be dearly purchased." He concluded by warning Bayard and La Palisse not to proceed to that engagement. His prediction to Bayard subsequently, in full, was to the effect that he would never be rich, for his heart was not set upon riches. There would be no Frenchman so honoured—that he would serve another king, who would by jealous men be prevented from doing him full honour. "You shall escape the bloody day of which I have spoken, but in twelve years after you will be killed; and if you are not then slain by cannon, pistol, or musket (arquebuss), you will live many years more." *

Other predictions were made. A certain Caumont was prophesied to be hanged. Two officers were said to be destined to die in 1522 and 1525, as Bayard was sentenced

to death in 1524 by the astrologist and chiromancer. The point of the narrative is that Caumont *was* hanged soon after, while the others, Gaston de Foix and those mentioned, Bayard, Humbercourt and Chabannes, all died in the years predicted. (See *Vie du Bayard*, by Aimar.)

To resume. Bayard narrowly escaped death by fever, after the army, unable to retain possession of its conquests, had returned to France. The hero went to see his uncle, who had so kindly started him on his glorious career, and while at Grenoble the fever laid him prostrate. But he recovered to join the French in Flanders, and in the retreat from Guingette, a defeat which was inflicted on the French by the English, under the Duke of Suffolk. Henry VIII. was nearly captured by Bayard, but as he was unsupported the chevalier failed, and no attack was made until too late. The battle that afterwards ensued has been handed down to the English posterity as the Battle of the Spurs—as the French men-at-arms retreated with such precipitation under the influence of panic, which Bayard and other officers in vain endeavoured to subdue. Here, after the engagement, our hero displayed extraordinary sagacity and tact.

He was almost surrounded by his enemies as he was defending a bridge. So he galloped away to where an officer—an enemy—was stationed alone beneath a tree. With great presence of mind Bayard made him prisoner, and then offered his own sword on condition that he would return it if it were needed. Some English marauders coming up, the two officers were constrained to defend themselves, and then, when an officer came up Bayard followed his (former) captive Burgundian to the English camp.

After a few days Bayard wished to depart, and the officer said he might when ransomed. Then Bayard declared that the officer should also pay him ransom as he had yielded too! This little argument was reported to Henry and Maximilian, who decided in favour of Bayard, and then the rivals mutually released each other.

* These weapons were not in such frequent use as to render the prediction null and void. The lance, the sword, and the dagger, were the general weapons at the time.

"Bluff King Hal" was very pleased to see Bayard, as was also the emperor; the former monarch being very anxious to secure the services of the chevalier. But he declined, and, having given his word not to quit Flanders for six weeks, he was permitted to depart. Bayard therefore wandered through the land, feasting and being feasted, for with all his bravery he was fond of good cheer and pleasant society. At the end of the operations of the war he was permitted to rejoin his command without ransom. He then proceeded to Paris, where he remained until the death of Louis XII. who deceased about three months subsequently to his marriage with Mary Tudor, the sister of our King Henry VIII. The widowed queen, after a while, wedded Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, and thus he became brother-in-law to the king.

These are, however, details which did not affect Bayard, whose fame continued to increase as the glory of the setting sun exceeds in splendour and beauty the fiery orb of mid-day. Francis, the son-in-law of Louis, ascended the French throne, and with his kingdom seems to have inherited the desire for the possession of Italy which had characterised Louis, his predecessor, who died in 1514: and in the following year Bayard, who was then lieutenant-general of Dauphiny, was called upon to enter Italy. Some difficulty was experienced in the passage of the Alps, but Bayard had managed to get over before the main body, and so laid his plans that he took Prosper Colonna prisoner at Villa-Franca with his officers, and considerable booty. The threat of Colonna, that he would seize Bayard like a bird in a cage, was turned against himself in sad reality.

Francis I. was very anxious to come to blows, and he made his way towards Milan. The Swiss heard of his approach, and determined to attack him and his military chest. They had already agreed to a truce, but they broke it. A battle was fought at Marignano near Milan, in which the artillery played a con-

spicuous part. Here again the chevalier had a narrow escape: his horse carried him away with broken rein, and Bayard had to crawl back by a ditch to his own men, unperceived by the enemy. Next day the fight raged with renewed fury, until at the last the Swiss were obliged to retire on Milan. This was a terrible struggle, and celebrated as the "Battle of Giants!"

On this occasion Francis the King requested to be knighted on the field by Bayard the Captain. No worthier hand could have been demanded. "Let no one envy him," said the king: "there is no one worthier the distinction than he." Bayard would have declined, but the king insisted—"I will be obeyed," he said. So the dignity was conferred in all proper respects. The king, kneeling, was girded with Bayard's belt, when the sword was placed in the hand of Bayard. He then gave him the *accolade*—that is, he laid the sword on the king's shoulder, and, holding the weapon aloft, said, "Glorious sword, that to-day has the honour of knighting the greatest king in the world: I will only in future employ thee against the infidels!" This valuable weapon is said to be in the possession of some of the Boileau family, probably the descendants of French Huguenots, some of whom settled in Ireland.

After this when Charles V. and Francis went to war, Bayard distinguished himself at Mezières, not only in the spirited defence of the town, but by the ingenious way in which he endeavoured to estrange, and did cause a misunderstanding between the enemy's commanders. The king was delighted. Bayard accompanied him to Paris, and was received with an ovation. He wintered at Grenoble, and in the spring Francis despatched his trusty chevalier against the Genoese. Next year, 1523, the king sent Bonivet to command instead of going himself, and Bayard remained. Bonivet besieged Milan, and Bayard advanced on Lodi and Cremona. In 1524 the besieging army of Milan dwindled. Bayard was despatched to hold an untenable village. He remonstrated, but obeyed.

The Admiral of France (Bonivet), who commanded, promised assistance, which never was sent. Bayard believed he was being betrayed! The Spanish enemy who had determined to take him managed to obtain information of the position, and attacked the place. But Bayard resisted, and retreated in safety to the admiral at Biagres, to whom he spoke his mind.

The admiral was obliged to retreat, followed by the Spaniards, who harassed them with arquebusiers. Bonivet was mortally wounded, and handed the command to Bayard, who charged the enemy gallantly, and more particularly, on the musketeers, whom he detested, for he declared they upset all chivalry and knight-hood. Bonivet died about nine in the morning, and, about ten, when the guns and standards had been withdrawn by Bayard, "a stone from an arquebus" struck him and fractured his spine. He at once exclaimed, "I am slain." His friend D'Alégre assisted him from his horse and placed him, at his request, facing the enemy, with his back against a tree. Notwithstanding all that friends, and even enemies, did to assist him, the brave man expired about six o'clock in the evening, "on the last of April," 1524; aged forty-eight.

Such a blow as this had scarcely ever aroused Europe. A true hero was dead. The mourning and lamentation were universal, and fully deserved. We seldom see such a character now-a-days. With the exception of the late General Gordon we cannot now recall any one—putting aside the heroes of King Arthur's time—who so fully carried out all the noblest ideas of a soldier and a Christian. Indeed, there are many points of resemblance in the characters of Bayard and Gordon. Fearless, courteous, full of humour, stern in fight, pitiful to an enemy, faithful to friends, cool and circumspect in danger, fierce in battle, humane in peace, charitable and virtuous: these are the characteristics of Bayard, and also of the great English soldier who has lately left us. Bayard lived, and fought, and died without any fear in his heart but the fear of God. He lived honoured and blessed, a comfort to hundreds, the personification of charity, kindness, and bravery. He was indeed a hero, and one whose actions you who read this imperfect sketch will do well to study, as an example of a man at once spotless and fearless, who, amid all the trials and temptations of life, was honoured and renowned, and whose name remains as a bright guiding-star for Christendom to this day.



KÉRABAN THE INFLEXIBLE;

OR, ADVENTURES IN THE EUXINE.

BY JULES VERNE.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH.

PART II.—CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH VAN MITTEN ENDEAVOURS TO MAKE THE NOBLE SARABOUL UNDERSTAND THE SITUATION.



SEIGNEUR KERABAN'S villa occupied one of the most advantageous sites upon the hill on which Scutari is built.

Scutari—the Asiatic *faubourg* of Constantinople, the ancient Chrysopolis, with its gilt-roofed mosques, and all the medley throng of a population of fifty-thousand inhabitants; its floating landing-place, and the extensive grove of cypress-trees in the cemetery;—Scutari, the resting-place elected by rich Mussulmans, who are afraid lest the capital may be taken while the faithful are at prayers, according to the legend; then, a league farther on, is Mount Bouljourlon, which dominates the scene, and affords a prospect embracing the Sea of Marmora, the Gulf of Nicomedia, the canal of Constantinople:—nothing can give an idea of the grandeur of the panorama, which is unique, and of which the windows of the rich merchant's villa commanded a view.

The exterior of the villa—its terraced gardens, its beautiful trees and shrubs—were in worthy keeping with the interior of the mansion. Truly it was a pity to have deprived one's self of all this for the sake of

a few paras demanded daily for crossing the Bosphorus.

It was mid-day. For three hours the owner and his guests had been installed in that elegant villa. Having made their toilette, they were reposing after the fatigues and trials of the journey. Kéraban, very proud of his success, was holding the Muchir and his imposts up to ridicule; Amasia and Ahmet, as happy as an engaged couple could be; Nedjeb, in a state of continuous laughter; Bruno, satisfied that he was growing fatter, but anxious on his master's account! Nizib, always calm even in the midst of the grand surroundings of the place; Seigneur Yanar, more ferocious than ever, no one knew why; the noble Saraboul, as imperious as if she were in the capital of Kurdistan; and, finally, Van Mitten, much pre-occupied concerning the issue of this adventure.

It was not without reason that Bruno fancied he was gaining flesh. He had enjoyed a *déjeuner* as ample as magnificent! This was not the famous dinner to which Kéraban had invited his friend Van Mitten six weeks before; but it was none the less magnificent. And now all the party, seated in the charming *salon*, whose bay windows opened on the Bosphorus, congratulated each other in animated sentences.

"My dear Van Mitten," said Kéraban, who moved about cordially among his guests, "I did invite you to a dinner, but you must not blame me if the hour has obliged us to——"

"I do not complain," replied Van Mitten, "your cook has done very well."

"Yes, excellently, in truth," added Yanar, who had eaten more than was convenient, even for a Kurd with a voracious appetite.

"One could not have done better in Kurdistan," replied Saraboul, "and, Seigneur Kéran, if ever you come to Mossoul to pay us a visit——"

"Oh, I will come," replied Kéran. "I



The Villa of Signor Kéran.

will come and see you and my friend Van Mitten."

"And we will endeavour to make you forget your villa; and you will not regret your native Holland," added the amiable woman, turning to her betrothed.

"Near you, noble Saraboul——" Van Mitten ought to have said; but he could not manage to finish the phrase, and gave it up.

Then, while the Kurdish lady turned towards the window which opened upon the Bosphorus, he said to Kéran——

"The moment has come to tell her that the marriage is null and void."

"As void as if it had never been celebrated, Van Mitten."

"You will assist me a little, Kéran, in this business: it will be unpleasant."

"Hum," remarked Kéraban, "there are some private matters which are best discussed *tête-à-tête*."

"The devil!" was the Dutchman's reply. Then he retired to a corner to consider the best mode of action.

"Worthy Van Mitten," remarked Kéraban, to his nephew, "what a scene he will have with this Kurdish woman!"

"We ought not to forget that he was impelled into this scrape by his devotion to us," replied Ahmet.

"So we should assist him? Bah, he was married at the time he was affianced, and for an Occidental this is a final barrier. So he has nothing to fear."

"I know that," replied Ahmet, "but when Madame Saraboul receives this blow she will leap like an enraged panther! As for her brother, Yanar, he will explode like a powder-magazine."

"By Mahomet, but we will make them listen to reason," replied Kéraban. "After all, Van Mitten is not guilty of any misconduct."

"Certainly not, uncle, and it is equally certain that this tender widow wants to be married again at any price."

"No doubt, and she did not hesitate to put her hand upon good M. Van Mitten."

"A hand of iron, uncle Kéraban."

"Of steel, rather," replied her uncle.

"At anyrate, uncle, if it is necessary to undo this pretended marriage, it is——"

"Also necessary to perform a real one, eh?" interrupted Kéraban, rubbing his hands as if he were washing them.

"Precisely so—mine," replied Ahmet.

"Ours," said Amasia, who had approached the pair. "We have deserved it."

"Well deserved it," said Selim.

"Yes, indeed, my little Amasia; deserved it ten, a hundred, a thousand times! Ah, my dear child, to think that by my obstinacy, by my fault—that you were nearly——"

"We will not speak of that," said Ahmet.

"No, never, uncle Kéraban," said the girl putting her little hand on his mouth.

"So," continued Kéraban, "I made a

vow—yes, I made a resolution—that I would never be 'pig-headed' again, no matter what happened."

"I must see that, to believe it," laughed Nedjeb.

"Eh, what does that quizzical Nedjeb say?" exclaimed Kéraban.

"Oh, nothing, Seigneur."

"Yes," continued Kéraban: "I will never again be obstinate, except in my affection for you both."

"When Seigneur Kéraban ceases to be the most head-strong of men——," began Bruno.

"That will be when he has no longer a head," remarked Nizib parenthetically.

"Just so," said Bruno.

Meanwhile the noble Kurdish lady approached her *fiancé*, who was seated very pensive in his corner—no doubt finding his task all the more difficult as the time approached for executing it alone and unaided.

"What is the matter with you, M. Van Mitten?" she asked. "You look very serious."

"Yes, indeed, brother-in-law," added Yanar. "What are you about? You surely have not brought us to Scutari for nothing, to see nothing. Show us the Bosphorus, as one of these days we will show you Kurdistan."

At this celebrated name the Dutchman started as if he had received an electric shock.

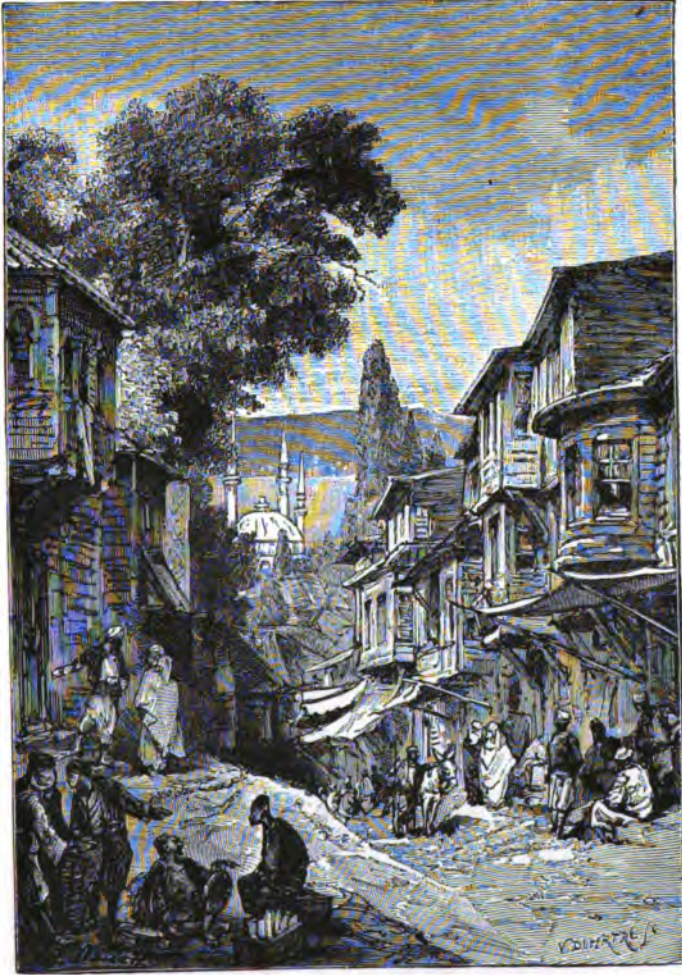
"Come, let us go, M. Van Mitten," said Saraboul, compelling him to rise.

"At your service, beautiful Saraboul," replied Van Mitten, aloud; but, mentally, he was thinking how he best could break the subject of separation to her.

At that moment the young Zingara, having opened one of the great bay-windows which was shaded by an awning, exclaimed, "Look, look! Scutari is all alive. It would be very pleasant to walk about the city to-day!"

The guests at once advanced to the windows.

"Indeed," remarked Kéraban, "the



A Street in Scutari.—p. 49a

Bosphorus is covered with gaily decked boats. In all the squares and streets there are jugglers and acrobats, there is music, and the quays are crowded with people!"

"Yes" said Selim, "the town is *en fête*."

"I trust that will prove no bar to our marriage," remarked Ahmet.

"Certainly not," replied Kéraban. "We



Scutari is all animation.

are going to have at Scutari a repetition of the feast at Trebizond, and these appear to be in honour of our friend Van Mitten!"

"He will make game of me to the end," muttered the Dutchman. "But he cannot help it, it is in the blood!"

"My friends," said Selim, "let us look at this important affair. To-day is the last day——"

"And we will not forget that fact," replied Kéraban.

"I will proceed to the judge's house, so that the contract may be drawn up," said Selim.

"We will meet you there," replied Ahmet. "You know, uncle, that your presence is indispensable."

"Almost as much as your own," replied Kéraban, laughing loudly by way of confirmation.

"Yes, uncle, more indispensable, if one may say so, in your position as trustee."

"Well," said Selim, "in an hour we will meet you at the house of the judge of Scutari."

As he quitted the room, Ahmet, addressing Amasia, said—

"Then, dear Amasia, after the signing of the contract, we pay a visit to the Imaun, who will put up his best prayer, and then——"

"Then we shall be married," exclaimed Nedjeb, as if the ceremony included herself.

"Dear Ahmet," murmured Amasia.

Meanwhile the noble Saraboul had a second time approached Van Mitten, who, more and more pensive, was seated in a corner of the room.

"Pending this ceremony," she said, "why cannot we go as far as the Bosphorus?"

"The Bosphorus!" exclaimed Van Mitten, with an abstracted air; "you are speaking of the—Bosphorus?"

"Yes, the Bosphorus," said Yanar. "One would almost imagine you did not understand."

"Yes, yes, I am quite ready," said Van Mitten, rising as his powerful brother-in-law placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Yes, the Bosphorus. But first I desire—I wish——"

"You wish?" repeated Saraboul.

"I would be happy to have an interview, a private interview with you, beautiful Saraboul."

"A private conversation?"

"Very well, I will leave you," said Yanar.

"No, stay where you are, brother," replied Saraboul, who was staring her *fiancé* out of countenance. "I have a presentiment that your presence will be needed."

"By Mahomet! I wonder how he will get it done," said Kéraban in his nephew's ear.

"It will be difficult," replied Ahmet.

"We will not go far away, so that we may be at hand to support Van Mitten."

"They will certainly tear him to pieces," remarked Bruno.

Seigneur Kéraban, Ahmet, Amasia, and Nedjeb, Bruno and Nizib, then moved

towards the door so as to leave the field clear for the encounter.

"Courage, Van Mitten," said Kéraban, shaking his friend's hand as he passed him.

"I will not go far away. I will remain in the next room, and watch over your safety."

"Courage, master," said Bruno, "or beware Kurdistan!"

A moment later, Van Mitten and the two Kurds were left alone in the room, and the Dutchman, as he rubbed his head, made a melancholy "aside"—

"If I only knew how to begin!"

Saraboul then advanced quickly towards him.

"What have you to say to us, Monsieur Van Mitten?" she asked in a tone which prevented too much pleasantness from being imported into the discussion.

"Yes, speak out," added Yanar.

"If we might sit down," began Van Mitten, who felt his limbs giving way beneath him.

"What you can say seated you can say standing up," replied Saraboul. "We are listening."

Van Mitten summoned all his courage, which had given way on hearing those words, so eminently calculated to embarrass a timid speaker.

"Beautiful Saraboul, you may be sure, first of all, and very much against my will, I regret that——"

"You regret?" said Saraboul, "you regret what? Is it our marriage? That is, after all, only a legitimate reparation——"

"Oh! reparation, reparation!" Van Mitten ventured to remark in an undertone.

"And I also regret," continued Saraboul. "Yes, certainly I regret——"

"Ah! you also regret——?"

"I regret that the intruder at Rissar was neither Seigneur Ahmet nor Kéraban. In either case I should have married a *man*——"

"Well said, sister," remarked Yanar.

"Instead of a——"

"Well said again, although you have not finished your sentence," continued Yanar.

"Excuse me," interrupted Van Mitten, who was injured by such personal remarks.

"Whoever would believe," continued

Saraboul, "that the author of such an attempt was a Dutchman preserved in ice!"

"Ah! I can't stand this," cried Van Mitten, absolutely hurt at being thus com-



Cemetery of Scutari.

pared to a sweetmeat. "First and foremost, Madame Saraboul, there was no intrusion at all!"

"Really?" said Saraboul, sarcastically.

"No," continued Van Mitten, "It was a mistake. We—or rather I—under a false and perfidious direction, mistook the room."

"Indeed!" remarked Saraboul, sarcastically.

"A mere misdirection, which, under threat

of imprisonment, has compelled me to perpetrate a preliminary marriage——"

"Preliminary or not," remarked Saraboul, "you are not the less married—married to me; and you may depend upon it, monsieur, that the ceremonial begun at Trebizond will be completed in Kurdistan."

"Yes? Let us talk of it in Kurdistan, then," retorted Van Mitten, who was beginning to lose his temper.

"And," continued Saraboul, "as I perceive that the society of your friends renders you insensible to my regard, we will leave Scutari this very day, and start for Mossoul, where I will infuse a little of the Kurd into your veins."

"I protest," exclaimed Van Mitten.

"Another word, and we will start this instant."

"You may depart, Madame Saraboul," replied Van Mitten, ironically, "you may depart if it is convenient, and no one will dream of detaining you, but I will not go!"

"You will not go?" cried Saraboul, much enraged at this defiance of two tigers by a sheep.

"No."

"And you have the temerity to resist us?" asked Yanar, crossing his arms.

"I have."

"Resist me, and her, a Kurdish lady!"

"Yes, were she ten times a Kurd!"

"Just remember, Mr. Dutchman, what kind of woman I am," said Saraboul, marching towards her *fiancé*, "and remember what I have been. Recollect that at fifteen I was already a widow."

"Yes," said Yanar, "and when one begins so early——"

"It may be so, madame," replied Van Mitten, "but one thing you can never be, notwithstanding your early habits——"

"And that is?"

"You can never be my widow."

"Monsieur Van Mitten," said Yanar, putting his hand on his yataghan, "one blow of this would suffice——"

"That is where you are mistaken," replied Van Mitten. "Your sabre would not make Madame Saraboul a widow, for the very excellent reason that I cannot be her husband."

"Eh?"

"And our marriage would be null."

"Null?"

"Because if Madame Saraboul has the happiness to be the widow of her first husband, I am not the widower of my first wife."

"Married? He is already married!"

exclaimed the noble Saraboul, beside herself at the announcement.

"Yes," replied Van Mitten, now fairly in for it. "Yes, married! It was only to save my friends, and to prevent our arrest at the caravanserai of Rissar that I sacrificed myself!"

"Sacrificed!" screamed Saraboul, falling back on the divan.

"Knowing quite well that the marriage was not valid," continued Van Mitten, "since the first Madame Van Mitten is no more dead than I am a widower, for she is in Holland——"

The outraged "bride" rose, and, turning to Yanar, exclaimed——

"You hear him!"

"I hear."

"Your sister has been jilted!"

"Insulted!"

"And this traitor still lives!"

"He has only a few seconds more to live!"

"How savage they are," cried Van Mitten, really nervous at the turn the matter had taken.

"I will avenge you, sister," exclaimed Yanar, who, with uplifted weapon, advanced upon Van Mitten.

"I will avenge myself!" she cried.

So saying, the noble Saraboul rushed at the Dutchman, uttering cries of rage, which were fortunately audible in the next room.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH KÉRABAN IS MORE OBSTINATE THAN HE HAD EVER BEEN.

THE door was immediately flung open, and Kéraban, Ahmet, Amasia, Nedjeb, and Bruno appeared on the threshold.

Kéraban quickly disengaged Van Mitten.

"Come, madame," said Ahmet, "you must not strangle people for a misunderstanding."

"*Diable!*" muttered Bruno, "it was quite time we arrived!"

"Poor Monsieur Van Mitten," said

Amasia, who felt sincere pity for her traveling companion.

"She is decidedly not the wife for him," added Nedjeb, shaking her head.

Meanwhile Van Mitten had recovered his spirits a little.

"It was rather hard, wasn't it?" asked Kéraban.

"Yes," replied Van Mitten, "a little more and I would have died!"

At that moment the noble Saraboul turned to Kéraban and, taking him aside, said—

"And have you lent yourself to this——"

"Mystification," interrupted Kéraban, "that is the proper word—mystification."

"I will be revenged. There are judges in Constantinople."

"Charming Saraboul," replied Kéraban, "you can only accuse yourself. You were anxious, on account of a pretended insult, to stop our journey. By Allah, we had to get out of the scrape as best we could. We extricated ourselves by a pretended marriage, and we assuredly had a right to this retaliation."

At this answer Saraboul fell a second time upon the divan, a prey to one of those attacks of nerves of which women, even in Kurdistan, possess the secret.

Nedjeb and Amasia hastened to her assistance.

"I am going—I am going!" she cried.

"*Bon voyage!*" said Bruno.

At this juncture Nizib came in.

"What is it?" demanded Kéraban.

"A telegram brought from the office at Galata," replied Nizib.

"For whom?"

"For M. Van Mitten. It came to-day."

"Give it to me," said the Dutchman.

He took the telegram, opened it, and looked at the signature.

"It is from my managing clerk in Rotterdam," he said. Then he read the message as follows—

"*Madame Van Mitten—five weeks ago—died!*"

The despatch was crushed in his hand. Van Mitten was thunderstruck, and (why conceal the fact?) his eyes filled with tears.

NO. XLVII.

On hearing the last words Saraboul suddenly rose.

"Five weeks!" she exclaimed in rapture. "He said five weeks——"

"Imprudent man," muttered Ahmet, "what business had he to divulge the date at such a moment!"

"Yes," continued Saraboul triumphantly, "it is only ten days since he was affianced to me; and——"

"Mahomet choke you," muttered Kéraban, a little louder than he perhaps intended.

"You were then a widower, my dear spouse," said Saraboul, triumphantly.

"Absolutely a widower, dear brother-in-law," added Yanar.

"And our marriage is valid!"

Then Van Mitten, crushed by the logic of this argument, in his turn sank upon the divan.

"Poor man!" said Ahmet to his uncle, "nothing now remains for him but to throw himself into the Bosphorus."

"Good," replied Kéraban. "She will then throw herself after him and save him—for revenge!"

The noble Saraboul had already seized her property by the arm!

"Get up," she said.

"Yes, dear Saraboul," replied Van Mitten, hanging his head, "I am quite ready."

"And follow us," said Yanar.

"Yes, dear brother-in-law," replied Van Mitten, absolutely checkmated, "I am ready to follow you wherever you please."

"To Constantinople, where we will take the first steamer," said Saraboul.

"For——?"

"For Kurdistan," replied Yanar.

"Kurdistan! You will accompany me, Bruno? They live well there: that will fully compensate you."

Bruno could only make a sign in the affirmative.

The noble Saraboul and the Seigneur Yanar then dragged the unfortunate Dutchman away, though his friends in vain attempted to detain him, and his faithful servant followed him, muttering—

"I told him that some evil would befall him!"

Kéranban and the others remained stupefied and mute at this shock.

"Then he is married!" said Amasia.

"For his devotion to us," said Ahmet.

"For good and all this time," added Nedjeb.

"He will have only one resource in Kurdistan," said Kéranban with much seriousness.

"That will be, uncle——?"

"That will be—in order to neutralise her, he must marry a dozen!"

At that moment the door opened and Selim appeared quite out of breath as if he had been running.

"Oh, father, what is the matter?" exclaimed Amasia.

"What has happened?" cried Ahmet.

"My friends," replied Selim, "it is impossible to celebrate the marriage of Amasia and Ahmet."

"What do you say?"

"At Scutari at least."

"At Scutari?"

"It can only take place at Constantinople."

"At Constantinople!" cried Keraban, who began to prick up his ears, "why?"

"Because the judge of Scutari refuses to register the contract."

"He refuses?" said Ahmet.

"Yes, on the pretext that Kéranban's domicile, and consequently Ahmet's, is not Scutari but Constantinople!"

"In Constantinople," said Kéranban, frowning.

"Now," continued Selim, "this is the last day appointed for the marriage of my

daughter, if she is to succeed to the fortune to which she is entitled. We must, therefore, without losing a moment, hurry to the house of the judge who will register the contract in Constantinople."

"Let us go," cried Ahmet, turning to the door.

"Let us go," added Amasia, following him. "Seigneur Kéranban, can you refuse to go with us?"

Kéranban remained silent and thoughtful. "Well, uncle," said Ahmet turning to him.

"Will not you come?" asked Selim.

"Must I use force?" said Amasia, gently taking Kéranban by the arm.

"I have got a caique ready to cross the Bosphorus," said Selim.

"The Bosphorus!" echoed Kéranban, and then he added severely: "Is the tax of ten paras still demanded from those who cross?"

"Yes, certainly, friend Kéranban; but now that you have played such a fine trick on the Ottoman authorities as to go from Constantinople to Scutari without paying, I think you will not refuse——"

"I will refuse," replied Kéranban.

"Then they will not let you cross."

"Very well. I will not cross."

"And our wedding," exclaimed Ahmet. "Our marriage, which should take place to-day?"

"You can be married without me."

"That is impossible. You are my guardian," uncle Kéranban, "and you know quite well your presence is indispensable."

"Well then, Ahmet, wait till I have established my domicile at Scutari—and you can be married at Scutari."

(To be continued.)

THE BIG OTTER;

A TALE OF THE GREAT NOR'WEST.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Author of "The Wild Man of the West;" "The Red Eric;" "Dusty Diamonds;" "The Life Boat;"
"The Coral Island," &c.

CHAPTER XXV. (*continued.*)

BEING too much overcome to speak, she submitted to be led away into the cottage by the comely matron, who had been a keen and sympathetic observer of all that passed. Of course Eve accompanied them, for Weeum's mother refused to let go her hand, even for a moment, and Big Otter, and I were left outside alone.

"Come," said I, vaulting into my saddle, "you and I will go and have a gallop, my friend, and see the land, for I mean to dwell here, and would strongly advise you to do the same."

"Waugh!" exclaimed the Indian, as he leaped on the back of his steed, and followed me.

"You see," said I, as we rode along, followed by the admiring gaze of the village children—for, accustomed though they were to savages, they had never seen so grand an Indian as Big Otter on so magnificent a horse—"you see, they will require some time to clear up matters in the cottage, for Eve's English, good though it be, is not perfect, and all their minds will naturally be a little confused at first. You did me good service to-day, my friend."

"How? The speech of Muxbee is mysterious."

"Don't you see," I replied, "that the speech you made to old Mrs. Liston, broke the ice, as it were, and told her nearly all

that I had to tell. And if you knew how many anxious hours I have spent in thinking how I should best break the sad news to the poor old mother, you would better understand how grateful I am to you."

"The speech of Muxbee is still full of mystery. What does he mean by breaking news? When Big Otter has got news to tell, he tells it. When people have got something to hear, why should they not hear it at once?"

I felt that there are some things which some minds cannot understand; and, instead of answering, changed the subject.

"See," said I, pointing to a part of the uncleared bush into which we had ridden, "there are two redskins. One is about to let fly an arrow. Hold on—we may disturb his aim!"

My companion looked, and with a start threw forward the muzzle of his gun.

Little did I think, riding as we then were in a semi-civilized region—what the aim was that I was so anxious not to disturb.

I was suddenly and rudely enlightened when I heard the twang of the bow, and saw the arrow flying straight towards me. It was too late to leap aside, or dodge it. Full on the centre of my chest the shaft struck me. I experienced something of the shock that one feels when death is suddenly and very unexpectedly brought near. I have a distinct recollection of the solemn impression made by the belief that my last hour had come, yet I did not fall. I saw that the savage was hastily fitting another arrow to the bow, but was so stunned by surprise that I made no effort to save my-

self. Happily, Big Otter had his wits about him. He fired before the arrow winged its flight, and shot the Indian dead.

The other savage at once turned and fled, but my companion gave chase and overtook him in a few seconds. Seeing that he could not escape he turned round, flung down his weapons, in token of submission, and stood sullenly before his captor.

Big Otter at once leaped off his steed, seized the man, bound his arms behind him with a thong, and led him to the spot where the dead man was lying on his face.

Meanwhile, I had discovered that the arrow which should have pierced my heart had been stopped by one of the gold pieces which formed my breast-plate! It had, indeed, pierced the coin, but had only entered my flesh about a quarter of an inch! Thanking God for the wonderful deliverance, I plucked it out, and, casting it away, rode up to the place where the dead man lay. My companion had turned him over, and, to my great surprise, revealed the face of my foe Attick!

"Waugh!" exclaimed Big Otter, turning to the captured savage. "Are there not deer enough in the woods, and buffalo enough on the plains, that the red-man should take to testing his arrows on pale-faces?"

"I did not shoot," was the stern reply.

"True, but you were the companion, perhaps the friend of the dead man."

"I was *not* his friend," replied the savage, more sullenly than ever.

"Then how came you to be with him when making this cowardly attack?" I asked, in a tone which was meant to conciliate.

The tone had the desired effect. The savage explained that about three weeks previously he had, while in danger of being killed by a grizzly bear which he had wounded, been rescued by Attick, who told him that he was in pursuit of a foe who had injured him deeply and whom he meant to hunt to death. Out of gratitude,

the Indian had consented to follow him—believing his story to be true. Attick explained that he had followed his foe from the far north, day by day, week by week, month by month, seeking an opportunity to slay him, but so careful a watch had been kept by his foe and the Indian and woman who travelled with him, that he had not up to that time found an opportunity. Attick and his new ally had then dogged us to Sunny Creek—the village at which we had arrived—and, finding that we no longer feared danger from hostile Indians, and had relaxed our vigilance, they had made up their minds to stay there patiently till the deed could be accomplished. That day, while consulting about the matter in the woods, we had suddenly and unexpectedly appeared before them, and Attick had discharged his arrow.

"But," concluded the savage, with a perplexed look, "the pale-face cannot be killed. Arrows cannot pierce him."

"You are right," said I, suddenly coming to a decision in regard to the man. "Neither bullet nor arrow can kill me till my work is done, and the great Master of Life permits me to die. Go—and be more careful whom you follow in future."

I cut the thong that bound him, as I spoke, and set him free.

Without a word, though with an irresistible look of surprise, the savage turned, picked up his weapons, and strode majestically into the bush.

"My brother is not wise," remarked Big Otter.

"That may be so," said I, "but it grieves me that the blood of one Indian has been shed on my account, and I don't want to let the authorities here have the chance of shedding that of another. Come, we must let them know what has happened."

So saying I turned and rode off. We went direct to the authorities above mentioned, told who we were and what we had done, guided a party of men to the scene of the intended murder; and then, while the stars were beginning to twinkle in the darkening sky, returned to see what was

going on in the little cottage on the hill at Sunny Creek.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF CORRESPONDENCE ENLARGED ON.—COMING EVENTS, ETC.

ABOUT six weeks after the events narrated in the last chapter, I seated myself before a desk in a charming attic room in the cottage—no need to say what cottage—and began to pen a letter.

I was in an exceedingly happy frame of mind. The weather was agreeable; neither too hot nor too cold; circumstances around me were conducive to quiet contemplation, and my brain was quite clear, nevertheless I experienced unusual difficulty in the composition of that letter. I began it at least half-a-dozen times, and as many times threw my pen down, tore it up and began another. At last I received a summons to dinner, and had then got only half-way through my letter.

Our dinner-party consisted of old Mrs. Liston, her comely niece, Mrs. Temple, who by the way was a widow, Eve Liston, and myself. Big Otter, unable to endure the restraints of civilization, had gone on a hunting expedition for a few days by way of relief!

"You is very stupid, surely, to take three hours to write one letter," remarked Eve, with that peculiar smile to which I have before referred.

"Eve," said I, somewhat sternly, "you will never learn English properly if you do not attend to my instructions. *You* is plural though I am singular, and if you address me thus you must say you *are*, not you *is*."

"You *are* right in saying you are singular," interposed Aunt Temple, who was rather sharp witted, and had intensely black eyes. "I don't think there is another man in the district who would take so long to write a short letter. You said it was going to be short, didn't you?"

"Yes—short and sweet; though I doubt if the dear old man will think it so at first. But he'll change his mind when he gets here."

"No doubt we will convert him," said Aunt Temple.

"Eve will, at all events" said I.

There was not much more said at that dinner which calls for record. I will therefore return to the attic room and the letter.

After at least another hour of effort, I succeeded in finishing my task, though not entirely to my satisfaction. As the letter was of considerable importance and interest—at least to those concerned.—I now lay it before the reader. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"I scarcely know how to tell you—or how to begin, for I fear that you will not only be very much surprised, but, perhaps, displeased by what I have to write. But let me assure you, dear father, that I cannot help it! It almost seems as if the thing had been arranged for me, and as if I had had no say in the matter. The fact is that I have left the service of the Fur Traders, and am engaged to be married to a dear beautiful half-caste girl (quite a lady, however, I assure you) and have made up my mind to become a farmer in one of the wildest parts of Colorado! There—I've made a clean breast of it, and if that does not take away your breath nothing will! But I write in all humility, dearest father. Do not fancy that, having taken the bit in my teeth, I tell you all this defiantly. Very far from it. Had it been possible, nothing would have gratified me more than to have consulted you and asked your approval and blessing, but, with three thousand miles of ocean, and I know not how many hundred miles of land between us, that, you know, was out of the question; besides it could not have altered matters, for the thing is fixed.

"My Eve's mother was an Indian. A very superior woman indeed, let me hasten to say, and an exceptionally amiable one. Her father was an English gentleman named William Liston—son of a clergyman and a highly educated man. He was wild and wilful in his youth and married an Indian,

but afterwards became a really good man, and, being naturally refined and with amiable feelings, spent his life in doing good to the people with whom he had cast his lot, and perished in saving the life of his wife. Eve evidently takes after him.

"As to my Eve herself——"

I will spare the reader what I said about Eve herself! Suffice it to say that, after an enthusiastic account of her mental and physical qualities, in which, however, I carefully refrained from exaggeration, and giving a brief outline of my recent experiences, I wound up with:—

"And now, dear father, forgive me if I have done wrong in all this, and make up your mind to come out here and live with us, or take a farm of your own near to us. You know there is nothing to tie you to the old country; you were always fond of the idea of emigrating to the back-woods; your small income will go twice as far here as there, if properly laid out, and you'll live twice as long. Come, dear dad, if you love me. I can't get married till you come. Ever believe me your affectionate son—George Maxby."

Reader, shall we visit the dear old man in his dingy little house in old England while he peruses the foregoing letter? Yes, let us go. It is worth while travelling between four and five thousand miles to see him do it. Perhaps, if you are a critical reader, you may ask, "But how came *you* to know how the old gentleman received the letter?" Well, although the question is impertinent I will answer it.

I have a small cousin of about ten years of age. She dwells with my father, and is an exceedingly sharp and precocious little girl. She chanced to be in the parlour waiting for my father, who was rather given to being late for breakfast, when my letter arrived. The familiar domestic cat was also waiting for him. It had mounted the table and sat glaring at the butter and cream, but, being aware that stealing was wrong, or that the presence of Cousin Maggie was prohibitive, it practised self-denial. Finding a story-book, my cousin

sat down on the window seat behind the curtain and became absorbed—so much absorbed that she failed to notice the entrance of my father; failed to hear his—"Ha! a letter from Punch at last!"—and was only roused to outward events by the crash which ensued when my father smote the table with his fist and exclaimed—"im-POSSIBLE!" The cups and saucers almost sprang into the air. The cat did so completely, and retired in horror to the furthest corner of the room. Recovering itself, however, it soon returned to its familiar post of observation on the table. Not so Cousin Maggie, who, observing that she was unperceived, and feeling somewhat shocked as well as curious, sat quite still, with her mouth, eyes, and, especially her ears, wide open.

From Maggie then—long afterwards—I learned the details.

My father sat down after smiting the table, gasped once or twice; pulled off and wiped his spectacles; put them on again, and, laying strong constraint on himself, read the whole through, aloud, and without a word of comment till he reached the end, when he ejaculated—in-*con*-CEIV-ABLE!" laid the letter down, and, looking up, glared at the cat. As that creature took no notice of him he incontinently flung his napkin at it and swept it off the table. Then he gave vent to a prolonged "wh-sh!" burst into a fiendish laugh, and gave a slap to his thigh that shattered the cat's peace of mind for the remainder of that morning, after which he re-opened the letter, spread it carefully out on the table, and, in the most intensely cynical tones, began a disjointed commentary on it as follows:—

"Your 'dear father' indeed! That's the first piece of humbug in your precious letter. Very 'dear' I am to you no doubt. And you—*you*—a chit—a mere boy (he forgot that several years had elapsed since I left him). Oh! no—I'm neither surprised nor displeased—not at all. The state of my mind is not to be expressed by such phraseology—by no means! And you were always such a smooth-faced quiet little

beggar that—well—no matter. ‘Couldn’t help it!’ indeed. H’m! ‘Quite a lady!’ Oh! of *course*. Necessarily so, when *you* condescended to fall in love with her! ‘Humility!’ well! ‘Given up the service,’ too! ‘Colorado!’ ‘One of the wildest parts’—as if a tame part wouldn’t have done just as well! A ‘farmer!’ Much *you* know about farming! You don’t tell all this ‘defiantly.’ Oh! no, certainly not, but if you don’t *do* it defiantly I have misunderstood the meaning of the word self-will till I am bald. Why didn’t you ‘consult’ me, then? Much *you* care for my blessing—and ‘the thing is fixed!’”

Exasperation was too much developed at this point to permit of blowing off steam in the form of sarcastic remark. My poor father hit the table with such force that the cream spurted out of its pot over the cloth—and my father didn’t care! The cat cared, however, when, at a later period, it had the cleaning up of that little matter all to itself! This last explosion caused so much noise—my cousin told me—as to attract the attention of my father’s only domestic, who bounced into the room and asked “did’e ring.” To which my father returned such a thundering “No!” that the domestic fled precipitately, followed by the cat—rampant.

“*Your* ‘Eve!’ indeed,” said my father, resuming the sarcastic vein. ‘Mother an Indian’—a Hottentot I suppose, or something of that sort—short skirt of peacock feathers; no upper part worth mentioning, flat nose and lips, and smeared all over with fat, I dare say. Charming mother-in-law. Calculated to create some impression on English society. No wonder you’ve chosen the *wilds* of Colorado! Ah, now, as to ‘my Eve herself’—just let us have it strong, my boy—h’m, ‘sweet’—yes, yes—‘amiable,’ exactly, ‘fair hair and blue eyes’—ha, you expect me to swallow *that*! oh, ‘graceful’ ha! ‘perfection,’ undoubtedly. ‘Forgive’ you! No—boy, I’ll *never* forgive you. You’re the most arrant ass—idiot—but this caps all—‘come out here and live with us!’ They’ll give me one quarter of

the wigwam, I suppose—curtained off with birch bark, *perhaps*, or deerskin. ‘Your affectionate’—dolt! wh—why—what do you glare like *that* for?”

This last question was put to my small cousin who, in the horror of her belief that my father had gone mad, had agitated the window-curtain and revealed herself.

My poor dear father! I can imagine the scene well, and would not have detailed it so minutely here if—but enough. I must not forecast.

The afternoon on which this letter was despatched Big Otter returned to Sunny Creek cottage with a haunch of fat venison on his lusty shoulders.

He found us all grouped round the rustic table in front of the door, enjoying a cup of fragrant tea and admiring the view. Eve was sitting on a low stool at the feet of Mrs. Liston, engaged in ornamenting a bright blue fire-bag with bead and quill work of the most gorgeous colouring and elegant design. The design, of course, was her own. Mrs. Liston was knitting small squares of open cotton-work, of a stitch so large that wooden needles about the size of a goose-quill were necessary. It was the only work that the poor old lady’s weak eye-sight and trembling hands could accomplish, and the simple stitch required little exercise of mind or muscle. When Mrs. Liston completed a square she rolled it away. When sixteen squares were finished she sewed them together and formed a strip about eight feet long and six inches broad. When sixteen such strips were completed she sewed them all together and thus produced a bed-quilt. Quilts of this sort she presented periodically, with much ceremony and demonstration of regard, to her most intimate friends. In that region the old lady had not many intimate friends, but then it luckily took much time to produce a quilt.

The quilt then in hand—at that time near its completion—was for Eve.

“Thank you *so* much for your venison,” said Mrs. Liston, as the hunter, with an air of native dignity, laid the haunch at her

feet. "Take it to the kitchen, dear," she added to Mrs. Temple, who was pouring out the tea.

"It has just come in time," said Mrs. Temple with a pleasant nod to Big Otter, "we had quite run out of fresh meat, and your friend Muxbee is such a lazy boy that he never touches a gun. In fact I don't know how to get him out of the house even for an hour."

As this was said in English Big Otter did not understand it, but when he saw the speaker stoop to pick up the venison, he stepped quickly forward and anticipated her. "Thank you, carry it this way," said Aunt Temple (as I had begun to style her) leading the Indian to the pantry in rear of the cottage.

"Well, Big Otter," said I, when they returned, "how do you find the country round here in regard to game?"

"There is much game," he answered.

"Then you'll make up your mind to pitch your wigwam here, I hope, and make it your home."

"No, Big Otter's heart is in his own land in the far north. He will go back to it."

"What! and forsake Waboose?" said Eve, looking up from her work with an expression of real concern.

With a gratified air the Indian replied, "Big Otter will return."

"Soon?" I asked.

"Not very long."

"When do you start?"

"Before yon sun rises again," said Big Otter pointing to the westward, where the heavens above and the heavens reflected in the lake below were suffused with a golden glow.

"Then I shall have to spend the most of the night writing," said I, "for I cannot let you go without a long letter to my friend Lumley, and a shorter one to Macnab. I have set my heart on getting them both to leave the service, and come here to settle alongside of me."

"You see, your friend Muxbee," said Aunt Temple, using the Indian's pronunciation of my name, "is like the fox which

lost his tail. He wishes all other foxes to cut off *their* tails so as to resemble him."

"Am I to translate that?" I asked.

"If you can and will."

Having done so, I continued:—

"But seriously, Big Otter, I hope you will try to persuade them to come here. Give them a glowing account of the country and the climate, and say I'll not marry till they come to dance at my wedding. I would not wait for that, however, if it were not that Eve thinks she is a little too young yet, and besides, she has set her heart on my father being present. I'll explain all that in my letters, of course, but do you press it on them."

"And be sure you tell the dark-haired pale-face," said Eve, "that Waboose expects her to come. Give these from her friend Fair-hair—she was fond of calling me Fair-hair."

Eve rose as she spoke, and produced a pair of beautiful moccasins, which had been made and richly ornamented by her own hands. At the same time she presented the fire-bag to the Indian, adding that she was glad to have had it so nearly ready when he arrived.

"Whom are these pretty things for, my dear?" asked Mrs. Liston.

"The fire-bag, mother, is for Big Otter, and the moccasins is——"

"Are, Eve—are—plural you know."

"Is," replied Eve with emphasis, "for my dear friend Jessie, the black-haired pale-face."

"Well done, Waboose!" exclaimed Aunt Temple. "I'm glad to see that you improve under my tuition."

"You *can't* spoil her," I retorted, quietly.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Liston, "send a message from me to your dark-haired pale-face that I shall begin a quilt for her next week."

"I hope she will come to receive it," said Aunt Temple. "Tell her that, Muxbee, with my love, and add that I hope we shall be good friends when we meet. Though I doubt it, for I can't bear Highlanders—they're so dreadfully enthusiastic."

"How much of that message am I to send?" I asked.

"As much as you please. I can trust to your discretion."

That evening I retired to my snug little attic-room earlier than usual, and, spreading out a large sheet of narrow-ruled foolscap paper before me, began a letter to my old chum on the banks of lake Wichikagan. I had much to relate, for much had happened since I had sent off the brief note by Salamander, and I found it difficult to check my pen when once it had got into the flow of description and the rush of reminiscence and the gush of reiterative affection. I had covered the whole of the first sheet of narrow-ruled foolscap, and got well into the second sheet—which I had selected ~~un~~ruled, that I might write still more narrowly,—when I heard a gentle tap at the door.

I knew the tap well—sprang up and opened the door. Eve stood there, looking as modest and beautiful and elegant as ever—which is saying a good deal, for, in deference to Mrs. Liston's prejudices, she had exchanged her old graceful tunic reaching to a little below the knee, and her pretty bead-wrought leggings, and other picturesque accompaniments of Indian life, for the long dress of civilization. However, I consoled myself with the fact that *nothing* could spoil her, and recalled with satisfaction the words (I don't quite remember them), which refer to a rose smelling equally sweet under any other name.

"Prayers," said Eve.

Lest any one should feel perplexed by the brevity of her announcement, I may mention that dear old Mrs. Liston's habit was to recognize her "Best Benefactor" night and morning by having worship in the household, and invariably conducted it herself in her soft, slightly tremulous, but still musical voice.

As we descended the stairs, Eve said:—

"You must sit beside me to night, Geo'ge. When you sit opposite you gaze too much and make me uncomfortable."

"Certainly, dear one," said I. "But

pray don't call me Geo'ge—say Geo-r-ge. There's an r in it, you know."

"Yes, Geo-o-o-r-r-r-ge!"

"Eve," I whispered, as we sat on the sofa together, while Mrs. Liston was wiping her spectacles, "I've been earnestly considering that last attempt of yours, and I think, upon the whole, that 'Geo'ge' is better."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PECULIAR WEDDING, AND A WONDERFUL WALK.

TURN we once again to the great wilderness, and if we do so with half the zest felt by Big Otter when he set forth on his journey, we will certainly enjoy the trip, you and I, whoever you be.

But we must take the journey at a bound.

It is Christmas time once more. Lake Wichikagan has put on its top-coat of the purest Carara marble. The roof of the little fort once again resembles a French cake overloaded with creamy sugar. The pines are black by contrast. The willows are smothered, all save the tops where the snow-flakey ptarmigan find food and shelter. Smoke rises from the various chimneys, shewing that the dwellers in that remote out-post are enjoying themselves as of old. The volumes of smoke also suggest Christmas puddings.

Let us look in upon our old friends. In the men's house, great preparation for something or other is going on, for each man is doing his best with soap, water, razor, brush, and garment to make himself spruce. Salamander is there, before a circular looking glass three inches in diameter in the lid of a soap-box, making a complicated mess of a neck-tie in futile attempts to produce the sailor's knot. Blondin is there, before a similar glass, carefully scraping the bristles round a frost-bite on his chin with a blunt razor. Henri Coppet, having already dressed, is smoking his pipe and quizzing Marcelle Dumont—who is also shaving, one of his chief jokes

being an offer to give Dumont's razor a turn on the grindstone. Donald Bane is stooping over a tin basin on a chair, with his hair and face soap-sudded, and his eyes tight shut, which fact being observed by his friend Dougall, induces that worthy to cry:—

"Tonal', man—look here. Did iver man or wuman see the likes o' *that*!"

The invitation is so irresistible to Donald that he half involuntarily exclaims, "Wow, man, Shames—what is't?" and opens his eyes to find that Shames is laughing at him, and that soap does not improve sight. The old chief Muskrat is also there, having been invited along with Masqua and his son Mozwa, with their respective squaws, to the great event that is pending, and, to judge from the intense gravity—not to say owlsh solemnity—of these red-skins, they are much edified by the proceedings of the men.

In the Hall preparations are also being carried on for something of some sort. Macnab is there, with his coat off, mounted on a chair, which he had previously set upon a rickety table, hammering away at a festoon of pine branches with which one end of the room is being decorated. Spooner is also there, weaving boughs into rude garlands of gigantic size. The dark-haired pale-face Jessie, is there too, helping Spooner—who might almost be called Spooney, he looks so imbecile and sweet. Jack Lumley is likewise there. He is calm, collected, suave, as usual, and is aiding Macnab.

It was a doubly auspicious day, for it was not only Christmas, but, a wedding-day.

"It seems like a dream," cried Macnab, stopping his noisy hammer in order to look round and comment with his noisy voice, "to think, Jessie, that you should refuse at least a dozen sturdy Highlanders north o' the Grampians, and come out to the backwoods at last to marry an Englishman."

"I wish you would attend to what you are doing, brother," said Jessie, blushing very much.

"She might have done worse," remarked

Spooner, who happened to be an Englishman.

Lumley said nothing, but a pleased smile flickered for a minute on his lips, while Macnab resumed his hammering with redoubled zest to a chuckling accompaniment.

"It would be nothing," he resumed, turning round again and lowering his hammer, "if you hadn't always protested that you would *never* marry, but—oh, Jessie, I wonder at a girl who has always been so firm in sticking to her resolves turning out so fickle. I really never thought that the family of Macnab could be brought so low through one of its female members."

"I know one of its male members," said Lumley in a warning voice, "who will be brought still lower if he keeps dancing about so on that rickety—there—I told you so!"

As he spoke Peter Macnab missed his footing and came down on the table with a crash so tremendous that the crazy article of furniture became something like what Easterns style a split camel—its feeble legs spread outwards and its body came flat to the ground.

Sprawling for a moment, Macnab rose dishevelled from a mass of pine-branches and looked surprised.

"Not hurt, I hope," said Lumley, laughing, while Jessie looked anxious for a moment.

"I—I think not. No—evidently not. Yes, Jessie, my dear, you may regard this as a sort of practical illustration of the value of submission. If that table had resisted me I had been hurt probably. Giving way as it did—I'm all right."

"Your illustration is not a happy one," said Lumley, "for your own safety was purchased at the cost of the table. If you had taken the lesson home, and said that 'pride goeth before a fall' it would have been more to the purpose."

"Perhaps so," returned Macnab, assisting to clear away the split table: "my pride is at its lowest ebb now, anyhow, for not only does Jessie Macnab become Mrs. Lumley

within an hour, but I am constrained to perform the marriage ceremony myself, as well as give her away."

The Highlander here referred to the fact that, for the convenience of those numerous individuals whose lives are spent in the Great Nor'west, far removed at that time from clergymen, churches, and other civilized institutions, the commissioned gentlemen in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, were legally empowered to perform the marriage ceremony.

Of course Jessie regretted much the impossibility of procuring a minister of any denomination to officiate in that remote corner of the earth, and had pleaded for delay in order that they might go home and get married there; but Lumley pointed out firstly, that there was not the remotest chance of his obtaining leave of absence for years to come; secondly, that the marriage tie, as tied by her father, would be as legally binding as if managed by an Archbishop of Canterbury or a moderator of the Scottish General Assembly; and thirdly, that as he was filled with as deep a reverence for the Church as herself he would have the rite re-performed ("*ceremonially*, observe, Jessie, not *really*, for that will be done to-day") on the first possible opportunity.

If Jessie had been hard to convince, Lumley would not have ended that little discourse with "thirdly." As it was, Jessie gave in, and the marriage was celebrated in the decorated hall, with voyageurs, and hunters, and fur-traders as witnesses. Macnab proved himself a worthy minister, for he read the marriage-service from the Church of England prayer-book with an earnest and slightly tremulous tone which betrayed the emotion of his heart. And if ever a true prayer, by churchman or layman, mounted to the Throne, that prayer was the fervent "God bless you, Jessie!" to which the Highlander gave vent, as he pressed the bride to his heart when the ceremony was over.

There were some peculiarities about this wedding in the wilderness which call for

special notice. In the first place the wedding-feast, though held shortly after midday, was regarded as a dinner—not as a breakfast. It was rather more real, too, than civilized feasts of the kind. Those who sat down to it were hungry. They meant feeding, as was remarked by Salamander when more "venison steaks" were called for. Then there was no champagne or strong drink of any kind. Teetotalism—with or without principle—was the order of the day, but they had gallons of tea, and they consumed them too; and these stalwart Nor'westers afterwards became as uproarious on that inspiring beverage as if they had all been drunk. There was this peculiarity, however, in their uproar, that it was reasonable, hearty, good-humoured; did not degenerate into shameful imbecility, or shameless impropriety, nor did it end in stupid incapacity. It subsided gradually into pleasant exhaustion, and terminated in profound refreshing slumber.

Before that point was reached, however, much had to be done. Games had to be undertaken as long as the daylight lasted—chief among which were tobogganing down the snow slope, and football on the ice. Then, after dark, the Hall was lighted up with an extra supply of candles round the room—though the powerful blaze of the mighty wood-fire in the open chimney rendered these almost unnecessary, and another feast was instituted under the name of supper, though it commenced at the early hour of six o'clock.

At this feast there was some speechifying—partly humorous and partly touching—and it remains a disputed point to this day whether the touching was more humorous or the humorous more touching. I therefore refrain from perplexing the reader with the speeches in detail. Only part of one speech will I refer to, as it may be said to have had a sort of prophetic bearing on our tale. It fell from the lips of Lumley.

"My friends," he said, with that grave yet pleasant urbanity which I have before said was so natural to him, "there is only one regret which I will venture to express

on this happy day, and it is this, that some of those who were wont to enliven us with their presence at Fort Wichikagan are not with us to-night. I really do not think there would be a single element wanting in the joy which it has pleased a loving God to send me, if I could only have had my dear young friend, George Maxby, to be my best man——”

He had to pause a few moments at this point, because of noisy demonstrations of assent.

“And I am quite sure,” he continued, “that it would have afforded as much satisfaction to you as it would to my dear wife and me, if we could only have had our sedate friend, Big Otter——”

Again he had to pause, for the shouting with which this name was received not only made the rafters ring, but caused the very candles on the walls to wink.

“If we could only have had Big Otter,” repeated Lumley, “to dance at our wedding. But it is of no use to sigh after the impossible. The days of miracles are over, and——”

As he spoke the hall door slowly opened and a sight appeared which not only bereft the speaker of speech, but for a few minutes absolutely petrified all the rest of the company. It was the face and figure of a man—tall, gaunt and worn.

Now, good reader, as Lumley said, (without very good authority!) the days of miracles are over, yet I venture to think that many events in this life do so much resemble miracles that we could not distinguish them from such unless the keys to their solution were given to us.

I give you the key to the supposed miracle now in hand, by asking you to accompany me deep into the wild woods and backward in time to about an hour before noon of the day preceding Christmas. It is a tangled shady spot to which I draw attention, the snow-floor of which is over-arched by dark pine-branches and surrounded by walls of willows and other shrub. There is a somewhat open circular space in the centre of the spot, into which

an Indian on show-shoes strode at the hour mentioned. Even his most intimate friends might have failed at a first glance to recognise Big Otter, for he was, at the time very near the close of a long, hard, wearisome journey, during the course of which he had experienced both danger and privation. Latterly he had conceived an idea which he had striven with all his powers—and they were not small—to carry out. It was neither more nor less than to arrive in time to spend Christmas day with his friends at Fort Wichikagan.

But to accomplish this feat, commencing at the time he conceived it, required that the Indian should travel without fail upwards of forty miles every day. This, on snow-shoes, could only be done by a very Hercules, and that only for a few days at a stretch. Big Otter knew his powers of endurance, and had carried out his resolve nearly to completion, when a storm arose so fierce, with temperature so bitterly cold, that he could not force against it, and thus lost the greater part of a day. Still, the thing was not impossible, and as the difficulties multiplied our Indian's resolve to conquer increased.

In this state of mind, and much worn and fagged in body, with soiled and rent garments that told of weeks upon weeks of toil, he entered the circle, or open space before referred to, and, coming to a stand, rested the butt of his gun on one of his snow-shoes, heaved a deep sigh, and looked round as if undecided how to act.

But Big Otter's periods of indecision never lasted long. Being naturally of a sociable turn of mind he partially revealed his mental condition by low mutterings which I take leave to translate.

“Yes, I can do it. The pale-faces are pleasant men; pleasanter at Christmas-time than at other times. They love song, and Big Otter loves to hear song, though he does not love to do it. Men do not love to try what they cannot do. The pale-faces have much food, too, on Christmas-day, and much goodwill. Big Otter loves both the goodwill and the food, especially that round

thing they are so fond of—plumpuddinn they call it. They dance much also. Dancing gives not much joy, though Big Otter can do some of it—but plumpuddinn is glorious! Waugh! I will do it.”

Having communed with himself thus far, the Indian leaned his gun against a tree, flung down his provision-bag, took off his snow-shoes, cleared away the snow, kindled a fire, spread his bed of pine-brush and his blanket above it—and in short went through the usual process of encamping. It was early in the day to encamp, but there was only one way in which our Indian could hope to partake of the plumpuddinn, and that was to walk a little over fifty miles at one stretch. That distance lay between him and Fort Wichikagan, and it had to be traversed within fourteen and fifteen hours—including rests and food.

To prepare himself for the feat Big Otter drew from his wallet an enormous mass of venison which he roasted and consumed. Then he filled a small portable kettle with snow, which, with the aid of a fierce fire he soon converted into tea. You see our Indian was becoming civilized by intercourse with pale-faces, and rather luxurious, for he carried tea and sugar on this journey. He did not deem butter a necessity, but could afford to dispense with that because of having the remains of a rogan, or birch basket, of bear's grease (unscented, of course!) which he had reserved at the end of his fall hunt.

The meal, or rather the gorging, over, Big Otter rolled himself head and feet in a blanket, pillowed his head on the provision-wallet, and suddenly went to sleep.

Hour after hour passed, but not the slightest motion was perceptible in that recumbent figure save the slow regular rise and fall of the deep chest. The short-lived sun of winter soon passed its zenith and began to decline towards its early couch in the west, but still the sleeper lay motionless like a log. At last the shades of early evening began to fall, and then Big Otter awoke. He rose at once, stretched himself with a sort of awful energy, rolled up his blanket,

put on his snow-shoes, caught up wallet and gun, and set off on his journey.

To see a strong man stride over the land on snow-shoes is a grand sight at any time, but to see Big Otter do it on this occasion would have been worth a long journey. With his huge and weighty frame and his mighty stride he made nothing of small obstacles, and was but little affected by things that might have retarded ordinary mortals. Small bushes went down before him like grass, larger ones he turned aside, and thick ones he went crashing through like an African elephant through jungle, while the fine frosted snow went flying from his snow-shoes right and left. There was no hesitancy or wavering as to direction or pace. The land he was acquainted with—every inch. Reserve force, he knew, lay stored in every muscle, and he was prepared to draw it all out when fatigue should tell that revenue was expended and only capital remained.

As the sun went down the moon rose up. He had counted on this and on the fact that the land was comparatively open. Yet it was not monotonous. Now he was crossing a stretch of prairie at top speed, anon driving through a patch of woodland. Here he went striding over the surface of a frozen river, or breasting the slope of a small hill. As the night wore on he tightened his belt, but did not halt to do so. Once or twice he came to a good-sized lake where all impediments vanished. Off went the snow-shoes and away he went over the marble surface at a slow trot—slow in appearance, though in reality quicker than the fastest walk.

Then the moon went down and the grey light of morning—Christmas morning—dawned. Still the Red Man held on his way unchanged—apparently unchangeable. When the sun was high he stopped, suddenly, beside a fallen tree—cleared the snow off it and sat down to eat. He did not sit long, and the breakfast was a cold one.

In a few minutes the journey was resumed. The Indian was drawing largely on his

capital now, but looking at him you could not have told it. By a little after six o'clock that evening the feat was accomplished, and, as I have said, Big Otter presented himself at a critical moment to the wonder-stricken eyes of the wedding guests.

"Did they make much of him?" you ask. I should think they did! "Did they feed him?" Of course they did—stuffed him to repletion—set him down before the portentous remains of the plumpuddinn, and would not let him rise till the last morsel was gone! Moreover, when Big Otter discovered that he had arrived at fort Wichikagan not only on Christmas day, but on Chief Lumley's wedding-day, his spirit was so rejoiced that his strength came back again unimpaired, like Sampson's, and he danced that night with the pale-faces till the small hours of the morning, to the strains of a pig-in-its-agonies fiddle, during which process he consumed several buckets of hot tea. He went to rest at last on a buffalo robe in a corner of the hall in a state of complete exhaustion and perfect felicity.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WILDERNESS AGAIN.—NEW PLANS MOOTED.—TREACHEROUS ICE, AND A BRAVE RESCUE.

THE well-known disinclination of time and tide to wait for any man holds good in the wilderness of the Great Northwest as elsewhere.

Notwithstanding the momentous events which took place at Fort Wichikagan and in Colorado, as detailed in preceding chapters, the winter passed away as usual, spring returned, and the voice of the grey goose and plover began once more to gladden the heart of exiled man.

Jack Lumley sat on a rustic chair in front of the Hall, gazing with wistful eyes at the still ice-covered lake, and occasionally con-

sulting an open letter in his hand with frowning looks of meditation. The sweet voice of Jessie Lumley came from the interior of the Hall, trilling a tuneful Highland air, which, sweeping over the lawn and lake, mingled with the discords of the plover and geese, thus producing a species of wild-wood harmony.

Peter Macnab—who, since the memorable day when the table became a split-camel under his weight, had been to the Mountain Fort, and got back again to Wichikagan—came up, sat down on a bench beside his brother-in-law, and said:—

"Shall I become a prophet?"

"Perhaps you'd better not, Macnab. It is not safe to sail under false colours, or pretend to powers which one does not possess."

"But what if I feel a sort of inspiration, which convinces me that I do possess prophetic powers, at least, to some extent?"

"Then explode, and relieve yourself by all means," said Lumley.

"You have read that letter," resumed Macnab, "at least fifty times, if you have read it once."

"If you had said that I had read it a hundred and fifty times," returned Lumley, "you would have been still under the mark."

"Just so. And you have meditated over it, and dreamed about it, and talked it over with your wife at least as many times—if not more."

"Your claim to rank among the prophets is indisputable, Macnab—at least as regards the past. What have you got to say about the future?"

"The future is as clear to me, my boy, as yonder sun, which gleams in the pools that stud the ice on Lake Wichikagan."

"I am afraid, brother-in-law," returned Lumley, with a pitiful smile, "that your intellects are sinking to a par with those of the geese which fly over the pools referred to."

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT INUNDATION.

BY W. W. FENN.



THAT "fact is stranger than fiction" is a very old saying, and whilst we fully admit its truth it should not be forgotten that fact very often seems to imitate fiction. That is to say, we hear a story told of some remarkable event which is supposed to have occurred long ago, and soon after we have heard the story, we read in a newspaper of some very similar event which actually happened only the other day. It may have been that the original story was true, or was pure fiction invented by its writer for our amusement. However this may be, whether it was founded on truth or was only invention, certain it is, we are constantly coming across real events which strangely resemble something of which we have heard or read before. This circumstance possibly may have given rise to another common saying, which is, that "history repeats itself." Without, however, speculating too closely on this latter point, I will illustrate what I mean by an example. A certain distinguished novelist wrote a long story which turned upon a strange disappearance. A gentleman wandered away from his house into a forest of old pollard trees, many so old that their main trunks had grown quite hollow with age, and he was never heard of nor seen again. No one could tell what had become of him for years and years afterwards. At last some of the oldest trees in the forest had to be felled. When the woodman laid his axe at the foot of one of

these and brought it crumbling and tumbling down, lo and behold the skeleton of a man was discovered in the hollow of the trunk. From the evidence afforded by remnants of clothing, and other less perishable things such as a watch and chain, a knife, keys, etc., which were found with the skeleton, it was proved to be none other than that of the unfortunate gentleman whose disappearance had been such a matter of mystery for so long. He was known to have had the habit of climbing into the trees and of sitting there reading in hot summer weather. It is supposed that on the day when he was missed, he had been so engaged, and in moving had slipped down at the top into the hollow rotten pollard trunk, and being held there was unable to extricate himself. Far away in the depths of the forest his cries for help reached no human ears, and wedged in there as he was, upright, the tree's trunk literally became his living grave or coffin. His death must have been miserable and terrible, and of course the accident which cost him his life left no trace, and hence all search for him was in vain. This, roughly speaking, was the main incident of the fiction.

Now only a very few years ago, and long after the above story was written, the skeletons of two men were discovered in the hollow trunks of trees exactly in the same way—one somewhere in Germany—the other, I think, in our own Forest of Dean. There are many other instances on record which would illustrate my statement, that fact very often seems to imitate fiction; but the one I have just given is sufficient to show what I mean—and to show its truth. I have prefaced the story I am about to tell with these remarks because it is also a striking illustration of the odd sort of coincidence which frequently exists between fiction and fact. That which I

am going to tell is a fact, and, like the skeleton in the tree-trunk, appears to be a direct imitation of an old fiction—a fiction in this case, however, created not with the pen but with the brush. About twelve or thirteen years ago Mr. Millais painted a picture of an inundation in which a baby lying asleep in its little boat-like cradle was set afloat, and carried away by the rushing waters from a distant cottage out among the fields and hedges. It was a very notable and beautiful work of art, but none the less a pure fiction, entirely due to the inventive genius of the great artist. He had probably never seen such an incident, but his mind imagined the possibility of its occurring during a flood in a rural district; and he was right, a similar circumstance has actually happened. And this is the story about it—the story which is the imitation of the fiction.

Not a hundred miles from one of the principal towns in Lincolnshire, there is a little village named Fenchurch-in-the-Fens. It is situated on a slight eminence on the borders of a moderate-sized river which winds its sluggish way among the flat marshy meadows for which certain parts of that county are celebrated. The population consists mainly of the better sort of agricultural labourers. Amongst the most prosperous of these, not many years ago there lived one Zachariah Hazel, a widower with three sons. Their mother had died whilst they were all children, but they had been well cared-for and brought up by their father, who was a stern but on the whole an upright man, although he sometimes strained his ideas of justice a little too tight perhaps, not making sufficient allowance under all circumstances for the weaknesses common to humanity. As time went on and the boys grew to be men, he failed to think of them as such, and did not remember that by degrees his control over them would in the natural order of things become less and less. He expected them to obey him in every little detail of life when they were nineteen or twenty and thereabouts, exactly as they did when they were nine or

ten. They were naturally good and obedient fellows, and in their relation to him were excellent sons; but of course by degrees they began to have wills and opinions of their own. The consequence was there arose occasional differences, not to say squabbles, between Zachariah Hazel and his boys. They were not really a quarrelsome family, but the father's constant attempts to control all their actions just as he used to do ten and twelve years before brought about many disputes. These however never reached any serious dimensions until Adam, the eldest, was nearly seven-and-twenty years of age. Unluckily, about that time, he must needs want to get married, and this desire led to the most angry and serious consequences. Zachariah Hazel was a careful man; and having by degrees saved a little money, he had contrived from time to time to add to the patch of land attached to the cottage where he lived (a freehold) which had come to him at his wife's death. Thus, instead of being employed himself on a neighbouring farm, he began to farm for himself, and to employ workmen of his own. His sons, of course, laboured with him in their own fields; for he always used to say that his property would be theirs at his death, and that he looked upon the whole concern as a general partnership, although of course he never forgot, as was perfectly right, to show that he was master and the head of the firm. In spite of all opposition, urged it must be admitted without much show of reason by the father, Adam persisted in his determination to get married.

"All I can say, my lad, is that, if you do make Lucy Muswell your wife, you cease to be my son," finally remarked the elder Hazel, at the end of the last long angry discussion on the subject. "I have done with you; I shall wipe you out of my memory and from my will; I won't leave you a stiver, and you'll have to find for yourself for the rest of your days, and for your wife and family, if family you have, which of course you will."

"Very well, father, I am very sorry,"

answered the son, "but there is no help for it, so I must make the best of it. Lucy is a good girl, she is very fond of me and I am very fond of her, and I don't mean to give her up. She is better born than any of us, and if her parents are willing to take me, as I am, for their son—well ! I shan't be the loser—rather the other way, for I shall gain a mother besides a father—and a wife into the bargain. She is an only child, and if I work for Mr. Muswell as I have done for you, I don't think he'll be a loser neither. His farm is worth double and treble what your's is, and if you live long enough, as I hope you will, you'll see me as well to do a man as you are. Sam and Jack likewise will be the better off if what you have to leave goes to them without my standing in for my share. So all will be for the best, you'll see ; so let us part friends. There's my hand."

But the obstinate and unreasonable Zachariah was so blinded by this opposition to his will that he refused to take his son's outstretched palm, and Adam went his way saddened to the heart, but feeling that the fault was not his. His brothers Samuel and John, who were also now three or four-and-twenty, came in for a good deal of their father's anger when Adam had taken this step, for they had all along done what they could to bring about an amicable arrangement.

So Adam Hazel was married and went to live with his wife in a small cottage adjoining the farm of his father-in-law, a man now stricken in years and who was glad to hand over the management of his property to such an active, upright and experienced farmer as Adam. The square red-brick farmhouse, with its huge projecting chimney-stack, stood some five miles higher up the sluggish old river than Fenchurch-in-the-Fens. It was a somewhat lonely looking abode save in the brightest summer weather. But when the sun shone and trees and fields were green, its aspect was pleasant enough, nestling as it did amongst some groups of gaunt poplars, alders, and willows. These latter stretched away in all directions in long low lines marking the dykes and tribu-

taries and backwaters of the main stream, and only just above the level of which stood the house and adjacent outbuildings, including Adam's cottage. The barns, sheds, and ricks, with the adjoining straw-yard, the cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry, horses, waggons and carts which were congregated round about the spot when farming operations were in full activity, of course gave it an air of life, if only by contrast with the otherwise desolate character of the district. There were no other houses near it, and the extreme flatness of the country enabled you even from a very low elevation to see for miles round. Fenchurch, on its little hill surmounted by the church spire, was a conspicuous feature, however, in the landscape from far and near, and the eye always travelled to it as something pleasant to rest upon amidst the surrounding monotony. Adam Hazel and his young wife looked forth at it constantly, but rarely went near the village itself unless obliged by some business. For Zachariah carried out his threat to the letter, and refused to acknowledge his son by word or look when he chanced to meet him. He cut him dead, as the phrase goes in less rural societies, and forbade Sam and John also to speak to their brother or any of his belongings. Thus the young married couple kept themselves as much to themselves as they could, and sometimes six months would pass without the relations even catching sight of each other. The parson and a few of the more educated inhabitants of Fenchurch deplored this state of things, for the Hazels were much respected and the family feud was a source of regret to all. Still, there it was, and nobody could help it; and so in the course of a couple of years it had begun to fade from people's minds. Adam Hazel was seldom seen, and his wife and her parents even less frequently, by the good people of Fenchurch-in-the-Fens.

In wintertime intercourse in such lonely and out of the way districts is at the best very restricted. The bleak climate of our eastern counties is felt in its full intensity nowhere more than in the Fens of Lincolnshire. Snow, frost, and flood, have it all

their own way, and the bitter wind drives up from the sea across the low-lying land in a way which makes even the inhabitants wince, whilst the sportsmen who come to look after the wild-fowl which swarm in the neighbourhood are often the only living human beings who face the elements, as one may say, of their own accord.

It is at this season of the year that the true desolation and wild, forbidding aspect of the country can be fully realized. For miles around there seems to be but one pale grey-green waste, canopied by a leaden-grey sky often only one degree less broken and colourless than the land. Even when the snow has blotted every remnant of colour out of it and reduced it to one flat blank, its monotony is somehow less depressing than during the merely hard dull grey weather which generally prevails. But perhaps to see it at its very worst we should be there when the floods are out. Then truly the region presents a scene of miserable desolation unparalleled. Soddened strips and patches of land, lines of the dyke embankments here and there, the tops of the submerged willows or the bare taller trees, with now and then a bit of hedgerow just peeping up, a half-drowned group of hayricks or the roof and chimneys of some isolated cottage—these are the sights which meet the eye as it gazes round upon the waste of water—sights which seem to affect the heart of man with terror and despair, as though some intuitive and inherited memory of the way in which God chastised the wickedness of the land, still lingered in our consciousness and made us dread lest our continued evil doings might again bring down upon us a like punishment.

It was during the third winter after the rupture between Adam Hazel and his father, that one of the worst of these inundations occurred in Lincolnshire. The rain set in about six weeks before Christmas, "which falling in the land had every pelting river made so proud, that they had o'erborne their continents," as Shakspeare says. Day after day it continued pouring in torrents, as if it had never rained before,

and as if it never meant to stop. What little intercourse between farms, villages, and towns was possible, was mainly carried on by boats. Hundreds of pounds'-worth of property were destroyed, sheep and cattle perished, accidents of all kinds occurred, people were driven from their houses and many drowned. The greatest distress prevailed, consternation and terror were written in all faces. Of course, from its comparatively elevated situation, the village of Fenchurch suffered less than any other spot in the immediate neighbourhood. It also, for the same reason, became a rallying point for the unhappy people who had to seek refuge from the floods.

There was not, however, one road leading to or from it which could be passed for more than a mile without the axle-trees of the vehicles and the knees of the horses being covered with water; and the difficulty of reaching even its lower approaches, were seldom overcome without the assistance of boats. The usually sluggish old river had become a foaming torrent, and the little ditches, streams, and inlets were swollen to treble their usual size, whilst rushing and tearing along and overflowing their banks they carried away foot-bridges, palings, planks—everything indeed that would float or could be torn up. The salvage of the flotsam and jetsam as it was washed past the village, became a melancholy and often dangerous occupation for the inhabitants, and one to which they were driven by necessity, for all other work was entirely at a standstill. Zachariah Hazel and his sons Samuel and John, were foremost amongst the most active of those who took their share of this task. From morning till night they were on the alert with poles, hooks, ropes, pitchforks, rakes—anything which would help them to reach and rescue the property set afloat by the deluge. By their exertions several live sheep and a cow, which had been washed down in the direction of Fenchurch, were got out of their sad plight, just as the poor beasts had been vainly trying to swim to land. Many dead sheep as well as pigs, a poor little

pony, and an old donkey, were also saved by these sturdy, energetic fellows and others like them. The contents of cottages, such as chairs, tables, bedsteads even occasionally, were amongst the wreckage, showing that the visitation had not spared the innermost recesses of some of the people's homes. The humblest household-gods were floated out from their shrines, and added a melancholy feature to the sufficiently melancholy scene. One of the chief streamlets adjacent to the village skirted the main street, and wound its now foaming way through a part of the property of Zachariah Hazel.

Down this, from some peculiar set of the current, had come floating from the upper river way, a large quantity of household property. More than one item of furniture had been saved by the father and his two sons, as it drifted along this channel; and evidence was not wanting to show that the contents of some specially well-cared-for habitation higher up the stream, was sharing the common fate.

"Look out father!" cried Sam, suddenly one day, when the three were engaged in their usual work; "here's a queer looking article coming along. I can't rightly make out what it is. Run to the bank with your pole; Jack and I can reach it from the bridge before it goes under, if you hook hold of it."

The object which excited this exclamation, was indeed an unusual looking waif; and at the first glance, as it came swirling into that part of the stream where it was crossed by a narrow-planked bridge, more resembled a little boat, or a sort of toy Noah's Ark half covered at one end, than anything else. The directions given by Sam were promptly executed. On came the strange little craft, bobbing about and twisting round and round as it was caught by the current, sometimes getting spun into mid-stream, and then floating gaily on until another eddy took it and brought it close to the shore. At last it was only a few yards from the bridge, with its back or covered end towards the anxious watchers.

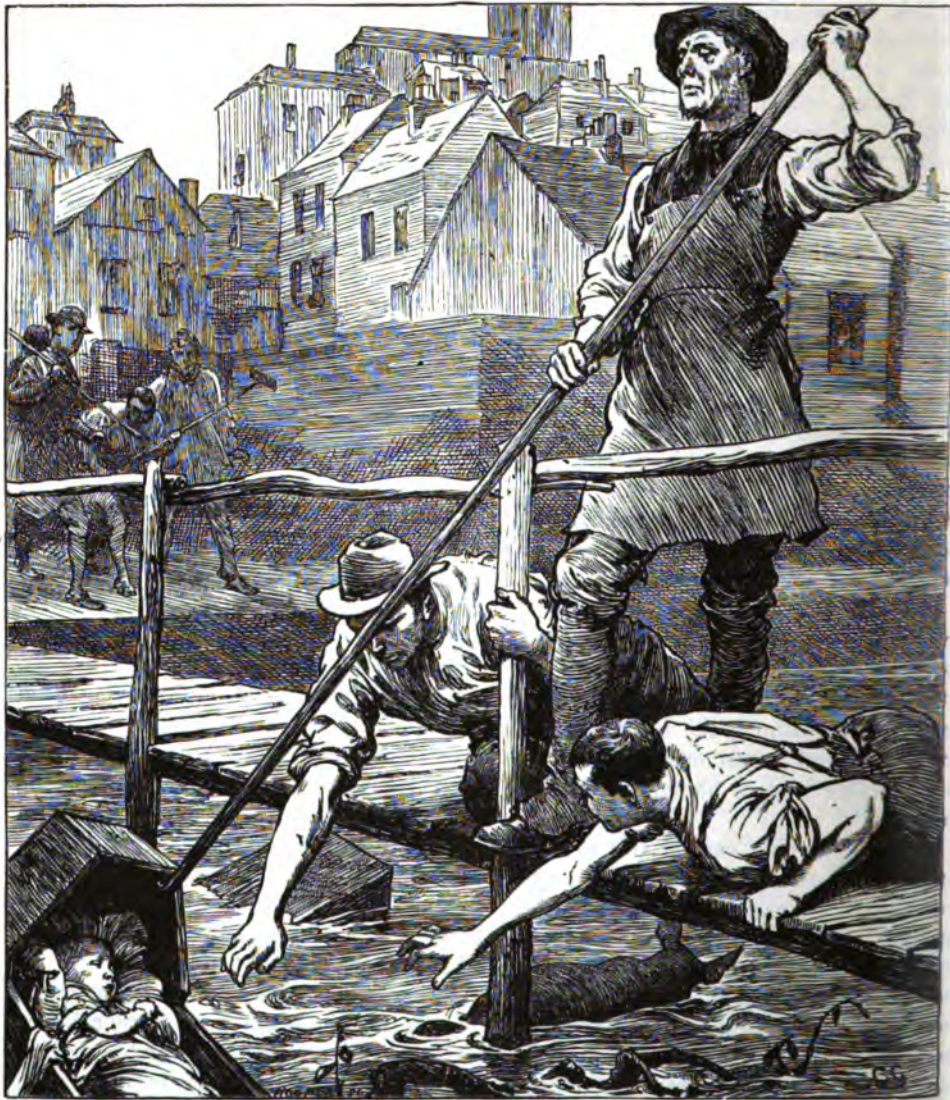
Suddenly it was turned completely round, and then for the first time they saw what it really was, and what it contained. A cry of surprise and alarm broke simultaneously from the lips of the three men—all now standing on the bridge waiting to intercept it.

"Dear heart!" exclaimed Zachariah, "why, if it isn't a cradle, with a dear blessed little babe a-lying fast asleep in it." In a moment the hook of his pole was extended, and in another moment, as the floating object came within reach, he had hooked hold of it, and was drawing it gently towards the bridge, on which Sam and Jack had now laid down ready to catch at it directly it was within arm's length. Some other of the villagers had observed the strange nature of this burthen, which the flood was bearing along to destruction; and two or three of them, armed with the usual implements of rescue, now came running and shouting down the little street. By the time they reached the water's edge the cradle had been lifted on to the plank of the bridge, and the hard stern Zachariah Hazel was holding the poor little baby affectionately in his arms, alternately expressing his thanks to God for having been permitted to save this tiny human life, and then kissing and sobbing over it as if it had been his own child. It was a touching sight to see this strong rough man, with moistened eyes, hold the delicate little form to his breast and patting its face and smoothing aside its hair from off the forehead with his great, hard finger-tips, with all the tenderness of a mother.

"It ain't got very wet, after all," he cried, "and it don't seem much the worse neither; for, look! it's opening its eyes and beginning to laugh, but we must take it indoors to the fire and warm it, for its poor little pats are as cold as ice." "Come on, boys, bring along the cradle, for that'll tell us, p'raps, whose child it is. Maybe they'll think it's drowned, poor souls, until we can tell 'em otherwise. Come on, Sam, I say; don't be loitering now; look alive," and with this Hazel made straight away to his house

which was not far off. In a few minutes more he had given his burthen into the charge of the elderly woman who kept house for him, and who was soon warming

and tending the child before the ample kitchen fire, whilst the man stood looking on with admiration and delight. For never let it be forgotten that, odd and



obstinate as Zachariah was towards his children when they were grown up, he had always been especially fond of them when they were little, and his love for all babies, and indeed for young creatures of all sorts, was very remarkable and formed one of the best traits in his character.

While he was thus standing near the fire-place looking down into the good woman's lap, and every now and then gently patting the cheeks of the little thing nestling and crooning there, his two sons entered the roomy old kitchen carrying the still dripping cradle lightly between them. As they set

it down their father immediately turned his attention to it, and lifted it on to a dresser near the window.

"Bless my heart alive," he said as he began to examine it; "I wonder whose babe it is: we must find out that afore anything else."

He turned back the little counterpane and with it one corner of the snowy sheet, and then started suddenly back as if he had received a violent blow. And indeed he had, for there—conspicuous in black marking-ink upon the edge of the white sheet—were the words 'Adam and Lucy Hazel.' The moment his eye had rested on them he knew as certainly as he did afterwards that it was none other than his own grandchild whom he had saved from a watery grave.

For several minutes he stood regarding the letters in a half-stupefied fashion as if he were in a waking dream. Then he passed the back of his hand across his eyes, and with a doubtful, puzzled expression on his face, stooped down the closer to examine the writing. Appearing at length convinced that his senses were not deceiving him, he turned half round and began staring at the baby. Then he looked back at the cradle, and then again back at the child, rubbed his eyes once more, heaved up from his broad chest a strange sound, half sigh, half whistle, and finally walking across the room to the large wooden arm-chair by the fire, sat down. Resting his elbows on his knees and his chin in his palms he so sat motionless for a long while, silently glaring into the glowing peat. When Zachariah Hazel lapsed into a fit of silence of this sort it was an ominous sign. Something was known to be brewing in his mind, and no one who knew him, least of all his sons, cared to break in on such reveries. Thus, not a word was spoken for nearly a quarter of an hour. Sam and Jack had also seen the names on the edge of the sheet, and had read their meaning aright. They exchanged significant glances with each other—glances expressing surprise and apprehension, but they neither ventured to

speak. They stood awkwardly by the dresser examining and drying the cradle, and pretending to smooth out the linen which was only drabbled and wet here and there; but they were both really pre-occupied by wondering what would be the upshot on their father's temper of this discovery. At length the silence in the room was slightly disturbed by a faint wail from the infant who, soothed by the warmth and comfort of its newly found nurse's lap had fallen asleep and was now just waking. Presently it broke into a crow of delight as the woman raised and caressed it. Hazel immediately arose and bent over it with even greater tenderness than before, and after muttering a few words about its beauty turned sharply upon his two sons and said:—

"Now, you fellows, what are you standing idling about there for? Be off with you at once and find out what has happened with Adam. Away with you, and make the best of your way up to old Muswell's farm. Find out what's going on, and what has become of your brother, tell him his babe is safe, and bring him back with you."

Then the man, as if half relenting in this tacitly expressed desire for a reconciliation, called his sons back as they were leaving the kitchen.

"Stop a bit," he said; "I don't see as there's any need for me to shake hands with him, after all. Tell him the child's safe, that'll do. I don't want to see him."

"Oh, master, don't say so," here broke in the good woman, who had now guessed from Zachariah's words the real state of things; "don't say so. If this dear little thing is really your Adam's daughter——"

"Oh, is it a girl?" interrupted Zachariah excitedly; "I'm glad of that, I'm glad of that." And with this he instantly took the baby from its nurse into his own arms, and began kissing and fondling it more affectionately than ever. Sam and Jack, still lingering on the threshold, cast each a glance at their father, and then, as if moved by a common impulse, hastened out of the room. They knew the man through and

through, and, to a certain extent, how to manage him, and made their calculations accordingly.

It was all very well for them to be told to make their way to Muswell's farm; but this was no easy task, as can be readily understood when the state of the country is remembered. They bent their steps, however, in the direction of their brother's residence, and, on passing through the village street, freely told their neighbours the nature of their mission, and of the discovery which had led to it. In a little community like that of Fenchurch-in-the-Fens, we may be sure the news was not long in spreading to everybody, and everybody's thoughts immediately turned to the parents of the child just providentially rescued.

"Poor souls," cried one villager. "I reckon they have been pretty nigh drowned out of their house themselves. It'll be a main hard job for you to get over there, Master Sam. But come along, we'll all help, now you seem to think your father'll come round. Lord, Lord, but it will be good coming out of evil, and no mistake, if it only brings round old Zach to shake hands with Adam again."

Thus it became a large party who went in quest of the poor folks at Muswell's farm. Nothing so far had been seen of any of them at Fenchurch during the present flood, and although this circumstance was not extraordinary, it seemed to cause some anxiety now that there was good reason for believing they were in danger. Getting as far along the road on foot as the waters would allow them, the knot of sturdy fellows jumped into a boat and a large punt which were moored to some palings, and which had already done good service in ferrying many distressed people into safety. The two brothers formed part of the crew of the punt, and, with the wherry in attendance, were soon paddling and pushing their way across a large stretch of inundated land to a line of dyke embankments which, for a considerable distance, rose a little above the waters. The boats were now taken in tow until another waste of water obliged the

men to re-enter them, and a still further distance was got over. Again and again this process was repeated: here and there in the shallower places, some delay being caused by the craft getting aground. Then there was much floundering and splashing, and pulling and hauling, until they could again get fairly afloat. More than three miles were thus, by degrees, put between them and Fenchurch; but at last they were enabled to get into real deep water. So far they had made their way across country, but here they struck into a long reach of the river itself. Although the force of the current obliged the men to put out all their strength to stem it, their progress was less interrupted when once they were fairly afloat on the river. They had only to make headway along it and it would lead them straight to within a stone's throw of their destination. This was now in sight; the roofs and chimneys of Muswell's farm, and the tops of the tall trees round about it, rose conspicuously against the dull, grey, but now rainless sky. The nearer they came to it the more their apprehensions for the safety of its inmates increased. It soon became quite evident that the whole of the basements of the buildings, together with the yards and neighbouring fields, were under water. The solid house itself, of course, had resisted, as it might have done many times before, the inroads of the deluge. Not so, however, the barns, out-houses, and less substantial erections. Several of these, together with many ricks, had been undermined, and had given way. Great masses of half-thatched corn and hay were floating sluggishly about, or had become jammed together in soddened heaps against trees, hedges, or walls. Timbers and broken-up portions of weatherboarding, planks, beams, hen-coops, gates and branches of trees likewise formed conspicuous features in the scene of havoc. Everything that would float was afloat, and now and then getting adrift, came swirling away in the current past the approaching boats, whilst the projecting tops of some crumbling walls here and there showed that

much of the destroyed property had sunk beneath the surface of the waters. A bend in the river brought the terrible scene of desolation into full view of the approaching party, who could then all see that the little cottage at the rear of the farm-house where Adam Hazel lived, had suffered more severely than all other parts of the premises. One end of it had been entirely washed away, so that a section of the building with the top of the staircase and one of the upper rooms lay completely open to the daylight. Filled with consternation and apprehension, the men, as soon as they could manage to row and punt themselves into the precincts of the farm, began to shout and call upon the inmates by name. So far there had been no sign of any living creature, but now a window was flung open at the top of the farm-house, and a young woman, one of the servants, appeared, evidently in the deepest distress. She recognized Sam Hazel, and so soon as he had floated the punt to within earshot, just below the window, she began to tell her sad tale.

"Oh, master Sam," she cried quickly, "it's well you are come, or we might have all been drowned like the poor darling babe. Your brother and the missus were over here with the old people, and had only left her about a quarter of an hour this morning, asleep and safe in her cradle, when a side of the house fell in with a crash, and nobody ha'n't seen nothing of her since. Nobody can't find her, and we can't tell if she's been crushed to death or drowned."

"Stop, stop!" cried Sam; "where's my brother and his wife? Their child's all safe and at our house, but where are they?"

"Lord bless your heart, Master Sam! they're a'most beside themselves. Master Adam have been——." But here attention was diverted from the girl by the sudden opening of a window on a lower storey, and the appearance at it of the head and shoulders of Adam himself.

"All right!" immediately shouted Sam and Jack together, "all right, Adam! your child's safe and sound, and you're to come

back to father. He wants to see you and make it up, he's sent us to fetch you. Heart alive, man! come along, bring the missus, and catch him while he's in the humour. Aye? but this is a rare mercy God has given us, and your little girl has done it all!"

Adam scarcely waited to interchange more than another brief word or two with Sam, but descending as low as the water in the house would allow him, appeared in a few minutes at a lower window; and this time with his wife by his side.

The men in the punt were holding on to any little projection which offered itself on the side of the house as if it had been the side of a ship, but the boat was yet too far below the window, for a woman at any rate to get into it. So there was more delay while a ladder had to be fetched by Adam, but soon this was thrust out of the window and down into the boat, and by degrees poor Mrs. Adam was handed out and seated safely at one end of the sturdy, flat-bottomed craft, where she soon began to console herself with the recollection that her child was alive and well. Her husband went back for the purpose of inducing her parents to leave the house now that rescue had come, but the old people refused to desert their home. The father said that the worst was over, he knew, and that the flood would soon abate, and that he could rely on the stability of the old house which he had more than once before seen in nearly equal peril. Finally, therefore, it was decided that the young people only should be taken to Fenchurch, and when Adam at length had taken his place in the punt beside his wife, the party began the return journey, which was in the course of time accomplished in the same way as they had come.

The short winter twilight was fast fading into night with a promising strip of crimson in the western sky, as the three brothers and Mrs. Adam entered the old kitchen of the paternal abode.

No one was ever able exactly to tell who spoke first, or what was said by anybody for

a long while. Zachariah, however, who seemed to feel the awkwardness of the situation less than the others, was still nursing the child, which he was never tired of doing. The moment he caught sight of the mother, he popped it into her arms without a word, and peace and good-will was thenceforth re-established in the Hazel household. Suddenly somebody remembered that it was Christmas Eve, and this most appropriate discovery so diverted attention from the awkward side of the meeting, that, what with laughing and rejoicing, and then with some crying and sobbing on the part of the two women, and the general thanksgiving for the mercy which had been vouchsafed, they resolved themselves after a time into quite a happy little family-party. Refreshment was produced in the shape of a huge pie, and a foaming jug of ale; and, bating the recollection of the havoc and sorrow now wrought by the great inundation, there certainly could not have been found for miles around that unlucky district, a group of people whose hearts were beating with more cordial affection and thankfulness. Old Zachariah, perverse though he was, was a frank-hearted man, and though he said nothing about the mistake he had made, he felt it none the

less deeply in his rough way, and continued tacitly acknowledging it over and over again, by suddenly getting up and kissing his daughter-in-law and her child, and then by shaking his son's hand as if he would wring his arm off. The vocabulary of these good people was rather limited, so we need not linger over their conversation. It turned upon home and public affairs, so to speak, alternately; and old Hazel's satisfaction was the greater perhaps when he discovered that the little girl he and his sons had rescued was his first and so far his only grandchild. Later on he announced his intention of making over to her what would have been her father's share in his property. He seemed to have a satisfaction in making this arrangement, as it did not oblige him to re-introduce Adam's name into his will—that young man's future, he said, being provided for by his marriage.

All at Fenchurch-in-the-Fens rejoiced to hear of the reconciliation. It was the one bright spot, the solitary piece of good that could be extracted from the surrounding evil; and as it is in the nature of things for mortals to err, people said that perhaps it was not extraordinary once in a way for a father to have been in the wrong instead of a son.



FOR NAME AND FAME;

A TALE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

By G. A. HENTY.

Author of "Out with Clive;" "Facing Death;" "By Sheer Pluck"; "Under Drake's Flag;"
 "The Young Buglers;" "Cornet of Horse;" "Friends, though Divided," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(continued).



"It would be difficult to withdraw now," Will said. "It would shake the confidence of the men. I think myself that we ought to advance and drive the enemy before us till we take up some really defensible position; but I doubt if the Afghans would wait for that. In all our history a British charge against an Indian enemy has always been successful, no matter how great the odds."

"It is a bad lookout," the captain said as a shell burst close by him, killing and wounding five or six men. "It is quite evident that if we stay where we are we must in time be annihilated. Our fellows will stand, no doubt; they are English soldiers and well officered. But how can one expect the two Indian regiments, with only three or four white officers each, to remain steady under such a fire as this and with these desperate charges of Ghazis upon them?"

Very steadily the 66th held their ground in spite of a flanking fire of artillery and musketry. Every time the enemy gathered at the edge of the ravine for a rush the heavy fire of the company on the flank, which was wheeled back at a right angle to the line so as to face them, drove them

back to shelter again. The regiment had suffered very heavily, still the officers felt that they could endure till nightfall. Of victory there was now no idea, for to conquer men must act, and here they were only called upon to suffer. Presently a wild tumult was heard to the left, and then the men of the shattered native regiments burst in a tumultuous mass into the ranks of the 66th.

"Steady, men, steady," shouted the officers.

But it was of no avail. All was in hopeless confusion. The artillery fired until the Ghazis were within a few yards of them; then they hastily limbered up and fell back. But the Ghazis were too close at hand, and two of the guns were lost. Even now had the cavalry charged upon the Afghans time would have been given to the broken infantry to form again into a solid mass and to draw off from the field in good order. But the cavalry remained inactive. Both these regiments had a record of good service in the field, but their conduct on this occasion was little short of disgraceful. Among the infantry all order was lost, and, mixed up in a confused mass hemmed in on all sides by the enemy, they fell back, each man fighting for himself, upon the village behind. Here in the walled enclosures the 66th and the Grenadiers rallied and fought nobly. Each house was used as a fortress and only carried after a desperate struggle. Here Colonel Galbraith and nine other officers of the 66th were killed and the greater portion of the regiment shared their fate.

Some bodies of the troops, entirely cut off from the rest in their retreat, stood their ground in the open and fought desperately to the end, surrounding themselves ere they died with a ring of slaughtered enemies. So desperate was the defence in some cases that, outnumbering them fifty to one, the enemy never dared to come to close quarters with the gallant band which kept up a rain of fire on them till the last man had fallen. So long and stoutly was the village defended that the great majority of the broken fugitives had time to pass out behind. General Burrows, who had done his best to stem the rout, drew off the shattered remains and fell back with them in fair order.

Will Gale's company was in the right flank of the regiment and therefore farthest from the point where the line was broken by the rush of the native troops. Seeing what was taking place the captain formed his men into company square and fell back to the village in fair order. The company then threw itself into a house with a walled garden to the right of the village, and its steady fire in no slight degree helped to keep back the Afghans and cover the retreat. This they did until General Burrows himself rode up and ordered them to fall in.

"Your company has done good service, sir," he said to Captain Fletcher, "and it is for you now to cover the retreat."

Slowly and in good order the company fell back, and joining the troops who still retained their formation retired slowly, facing about and pouring volley after volley into the Afghans as they came out through the village. For two miles the enemy pressed closely upon them; but their loss had already been immense, and all desired to join in the plundering of the British camp, therefore the pursuit slackened and three miles from the village the rear-guard were ordered to follow the main body at quick march.

CHAPTER XIX.

CANDAHAR.

"THANK God that is over," Captain Fletcher said as he lifted his cap and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, "but the regiment is almost annihilated."

"I fear the worst is yet to come," Will said. "We are fifty miles from Candahar, and when we came out we had to carry water with us, for there was none to be found on the way. We have a fearful march before us. What on earth has become of the cavalry? They have done nothing to cover the retreat."

"They have ridden on ahead," the captain said bitterly, "without having drawn a sword in this day's fight, and will ride into Candahar to-morrow morning without losing a man, save the few who were knocked over by the artillery."

Presently an officer rode up.

"Ah! Gale," he exclaimed, "thank God you are safe. I rode back to see." And Colonel Ripon shook hands warmly with the young officer.

"I am glad to see that you are safe, sir," Will answered. "This has been a terrible day."

"It has, indeed," the colonel said mournfully, "terrible! There has been nothing like it since the retreat from Cabul in 1848. And how many of these poor fellows will reach Candahar God only knows! The water-bottles were emptied hours ago. The men are already exhausted with the long day's work and parched with thirst and we have fifty miles' tramp before us. Have you any wounded men here with you?"

"Several, sir, some of them badly hurt."

"Put one of the worst on my horse," Colonel Ripon said, dismounting; "and push on briskly, lads. There are some carts ahead. We will turn out the stores and put the wounded in. You had better let the men throw away their knapsacks and all useless encumbrances," he said to Captain Fletcher. "You will have to march and perhaps fight all night, and must husband your strength."

Steadily the rear-guard followed the broken column. It consisted of men of the 66th and Grenadiers mingled together, and well did they carry out their arduous duties. A portion were thrown out on each flank, while the rest kept to the road. This was strewn with arms and accoutrements of all kinds. The men's hearts were wrung to the core by the sight of the number of wounded who had dropped by the roadside, and who implored them as they passed not to leave them to be murdered by the enemy. Many of them were lifted and placed in carts, everything else being turned out to make way for them, but many had to be left behind, for it would be impossible to carry them on such a march. Slowly the long night passed. All along the line ahead a scattered fire of musketry could be heard as the villagers shot down the fugitives who in hopes of finding water straggled from the road. Sometimes sharp volleys rang out as the troops stood at bay and drove back the natives when they pressed upon them. Several times the rear-guard were hotly engaged as the Afghans, furious at seeing their prey slipping from their fingers, mustered and fell upon them, but each time they were repulsed and the column held on its way. Will was in command of a mixed band of some forty men which moved to the right of the road. Colonel Ripon kept by his side: but few words were spoken through the long night.

The men were half mad with thirst, and had there been water near nothing could have restrained them from rushing to it; but they knew that none could be obtained until they reached Candahar. Many, in utter despair at the distance before them, threw themselves down on the ground to die. But the others kept on, stumbling and staggering as they marched stupid and half-blind, rallying only when the order came to turn and repulse the enemy.

Two or three times in the night the rear-guard halted for a few minutes and the men threw themselves down on the sand, where they picked the scattered herbage within their reach and chewed it to quench their

burning thirst. Daylight was a welcome relief. They knew indeed that with the rising of the sun their torments would grow still greater; but the change from the long dreary darkness cheered them, and they could now see from the nature of the country that they were within fifteen miles of Candahar. They marched on for two more hours, and then the officer in command of the little body saw that they could do no more.

He therefore led them to a village on rising ground, a short distance from the road, and halted them there. The exhausted men threw themselves down in the shade of the houses. They had the long day yet to pass and their thirst seemed unendurable; still the halt was welcome, for there was not a man but felt that his strength was at an end and that it would have been an impossibility to reach the city.

Captain Fletcher picked out a few of the least exhausted men and placed them in the outskirts of the village to call the rest to arms in case the Afghans, numbers of whom were hovering round, should venture upon an attack. For the first hour after reaching the village not a man moved from the spot where he had thrown himself down. The officers had searched the houses and found some jars of water. These they carried round and doled out a few mouthfuls to each man. Small though the amount was, the relief afforded was immense; and as soon as their first exhaustion had subsided the men scattered through the gardens plucking the vine leaves and chewing them, and fortunately discovering a few gourds, which were cut up into small fragments and divided.

The day wore on, and at one o'clock there was a shout of joy, for a body of cavalry were seen approaching at a rapid trot from the town. Soon they rode up, and proved to be a regiment which had been despatched from the town for the relief of the stragglers. At daybreak the cavalry, riding in many miles ahead of the infantry, brought the news to the city of the

defeat, and something very like a panic at first ensued.

It was some time before anything was done to succour the exhausted fugitives who were pressing forward to the city. But at last a force was sent out with waggons and bullocks with water-skins, and thus hundreds of lives which would otherwise have been sacrificed were saved. The cavalry had come out with full water-bottles, and relief was soon afforded to the worn-out rear-guard, who at once fell into rank and resumed their march towards Candahar, the cavalry, who had brought a few light carts with them, pursuing their journey for some distance further to succour and collect those who had fallen on the road.

The sun was just setting as the rear-guard of General Burrows' brigade reached Candahar, after having marched since the previous morning sixty miles without food, and with only a few mouthfuls of water, and having fought for nearly twenty-four hours of that time. Every preparation was made in the city for the expected attack. The defences were strengthened; the lower portion of the populace, who would be likely to declare against them, were turned out of the town, and provisions were collected from the country round. Fortunately ample time was afforded them for these preparations. Ayoub's army had been to a great extent demoralized by the tremendous losses which it had sustained in the defeat of this handful of British troops, and some days elapsed before it moved forward from Maiwand. Then by easy marches it approached Candahar, and took up its position in the plain to the north of the city.

Just as the rear-guard of General Burrows' force were starting from their halting-place for their last march into the city, Will Gale was delighted at seeing Yossouf approaching. He had not seen him since the regiment marched out from Kusk-I-Nakhud. The young Afghan had remained with the other followers in the village behind Maiwand during the battle, when, while the resistance of the British was still continuing, the

Afghans had worked round by the ravines and entered the village.

Yossouf had been obliged to join in the retreat, which was at once commenced by the baggage train. Full of anxiety for the fate of his master, he had hurried forward at his best speed to Candahar, reaching the city only an hour or two after the arrival of the cavalry. In spite of the distance he had already performed he did not delay for an instant, but set out again with some provisions, and a bottle of wine and one of water hidden away in his dress. He had resolved to push forward at all hazards until he had either joined his master, whether on his retreat or as a prisoner in Ayoub's army, or had discovered his body on the field of battle, and given him burial.

Passing through the throng of fugitives, and questioning any of the men of the 66th he met, he made his way forward. He had learned that Will's company had withdrawn in a body from the battle-field to the village, but further than this none of the fugitives could tell him, and his delight was exuberant when he saw Will marching along with his company.

The little supply which he had brought was at once served out among the men who most needed it, and Will, who had been in a state of great uneasiness concerning the safety of his faithful follower, was greatly cheered by finding him alive and unhurt.

The news of the defeat of Maiwand produced an immense sensation in India, and measures were at once taken for the relief of Candahar. A strong division was ordered to march from Cabul through Ghuzni, while General Phayre, who commanded the force at Quettah, was also ordered to advance to the assistance of the garrison. General Phayre, however, although comparatively close to Candahar, was unable to advance for some time. The same miserable economy which had dispersed the transport train after the signature of the Treaty of Gundamuk, and had so delayed the advance of General Roberts towards Cabul after the massacre of the mission,

again paralyzed the action of the British troops, the whole of the transport train, collected at so much cost and difficulty, having been dismissed to their homes as soon as the negotiations with Abdul-Rahman held out a prospect of peace.

Many weeks elapsed before a sufficient number of baggage animals could be collected to enable General Phayre to advance with his relieving column. In Candahar things passed quietly. The enemy from time to time fired shot and shell into the city from distant positions; but believing that no relief could reach the garrison before the supplies of food were exhausted, and that it must therefore yield to hunger, Ayoub's army contented themselves by watching the city from a distance and by keeping a cordon of troops round its walls to prevent the country people from bringing in provisions.

Detached bodies, indeed, often crept up near the walls and kept up a musketry fire at any troops showing themselves there. But no attempts were made to batter down the walls or to make anything like a resolute assault. Ayoub's army had indeed greatly lost heart. If 1500 British soldiers attacked under circumstances of the greatest disadvantage, had killed 6000 or 7000 of their assailants, what might not be the slaughter which a greatly superior force would inflict when sheltered behind stone walls?

From one village, situated half a mile from the eastern gate of the city, so constant and harassing a fire was maintained by the enemy that General Primrose resolved to make a sortie to capture it. The affair was, however, badly planned, and resulted in failure. The Afghans, sheltered in the strongly-built houses, kept up so severe a fire upon the assailants that these were obliged to fall back with a considerable loss.

After that no further sorties were attempted, and the city remained in quiet until the relieving columns were close at hand.

The force selected to march from Cabul

to the relief of Candahar under the command of General Roberts consisted of the 92 Highlanders, 23rd Pioneers, 24th and 25th Punjaub Infantry, the 2nd, 4th, and 5th Ghoorikas, the 72nd Highlanders, 2nd battalion of the 60th, the Norfolk Rangers, the 2nd, 3rd and 15th Sikhs. There were three batteries of artillery and four cavalry regiments, the 9th Lancers, the 3rd Bengal Cavalry, the 5rd Punjaub Cavalry, and the Central India Horse. This gave a total of about 10,000 fighting men. There were, in addition, 8000 followers to feed, 7000 horses, and some 8000 transport and artillery mules and ponies.

The ameer did his best to assist the force, which was indeed going to fight his battle as well as their own. The question was whether so large a force would be able to subsist on the road, and in order to assist them to do so he sent orders to all the tribes along the line of march to aid the column in every way. In consequence, no difficulties were met with, and scarce a shot was fired on the way down. In seven days after starting Ghuzni was reached, and in fifteen Khelat-I-Ghilzai, where Colonel Tanner, with a small garrison, had been besieged by the local tribes since the advance of Ayoub. Khelat-I-Ghilzai stood near the other end of the valley down which the column was advancing, and was but three days' march from Candahar.

From the day of their leaving Cabul to their arrival at Khelat-I-Ghilzai the troops had marched a distance of fifteen miles a day—not an extraordinary distance for a single regiment to perform, but a wonderful feat for a force containing some 18,000 persons and 9000 baggage animals marching through mountains and valleys. As the relieving force approached Candahar Ayoub drew off his troops from around the city, and took up a strong position on some hills a few miles to the north. On the 27th of August Roberts' cavalry were near enough to establish heliographic communication with the town, and on the 31st the column entered Candahar.

During the siege the duties of the garr-

son had been heavy. A strong force was always held ready to get under arms instantly in case of an attack by the enemy. The number of sentries on the walls, magazines, and other important points was large. The town had to be kept in order and the inhabitants strictly watched. House-to-house requisitions were made for provisions and the greatest economy was used in the distribution of these, as the garrison had no means of knowing how long a time might elapse before aid could arrive. The death of ten officers of the 66th, all of senior standing to himself, had placed Will Gale at the top of the list of lieutenants, and as several officers were disabled by wounds he was now performing captain's duty, and was in charge of a company. There were, indeed, but three companies now in the 66th Regiment, so great having been the loss that the whole of the survivors now made up but this number.

Among the other duties of the troops was that of protecting the many houses which had been left vacant by the hasty retirement of most of the native merchants and traders at the approach of Ayoub's force. Colonel Primrose, anxious to lessen the number of mouths to be fed, encouraged the exodus, promising to take charge of all property left behind. This duty proved a troublesome one, as the lower class, which still remained in the city, were constantly endeavouring to break into and loot the houses thus left vacant by their proprietors. In order to protect these as much as possible many of the officers were directed to move from their quarters in the barracks and take up their residence in them, an order which was gladly obeyed, as the exchange from hot confined quarters to the roomy dwellings of the merchants was a very pleasant one. Will Gale was one of those who so moved, and with Yossouf and two native followers had been quartered in the house of a wealthy silk merchant.

One night he was aroused from sleep by Yossouf.

"Sahib!" the latter whispered, "I hear

people moving below. I think there are thieves in the house."

Will rose noiselessly, slipped on his trousers and shoes, and taking a revolver in one hand and a sword in the other stole down-stairs, followed by Yossouf with his long Afghan knife in his hand. The door of the warehouse was open, and within it Will saw, by the faint light of a lamp which one of them carried, four Afghan ruffians engaged in making up silks into large bundles in readiness to carry off. His approach was unnoticed, and on reaching the door he levelled his pistol and shouted to the Afghans to surrender as his prisoners. In reply they dropped the lamp and made a sudden rush at him. He fired his pistol hastily in the darkness, but in an instant the Afghans were upon him. The first man he cut down, but he was knocked over by the rush of the others. Two fell upon him, but Yossouf bounded upon them like a tiger and buried his knife to the hilt in their backs in quick succession. The last of the party, without staying to see what was the fate of his friends, at once took to his heels, and rushing to the door leading to the street made his escape. Yossouf raised Will to his feet.

"Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothing to speak of," Will replied. "I am a bit shaken and bruised by the fall. Those fellows in the darkness were upon me before I could see them. Thanks to you, I have escaped without hurt, Yossouf, and had it not been for your aid they would assuredly have made an end of me. My pistol had fallen from my hand as they knocked me down, and on the ground I could not have defended myself with my sword for an instant. Once more, Yossouf, I owe my life to you."

So many attempts similar to that made upon the house occupied by Will Gale took place that sentries were posted at ten o'clock at night at the entrances to the various streets in which the houses left deserted by the native traders were situated, and orders were given that no natives should be out of their houses after that

hour unless provided with a pass signed by the commandant of the city. Several messengers were from time to time sent out to endeavour to get through the enemy's lines and to carry to General Phayre the news of what was going on in the city. A few of these succeeded in getting through, but none returned, so that until the signal-lights were seen flashing from the distant hills in the direction of Khelat-I-Ghilzai the garrison were unaware of the steps which were being taken for their rescue. Even had unforeseen obstacles prevented the advent of either of the relieving columns it is probable that the garrison of Candahar would finally have freed itself. General Primrose had at his disposal a force more than double that which had fought at Maiwand, and had the British advanced into the plain and offered battle to Ayoub on a fair fighting-ground they should without difficulty have defeated his army, whose long delays and hesitation showed how immensely their *morale* had been affected by the previous battle. Thus it was that Sale, after sustaining a long siege in Jellalabad, finally sallied out and completely defeated the besieging army before the arrival of the force marching to his relief.

The Candahar force was not commanded by a Sale; but had it been given a chance to retrieve Maiwand, there can be little doubt of what the issue would have been. Over and over again the subject was discussed at the messes of the various regiments, and immense indignation was felt at the force being kept cooped up in Candahar when the history of India recorded scores of examples of victories won by British troops against greater odds than those now opposed to them.

It must be said, however, that the native portion of the army in Candahar was of very inferior fighting quality to that which operated in Eastern Afghanistan. Those regiments were for the most part either Ghorkas, Sikhs, or Punjaubees, than whom no braver men exist. The Ghorkas are small active men, mountaineers by birth, and to whom war is a passion.

The Sikhs and Punjaubees, upon the contrary, are tall stately men, proud of the historical fighting powers of their race. They had fought with extreme bravery against the English, but once conquered they became true and faithful subjects of the English crown, and it was their fidelity and bravery which saved England in the dark days of the mutiny. The Bombay troops, upon the other hand, were drawn from races which had long ceased to be warlike. They possessed none of the dash and fire of the hardier troops; their organization was, and still is, defective; and the system of officering them was radically bad. The contrast between the two was strongly shown in the conduct of the Sikh and Ghorka regiments with General Stewart when attacked by the sudden rush of the Ghazis at Ahmed Khel, and that of the Bombay Grenadiers and Jacob's foot under precisely similar circumstances at Maiwand. There is no doubt, however, that the main reason why General Primrose did not sally out and give battle on the plain of Candahar was that in case of defeat the populace of the city would assuredly have closed their gates against the army, and that nothing would have remained but a disastrous retreat across the Kojak Pass, a retreat of which very few would ever have survived to tell. Their enforced idleness in Candahar made the time pass slowly and heavily, and it was with the greatest joy that the garrison hailed the entry of the columns of General Roberts.

Upon his arrival the general lost no time in reconnoitring the position of the enemy.

It was well chosen for defence. His army was encamped behind the range known as the Baba Wali hills. A road ran direct over them, and here a strong force was stationed supported by artillery in position. The last hill of the range on the south-west was known as the Pir-Paimal Hill, and by turning this the camp of Ayoub's army would be taken in flank and the defences in front rendered useless. The reconnaissance which was made by the cavalry, supported by the 15th Sikhs,

advanced close to the central hill. The enemy unmasked five guns and opened upon them, and the Afghans poured down to the attack.

There was, however, no intention on the part of the British commander of bringing on a battle, and the troops accordingly fell back in good order to the main body. A mile and a half from the city stood a low ridge of rock called the Picket Hill, in the line by which the column would have to move to turn the Pir-Paimal Hill, and this was at once seized. A number of Ghazis stationed here fought, as usual, desperately, but the 4th Ghoorkas repulsed their charge and cleared the ridge of the enemy. The general determined to attack the Afghan position with his whole force on the following day.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BATTLE OF CANDAHAR.

THE plan of action upon which General Roberts determined was simple. The 1st and 2nd brigade were to advance abreast, the 3rd to follow in support. As the 66th were to take no part in the fight, Will Gale obtained leave to ride out with General Weatherby with the 3rd division. The enemy were well aware of the weak point of the position which they occupied, and they had mustered thickly in the plain, in which were several villages, with canals cutting up the ground in all directions, and abounding with hedges, ditches, and inclosures: altogether a very strong and defensible position.

It was at 10 o'clock on the 1st of September that the British force advanced. The first division on the right moved against the large walled village of Gundi, which was strongly held by the enemy. Against this General Macpherson sent the 92nd and the 2nd Ghoorkas and, stubbornly as the enemy fought, the place was carried by the bayonet. On the line taken by the 2nd

division under General Baker, three villages had successively to be carried, Abasabad, Kaghanary, and Gundigan. The 72nd Highlanders, and the 2nd Sikhs advanced to the attack of these. The resistance of the Afghans was stubborn in the extreme, but they were driven out. The fighting line of the two divisions kept abreast, and for two miles had to fight every inch of their way from wall to wall, from garden to garden, and here and there from house to house, and from lane to lane.

Once or twice the attack was checked for a few minutes by the desperate resistance of the Afghans at the crossing places of canals and in walled inclosures; and again and again the Ghazis rushed down upon the troops. The 3rd Sikhs and the 5th Ghoorkas joined the fighting line, and step by step the ground was won until the base of the hill was turned and the attacking force saw in front of them the great camp of Ayoub's troops. Up to this point the enemy had fought with the greatest bravery, but a sudden panic seized them now they saw that their line of retreat was threatened by our cavalry, for an Afghan always loses heart under such circumstances. As if by magic the defence ceased, and the enemy, horse and foot, abandoning their guns and throwing away their arms, fled up the Argandab valley. Everything was abandoned.

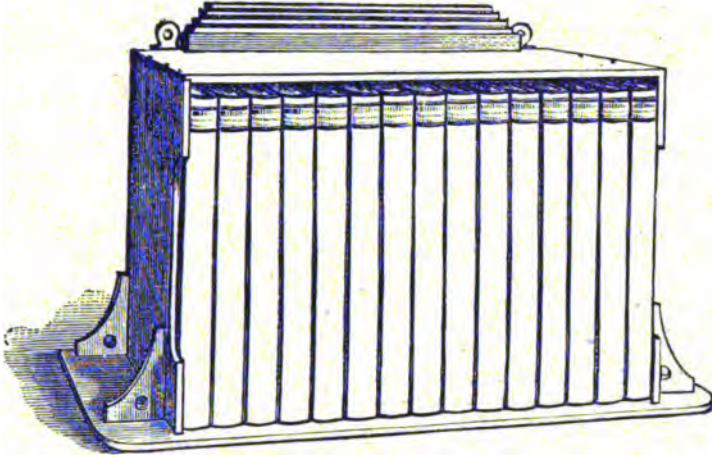
There was nothing more for the infantry to do but to sack Ayoub's camp and to park the captive guns, thirty in number. The amount of stores and miscellaneous articles in the camp was enormous—arms, ammunition, commissariat, and ordnance stores, helmets, bullock trunks crammed with native wearing apparel, writing materials, Korans, English tinned meats, fruit, and money. Here, in fact, was all the baggage which the army had brought from Herat, together with all the spoil which they had captured at Maiwand.

(To be continued.)

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THE BIG OTTER.

THE BIG OTTER.

A TALE OF THE GREAT NOR'WEST.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Author of "The Wild Man of the West;" "The Red Eric;" "Dusty Diamonds;" "The Life Boat;"
"The Coral Island," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(continued.)



"LISTEN!" resumed the Highlander, with a serious air that was unusual in him. "I read the future thus. You have already, as I am aware, sent in your resignation. Well, you will not only quit the service of the H. B. C., but you will go and join your friend Maxby in Colorado; you will become a farmer; and, worst of all, you will take my dear sister with you."

"In some respects," said Lumley, also becoming serious, "you are right. I have made

up my mind that, God willing, I shall quit the service—not that I find fault with it, very much the reverse; but it is too much of a life of exile and solitude to my dear Jessie. I will also go to Colorado, and join Maxby, but I won't take your sister from you. I will take you with me, brother-in-law, if you will consent to go, and we shall all live together. What say you?"

Macnab shook his head, sadly.

"You forget, my boy, that your case is very different from mine. You have only just reached the end of your second term of service, and are still a youth. Whereas, I am a commissioned officer of the Fur Trade, with a fairish income, besides being an elderly man, and not very keen to throw all up and begin life over again."

There was much in what Macnab said,

yet not so much but that Lumley set himself, with all his powers of suasion and suavity, to induce his brother-in-law to change his mind. But Lumley had yet to learn that no power of Saxon logic or personal influence can move the will of a man from beyond the Grampian range who has once made up his mind. When all was said, Macnab still shook his head, and smiled regretfully.

"It's of no use wasting your breath, my boy,—but tell me, is Jessie anxious for this change?"

"She is anxious. She naturally pines for female society—though she did not say so until I urged her solemnly to tell me all her mind. And she is right. It is not good for woman, any more than for man, to be alone, and when I am away on these long expeditions—taking the furs to the depot, searching out the Indians, hunting, &c.,—she is left unavoidably alone. I have felt this very strongly, and that was why, as you know, I had made up my mind during the winter, and written to the governor and council that, as my time had expired, I meant to retire this spring."

"Yes, boy, I know," returned Macnab. "I foresaw all this even long before you began to move in the matter, and I also took steps with a view to contingencies. You know that I am entitled to a year's furlough this spring. Well, I wrote during the winter to say that I intended to avail myself of it. Now, then, this is what I intend to do. When you retire, and go off to the States, I will go with you on leave of absence. We won't lose time by the way, for you may depend on it that Maxby will

not delay his wedding longer than he can help. Fortunately, his old father won't be able to wind up his affairs in England, and set off to Colorado quite as quickly as the son expects, so that will help to delay matters, and thus though we can hardly expect to be in time for the wedding, we will at least be time enough to claim a revival and extension of the festivities. Then, you know, Big Otter——"

"Aye, what of him?" asked Lumley, seeing that Maenab paused.

"Well, I think we may prevail on him to go with us as our guide till we reach the civilized world, after which, we can take him in charge—turn the tables as it were—and guide him to Sunny Creek."

"Yes—or send him on in advance of us, through the wood in a straight line, like the swallow, to announce our approach."

At this point, Jessie, who had been busy with the household bread, came to the door with a face radiant from the combined effect of hard work and happiness.

"What is the subject of all this earnest conversation, Jack?" she asked, pulling down the sleeves that had been tucked up above her elbows.

"Ask your brother, Jess," said Lumley, rising. "I shall have time before supper to pay a visit to Big Otter on a matter of some importance."

He passed into the house to take up his gun and powder horn, while Jessie sat down on the rustic chair, and her brother returned to the subject that had been interrupted.

Now there occurred that afternoon an event which might have put a fatal and final termination to the plans which had just been so eagerly discussed.

I have said that spring was so far advanced at that time, that pools of water were formed on the ice of Lake Wichikagan. The heat which caused these had also the effect of softening the snow in the woods, so as to render walking in snow-shoes very laborious. As walking without them, however, was impossible, Lumley had no other course left than to put them on

and plod away heavily through the deep and pasty snow.

Big Otter at that time occupied the important position of hunter to the establishment. He supplied it with fresh meat, and dwelt in a small wigwam about six miles distant from the establishment on the borders of a little lake—little at least for that region, but measuring somewhat over three miles in diameter. He also, for his own advantage and recreation, carried on the business of a trapper, and had that winter supplied many a silver fox and martin to the fur-stores at Wichikagan.

When Lumley set out to visit the chief he knew that there was a possibility of his being out after deer, but in that case he meant to await his arrival, at least until night-fall, and then he could leave a hieroglyphic message, which the Indian would understand, requiring his immediate presence at the fort. In any case Lumley thought nothing of a twelve-mile walk, even though the snow was soft and deep.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred until he reached the lake above-mentioned, on the borders of which he halted. Looking across the bay, on the other side of which the hunter's wigwam stood, he could discern among the pines and willows the orange-coloured birch-bark of which it was made, but no wreath of blue smoke told of the presence of the hunter.

"H'm! not at home!" muttered Lumley, who then proceeded to debate with himself the propriety of venturing to cross the bay on the ice.

Now, it must be told that ice on the North American lakes becomes exceedingly dangerous at a certain period of spring, for, retaining much of its winter solidity of appearance, and, indeed, much of its winter thickness, it tempts men to venture on it when, in reality, it has become honey-combed and "rotten." Ice of this kind—no matter how thick it be,—is prone to give way without any of those friendly cracks and rends and other warnings peculiar to the new ice of autumn, and, instead of giving way in angular cakes it

suddenly slides down letting a man through to the water by opening a hole not much larger than himself. Of course Lumley was well aware of this danger—hence the debate with himself—or, rather, with his judgment.

"It looks solid enough," said Lumley.

"Looks are deceptive," said his judgment.

"Then, it's rather early yet for the ice to have become quite rotten," said Lumley.

"So every one goes on saying every spring till some unfortunate loses his life and teaches others wisdom," said judgment, "besides, you're a heavy man."

"And it is a tremendous long way round by the shore—nearly four times the distance," murmured Lumley.

"What of that in comparison with the risk you run," remarked judgment, growing impatient.

"I'll venture it!" said the man, sternly.

"You're a fool!" cried the other, getting angry.

It is surprising with what equanimity a man will stand insulting language from himself! With something like a contemptuous smile on his lips, Lumley took off his snow-shoes and set off to cross the bay.

As he had anticipated, he found it as firm as a rock. The surface, indeed, had a dark wet look about it, and there were various pools here and there which he carefully avoided, but there was no other indication of danger until he had got three-quarters of the way across. Then, without an instant's warning, the mass of ice on which he stood dropped below him like a trap-door and left him struggling in a compound of ice and water!

The first shock of the cold water on his robust frame was to give it a feeling of unusual strength. With a sharp shout, caused by the cold rather than alarm, he laid both hands on the edge of the ice, and, springing like an acrobat out of the water to his waist, fell with his chest on the still sound ice; but it was not long sound. His convulsive grip and heavy weight broke it off, and down he sank again over head and ears.

It is not easy to convince a very powerful man that he may become helpless. Lumley rose, and, with another Herculean grip, laid hold of the edge of the ice. His mind had not yet fully admitted that he was in absolute danger. He had only been recklessly vigorous at the first attempt to get out—that was all—now, he would exercise caution.

With the coolness that was natural to him—increased perhaps by the coolness of the water—he again laid his hands on the edge of the ice, but he did not try to scramble upon it. He had been a practised gymnast at school. Many a time had he got into a boat from deep water while bathing, and he knew that in such an effort one is hampered by the tendency one's legs have to get under the boat and prevent action—even as, at that moment, his legs were attempting to go under the ice. Adopting therefore his old plan and keeping his hands on the edge of the ice, he first of all paddled backwards with his legs until he got himself into a quite perpendicular position, so that when he should make the spring there would be no fear of retarding his action by scraping against the ice with his chest. While in this position he let himself sink to the very lips—nay, even lower—and then, acting with arms, legs at the same moment, he shot himself full half his length out of the water.

The whole process was well calculated, for, by sinking so deeply before the spring, he thus made use of the buoyancy of water and rendered less pressure with his hands on the ice needful. But, although he thus avoided breaking the ice at first he could not by any device lessen the weight of his fall upon it. Again the treacherous mass gave way, and once more he sank into the cold water.

Cold, far more than exertion, tells on a man in such circumstances. A feeling of exhaustion such as poor Lumley had never felt before came over him.

"God help me!" he gasped, with the fervour that comes over men when in the hour of their extremity.

Death seemed at last evidently to confront him, and with the energy of a brave man he grappled and fought him. Again and again he tried the faithless ice, each time trying to recall some device in athletics which might help him, but always with the same result. Then, still clinging to life convulsively, he prayed fervently and tried to meet his fate like a man. This effort is probably more easy on the battle-field, with the vital powers unexhausted and the passions strong. It was not so easy in the lone wilderness, with no comrade's voice to cheer, with the cold gradually benumbing all the vital powers, and with life slipping slowly away like an unbelievable dream!

The desire to live came over him so strongly at times, that, again and yet again, he struggled back from the gates of the dark valley by the mere power of his will and renewed his fruitless efforts, and when at last despair took possession of him, from the depths of his capacious chest he gave vent to that

"bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony!"

Sleeping soundly in his wigwam, Big Otter heard the cry.

Our Indian was not the man to start up and stare, and wonder, and wait for a repetition of any cry. Like the deer which he had so often roused, he leaped up, bounded through the doorway of his tent, and grasped gun and snow-shoes. One glance sufficed to show him the not far distant hole in the ice. Dropping the gun he thrust his feet into the snowshoes, and went off over the ice at racing speed. The snowshoes did not impede him much, and they rendered the run over the ice less dangerous. Probably Lumley would not have broken through if he had used his snow-shoes, because of the large surface of ice which they would have covered.

To come within a few yards of the hole, slide to the edge of it on his chest, with both snow shoes spread out under that, by way of diffusing his weight over as much surface as possible, was the work of only a few minutes. But by that time the perishing

man was almost incapable of helping himself. The great difficulty that the rescuer experienced was to rouse Lumley once more to action, for the torpor that precedes death had already set it, and to get on his knees on the edge of the ice, so as to have power to raise his friend, would only have resulted in the loss of his own life as well. To make sure that he should not let go his hold and slip, Big Otter tied the end of his long worsted belt round his friend's right wrist.

"Now," he said earnestly, "try, once more."

"Too late—too late! God bless you, Big ——"

He stopped and his eyes closed!

"No!" cried the Indian vehemently, giving the perishing man's head a violent shake—then, putting his mouth close to his ear, added in a deep tone. "Not too late for the Master of Life to save. Think! The dark-haired pale-face waits for you."

This was a judicious touch. The energy which could not be aroused by any consideration of self was electrified by the thought of the waiting wife. Lumley made one more desperate effort, and once again cried to God for help. Both acts contributed to the desired end, and were themselves an answer to the prayer of faith. Mysterious connection! Hope revived, and the vital fluid received a fresh impulse. In the strength of it Lumley raised himself so far out of the water that the Indian was able to drag half his body on the ice, but the legs still hung down. Creeping back a few feet, the Indian, still lying flat on his face, cut a hole in the ice with his hatchet, into which he stuck his toe and seized hold of the end of his worsted belt.

"That's right," said his friend faintly—"wait."

Big Otter knew that full consciousness had returned. He waited, while Lumley, gently paddling with his legs, got them into a horizontal position.

"Now!" cried Lumley.

The Indian pulled—softly, at first; then vigorously, and Lumley slid fairly on the ice. The rest, though still dangerous, was

easy. In a few minutes more the red man had the pale-face stripped beside a rousing fire in the wigwam—and thus, he brought him back to life from the very gates of death.

"You have saved me, my good friend," said Lumley, when he began to recover.

"The Great Master of Life saved you," returned the Indian. "He made use of me—for which I thank him."

It was not until late on the following day that Lumley felt strong enough to return to the fort, and relate what had occurred. Then the plans for the future were laid before Big Otter, and, to the satisfaction of all parties, he agreed at once to fall in with them.

"But," said he, "Big Otter will not stay. He loves the great wilderness too well to be content to live among the wooden wigwams of the pale-faces."

"Well, we won't bother ourselves on that point just now," said Macnab, "and so, as that's comfortably settled, I'll pack up and away back to my mountain fort to get ready for a trip with you and Lumley and Jessie to Colorado."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAST.

ONCE more I change the scene, from the wild regions of the north, to the little less wild lands of Colorado.

On a certain bright forenoon in Autumn, I stood in the door-way of Sunny Creek Cottage watching a clumsy vehicle as it laboured slowly up the hill. I was alone that day, old Mrs. Liston, Eve, and "Aunt Temple" having gone off in the waggon for a long drive to visit a relative with hunting proclivities who had built himself a log-hut in a ravine of the neighbouring mountains, that he might be in closer proximity to the bears and deer.

With some curiosity I approached the lumbering machine to assist the occupant who seemed unable, or impatient, to open the door. It was a stiff door, and swung open with a jerk which caused the occupant's hat to fall off, and reveal a bald head.

"Father!" I gasped.

"Punch, my boy!"

The dear old man tripped in his haste to get down, plunged into my bosom, threw his arms round my neck to save himself, and almost bore me to the ground. Neither of us being demonstrative in our affections, this unpremeditated not to say unintentional embrace I felt to be quite touching. My father obviously resolved to make the most of his opportunities, for he gave me a thoroughly exhaustive hug before releasing me.

"I—I—didn't m—mean," said my father, blazing with excitement, and gasping with a mingled tendency to laugh and weep, "didn't mean to come it quite so strong, P—Punch, my boy, b—but you'll make allowance for a momentary weakness. I'm getting an old man, Punch. What makes you grin so, you backwoods bumbli-squash?"

The last sentence, with its opprobrious epithet (coined on the spot), was addressed with sudden asperity to the driver of the clumsy vehicle, who was seated on his box with mouth expanded from ear to ear.

"Wall, stranger, if you will insist on knowin'" said he, "it's sympathy that makes me grin. I *do* like to see human natur' out of its go-to-meetin' togs, with its saddle off, an' no bridle on, spurtin' around in gushin' simplicity. But you're wrong, stranger," continued the driver, with a grave look, "quite wrong in callin' me a bumbli-squash. I *have* dropt in the social scale, but I aint got quite so low as that, I guess, by a long chalk."

"Well, you compound of Welshman and Yankee, be off and refresh yourself," returned my father, putting an extra dollar, over and above his fare, into the man's hand, "but don't consume it on your filthy fire-water—cock-tails, or gin-slugs, or any other kind of sling-tails. If you must drink, take it out in hot strong coffee."

The man drove off, still grinning, and I hurried my father into the cottage where, while I set before him a good luncheon, he gave me a wildly rambling and interjec-

tional account of his proceedings since the date of his last letter to me.

"But why did you take me by surprise in this way, dear daddy; why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

"Because I like to take people by surprise, especially ill-doing scapegraces like——by the way," said my father, suddenly laying down his knife and fork, "where is she?"

"Where is who?"

"She—her, of course; the—the girl, the Hottentot, the savage. Oh! George, what an ass you are!"

"If you mean Eve, sir," said I, "she is away from home—and everybody else along with her. That comes of your taking people by surprise, you see. Nobody prepared to receive you; nothing ready. No sheets aired even."

"Well, well, Punch, my boy, don't be sharp with your old father. I won't offend again. By the way," he added, quickly, "you're not married yet? eh?"

"No, not yet."

"Ah!" said my father, with a sigh of relief, as he resumed his knife and fork, "then there's the barest chance of a possibility that if—but you've asked her to marry you, eh?"

"Yes, I have asked her."

"And she has accepted you?"

"Yes, she has accepted me. I wrote all that to you long ago."

"Ah!" said my father with a profound sigh of resignation, "then there is *no* chance of a possibility, for if a man tries to win the affections of a girl and succeeds, he is bound in honour to marry her—even though he were the Emperor of China, and she a—a Hottentot. Now, Punch, I have made up my mind to like the girl, even though she painted scarlet circles round her eyes, and smeared her nose with sky blue—but you *must* let your poor old father blow off the steam, for you've been such a—a donkey!—such a hasty, impatient, sentimental, romantic idiot, that—another glass of that milk, my boy. Thank'ee, where do you get it? Beats English milk hollow."

"Got it from one of our numerous cows, daddy," said I, with a short laugh at this violent change of the subject, "and my Eve made the butter."

"Did she indeed? Well, I'm glad she's fit for even that small amount of civilized labour; but you have not told me yet when I shall see her?"

"That is a question I cannot exactly answer," said I, "but you will at all events be introduced to-night to her father's mother, and her aunt, as well as to a young lady—a Miss Waboose—who is staying with us at present. And now, father," I added, "come, and we'll have a stroll round the farm. I don't expect the ladies back till evening. Meanwhile, I want you to do me a favour; to humour what I may call a whim."

"If it's not a very silly one, Punch, I'll do it, though I have not much confidence in your wisdom *now*."

"It is simply that you should agree, for this night only, to pass yourself off for a very old friend of mine. You need not tell fibs, or give a false name. You are a namesake, you know. There are lots of Maxbys in the world!"

"Weak, my boy; decidedly weak. They'll be sure to see through it, and I won't be able to recollect not to call you Punch."

"No matter. Call me Punch. I'll tell them you are a very familiar old friend—a sort of relation, too, which will account for the name."

"Well, well," said my father, with a smile of pity. "I'll not object to humour your whim, but it's weak—worthy of a man who could engage himself to a miserable red-Indian-Hottentot!"

This being finally settled, and my father having been pretty well exhausted by his ramble round the farm, I set him down on the rustic chair with a newspaper, and left him, saying I should be back in an hour or so.

I knew the road by which the waggon was to return, walked along it several miles, and then waited. Soon it drove up to the

spot where I stood. They were surprised to see me, but more surprised when I ordered the ladies to get out and walk with me while the coachman drove on slowly in advance.

Then I hurriedly told of my father's arrival and explained more fully than I had yet ventured to do his misconceptions and prejudices as to Eve. "Now, I want you all," said I, "to help me to remove these prejudices and misconceptions as quickly as possible by falling in with my little plans."

Hereupon I explained that my father was to be introduced as an old friend and namesake, while Eve was to be presented to him as a visitor at the cottage named Miss Waboose. I had feared that old Mrs. Liston would not enter into my plan, but found that, on the contrary, having a strong sense of humour, she quite enjoyed the notion of it. So did aunt Temple, but Eve herself felt doubtful of her ability to act out her part. I had no doubt on that point, for she had undertaken it, and well did I know that whatever Eve undertook she could and would accomplish.

It might be tedious to recount in detail the scenes that followed. The dear old man was charmed with Miss Waboose—as I had fully expected—and Miss Waboose was more than charmed with the dear old man! So that when we bade the ladies good-night, he kissed her fair forehead with quite fatherly tenderness.

When I conducted the old man to his room I was struck, and made quite anxious, by the disconsolate expression of his face, and asked earnestly what was wrong.

"Wrong!" he exclaimed, almost petulantly. "Everything's wrong. More particularly *you* are wrong. Oh, George, I *can't* get over it. To think that you are tied hard and fast—*irrevocably*—to a—a red Indian—a painted savage—a Hottentot squaw. It is too—too bad!"

He kicked off one of his shoes so viciously at this point, that it went straight into and smashed a looking-glass; but he did seem to care a straw for that. He did not even condescend to notice it.

"And to think, too," he continued, "that you might have had that adorable, young lady, Miss Waboose, who,—in spite of her heathenish name—is the most charming, artless, modest young creature I ever saw. Oh! Punch, Punch, what a consummate idiot you have been."

It was impossible to help laughing at my poor father's comical expression of chagrin, as he sat on the edge of his bed, slapped his hands down on both knees and looked up in my face.

"Excuse me, daddy, but what ground have you for supposing that Miss Waboose would accept me even if I were free to ask her hand?"

"Ground? Why the ground that she is fond of you. Any man with half an eye could see that, by the way she looks at and speaks to you. Of course you have not observed that. I trust, my boy, you are too honourable to have encouraged it. Nevertheless, it is a fact—a miserable, tantalizing, exasperating fact—a maddening fact, now that that hideous red-Indian-Hottentot stands in the way."

"That red-Indian-Hottentot," said I, unable any longer to cause my dear father so much pain, "does *not* stand in the way, for I am happy to tell you that Miss Waboose and Eve are one."

"Come, come, Punch," returned my parent testily, "I'm in no humour for jesting. Go away, and let me get to bed and pillow my head on oblivion if possible."

I do assure you, reader, that I had no slight difficulty in persuading my father that Eve Liston and Waboose were really the same person.

"But the girl's *fair*!" objected my father, when the truth began to force an entrance.

"Yes—'passing fair,'" said I.

"And with blue eyes and golden hair!" said he.

"Even so," said I.

"No more like a savage than I am!" said my father.

"Much less so," said I.

When at length he did take in the fact,

he flung his arms round my neck for the second time that day and did his best to strangle me. Then, under a sudden impulse, he thrust me out into the passage and shut and locked the door.

"You won't pillow your head on oblivion now, will you daddy?" I asked through the key-hole.

"Get away, you deceiver!" was the curt reply.

But surprises did not come singly at that time. Call it a miracle, or a coincidence, or what you will, it is a singular fact that on the very next day there arrived at Sunny Creek cottage, four travellers—namely Jack Lumley, the black-haired pale-face, Peter Macnab, and Big Otter!

On beholding each other, Jessie Lumley and Eve Liston, uttering each a little shriek, rushed into each other's arms, and straightway, for the space of five minutes, became a human amalgam.

"Not too late, I hope?" said Lumley, after the first excitement of meeting was over.

"Too late for what?" said I.

"For the wedding, of course," said he.

"By no means. It is fixed for this day three weeks."

"Good—Jessie and I will have the knot tightened a little on the same day by the same man."

"Wind and weather permitting," said Macnab, with his wonted irreverence. "Now, Maxby, my boy, take us into the house and introduce us to old Mrs. Liston. But what splendid creature is this coming towards us?"

"Why that's Aunt Temple," I whispered, as she came forward. "Let me introduce you, aunt, to Mr. Macnab—the jolly fur-trader of whom you have often heard me speak so often and so much."

Macnab made a profound obeisance, and Aunt Temple returned a dignified bow, expressing herself "much pleased to make the acquaintance," &c., and saying that Mrs. Liston, being unable to come out to greet them, was anxious that we should enter. "Particularly Big Otter," said aunt

Temple, turning to the grave chief, "for whom she has a very great regard."

Thus invited and specially complimented our tall Indian stooped to enter the cottage door, but, not being accustomed to the wooden wigwams of the pale-faces, he did not stoop low enough, struck his head against the top and rather damaged an eagle's feather with which his hair was decorated.

Nothing, almost, could upset the dignity and imperturbable gravity of Big Otter. He stooped lower to conquer the difficulty, and when inside drew himself up to his full height, so that the eagle's feather touched the ceiling and tickled up some flies that were reposing in fancied security there.

Glancing round till his black eyes caught sight of old Mrs. Liston in a darkish corner on a sofa, he stepped forward, and, stooping to grasp one of her small hands in both of his, said tenderly—"Watchee."

"What cheer—what cheer?" said the accommodating old lady, responding to the salutation in kind. "Tell him, George, that I'm so happy to see once again the friend of my beloved William."

"Big Otter rejoices to meet again the mother of Weeum," replied the Indian.

"And tell him," said Mrs. Liston, "that I hope he has now come to stay with us altogether."

The Indian smiled gravely, and shook his head, intimating that the question required consideration.

When the other members of the party were introduced—Jessie and Eve having been separated for the purpose—we all adjourned to the verandah to interchange news.

Need it be said that we had much to hear and tell? I think not. Neither need the fact be enlarged on that we all retired late that night, in a state of supreme felicity and mental exhaustion.

There was one exception, however, as regards the felicity, for Mrs. Liston, out of regard for the friend of her darling William, insisted that Big Otter should occupy the best bed-room on the ground

floor, and the result was eminently unsatisfactory, for Big Otter was not accustomed to best bed-rooms. Eve conducted the Indian to his room. He cared nothing for his comfort, and was prepared humbly to do whatever he was bid. He silently followed her and looked round the room with open-mouthed wonder, as she pointed to his bed and with a pleasant nod left him.

Resting his gun in a corner, for he never parted with that weapon—night or day—and, laying his powder-horn and shot-pouch on the ground, he drew his tomahawk and scaling-knife, and was about to deposit them beside the horn when his eye suddenly fell on a gigantic Indian crouching, as if on the point of springing on him. Like lightning he sprang erect. Then, an expression of intense humility and shame covered his grave features on discovering that a large mirror had presented him with a full-length portrait of himself. A sort of pitiful smile curled his lip as he took off his hunting coat. Being now in his ordinary sleeping costume he approached the bed, but did not like the look of it. No wonder! Besides being obviously too short it had white curtains with frills or flounces of some sort, with various tags and tassels around, and it did not look strong. He sat cautiously down on the side of it, however, and put one leg in. The sheets felt unpleasant to his naked foot, but, not being particular, he shoved it in and was slowly letting himself down on one elbow, when the bed creaked!

This was enough. Big Otter was brave to rashness in facing known danger, but he was too wise to risk his body on the unknown! Drawing forth his leg he stood up again, and glanced round the room. There was a small dressing-table opposite the bed; beside it the large glass which had given him such a surprise. Further on a wash-hand stand with a towel-rack beside it, but there was no spot on which he could stretch his bulky frame save the middle of the floor. Calmly he lay down on that, having previously pulled off all the bed-clothes in a heap and selected therefrom a single blanket. Pillowing his head on a footstool

he tried to sleep, but the effort was vain. There was a want of air—a dreadful silence as if he had been buried alive—no tinkling of water, or rustling of leaves, or roar of cataract. It was insupportable. He got up and tried to open the door, but the handle was a mystery which he could not unriddle. There was a window behind the dressing-table. He examined that—overturning and extinguishing the candle in the act. But that was nothing. The stars gave enough of light. Fortunately the window was a simple cottage one which opened inwards with a pull. He put on his coat and belt, resumed his arms, and, putting his long leg over the sill, once more stood on his native soil and breathed the pure air! Quietly gliding round the house he found a clump of bushes with a foot-path leading through it. There he laid him down enveloped in one of Mrs. Liston's best blankets, and there he was found next morning in tranquil slumber by our domestic when she went to milk the cows.

Before the three weeks were over Peter Macnab almost paralyzed Aunt Temple by a cool proposal that she should exchange the civilized settlements for the wilderness and go back with him, as Mrs. Macnab, to the Mountain Fort! The lady, recovering from her semi-paralytic affection, agreed to the suggestion, and thus Peter Macnab was, according to his own statement, "set up for life."

Shall I dwell on the triple wedding? No. Why worry the indulgent reader—or irritate the irascible one—by recounting what is so universally understood. There were circumstances peculiar, no doubt, to the special occasion. To Eve and myself, of course, it was the most important day of our lives—a day never to be forgotten and for which we could never be too thankful, and my dear father pronounced it the happiest day of *his* life, but I think he forgot himself a little when he said that! Then old Mrs. Liston saw but one face the whole evening, and it was the face of Willie—she saw it by faith through the medium of Eve's sweet countenance.

But I must cut matters short. When all was over Macnab said to his wife: "Now, my dear, we must be off at the end of one week. You see, I have just one year's furlough, and part of it is gone already. The rest of it you and I must spend partly in the States, partly in England, and partly on the continent of Europe, so that we may return to the Great Nor-west with our brains well stored with material for small talk during an eight or nine months' winter."

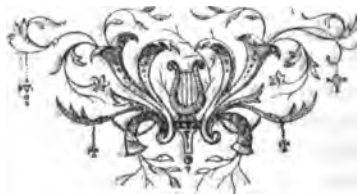
Aunt Macnab had no objection. Accordingly, that day week, he and she bade us all good-bye and left us. Big Otter was to go with them part of the way and then diverge into the wilderness. He remained a few minutes behind the others to say farewell.

"You will come and settle beside us at last, I hope," said Mrs. Liston, squeezing the red man's hand.

The Indian stood gently stroking the arched neck of his magnificent horse in silence for a few moments. Then he said in a low voice:—

"Big Otter's heart is with the pale-faces, but he cannot change the nature which has been given to him by the Great Master of Life. He cannot live with the pale-faces. He will dwell where his fathers have dwelt, and live as his fathers have lived, for he loves the great free wilderness. Yet, in the memory of his heart the mother of Weeum will live, and Waboose and Mux-hee, and the tall pale-face chief who won the hearts of the red men by his justice and his love. The dark-haired pale-face, too, will never be forgotten. Each year as it goes and comes Big Otter will come again to Sunny Creek about the time that the plovers whistle in the air. He will come and go till his blood grows cold and his limbs are frail. After that he will meet you all, with Weeum, in the bright Land of Joy where the great Master of Life dwells for evermore. Farewell!"

He vaulted on his steed at the last word, and, putting it to the gallop, went away back to his beloved wilderness in the Great Nor-west.



"THE GUARD DIES."

A REMINISCENCE OF THE 18TH OF JUNE, 1815.



HERE is a romantic interest surrounding the records of the Old Guard which, if equalled by the annals of some of our own regiments, has never been surpassed. As a writer once said, "When the Grecian Phalanx, sixteen thousand strong, shoulder to shoulder, shield to shield, moved sixteen deep against the enemy, the conflict was considered over." So when the Eagles of the Old Guard were seen advancing through the fire and smoke of battle, everyone knew that the issue of the fight was no longer doubtful;

when the high bear-skin caps were perceived in line, the men advancing—

"Steadily, shoulder to shoulder;
Steadily, blade by blade,"—

the whole of the French army would burst out into the wild and enthusiastic cry of *Vive l'Empereur!*

The moral influence of the Guard was as great as its physical force. Its cool, steady approach, bearing down all opposition, sweeping everything from its path; its fearful artillery vomiting flame and shot, the grenadiers marching like a wall: the cuirassiers plunging mercilessly amongst the foe, carried a prestige independent of the

actual force itself, and struck terror into the bravest.

To those who know not the intimate history of the relations of Napoleon and his Guard, its deeds may appear commonplace, and simply marking a path of slaughter. But putting aside the real affection which existed amongst the men and officers for the emperor, whose tact cemented their feelings, there is something very grand in this Old Guard. Over a hundred sanguinary fields those veterans had carried the Eagles of France, and when Napoleon was exiled, after the entrance of the Allies into Paris, a detachment of the corps which, in 1811, numbered more than fifty thousand men, accompanied him.

It is with the closing scene in the life of this unconquered corps that we have now to do. It is history, no doubt, but many lads have perhaps never realized the grandeur of the Guard, nor the heroism which led them to die at Waterloo, where for the first time, they suffered defeat. The proud saying of Cambrouse, or Michel, "The Guard dies—it never surrenders," is engraven on the memory of friends and foes.

With this brief introduction to our subject we will endeavour to put the incidents in as pleasant narrative form as possible without destroying its historical character.

The dethroned Emperor took possession of his petty kingdom of Elba, on the 4th of May 1814, and when he reached the island almost his first care was for his detachment of the Guard, which he organized into six companies. But the veterans pined for activity and—Paris. Theatricals were organized for them, but after a time the plays made the soldiers more home-sick

An incident which occurred at this period shows the temper of the troops.

One day at dinner the emperor came round and entered into conversation with the old grenadiers.

"Well, my grumblers, is the soup good to-day?" said Napoleon jocosely.

"Yes, my emperor," replied a veteran. "But it would be better if——"

"If what? Is not the meat good? Are the vegetables tough?"

"No," replied the grenadier, "they are excellent; but one thing is wanting which is not in your power to give."

"What is that? Let me hear it," demanded Napoleon, impatiently.

"Water of the Seine to boil them in," was the reply.

The emperor walked away muttering that the grenadier was "too much of a *gourmet*."

This desire for return to France smouldered long, and at length broke forth.

On the 26th of February, 1815, orders were given by General Dronot to keep the men at work till three, then to give them their soup. At five P.M. they were all to embark, and when this had been accomplished Napoleon bade his mother and sister adieu, and went on board the *Inconstant* sloop of war with 300 of his guard.

"Soldiers and officers of the guard," he said, "we are going to France!"

We can picture the enthusiasm, and the grim satisfaction when the *Inconstant* was hailed by a ship, and the captain enquiring for Napoleon, if they had come from Elba, was answered by the emperor himself, that he "was wonderfully well." The vessel passed on suspecting nothing; and on the 1st of March the little troop landed in France again. That night Napoleon bivouacked with his soldiers in an olive plantation.

We need not follow the triumphant march from Cannes to Paris. On the nucleus of the former corps—upon the foundation of the battalion that had shared the emperor's exile—the Old Guard was re-enrolled. Yet it was different, and though 40,000

men were incorporated in it, many hundreds did not possess the discipline of the former regiments.

Then commenced the well-known struggle of the "Hundred Days." The allied forces, determined to crush the Imperial dynasty, poured their forces into France. England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia banded themselves together, and immense bodies of troops were sent against the French.

On the 7th of June, 1815, Napoleon moved suddenly between the English with their Belgian allies, and the Prussians. After his usual custom the emperor fell upon one antagonist with his whole available force; and on this occasion Blücher was attacked at Ligny. After a tremendous conflict, in which the Prussians are stated to have lost 15,000 men, Napoleon turned his attention to the British. Had Marshal Ney not tarried at Quatre Bras the defeated Prussians would have been cut off, and prevented from reaching the field of Waterloo in time to turn the tide of battle, and to share in the glory and carnage of the fatal eighteenth.

The English headquarters were at Brussels, and, not expecting to be attacked, the Duke of Wellington was at the now historic ball given by the Duchess of Richmond. The "Iron Duke" and the Duke of Brunswick were in conversation when a courier hastily arrived with the startling tidings that Napoleon had defeated Blücher at Ligny. Wellington, it is recorded, turned pale at the news, and the Brunswicker sprang to his feet so suddenly, that a young guest who occupied his knees, was rolled violently to the floor. Lord Byron's verses describing the excitement, picture the scene for us very vividly. Romancers and historians have pivoted their plots upon the scare at Brussels.

All was hurry and, for a time, confusion. But very quickly the English battalions fell in, and in the depths of the dark and stormy night, began their march to Quatre Bras, a distance of fifteen miles. Such a night might well have chilled the most enthusiastic and hopeful. But in that race

against time, upon flooded and miry roads, through dripping forests, in torrents of rain, the march was one unparalleled in modern history, until that to Candahar lately overshadowed it.

Through the driving rain and mist, Ney, "the bravest of the brave," discerned the enemy who had come upon him while he slept. He had not calculated upon this rapid advance, and far from holding Quatre Bras as he had previously told the Emperor he was doing, he was likely to be driven from it. So Napoleon's plan to annihilate Blücher was frustrated, and Ney had to fight desperately to keep the British at bay. The wearied battalions kept arriving from Brussels, and were sent into battle as fast as they appeared. Thus passed the 16th of June in storm and carnage.

The tempest of rain never ceased. We who have seen so little of war in our generation—at any rate of war in which our own troops have been concerned—cannot realize the conditions of things sixty years ago. The comforts of the soldiers in the field are now looked after in a way which was never dreamed of then. Medical science has made rapid advances, and everything is done to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded and the sick, unless, as often happens even now, the transport fails. The soldier of the present is much better off than his famous predecessors who won their laurels in war, sturdily, doggedly, and in many instances without any recognition. Now the authorities give medals broadcast for putting down insurrections!

Ney could not make any impression upon the British force, and the men of both armies on the muddy ground slept, bled, or died, under the stormy sky. Ten miles away, Napoleon, victor over the Prussians, was advancing to unite with Ney, leaving Grouchy to look after the enemy and prevent their junction with the English. But the weather prevented all these calculations from having the desired effect. Grouchy's men could not overtake the Prussians, and Wellington retired to Waterloo, about nine miles from Brussels, where he formed his

line of battle, expecting to unite with Blücher, whose army was at Wavre.

Napoleon with his Old Guard had broken the Prussians, and had nearly checkmated the Duke of Wellington. But the English general relied upon his men, and worthily they all responded to his confidence. The night of the 17th of June passed away, and on Sunday morning the armies were drawn up face to face for the final struggle; as so many armies have since been drawn up on Sundays, which somehow appear to be selected for slaughter.

About eight o'clock the sun came out brightly; at half-past ten the armies were ready for the fight—the most momentous in modern history. At eleven o'clock, as many church-bells in England were ringing in their congregations, the battle of Waterloo commenced.

Hour after hour the French troops charged and endeavoured to break the British line. Formed in square to resist cavalry—opening out in line to deliver withering volleys—lying down to avoid the hail of iron and lead which swept whole companies away at times, the English army remained upon the ridge, defying the flower of the emperor's troops, all day.

"Would that night or Blücher would come!" was the prayer of the British commander-in-chief, as he watched his force diminishing, but without a thought of retreat. The endurance of the stubborn islanders even wrung an unwilling admiration from their gallant enemies, and the thin red line closed up, though awful gaps were ever made in it. Yet Blücher did not arrive, nor did the long summer day come to an end.

At length Napoleon's eagle glance discerned some troops deploying from the forest on his right, and the welcome news that Grouchy was coming gave the French renewed hopes. But when the division sent to unite with the new-comers were beaten back, and the Prussian cannon thundered on the flank of the French line—then Napoleon made his desperate effort. He saw he could not hope to resist

the attack of the Prussians; so he determined to deal a terrible blow with his Guard, and then turn upon the new foe. If he could prevent the junction of the allies, but this once more, he might purchase a respite and wait for Grouchy with hope.

For this purpose the Guard was formed up into two immense columns. They were to be pushed wedge-like into the British centre, and meeting there to beat back their foes. The emperor himself led one division for a time, but gave up the command to Marshal Ney, who in a few minutes had five horses shot under him, and then marched on foot. The other column under Reille advanced direct upon the British lines, but was received with such a cannonade that it melted away like so much mist, leaving the field heaped with dead and dying.

The English infantry had been withdrawn behind the ridge when the Imperial Guard commenced their advance. The artillery of the Guard, under Dronot, thundered in support, and the British batteries, loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, tore huge breaches in the moving wall of men that came boldly on.

"Nothing," says the historian, "could be finer than this movement." The Guard had never yet retired before a foe, and as the column came on a pause ensued. Each army held its breath as the dark and terrible mass swept in one strong wave along the encumbered field.

The silence—it was almost silence—did not last long. The French descended one slope, crossed the intervening level, disdainingly the scattered shots, and advanced to the foot of the opposite slope held by the enemy. Then the artillery opened! With one awful roar the British batteries burst forth, and the leading companies of the grand Guard were mown down like grass. But the survivors made no sign. Filling up the horrible gaps they pressed on, meeting the iron storm, but whole battalions and squadrons disappeared. Nevertheless close up the slope they came amid the guns,

which soon retired, and the French thought their victory secure.

But the order came, not the words long so popular—they have been accounted fiction. It was not "Up, Guards, and at them," but an order was given which effectually answered the purpose. The British infantry, which had been lying down, burning with rage and impatience, having for eight hours stood to be slain without moving, rose all along the ridge, and poured a withering volley at point-blank range upon the Imperial Guard.

One broad sheet of flame lined the ridge. Every bullet pierced the front rank of the assailants, and found its "billet" in the second line. The Scotch overlapped the flanks, and the Irish yell avenged Picton, as the "Fighting Fifth" brigade pressed on with fixed bayonets, and bore the Guard backwards down the slope.

Then arose the cry which had never been heard before—

"The Guard recoils! The Guard recoils!"

This was the climax. The Duke of Wellington ordered the whole line to advance, and on it came with pent-up fury. The sight of the retreating Guard was enough, every French heart was frozen with dismay. The English cavalry came swooping on, when the remnant of the proud array formed in square to repulse them. Eight battalions of these grand troops tried to stem the fatal tide of battle, but in vain. Michel disdained to surrender, and step by step Death stalked through the ranks till but a single battalion of the Guard remained.

Cambronne was now in command, and the emperor threw himself into the square; but the brave soldier took Napoleon by the arm and said, "Retire! Do you not see death has no need of you?" The emperor permitted himself to be persuaded, and bade adieu to the remnants of the magnificent array which but a few hours previously had welcomed him with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!"

Then came the cloud of British cavalry, riding round and round the bristling bayonets. The veterans withstood all at-

tempts, and disdained to yield. "The Guard dies—it never surrenders!" was the proud reply of Cambronne, when pressed to save his men. The English ceased firing



and demanded a capitulation; but the commander would not yield, and after a vain endeavour to save this faithful remnant of the glorious Guard, they were all mowed down; Napoleon's Imperial Corps ceased to exist. It had fought its last battle, and greater in defeat than even in victory, the Old Guard passed away!

But the record of its achievements will never pass away. The Guard died, but its memory lives. It was as much a monument of Imperialism as Napoleon himself, and with him it passed out of the destinies of Europe.

We need not follow the emperor's fortunes. On the morning of the 21st June, he entered Paris accompanied by a few friends, and ere long was taken prisoner and sent to St. Helena, where he ended his days. This is all history, but the student will seek in vain for a record more thrilling than the table of the achievements of the grand Old Guard, whose last exploit we have ventured to recall.

* * * *

After Napoleon's abdication, the remnant of the Imperial Guard which had escaped, or which had not been under fire—for it was composed of all branches of the service—amounted to 26,000 men. They were disbanded, and Marshal Ney was sentenced to be shot. But it is very doubtful—indeed from evidence which has come to us it is

almost certain—that he was permitted to escape, by connivance, to America, where he died not very long ago in his bed, a hale and hearty old man, under an assumed name.

Many of the officers emigrated to the United States, and settled in Texas. But fever and an uncongenial climate, combined with the hostility of the Spaniards, thinned their ranks, and they passed away—to join their comrades in the Silent Land.

Once again the few survivors rallied when the body of Napoleon was brought back from St. Helena and entombed at the "Invalides,—on the banks of the Seine, amongst the people he loved." There are few if any of the veterans left now. Warriors from the field of Waterloo are very scarce. But at one time, beneath the standards and the draperies which record the achievements of Napoleon, stood four of the Old Guard night and day around his tomb; while often on the steps might have been seen a scarred and weather-beaten grenadier of the famous corps, kneeling as in prayer!

OUR BOATSWAIN.

BY LIEUT. C. R. LOW, (late I.N.), F.R.G.S.



THE first man-of-war on board of which I served possessed some warrant and petty officers who have always appeared to me as excellent representatives of the class of men who won for old England the proud naval pre-eminence which she gained at the close of the Napoleonic wars by her prowess on the high seas. The ship was a sailing sloop-of-war of 18 guns, and, like the *Saucy Arethusa* of the old song, had as gallant a crew as ever "danced" on the deck of any cruiser. I will not speak of her officers, or of the crew generally, though some amongst them were typical of their

class, but will confine myself to presenting to the reader the boatswain, a man such as Marryat would have delighted to describe, or Dibden to sing.

Old "Polyphemus," as he was nicknamed, was quite a character, and his personal appearance was sufficiently striking to attract the observant even before his peculiarities became manifest after acquaintance. Tall and spare, without an ounce of fat, or even superfluous flesh, on his bones, he was broad-shouldered, well-knit, and powerful. Though at this time some 55 years of age, few men in the prime of life would have come successfully out of a personal encounter with "Polly,"

the diminutive by which the seamen rendered the classical appellation by which he was known on the quarter-deck. Of course the boatswain, like every other soul borne on the books of the *Elphinstone*, had a christian and surname by which he was officially known and addressed, and at such times he was hailed as Mr. George Taylor; but he did not look a bit like the possessor of so commonplace a name, and Polyphemus, that formidable creation of heathen mythology, appeared a name in every way more suited to this gaunt son of Neptune. How or when he lost the eye which gave him a claim to the name I never accurately learnt—indeed, he was always reticent on the subject, and would evade the too curious questionings of the young midshipmen. But it was generally understood that he lost his left eye when a young man in a smuggling encounter with the coastguard on the Norfolk coast. However this may be, he entered the royal navy, and saw some active service on the West Coast of Africa and in South America, and quickly rose to be boatswain's mate, a rating he held on board of several of the ships of the royal navy.

When about the year 1838 one of the early steamers was constructed for the Indian navy in England, Polyphemus was offered warrant rank, and, accepting it, proceeded as boatswain round the Cape. But he sickened of a steamer, with all the coal-dust and want of smartness, and at Bombay was transferred to the *Elphinstone*, a sailing 18-gun sloop-of-war, in which he remained for nearly twenty years. The two were identified in the minds of the officers of the service, like the twins, Castor and Pollux, and whatever captain commissioned the ship, or first lieutenant joined her, he was only too glad to take over with her old Polyphemus. So familiar was the boatswain with every stick and rope-yarn on board the *Elphinstone*, that in the event of any portion of the rigging or gear carrying away, he had no need to refer to the book giving the length and size of every rope in the ship, but would direct his mates to cut

what was necessary from the hanks in the store-room.

He had his infirmities, like all of us, had old Polly, peace to his bones! There were two especially prominent, an irritable temper, and a love of drink. There could be no doubt that the Boatswain was habitually crusty, not to say occasionally savage, and at such times he was the dread of the "Marine boys," as the youngsters from the *Warspite* training ship, of whom a batch were sent out annually to the Indian Navy, were called. On such occasions, some of the midshipmen, safe by reason of their position, from the fear of a rope's-ending, administered by the heavy hand of the irate warrant-officer, would banter him almost beyond endurance. When thus badgered, Polyphemus' solitary eye would roll in his head, the mahogany visage, with the thick curl of iron-grey hair falling over the forehead, would grin almost purple with rage, and the voice would wax gruffer and hoarser, until the youngsters, warned not to go too far, would beat a hasty retreat from the presence of the ogre.

The other infirmity of our Boatswain was his love of strong drink. This, apparently, was ineradicable. When on leave on shore, he would put up in some quiet grog-shop, and imbibe his fill of his favourite liquor, Jamaica rum, and the effect was too apparent when he came over the ship's side. It used to be great fun with us young middies, to watch at the gangway, while the Boatswain slung himself up the ladder. Touching his hat on gaining the quarter-deck, and adjusting his tie, and giving a hitch to his jacket and trousers, he would pull himself together and march up to the officer of the watch to report himself. In spite of all his efforts, he could not walk a single plank; but the gravity of his countenance was imperturbable, and he would have indignantly repelled any insinuation that he had been drinking more than was good for him. Old Polly would then dive down below to his cabin, and no more would be seen of him until the following morning; as,

after these visit ashore, which were not frequent, since he was too much engrossed in his duties to care often to absent himself, the first lieutenant judiciously allowed him time to sleep off the effects of his carouse.

I fancy I can see the fine old salt on Sunday mornings at "Divisions" or Divine Service, with his mahogany features as bright as if rubbed with gun polish. Cleanly he always was, but on such occasions he was resplendent in his gold-laced cap, brass-buttoned jacket, or coat, and white duck trousers, and jean waistcoat. As became the day, he was mollified towards all men, not excluding his natural enemies, the Marine Boys. His language savoured strongly of the brine, and was interlarded with incongruous expressions and strange similes. I heard him once, when addressing an indolent marine boy, declare that he had "no more animation than a cockroach," with which brisk insects the ship was swarming to such an extent that she had to be smoked. His quaint lingo was displayed on another occasion in my hearing, when he directed a seaman to "give a lick o' warnish to that 'ere wiol block."

Poor Polyphemus! his end was a sad one. He fell a victim to an epidemic of cholera that attacked the crew of the *Elphinstone*, and, together with a young midshipman and 12 seamen, he sleeps peacefully in the cemetery at Aden. Our

Boatswain was greatly regretted by all ranks in the service, among whom he was popular for his quaint sayings and rough humour, his devotion to duty, rugged honesty, respectful manner towards superiors, and finally his high courage and great physical strength. I remember, as regards this last attribute of this typical British seaman—in which light I have always regarded "Our Boatswain"—the surgeon's remarking, after making a *post mortem* examination of the body, that he never saw, in any man, such splendid muscular development.

I suppose, and I hope, there are equally fine fellows in the British Navy of to-day. Were it not so, it would be a bad day for the naval supremacy, and indeed for the existence, of Old England. But I doubt if we can ever now see this type of the man-o'-war's-man to whom this country owes a debt she can never repay, and though I am a great advocate of progress and education, I confess it is not without a sigh I recall to memory the grand old salts of the past of whom "Polyphemus" was an admirable specimen. Our novelists and our old stage-players of the T. P. Cooke type have done them no more than justice, and every one who has served at sea can recall to mind many seamen who realised to the life the "Tom Bowline" of Dibdin, that beautiful and most touching embodiment of the British tar of the old school.



HEROES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

By HENRY FRITH.

PART. II.—CHAPTER III.

WELLINGTON AT CIUDAD RODRIGO AND BADAJOZ.—THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.—
THE PYRENEES.—SIEGE OF ST. SEBASTIAN.—THE ALLIES ENTER FRANCE.



IGHTEEN hundred unwounded men," says Napier, "the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers stood triumphant on that fatal hill."

Beresford was victorious, but he gained at a terrible price—a battle "which never should have been fought." We must now return to our hero, Wellington.

The siege of Badajoz was again determined on; and on the 3rd June the batteries opened. On the 6th and 9th attempts were made on the place, but were repulsed. Then the commander-in-chief turned his attention to Ciudad Rodrigo, but Marmont managed to throw supplies into the fortress, all the while believing the whole British force was near at hand, whereas Wellington had only a total of 16,000 men under his command. He quietly assembled his army while Marmont waited, and then went into cantonments for the winter. These dispositions were not made without some fighting, as El Bodon and Arroyo de Molino testify.

Wellington now determined to assault Ciudad Rodrigo, and it was in the winter of 1812 (January) that he commenced active operations, which continued until the 19th of the month, when, seated calmly, undisturbed by the roar of the batteries, he wrote the orders for the assault, and drew out the plans for the attack. An advantageous position had at the very com-

mencement been gained by the seizure of Fort Francisco. The siege was conducted by each side with great pertinacity and spirited resistance. The French sallied; the English sternly advanced their parallels. On the 19th January the breaches were pronounced practicable, and the battering guns pointed against the enemy's artillery.

The troops were not permitted to load their muskets, for fear of an accidental discharge giving warning to the enemy. The night was quiet and calm—an ominous tranquillity—a thin moon shed a sickly light upon the scene. The stormers advanced, as directed, with complete regularity and discipline. The attack commenced very suddenly and with great rapidity. The light division raced to the breach, leaped into the ditch, and climbed up the ramparts. A murderous fire met them, shells and mines exploded, but the assailants fired not a shot. Trusting only to the "steel" the British forlorn hope rushed in, supports kept pushing up, the 52nd and 43rd came marching left and right along the ramparts, the French gave way, and Ciudad Rodrigo was won!

As was unfortunately usual in those days, the excesses and atrocities, the madness and recklessness, of the soldiery tarnished the lustre of their valiant deeds. The troops got entirely out of hand, and the whole town would have been destroyed but for severe and energetic measures. The Spaniards certainly had no cause to thank their British allies for their behaviour after the capture of the fortress. The town was taken after twelve days' siege only, and cost

1,200 men, besides nearly 100 officers. For this feat Wellington was created an earl by the English government, a duke by the Spaniards, and a marquis by the Portuguese.

The town was partially repaired, and soon handed over to the Spanish troops, while Wellington proceeded to the siege of Badajoz, which was then garrisoned by 5,000 men amply supplied with provisions. But, heedless of the enemy's strength, Wellington broke ground on the 17th March, 1812, St. Patrick's Day, an anniversary which no doubt was properly observed in the famous army which included so many Irishmen, besides the distinguished commander. On that dark and stormy night, amid the roar of the tempest, 1,800 sappers and miners, with pick and spade, delved into the wet and stony ground, unheard amid the rushing of the wind and rain. On the 19th a sally was made and promised to be successful, but a rally soon ensued and the French were repulsed with considerable loss. Towards the end of the month the Picurma fort was attacked by General Kempt, who, after a desperate struggle, succeeded. The loss was heavy, but the success important.

Approaches continued to be made, and the advance of Soult determined Wellington to assault the place on the 6th April. All preparations were complete, the besiegers were ready, the besieged prepared, the sun set in dark and threatening clouds, the trenches were silent, the town shrouded in gloom. Suddenly a bright bouquet of rockets went rushing into the air, and displayed the dark forms of the sentinels and the besiegers.

Ten o'clock boomed from the town, and the British forlorn hope advanced silently and steadily towards the dark outline so quiet and apparently undisturbed. But the French were ready and waiting. The accidental discharge of a musket was the signal, and in a moment a hissing and a roar ran across the path of the advancing stormers—the leading files of the British were blown into the air. But the ladders were placed

against the wall again and again. Again and again they were overturned, crashing to the earth and bearing with them many brave men. The contest was fearful. Streams of fire and bursting shells darted from the parapets. More ladders were raised—and the castle was won. But at another, at the Trinidad fort, the explosion already mentioned had, for a moment, paralyzed the troops. There were only a few ladders—the stormers became massed; the enemy never ceased to pour a murderous fire upon the breach which was crowned by a row of fixed sword-blades. The French threw over fire-balls, and mockingly enquired, as the deadly hail beat down upon the stormers, "Why they did not come into Badajoz?"

For two hours the carnage continued, and 2,000 men lay dead (burnt or shot) and dying on the ground. Wellington at midnight ordered a retreat to reform, while the gallant Picton remained quiet in the castle which he had so successfully assaulted. The bastion of San Vincente was carried by General Walker—the 38th held in reserve gave a good account of the French infantry, who advanced upon the men who had fled in a panic from an imaginary mine. At length the town was won. San Christoval surrendered, and then 10,000 demons were let loose in the streets and houses to plunder, ruin, and destroy. The scene was too awful for description, and better left unimagined.

Five thousand men perished in the assault—"some by steel, some by shot, some by fire, some by water, or by crushing heavy weights." Many more were shot in pure wantonness by their drunken comrades in the town, and many an officer was killed because he endeavoured to check licence and rapine. No wonder Wellington gave way to grief after the siege.

When three days had been consumed in every kind of sensual indulgence, the troops were got in hand again. Wellington led the army into Spain, and made for Salamanca, which Marmont was advancing to relieve. On the 17th of June the British

commander entered Salamanca amid the cheers and welcome of the people. The forts were in possession of the French, however, and while the British military bands played in the plaza, the French troops listened in the forts to the cheers of the multitude, and the exulting shouts of the new comers.

Marmont determined to crush the British, who had got possession of the defences, and considerable marching and manœuvring were resorted to. In sight of each other on opposite sides of the river Douro, the enemies marched on the village of Cantal-pino, and Marmont won the race. Wellington therefore determined to retire to Ciudad Rodrigo again. This idea being made known to Marmont, he determined to prevent its execution, and, crossing the Tormes, met the British face to face. Marmont determined to intercept Wellington, and the British commander perceived that if he gave his enemy rope enough, "he would hang himself." He did so.

A terrible storm preceded the battle of Salamanca. The troops crossed the river amid the fearful flashes of lightning that killed many horses and frightened others, which became unmanageable. The soldiers, however, proceeded unflinchingly, and took up their positions as directed. At 3 P.M. next day Wellington perceived the French in motion. He saw the left wing separated from the centre, and at once hurled Packenham's brigade into the gap. The effect was immediate: the ruin of the French left certain. Pressing on, Packenham beat his foe. Marmont and two other generals were severely wounded. But the French right fought well; it resisted for a long time, till Wellington bade the 6th division storm the hill. This they did with loss, and then the day was won. Darkness saved the French from severe carnage, and the battle concluded at 10 o'clock in a splendid victory for the British arms.

We must hurry forward now and let Wellington advance to Madrid. France was humbled. Joseph Bonaparte ran away, and the British commander offered Clausel

battle, which that general declined. Wellington then attempted to reduce Burgos, but was defeated in his assaults. Five weeks and many hundreds of men were lost in these operations, for the French were brave and resolute. At length Wellington withdrew. Hill had to evacuate Madrid, and when winter quarters were entered, the army was in a very bad and demoralized condition. Wellington was now created Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Wellington, granted £100,000 by Parliament, made K.G., and colonel of the "Blues."

With these blushing honours thick upon him, he commenced the campaign of 1813 with a force of 200,000 men, all told. The disgraceful condition of things which had hitherto obtained, it was now hoped would cease: the hitherto half-starved and wholly unpaid soldiers expected to be fed and remunerated. The year 1812 had been passed without pay at all by some branches of the army. The Spaniards, while they cheered, were chary of charity or means of subsistence. It was no great wonder that the men grumbled; it was wonderful that such a state of things was permitted at home. Fancy the outcry that would arise now if the troops in the field had not all their wants attended to, or even anticipated by some Red Cross or charitable society! But things were different then in Spain.

It was under very brilliant auspices that the campaign of 1813 commenced; for supplies, fresh troops, money, and ammunition had been found. The English nation had rallied behind their general, and he advanced, with hope leading the way. He effected his junction with Hill, and crossed the Portuguese frontier, waving his hand and saying, "Farewell, Portugal!" Keeping his aims secret, Wellington had determined to drive the French over the mountains into France. Joseph and his army quitted Madrid in haste, and were driven behind the Ebro. On the 18th June, 1813, the pursuers and pursued came within striking distance. Joseph retired on Vittoria, and waited to

give Wellington battle in the valley of the Zadorra.

The action need not be described. The defeat of the French was complete. Wellington had, no doubt, the advantage in men; but the actual fighting strength lay with the French soldiers. The English divisions fought desperately. The enemy was rolled up. The river once crossed, the allies carried the village of Aríñez, where a terrible conflict was won by the British under Picton. Three French armies were routed. Joseph Bonaparte narrowly escaped capture. His carriage and its valuable (stolen) contents—his plate, money, and any quantity of plunder—fell into the hands of the British, the bulk of the spoil being seized by the camp-followers. Five and a half millions of dollars were seized by the Spaniards and non-combatants. This enormous sum was never recovered. Jewels, dresses, silks, satins, prisoners male and female in hundreds, scenery for a theatre, valuable pictures cut from their frames, cattle, sheep, goats, horses, asses, wine, and everything that could conduce to the pleasure or sustenance of the French army was found in abundance—stolen for the most part from the towns and cities of Spain.

The sword and baton of Joseph were found, and forwarded to the Prince Regent by Wellington. The other plunder was divided by the soldiers, and auctions were common during the night—"the troops walked upon gold and silver." The loss of the allies was nearly 5000 in killed and wounded. The French seem to have lost about 10,000 in all. The invader retired on Pampeluna, but was driven back. Wellington, by his masterly tactics, had succeeded in hurrying the French troops over the frontier: in about six weeks he had driven them from every point. By the 7th of July the last division of Joseph Bonaparte's army was over the Pyrenees. Then Wellington may well have felt the swelling of pride in his heart, for he had driven 120,000 French troops 500 miles across the Peninsula within seven weeks, and seized all their artillery with a quantity of booty.

Wellington determined to lay siege to San Sebastian, and Soult came down with plenary powers to relieve it. This famous marshal had been appointed by the emperor to drive the British back into Spain, and he came to do so. On the 14th of July the rival forces came within striking distance, and for a fortnight the battles in the Pyrenees continued. Meanwhile the assault on San Sebastian had failed, but the siege was still carried on with vigour. The unwillingness of the besieging army to expend life in the assault induced Wellington to substitute a blockade for the active operations of a siege. The guns were removed, and active operations against Soult were vigorously carried on.

The French were advancing under Soult and D'Erlon, and Roncesvalles was the scene of the first encounter. A gallant bayonet charge by the 20th Regiment was the noteworthy incident, and the French under Reille were checked. Then came a series of conflicts until the 2nd of August. Every day a battle—some days tremendous fighting—"bludgeon-work" the English field-marshal called it. The French losses were tremendous, according to their own accounts even. The allies had nearly 6000 put *hors de combat*—nearly all wounded—not 1000 were killed; the French lost 15,000 men. Wellington on one occasion was nearly captured, and he rode unharmed in the midst of a terrible fire in which his staff suffered, but he was not hit. He ran a similar risk at Vittoria, when he also escaped unhurt.

The battles of the Pyrenees successfully concluded, Lord Wellington now turned his attention to the town and fortress of San Sebastian again. Much time had been fruitlessly spent and many lives already lost in and before the town, but now a decided attack was to be made. A battering-train with the necessary appliances had arrived from England, and on the 26th August the new batteries opened fire, and with rapid effect. On the 31st it was decided to storm the works; the sea-front approachable from the beach was to be assaulted, the tide

would be low at 11 A. M., and that hour was accordingly named for the commencement of the storming.

The most desperate attempts were made by the besieged to repel the desperate attack. The stormers were unable to effect a lodgment for a long while. A perfect hail of bullets and round shot swept the beach approaches, and no living thing could cross. After a severe cannonade the curtain and howwork were battered, and then another advance was made; till, after an assault which had continued for two hours, the allies succeeded in effecting a lodgment in the town, when the enemy retreated to the citadel. For six days this castle was shelled, and at length it surrendered. So the siege of San Sebastian, the most obstinate of the many obstinate sieges which the Peninsular War had exhibited, came to an end. The allies lost 2,600 and the defenders 3,600 men, all told. The defence was admirably conducted, the attack most stubbornly sustained. The siege closed in a thunder-storm, and in the wildest excesses which fiendish imaginations could supply, or a brutal soldiery effect. Murder, rapine, and every evil passion were let loose with the most savage cruelty of a wanton kind. Discipline was thrown to the winds. Officers were shot for endeavouring to interfere with the soldiery in their disgraceful excesses, which exceeded in horror the barbarities of Badajoz. The whole town was finally destroyed by the captors.

The fall of Pampeluna now relieved Lord Wellington, and he continued his advance. Soult, supported by Clausel, had entrenched his forces. A series of severe skirmishes ensued, and Soult was obliged to quit his positions by the Nivelle and withdraw to Bayonne. He halted in a most formidable camp, which was defended by a rugged country, and impossible to attack directly. The passage of the Bidosoa was determined on by the allies, who would by this route enter France, and threaten the French centre and one of the roads leading to Bayonne, the headquarters or apex of the position.

The allies waited till the tide retired, and then began to cross the river in front of the French forces. Seven distinct bodies were in movement. "The troops above the bridge plunged at once into the fiery contest, and those below seemed like huge snakes winding over the heavy sands. The difficulties to be surmounted were enormous. "Day after day," says Napier, "for more than a month entrenchment had risen over entrenchment, covering the vast slopes of mountains which were scarcely accessible from their natural steepness and asperity."

But nothing checked the assailants. Everyone vied in desperate acts of valour. "A young officer of the 43rd, named Havlock, leaped his horse over the defences and called on the Spaniards to follow him. They cheered the 'beardless boy,' and did so. A company of 20 men captured 300 French in sheer bravado, and many other incidents remain on record to attest the fierce spirit and resolution which animated the allies in their attacks. It cannot be denied that the misconduct of some drew down stern measures of repression from the field-marshal in command, but in battle the allies fought with a terrible valour, which nothing could withstand. Wellington remained in winter quarters till the beginning of 1814, and hunted the wily fox for amusement.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLES OF THE NIVE AND ORTHEZ.—
ADVANCE ON BORDEAUX.—TOULOUSE.—END OF THE WAR.—THE CAMPAIGN OF 1815.—THE DUKE'S SUBSEQUENT CAREER AND DEATH.—HIS CHARACTER.

To Sir Rowland Hill belongs the credit of the fierce battle of the Nive, which was so hotly contested on a small space between that river and the Adour. Hill's force on the heights of St. Pierre mustered 13,000, Soult's troops numbered 35,000. The battle began early with a French success, and later the contest was seriously affected

by the colonels of the 3rd and 71st regiments, who withdrew their men out of fire. The 50th and 92nd still fought with determined bravery. Hill, seeing the withdrawal of the two regiments, hurried up, reformed the "Bufs," and taking the command of the 71st led them back again. The French attack was repulsed on all sides, and when Lord Wellington came up with reinforcements, he grasped Sir Rowland's hand and said :—

"My dear Hill, the day's your own."

Certainly Hill deserved all the praise that Wellington could give, for the general had manoeuvred his men well and boldly. He then proceeded, and, Soult transferring his headquarters to Orthez, the British commanders determined to attack him there, in a very strong position. It was early on the 27th of February, 1814, that the great battle began. The hardest struggle was at the village of St. Boes, which the British held, but could not advance from. The French fire swept away every man who attempted to issue from it—the attempt failed—the British were driven out: on the other side also Soult was victorious, and the French marshal slapped his hand upon his thigh as he sat on horseback, saying, "At last I have him!"

It certainly seemed as if Wellington had no resource but retreat. Yet one chance remained. He sent two fresh divisions, preceded by Walker's, against the weak spot where the French left and centre touched. A flank march was suddenly made at the same time, so the plan of attack was entirely changed. The 52nd, unperceived, charged down upon the flank and threw the French into confusion. The way into the village was again free. Cavalry and artillery rushed in, opened upon the French columns and staggered them. The 3rd division charged, Soult retired his men, lately so confident of victory, in an orderly and admirable way by slow degrees. But Hill's flanking movements hurried him: the soldiers marched faster, and finally ran as Hill's troops ran up to intercept them. The pursuit was not hotly sustained, as

Wellington had received a nasty blow from a spent shot, which obliged him to ride slowly, and the French escaped more easily than they would otherwise have done had Wellington been able to direct the chase. The pursuit was, however, steadily maintained, and the enemy with heavy loss retreated upon Toulouse.

A division was despatched against Bordeaux, which was entered by Beresford, and the Bourbons proclaimed. Things all round were looking bad for Napoleon, when Wellington made his dispositions for the capture of Toulouse. The Garonne was crossed, and the passage of the Eers secured. Beresford, who had returned from Bordeaux, carried a little village called Montblanc, and the battle began. Soult had declared he would die in the ruins, but never abandon the town. So both sides fought desperately, and a fearful struggle ensued.

Wellington rode hither and thither, directing and administering. Beresford gained the heights, but without cannon, so could do nothing. Picton exceeded orders and lost many men. Hill was successful so far as he could penetrate. But when Beresford got his guns up and moved along the ridge, Soult met him and a fierce and continuous engagement took place. Pack seized the redoubts, La Pujade was carried by the 6th division hand over hand. Mont Calvint was gained, and then Soult retired by the only road left open, that to Carcassonne. Thither he retired on the 11th April. The Provisional Government was proclaimed. Suchet accepted it, and Soult did the same after a while. Hostilities were soon suspended, then they ceased. The Allies marched on Paris from all sides. The city capitulated. Wellington left his troops and proceeded to Paris, but soon returned, and on the 10th of June the veteran army was broken up at Bordeaux. Some regiments went to America direct, others returned home. Lord Wellington reached Dover on the 23rd June, 1814, and the Peninsular War was over.

What a grateful nation could do to elevate their hero to the level of a demi-god,

it did. The thanks of the House, another sum of £100,000 to sustain the dukedom which on his arrival in Paris had been conferred upon him, were voted. Napoleon was sent to Elba, and Europe hoped for peace. While this lasted the Duke of Wellington proceeded to the Netherlands to confer with Lord Lynedoch on the Belgian frontier question. France still remained in a very unsettled condition. The army was on the side of Napoleon, and thirsted for new conquests—at any rate for employment. Napoleon, too, was restless; and on the 26th February, 1815, he quitted Elba and landed with the representatives of his Old Guard at Cannes on the 1st March. Foiled at Antibes he made his way to Grenoble while the allies prepared to give him battle. The Duke of Wellington was sounded as to his willingness to serve with the King of France on the Rhine, but he declined. On the 23rd of March, the late emperor entered Paris again as Louis XVIII. quitted it. Napoleon then proclaimed his "constitution" and undid all that had been done in his absence.

On March 28, 1815, the Iron Duke was nominated to the chief command in the Low Countries, and reached Brussels on the 5th April. The Allies were meantime very busy. From all sides troops advanced upon France. There was no hope of the ultimate success of Napoleon, Europe was united against him. Three armies threatened his frontiers. Wellington was at Brussels; Blücher on the Meuse.

The story of the campaign of 1815 has been so often told that we need scarcely do more than indicate the leading features. From the historic ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, Wellington proceeded to Quatre Bras, where he and Ney came into collision as Napoleon fell upon Blücher at Ligny. Both battles were contested with desperate courage, and Wellington fell back on Genappe and Waterloo, while Blücher retired upon Tilly. The duke took up his position near Waterloo, close to Mont St. Jean. On the 17th June, the Allies bivouacked on the field. The farmhouse

of La Haye Sainte was on the left centre; the Chateau of Hougomont on the right centre. The British battalions were drawn up on the slight slope, some of the regiments protected, by the fall in the ground, from cannon shot. The left still kept open communication with Blücher's men, of whom Grouchy had been despatched in pursuit by Napoleon after Ligny. The Allies had 74,000 men, the French about 90,000 or a few thousand less; in artillery they were immensely superior.

From an early hour skirmishing was carried on, but it was not till nearly eleven that the real attack was made against the old Chateau of Hougomont, held by the Guards. A fierce struggle ensued for possession of it, and the wood which flanked it. The left centre was also hotly pressed. The "Fighting Fifth" division under Picton remained behind the hedge. The French advanced thinking the enemy was retreating. But Picton gave the order to fire and charge: the leading ranks of the French fell in their tracks in hundreds. The division charged, Picton fell, shot in the forehead, but the infantry pressed on: the heavy cavalry charged, and the French were routed for the time being.

All day the carnage continued—the French attacks never ceased; the British regiments, though losing men by hundreds, still steady; the squares closing up, getting smaller and smaller, but never flinching. "Let us get at them," was all they cried. But they were held in hand for hours till Blücher appeared.

The appearance of the Prussians settled the long-fought question of victory. The last effort of Napoleon was repulsed; Wellington closing his telescope ordered an advance; and the British, at length released from the inaction which they had been obliged to observe, charged upon the retreating foe. The English general had more than once during the day thrown himself into the squares, where he remained while the desperate charges of the French cavalry were delivered. But the men stood firm. Wellington himself wrote: "Never

did I see such a pounding match. Both were what boxers call 'gluttons.' Napoleon did not manoeuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style in columns, and was driven off in the old style. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own; I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

After the rout of the French army, the Allies again marched upon Paris, meeting with no resistance from the Imperialists except at Peronne, where the duke had a narrow escape from death by a treacherous discharge of a howitzer.

On the 4th July, the Bourbon Dynasty was again established in Paris, where Napoleon had arrived on the 20th of June. In vain the emperor attempted to recover his lost position, and at length, finding escape impossible, he surrendered to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*.

The "Iron Duke" remained in Paris for some time arranging matters with strict impartiality and justice. The British troops also remained for awhile in the French capital, and Lord Wellington did not quit the Elysée Palace until the end of June, 1816. On the eve of his departure, he gave a grand entertainment, and in the course of the evening the whole company narrowly escaped the fate intended for King James and his Parliament. Smoke was perceived in the basement of the house, and when a search was instituted, an oiled rag was found burning between barrels of oil and gunpowder which might in a short time have blown the house and all its occupants into the air.

The duke returned in delicate health, and proceeded to Cheltenham for the waters, with the duchess, and their children. Everywhere he appeared, he was enthusiastically welcomed; but state affairs again summoned him to Paris in the autumn. Blücher and his Prussians had been extremely overbearing, and Wellington was obliged to exercise his authority in many instances for the benefit of the French

people, who almost began to regard him as a friend.

At home the authorities and the public did him honour in many instances. In the erection of memorials, such as Waterloo Bridge, and the column in Dublin (in the Phoenix Park), and other tokens of gratitude we still have mementoes of the "Iron Duke." The Manor of Strathfieldsaye was purchased for him by the Parliamentary Commissioners, and the round sum of twenty-five millions of francs was voted to him and his army as Waterloo prize-money. To enumerate the titles and orders he had had bestowed upon him would fill a page of this magazine; and, yet with all his popularity at home and his friendliness to the French, he was shot at in the Champs Elysées. The would-be assassin, Cantillon, a subaltern, was arrested, but acquitted; and Napoleon left him by will ten thousand francs for attempting to murder his old enemy. But a salve for the Duke's ruffled composure was found in the golden ointment of £60,000, which constituted his share of the prize money.

The duke then turned his attention to politics, and it is recent history how he became Prime Minister and Master General of the Ordnance. His punctuality and business habits enabled him to get through an enormous quantity of work, and he did everything thoroughly. The Catholic Emancipation Act was his, a concession which involved him in a torrent of censure, and led to his duel with Lord Winchelsea in Battersea-fields. The opponents met, the duke missed his adversary, and then Lord Winchelsea fired in the air, and apologized for the attack he had made upon the "Iron Duke" in the papers. Besides his official engagements, his social duties, as he considered them, obliged him to go out a great deal in society, and in the furtherance of philanthropic objects. His time was fully employed, but he rose early and rode in Hyde Park at seven o'clock.

In 1831, he had the misfortune to lose his wife, which was a sad blow. But his popularity suffered during the Reform Bill

agitation, when certain gangs of people attacked Apsley House and committed depredations at Strathfieldsaye. For many years he was the trusted adviser of the sovereign, and in 1843, the duke again was appointed commander-in-chief, an appointment he continued to hold till he died. His dispositions to repulse the Chartists were excellently conceived and carried out; and London was fully prepared for resistance, although no troops were in evidence to arouse any ill-feeling.

In May, 1851, the Duke of Wellington was present at the opening of the great exhibition in Hyde Park, the Crystal Palace. On the 14th of September, 1852, he was taken suddenly ill at Walmer, and died very quietly at half-past three in the afternoon. Apoplexy was the cause of his death.

Never was any subject so mourned. The news of his decease quickly spread. The intelligence reached Ireland almost immediately, and we children at school that afternoon in Dublin came home with the news at tea-time—"The Duke is dead." There was no necessity to be particular. The Duke had died suddenly, and curiously enough the writer was the first person to bring the news home, little thinking that the incident would be mentioned in such an article as this, for of writing he then knew but little.

The funeral was magnificent. The "Old Duke," as he was called in the "service" circles at that time, was laid in state in Chelsea Hospital from the 12th to the 17th

November, and the body was then removed to the Horse Guards preparatory to its interment in St. Paul's Cathedral. The scale and solemnity of the funeral were such as never had been witnessed, and can never be exceeded. As a military display the ceremony was most imposing, and the procession was of enormous length. We need not describe it here, but as a military funeral pageant it certainly surpassed all previous experience.

The great soldier was laid in the grave with all the respect and pomp befitting such a career as his had been; but nothing could add to our veneration or his fame. Such a character arises but once in a generation. Stern on duty, rigorous in discipline, unsparing to those who neglected duty, he yet was kind-hearted, benevolent, considerate, and concealed much real feeling beneath a firmness of outward seeming which earned him the *soubriquet* of the "Iron Duke." "No law was ever twisted to his will, no right was ever sacrificed for his aggrandizement." As a soldier he was the greatest captain of his age. A firm friend, a tolerant foe, of vast authority in the State, and of a decision in momentous times unparalleled, "He was the Catulus of our Senate, our Cæsar in the field, and if the Commonwealth of England had ever saluted one of her citizens with the title of *Parens Patriæ*, that honour would have been added to the peerage and the bâton of Arthur Wellesley, by the respectful gratitude and faith of the people."

KÉRABAN THE INFLEXIBLE;

OR, ADVENTURES IN THE EUXINE.

By JULES VERNE.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH.

PART II.—CHAPTER XV.—(continued.)



LI. these replies were given in a decided tone, which left little hope in the minds of the opponents of the headstrong personage.

"Friend Kéraban, to-day is the last day, and all the fortune which ought to come to my daughter will be lost—if——"

Kéraban shook his head, and accompanied the action with a more negative gesture.

"Uncle," pleaded Ahmet, "you cannot wish to——"

"If they compel me to pay ten paras," replied Kéraban, "never—no never, will I cross the Bosphorus. By Allah, I would rather go round the Black Sea again!"

And indeed he was just the man to do it.

"Uncle," said Ahmet, "this is bad—under such circumstances as these, let me tell you, this obstinacy is inexplicable in a man like you. You will cause misery to those who have always regarded you with true affection. It is wrong of you!"

"Ahmet, mind what you are saying," cried Kéraban, angrily.

"No, uncle, no. My heart is overflowing, and nothing shall prevent me from speaking. It is the act of a bad man!"

"Ahmet, dearest Ahmet, be calm," cried Amasia. "Do not address your uncle so.

If this fortune on which you counted escapes you—renounce the marriage!"

"What—renounce you?" exclaimed the young man, catching her to his heart. "Never, no never. Come, let us leave this town forever. We have still enough left to pay the ten paras to cross to Constantinople."

Ahmet, scarcely master of himself, dragged the maiden towards the door.

"Kéraban," said Selim, who wished to make a last attempt to turn his friend from his determination—"Kéraban!"

"Leave me, Selim—leave me alone!"

"Alas! Let us go, father," said Amasia, casting a tearful look on Kéraban; and, restraining her emotion with difficulty, she directed her steps towards the door of the room, where she stopped, with Ahmet.

"For the last time, uncle," he said, "do you refuse to accompany us to Constantinople, to the house of the judge, where your presence is indispensable to our marriage?"

"What I refuse," said Kéraban, "is to pay the tax. That I will never submit to."

"Kéraban!" said Selim.

"No, by Allah, no!"

"Well then, farewell, uncle," said Ahmet, "your obstinacy will cost us a fortune. you will have ruined her who ought to be your niece. So be it. It is not the fortune I regret, but you have deprived us of our happiness. We will never see you again."

Then the young man led Amasia away, and, followed by Selim, Nedjeb, and Nizib, quitted the *salon*, then the villa, and shortly afterwards embarked for Constantinople.

Seigneur Kéraban remained alone, a prey to the greatest agitation.

"No, by Allah! no, by Mahomet!" he muttered; "it would be undignified. To have made the circuit of the Black Sea to avoid the tax, and then to pay immediately on my return! No. Rather than thus put foot in Constantinople, I will sell my house at Galata; I will retire from business; I will give all my fortune to Ahmet to replace



"I told him evil would come of it."

Amasia's. He will be rich, I shall be poor; but then I shall not have yielded! I will not yield."

As he continued, his anger became greater. "Yield—pay,—I, Kéraban! To arrive before the chief of the police who defied me; who saw me depart; who is waiting my return; who will snap his fingers at me before all the crowd as he claims the hateful tax? Never!"

It was quite evident that Kéraban was arguing against his conscience, and that he was fully aware that the consequences of his foolish obstinacy would fall on others as well as himself.

"Yes," he continued, "but would Ahmet accept my offer? He has gone away desolate, and angry at my obstinacy. I can conceive it. He is proud. He will refuse anything from me now. Let me see. I

am an honest man. Am I about to snatch happiness from those young people by my stupid resolve? May Mahomet choke the whole Divan, and all the new *régime* of Turks besides."

Seigneur Kéran paced his room irresolutely. He pushed the cushions and chairs aside. He sought some fragile object with the intention to break it to assuage his anger, and very soon two vases were smashed. Then he returned to the question.

"Ahmet, Amasia, no! I cannot be the cause of their misery, and only for a point of self-love. To delay this marriage will be, perhaps, to prevent it altogether. But to yield—to give way—I! Ah, Allah, guide me."

And with this invocation Kéran, impelled by a rage he could no longer interpret, or give vent to, by words or actions, rushed out of the *salon*.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHICH DEMONSTRATES ONCE AGAIN THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS "CHANCE" IN HUMAN AFFAIRS.

If Scutari was *en fête*, if on the quays from the harbour to the Sultan's Kiosk the crowd was surging to and fro—there was no less a concourse on the other side of the strait on the quays of Galata from the first bridge of boats to the barracks of Top-hané. The tranquil waters were likewise covered with caiques and other craft, laden with Turks, Albanians, Greeks, Europeans or Asiatics, which passed constantly to and fro. Certainly it was no ordinary attraction which had brought together such multitudes of spectators.

So when Ahmet and Selim, Amasia and Nedjeb, having paid the new tax, disembarked at the Top-hané steps, they found themselves in the midst of a regular "fair" with all its pleasures, in which however they had little inclination to take part.

But since the spectacle, whatever it was, had attracted such a crowd, it was only

natural that Seigneur Van Mitten, who was quite well now and a Kurdish lord to boot, his *fiancée*, the noble Saraboul, and his brother-in-law, Seigneur Yanar, followed by the obedient Bruno, were among the curious.

So Ahmet found on the quay his former travelling companions. Was Van Mitten "shewing around" his new relatives, or were they showing him off? The latter case appeared the more probable.

However that might have been, the moment when Ahmet met them Saraboul was saying to her *fiancé*—

"Yes, Seigneur Van Mitten, we have more beautiful *fêtes* than this in Kurdistan."

And Van Mitten replied in a resigned tone—

"I can quite believe that, beautiful Saraboul."

This remark drew from Yanar the caustic comment, "You are wise to think so!"

However, some exclamations—one might say cries of impatience—were heard sometimes in the crowd; but Amasia and Ahmet paid scarcely any attention to them.

"No, dear Amasia," said Ahmet, "I know my uncle well, and, nevertheless, I would not have deemed him capable of pushing his obstinacy so far as hardness of heart."

"Then," said Nedjeb, "so long as this tax remains, will he never return to Constantinople?"

"He? Never!" replied Ahmet.

"If I regret the fortune which Seigneur Kéran has deprived us of, it is not for myself, it is on your account, dear Ahmet, for your sake only."

"Let us forget all that," said Ahmet; "and the easier to forget it, and to break with this intractable uncle, who has been hitherto a father to me, let us leave Constantinople, and return to Odessa."

"That Kéran ought to be tortured," said Selim, who felt greatly outraged.

"Yes," replied Nedjeb, "married to this Kurdish lady, for instance—why did not she espouse him?"

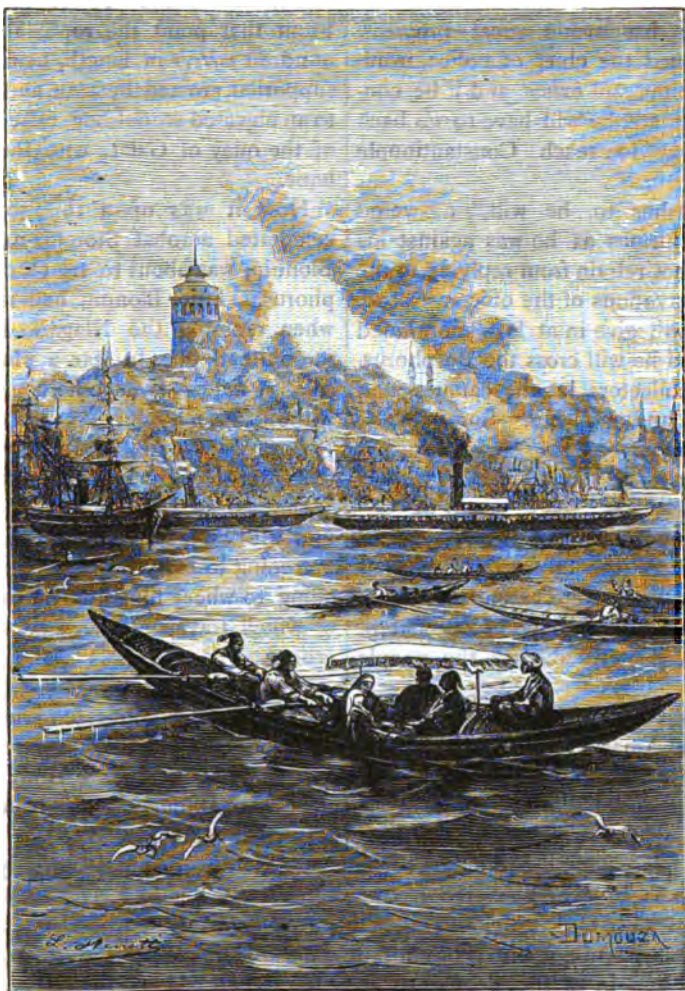
It need scarcely be said that Saraboul

heard neither Nedjeb's pert observation, nor Selim's reply to this effect—

"He? Why he would subdue her by his obstinacy as he would conquer a wild beast."

"Perhaps so," muttered Bruno, "but, meantime, it is my poor master who has entered the cage."

So Ahmet and his companions took but a lukewarm interest in what was going on.



Crossing the Bosphorus.

In such a temper the proceedings interested them but little, and they did not hear one Turk say to another—

"An audacious fellow, this Storch, indeed, to venture to cross the Bosphorus in such a fashion."

"Yes, in a manner never contemplated by the tax-gatherers."

But if Ahmet paid no attention to these

observations, he was obliged to reply when he heard himself accosted.

"Ah! here is Seigneur Ahmet!"

The speaker was the chief of the police, the man who had incited Kéraban to make the tour of the Black Sea.

"Ah! it is you, monsieur," said Ahmet.

"Yes, I congratulate you indeed. I have just heard that Seigneur Keraban has per-

formed his promise. He has reached Scutari without crossing the Bosphorus."

"Yes, indeed," replied Ahmet, bitterly.

"It is heroic. For the sake of ten paras he has spent thousands of pounds."

"Just so."

"Well, he has made great progress, truly," continued the chief of police, ironically. "The tax still exists, and if he continues as obstinate, he will have to go back the same way to reach Constantinople again."

"If he wishes to, he will," answered Ahmet, who, furious as he was against his uncle, could not refrain from replying to the mocking observations of the officer.

"Bah, he will give in at last," continued the man, "and he will cross the Bosphorus. But the tax-collectors let the caiques, and attend at the landing-places. So, unless he swim or fly across——"

"Why not, if it suits him?" replied Ahmet, coldly.

At this juncture a general movement of curiosity agitated the crowd. A murmur arose. Many hands were extended towards the Bosphorus in the direction of Scutari. All heads were elevated, and the people cried—

"There he is : Storch, Storch !"

Ahmet and Amasia, Selim and Nedjeb, Saraboul, Van Mitten, and Yanar, with Bruno, found themselves at the angle of the quay of the Golden Horn, near the landing-place of Top-hané, and all had an excellent view of the spectacle now offered to the public.

On the Scutari bank, about six hundred feet from the margin of the Bosphorus, in the water, rises a tower miscalled the Tower of Leander. This portion of the strait is the Hellespont, the real Dardanelles, across which the classic swimmer passed from Sestos to Abydos to join Hero, the beautiful priestess of Venus—an exploit afterwards performed by Lord Byron, who was very proud of having swam in one hour and ten minutes the twelve hundred *mètres* of water which stretch between the banks.

Was this feat going to be emulated by

some amateur, jealous of the mythological hero, and the author of the *Corsair* ?

A long rope was stretched between the Scutari side and the Tower of Leander, the modern name of which is Keuz-Koulessi, which means the Tower of the Virgin. From that point the rope, about thirteen hundred *mètres* in length, being thus firmly supported, crossed the strait, and was attached to an elevated scaffolding, raised at the angle of the quay of Galata with the Place Top-hané.

Now it was upon this rope that the celebrated acrobat Storch, an imitator of Blondin, was about to try to cross the Bosphorus. True, Blondin had risked his life when crossing the Niagara Falls. Here Storch had only to fear a plunge into the smooth waters, whence he could be rescued without serious injury.

But as Blondin had crossed Niagara carrying a very brave friend upon his shoulders, so Storch was about to cross now with an acrobatic friend. Only he was not going to carry him on his back : he was going to wheel him in a barrow, the wheel of which traversed the rope securely in a groove.

Storch appeared on the first portion of the cord which connected the Asiatic side with the Tower of the Virgin. He wheeled his companion in the barrow, and reached the tower without any misadventure. Cheers greeted this first success.

Then the gymnast adroitly descended the rope, which nearly touched the water in the centre, and wheeled him so far with consummate coolness. It was superb ! When Storch had reached the centre, the difficulty commenced ; for he had to ascend the sloping cord to the top of the scaffolding. But his muscles were firm, his arms and legs worked mechanically. He continued to wheel the barrow, while his companion remained perfectly motionless, and did not by the slightest movement endanger the stability of the wheelbarrow.

At length a shout of relief and congratulation arose. Storch had reached the summit of the scaffolding, and then he descended

with his companion at the angle of the quay where Ahmet and his companions had remained as spectators. The bold enterprize had succeeded, but the man who

had been wheeled over had a right to half the congratulations which Asia sent to Europe in their honour.

But why does Ahmet exclaim, "Can he



Seigneur Kéran overcomes the difficulty.

believe his eyes?" The companion of the celebrated acrobat, after shaking hands with Storch, stopped before Ahmet and smilingly regarded him!

"Kéran—my uncle Kéran," cried Ahmet, while the ladies, with Van Mitten, Yanar, Selim, and Bruno pressed round him.

It was, indeed, Kéran himself.

"Yes, my friends, it is I—I, who, finding

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the brave acrobat ready to start, took the place of his companion. Yes, I have passed the Bosphorus—or rather over it—to sign the marriage contract, Ahmet."

"Ah, Seigneur Kéran—uncle," cried Amasia, "I felt sure you would not abandon us."

"This is splendid," exclaimed Nebjeb, clapping her hands.

"What a man this is," said Van Mitten;

"you would not find his equal in the whole of Holland!"

"Just my opinion," remarked Saraboul drily.

"Well, you see, I have crossed without paying," said Kéraban to the chief of the police. "Yes, without paying—at least only two thousand piastres for my place in the barrow, and the eight hundred thousand expended in going round the Black Sea."

"I congratulate you with all my heart," replied the officer, who could only bow to this unparalleled obstinacy.

Loud cries greeted Seigneur Kéraban from all sides, when that good-natured if inflexible man embraced Ahmet and Amasia heartily.

But he was not a man to lose time, even in the midst of his triumph.

"Now," said he, "let us go to the judge of Constantinople."

"Yes, uncle, to the judge's house," said Ahmet. "Oh, uncle, you are indeed the best of men."

"Well, what did I tell you?" replied Kéraban. "I am not at all headstrong unless I am thwarted!"

We need not dwell upon the succeeding events. That very afternoon the judge received the contract, the Imaum said prayers in the mosque; then, on returning to Galata, Ahmet was married, and well married, to his dear Amasia, the rich banker's daughter, on that 30th September, before the clock struck midnight.

That same evening, Van Mitten, quite subdued, was preparing to depart for Kurdistan with Yanar and Saraboul, and in that distant country the last ceremony would finally make Saraboul his wife.

As they were bidding farewell to Ahmet, Amasia, Nedjeh, and Bruno, Van Mitten could not help saying to Kéraban in a reproachful tone—

"When I think, Kéraban, that because I did not like to thwart you, I am married a second time——!"

"My poor Van Mitten, if this marriage turns out anything but a dream, I will never forgive myself," replied Kéraban.

"A dream! Does it look like it! This telegram——"

As he spoke, he unfolded it again, and perused it mechanically.

"Yes, this despatch:—'*Madame Van Mitten, who five weeks ago deceased,—to rejoin her husband.*'"

"Deceased to rejoin!" exclaimed Kéraban, "what does that mean?"

Then, snatching the telegram, he read, "Madame Van Mitten, who five weeks ago *decided* to rejoin her husband, has started for Constantinople." "*Decided, not deceased!*"

Then he is not a widower!

These words escaped everyone, and Kéraban, not without reason, added—

"Another error in these stupid telegrams. They never make anything else but mistakes."

"No, I am not a widower, not a widower," repeated Van Mitten, "and too delighted to return to my first wife, for fear of the second!"

When Yanar and Saraboul understood the case, there was a terrible explosion, but they were obliged to yield at last. Van Mitten was a married man, and that day he was reunited to his wife, who brought him, as a peace offering, a magnificent *Valentia* bulb.

"We shall do better, my sister," said Yanar, "much better than——"

"That icicle of a Dutchman," said Saraboul. "That will not be a difficult matter."

So they departed for Kurdistan, but it is probable that the handsome indemnity paid by Kéraban tended to render their return less irksome.

However, Kéraban could not always have a rope extended between Constantinople and Scutari, to cross the Bosphorus. Did he, therefore, cease to cross?

No. For some time he would not yield, and remained firm. But one day he offered to buy up the tax on caiques, and the offer was accepted by the government. This cost him a large sum, no doubt, but he became more popular than ever; and strangers never fail to pay a visit to KÉRABAN THE INFLEXIBLE as one of the most astonishing curiosities of the capital of the Ottoman Empire!

FOR NAME AND FAME; A TALE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

By G. A. HENTY.

Author of "Out with Clive;" "Facing Death;" "By Sheer Pluck;" "Under Drake's Flag;"
"The Young Buglers;" "Cornet of Horse;" "Friends, though Divided," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XX.—(continued.)



HE cavalry took up the pursuit. Unfortunately they had met with great difficulties in advancing through the broken country in rear of the infantry. Had they been close at hand when the latter fought their way into Ayoub's camp, very few of the fugitives would have escaped. As it was, they did good service, in following up the rout, and driving the enemy, a dispersed and broken crowd, into the hills. To the fury of the men they found in Ayoub's camp the body of Lieutenant Mac-laine, who had been taken prisoner at Maiwand, and who was barbarously murdered a few minutes before the arrival of the English troops. The battle cost the lives of three officers: Lieutenant-colonel Brownlow, commanding the 72nd Highlanders; Captain Frome, of the same regiment; and Captain Straton, 2nd battalion of the 22nd. Eleven officers were wounded, 46 men were killed, and 202 wounded.

The enemy left 1200 dead on the field. Ayoub's regular regiments scarcely fired a shot, and the British advance was opposed entirely by the irregulars and Ghazis, the regular regiments having been drawn up behind the Pir-Paimal Pass, by which they expected our main attack to be made, a delusion which was kept up by our heavy fire from early morning upon the Afghan guns on the summit of the pass. When our troops appeared round the corner

of the spur upon their flank, they lost heart at once, and, for the most part, throwing away their arms, joined the body of fugitives.

"It would have been hard work, sir," Will Gale said to Colonel Ripon as they rode forward in rear of the fighting brigade, "to have taken this position with the Candahar force alone."

"It could not have been done," Colonel Ripon replied, "but no one would have dreamed of attempting it. The Afghans say that the force which Roberts brought down from Cabul was so large that they stood on the defensive, but they would have ventured to attack us had we sallied out and offered battle on the level plain round the city. Then I have no doubt we could have beaten them. However, all is well that ends well. Roberts has come up in time, and has completely defeated the enemy; still it would have been more satisfactory had we retrieved Maiwand by thrashing him single-handed. Well, I suppose this is the end of the Afghan war. We have beaten Ayoub, I hope so effectually, that Abdul-Rahman will have no difficulty in dealing with him in future; and if he really means the professions of friendship which he has made us, we may hope for peace for some time. Probably the next time we have to fight in this country it will be against the Russians and Afghans united. There are men in England who persist in shutting their eyes to the certain consequences of the Russian advance towards the northern frontier of Afghanistan; but the time will come when England will have to rue bitterly the infatuation and

folly of her rulers. When that day arrives, she will have to make such an effort to hold her own as she has never had to do since the days when she stood alone in arms against Europe."

Upon the following day Will paid a visit to his friends in the Rangers.

"So you got through Maiwand safely!" the colonel said. "Upon my word I begin to think that you have a charmed life. I hear one of your captains died last night. That gives you your step, does it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are the luckiest young dog I ever heard of. You got your commission within a year of enlisting, and now by an extraordinary fatality your regiment is almost annihilated, and you mount up by death-steps to a captain's rank nine months after the date of your gazette. In any other regiment in the service you would have been lucky if you had got three or four steps by this time."

"I am fortunate indeed, sir," Will said. "I can scarcely believe it myself."

"Ah! whom do I see here?" the colonel exclaimed as a mounted officer rode through the camp. "My old friend Ripon! Ah! Ripon, how are you?"

The colonel reined in his horse, and the two officers, who had not met for some years, entered into a warm conversation, while Will strolled away to talk to some of the younger officers, who congratulated him most heartily on the luck which had in a few months taken him over their heads.

In the afternoon Will received a note from Colonel Ripon asking him to dine with him, as Colonel Shepherd was going to do so. Will replied that he would gladly dine, but must be excused for a time afterwards, as he was on duty and would have to go the rounds in the evening. There were three or four other officers at dinner, as Colonel Ripon had many friends in the relieving column. When dinner was over Will made his excuses and left, promising to look in again in a couple of hours when he had finished his rounds. Soon

afterwards the other young officers left: Colonel Shepherd only remained.

"That is a singularly fine young fellow—*young Gale, I mean*,"—Colonel Shepherd said, "and a singularly fortunate one. I feel quite proud of him. It was upon my advice that he enlisted; but if any one had told me at the time that he would be a captain in two years I should have said that it was absolutely impossible."

"Yes," Colonel Ripon replied, "his luck has been marvellous; but if ever a fellow deserved it, he did. I have a very warm liking, I may say an affection, for him. He saved my life when I was attacked by some Ghazis here, and must have been killed had it not been for his promptness and coolness. He was wounded too, and we were nursed together here. Since then I have seen a great deal of him, and the more I see him the more I like him. Do you know anything of him previous to the time of his enlisting? You told me he joined your regiment on the day when it arrived at Calcutta. I know nothing of his history before that. The subject never happened to occur in conversation, and it was one upon which I naturally should have felt a delicacy in asking any questions, though I have sometimes wondered in my own mind how he came to be penniless in Calcutta, as I suppose he must have been to have enlisted. Did you happen to hear anything about it?"

"Yes, indeed," Colonel Shepherd answered. "Curiously enough he was by no means penniless, as he had just received £100 reward for the services he had rendered in preventing a ship from being captured by the Malays. I happened to meet its captain on shore the day I landed, and heard from him the story of the affair, which was as follows, as nearly as I can recollect."

Colonel Shepherd then related to his friend the story of the manner in which the brig, when chased by Malays, was saved by being brought into the reef by Will. "Naturally," he went on, "I was greatly interested in the story, and expressing a

wish to see the young fellow, he was brought off that evening after mess to the *Euphrates*, and told us how he had been wrecked on the island in a Dutch ship, from which only he and a companion were saved. I was so struck with his conduct, and I may say by his appearance and manner, that I took him aside into my own cabin and learned from him the full particulars of his story. I don't think anyone else knows it, for when he expressed his willingness to take my advice and enlist I told him that he had better say nothing about his past. His manner was so good that I thought he would pass well as some gentleman's son who had got into a scrape, and as I hoped that the time might come when he might step upwards, it was perhaps better that it should not be known what was his origin."

"But what was his origin, Shepherd? I confess you surprise me, for I have always had an idea that he was a man of good family, although in some strange way his education had been neglected, for in fact he told me one day that he was absolutely ignorant of Latin."

"Well, Ripon, as you are a friend of the young fellow, and I know it will go no further, I will tell you the facts of the case. He was brought up in a workhouse, was apprenticed to a Yarmouth smackman, and the boat being run down in a gale by a Dutch troopship, to which he managed to cling as the smack sank, he was carried in her to Java. On her voyage thence to China he was wrecked on the island I spoke of."

"You astound me," Colonel Ripon said, "absolutely astound me. I could have sworn that he was a gentleman by birth. Not, mind you, that I like or esteem him one iota the less for what you tell me. Indeed, on the contrary, for there is all the more merit in his having made his way alone. Still you astonish me. They tell me," he said with a smile, "that he is wonderfully like me; but strangely enough he reminds me rather of my wife. You remember her, Shepherd, for you were

stationed at Meerut at the time I married her there?"

Colonel Shepherd nodded, and for a few minutes the two friends sat silent, thinking over the memories which the words had evoked.

"Strange, is it not?" Colonel Ripon went on, arousing himself, "that the child of some pauper parents should have a resemblance, however distant, to me and my wife?"

"Curiously enough," Colonel Shepherd said, "the boy was not born of pauper parents; he was left at the door of the workhouse at Ely by a tramp, whose body was found next morning in one of the ditches. It was a stormy night, and she had no doubt lost her way after leaving the child. That was why they called him William Gale. Why, what is the matter, Ripon? Good heavens, are you ill?"

Colonel Shepherd's surprise was natural. The old officer sat rigid in his chair with his eyes open and staring at his friend, and yet apparently without seeing him. The colour in his face had faded away, and even through the deep bronze of the Indian sun its pallor was visible. Colonel Shepherd rose in great alarm, and was about to call for assistance when his friend, with a slight motion of his hand, motioned to him to abstain.

"How old is he?" came presently in a strange tone from his lips.

"How old is who?" Colonel Shepherd asked in surprise—"Oh, you mean Gale! He is not nineteen yet, though he looks four or five years older. He was under seventeen when he enlisted, and I rather strained a point to get him in by hinting, that, when he was asked his age, he had better say under nineteen. So he was entered as eighteen, but I know he was more than a year younger than that. But what has that to do with it, my dear old friend? What is the matter with you?"

"I believe, Shepherd," Colonel Ripon said solemnly, "that he is my son."

"Your son!" his comrade exclaimed, astonished.

"Yes, I believe he is my son."

"But how on earth can that be?" his friend asked. "Are you sure that you know what you are saying? Is your head quite clear, old friend?"

"My head is clear enough," the colonel replied, "although I felt stunned at first. Did you never hear of my having lost my child?"

"No, indeed," Colonel Shepherd replied, more and more surprised. For he had at first supposed that some sudden access of fever or delirium had seized his friend. "You will remember that a week or two after you were married my regiment was moved up to the north, and we remained three years longer in India. When I got back to England I heard that you had lost your wife a short time before and had returned. I remember our ships crossed on the way. When we met again the conversation never turned on the past."

"I will tell you the story," the colonel said, "and you will see that at anyrate the boy may be my son, and that being so the double likeness proves to me incontestably that he is. I had, as you know, been ill before I left India. I had not been home for fifteen years, and got two years' leave. As you may know, I had a good fortune irrespective of the service, and I took a place called Holmwood Park, near Dawlish, and as I had thought of retiring at the end of my leave, I was put on the commission of the peace. My boy was born a few months after I got home. Soon after I took the place some gipsy fellows broke into the poultry-yard and stole some valuable chickens which were great pets of my wife. I chased them and finally brought home the guilt of the theft to one of the men in whose tent a lot of their feathers were found. He had been previously convicted, and was sentenced to a term of penal servitude. Before the trial, his wife, also a gipsy, called upon me and begged me not to appear against her husband. This of course was out of the question, as he had already been sent to trial. When she found that her entreaties were useless,

she in the most vindictive tone told me that I should repent it, and she certainly spoke as if she meant it. I heard nothing more of the matter until the boy was sixteen months old; then he disappeared; he was stolen from the garden. A clue was left, evidently that I might know from whom the blow came. The gipsy had been convicted partly on the evidence of the feathers, but principally from the fact that the boot which he had on had half the iron on the heel broken off, and this tallied exactly with some marks in my fowl-house. An hour after the child was gone we found in the centre of the drive in the park a boot, conspicuously placed there to catch the eye, and this boot I recognised by the broken iron as that which had transported the gipsy. That the woman had stolen the child I had not the least doubt; but neither of her nor it could I ever gain the slightest clue. I advertised in every paper in the kingdom. I offered a reward of £1,000, and I believe the police searched every gipsy encampment in England, but without success. My wife had never been strong, and from that day she gradually sank. As long as there was hope she kept up for a time. I hoped all would go well, but three months afterwards she faded rapidly, and ere six months had passed from the loss of the child I buried her and came straight out to India. I went home once for two or three months upon business connected with my property there some seven years since. That was when we last met, you know, at the club. With that exception I have remained here ever since."

"The trouble will be, I fear," Colonel Shepherd said, "for you to identify him. That vindictive gipsy-woman who stole your child is not likely to have left any marks on its clothing by which it might be identified at any future time and her revenge on you frustrated."

"Thank God!" the colonel said earnestly, "if it be my son he bears a mark by which I shall know him. That was one of his poor mother's greatest comforts. The child was born with an ugly blood-mark on its

neck. It used to bother my wife a good deal, and she consulted several surgeons whether it could not be removed, but they all said no, not without completely cutting out the flesh; and this, of course, was not to be thought of. After the child was lost, I remember, as well as if it had been spoken to-day, my wife saying, 'How strange are God's ways! I was foolish enough to fret over that mark on the darling's neck, and now the thought of it is my greatest comfort; and if it shall be God's will that years shall pass away before we find him, there is a sign by which we shall always know him. No other child can be palmed off upon us as our own. When we find Tom we shall know him, however changed he may be.' Listen, Shepherd! that is his step on the stairs. May God grant that he prove to be my son!"

"Be calm, old friend," Colonel Shepherd said; "I will speak to him."

The door opened and Will entered.

"I am glad you have not gone, colonel—I was afraid you might have left, for I have been longer than I expected. I just heard the news that the 66th are in orders this evening to march the day after to-morrow for Kurrachee to sail for England, where we are to be reorganized again."

"Gale, I am going to ask you a rather curious thing. Will you do it without asking why?" Colonel Shepherd said quietly.

"Certainly, colonel, if it is in my power," Will said, somewhat surprised.

"Will you take off your patrol jacket, open your shirt, and turn it well down at the neck?"

For a moment Will looked astounded at this request. He saw by the tone in which it was made that it was seriously uttered, and without hesitation he began to unhook his patrol jacket. As he did so his eye fell upon Colonel Ripon's face, and the intense anxiety and emotion that it expressed caused him to pause for a moment. Something extraordinary hung on what he had been asked to do. All sorts of strange thoughts flashed through his brain. Hun-

dreds of times in his life he had said to himself that if ever he discovered his parents it would be by means of this mark upon his neck which he was now asked to expose. The many remarks which had been made of his likeness to Colonel Ripon flashed across his mind, and it was with an emotion scarcely inferior to that of the old officer that he opened his shirt and turned down the collar. The sight was conclusive. Colonel Ripon held out his arms with a cry of—

"My son, my son!"

Bewildered and delighted, Will felt himself pressed to the heart of the man whom he liked and esteemed beyond all others.

With a word of the heartiest congratulation Colonel Shepherd left the father and son together to exchange confidences and tell to each other their respective stories, and to realize the great happiness which had befallen them both. Their delight was without a single cloud, save that which passed for a moment through Colonel Ripon's mind as he thought how his wife would have rejoiced had she lived to see that day.

His joy was in some respects even greater than that of his son. The latter had always pictured to himself, that if he ever discovered his father, he should find him all that was good; but the colonel had for many years not only given up all hope of ever finding his son, but almost every desire to do so. He had thought that if still alive he must be a gipsy vagabond, a poacher, a liar, a thief, like those among whom he would have been brought up. From such a discovery no happiness could be looked for, only annoyance, humiliation, and trouble. To find his son then all that he could wish for—a gentleman, a most promising young officer, the man, indeed, to whom he had been so specially attracted—was a joy altogether un hoped and unlooked for. Morning had broken before the newly united father and son had done their long and happy talk, and they separated only to take a bath to prepare them for the day's work.

The astonishment of everyone was unbounded when Colonel Ripon announced on the following morning that, in Captain Gale of the 66th, who it was known had risen from the ranks, he had discovered a son that had been stolen from him as a child. No one entertained a doubt for an instant that any mistake had arisen, for the likeness between the two men as they strode down the street together on their way to General Roberts' quarters was so marked that—now that men knew the relationship—none doubted for a moment that they were indeed father and son.

The warmest congratulations poured in upon them from all sides, and from none more heartily than from the general, who was more than ever pleased that he had been the means of Will's obtaining his commission from the ranks. The same day Colonel Ripon sent off, by a mounted messenger carrying despatches, a telegram to be sent from the nearest station of the flying line, which the engineers advancing with Colonel Phayre's force had already carried as far as Kojak Pass, to the government of India, asking leave to go home at once on the most urgent and pressing family business.

Yossouf's grief when he heard that his master was going to leave for England was very great. At first he begged that he might accompany him; but Will pointed out that, much as he should like to have him with him, his position in England would be an uncomfortable one. He would meet with no one with whom he could converse, and would after a time long for his own country again. Yossouf yielded to his reasoning, and the picture which Will drew of his own loneliness when in Cabul separated from all his own people aided greatly in enforcing his arguments on his mind. He said, however, that at any rate he would not return to Afghanistan at present.

"It will be long," he said, "before things settle down there, and it will be useless for me to put my money into a herd which might be driven off by plunderers the next

week. Besides, at present the feeling against the English will be strong, so many have lost men of their family in the fighting. If I returned I should be a marked man. It is known that I threw in my lot with the English, and it will be cast in my teeth even if no worse came of it. No, I will enlist in the Guides; I shall be at home with them, for most of them belong to the Afghan tribes. I am young yet, not fully a man, and I have my life before me. Some day, perhaps, if things are quiet and prosperous at home, I will go back and end my days there."

So it was arranged. One of the officers of the Guides had accompanied General Roberts as interpreter, and Will handed over Yossouf to him, telling him how well the lad had served him. The officer promised to enroll him in the corps as soon as he rejoined it, and also that he would not fail to report his conduct to the colonel and to obtain his promotion to the rank of a native officer as soon as possible. From Will, Yossouf would accept nothing except his revolver as a keepsake, but Colonel Ripon insisted upon his taking from him a present which would make him a rich man when he choose to return to his native country.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT HOME AT LAST.

THE next day Colonel Ripon started with the 66th, and at the end of the first day's march met a messenger, who, among other despatches, carried a telegram granting him at once the leave he asked for, and which, indeed, had been due had he asked for it many years before. His intention was to accompany the 66th to Kurrachee, and to sail with it to England. This intention was carried out, and, without any adventure whatever, the remnant of the regiment reached England.

One of Colonel Ripon's first steps was to accompany Will, or, as he ought now to be called, Tom, to the Horse Guards, and to procure an insertion in the *Gazette*, stating

that Captain William Gale of the 66th would henceforth be known by his true and proper name of Thomas Ripon. The colonel purchased a fine estate in Somersetshire, and, retiring from the service, settled down there. There was a considerable discussion between father and son as to whether the latter should remain in the army. Colonel Ripon was unwilling that his son should relinquish a profession of which he was fond, and in which, from his early promotion, he had every chance of obtaining high rank and honour; but Tom, who saw how great a pleasure his society was to his father, and how lonely the latter's life would be without him, was resolute in his determination to quit the service. He had already, as he said, passed through a far greater share of adventure than usually falls to one man's lot, and the colonel's property was so large that there was not the slightest occasion for him to continue in the service.

Not long after his return to England, Will paid a visit to Ely Workhouse. He was accompanied by the colonel, and the two men walked together up to the gate of the workhouse. He rang at the bell, and a woman opened the door. She curtsied at seeing two tall soldier-like gentlemen before her.

"Your name is Mrs. Dickson, I think?" the younger said. The woman gave a violent start, and gazed earnestly at him.

"It is William Gale!" she exclaimed almost with a scream, and drawing back a step with a scared face. "They said you were dead years ago."

"No, I am very much alive, Mrs. Dickson, and glad, most glad, to see an old friend again."

"Good Lord!" the woman exclaimed, "it is the boy himself, sure enough;" and for a moment she seemed as if she would have rushed into his arms, and then she drew back, abashed at his appearance. Tom, however, held out his arms, and the woman fell sobbing into them.

"Why, you did not think so badly of me," he said, "as to think that I should for-

get the woman who was a mother to me. Father," he said—"for I have found my real father, Mrs. Dickson, as you always said I should some day—it is to this good woman that I owe what I am. But for her I might now be a labouring man; but it is to her kindness, to her good advice, to her lessons, that I owe everything. It was she who taught me that I should so behave that if my parents ever found me they should have no cause to be ashamed of me. She was, indeed, as a mother to me, and this lodge was my home rather than the workhouse inside. Ah! and here is Sam!"

Sam Dickson, coming out at this moment, stood in open-mouthed astonishment at seeing his wife standing with her hand in that of a gentleman.

"Oh, Sam! who do you think this is?"

Sam made no reply, but stared at Tom with all his eyes.

"If it wasn't that he be drowned and dead long ago," he said, "I should say it was Will Gale grewed up, and got to be a gentleman. I shouldn't ha' knowed him at first, but when he smiles I don't think as how I can be far wrong."

"You are right, Sam. I am the boy you and your wife were so kind to from the time you picked him up just where we are standing, and whom you last handed over to go aboard a smack at Yarmouth. She was, as you have heard, run down in the North Sea, but I was saved in the ship which ran over her and was taken out to the East. There, after being wrecked again, and going through lots of adventures, which I will tell you about some day, I went to India, enlisted there, and fought through the Afghan war. I am a captain now, and my name is no longer Will Gale, but Tom Ripon, for I have found my real father, this gentleman, Colonel Ripon."

"Who feels," Colonel Ripon went on, "how much he and his son owe to your kindness and that of your good wife here, and who, as you will find, is not ungrateful. I have just bought an estate down in Somersetshire, and I mean to install you and your wife in a pretty lodge at the gates,

with enough to live upon comfortably to the end of your lives."

Mrs. Dickson cried with joy as Colonel Ripon entered into details of what he intended to do for them, and Sam, although, as was his way, much less demonstrative in his gladness, was yet greatly delighted. There was a good garden to the lodge; they were to have the keep of a cow, and thirty shillings per week as long as they lived. Before the colonel left, Sam Dickson's resignation of his post was written and handed in to the master.

The colonel told them that at the end of the month, when Sam's notice would expire, they were to sell off what furniture they had, as it would cost more to convey it so long a distance than it was worth, and he would take care that they should find everything comfortable and ready for occupation at the lodge upon their arrival. Tom called upon the master and matron and schoolmaster, and thanked all for the kindness that they had shown him when a boy, and Colonel Ripon left a cheque with the master to be expended in tobacco, tea, and sugar for the aged inmates of the house.

No words can express the delight of Sam

Dickson and his wife when, a month later, they arrived at their new home. Tom had spared no trouble in seeing that it was comfortably and cosily furnished. The garden had been thoroughly dug up and planted, and Mrs. Dickson could scarcely believe that she was the mistress of so pleasant a home. Tom was forgetful of none of his old friends, and he wrote to an address which Hans, his companion among the Malays, had given him when they separated, and forwarded to him a handsome watch as a souvenir of his comrade.

There is no more to be told. Captain Ripon, still a very young man, is living with his father the colonel. He is one of the most popular men in his county, and there is some talk of his standing for one of its boroughs at the next election, and it is rumoured that he is likely, ere long, to bring home a lady who will be the future mistress of Burnham Park.

He is quite content that he has left the army, though he fidgeted a little while the Egyptian war was going on, and could not help feeling a little regret that he did not take part in the storming of Tel-el-Kebir.



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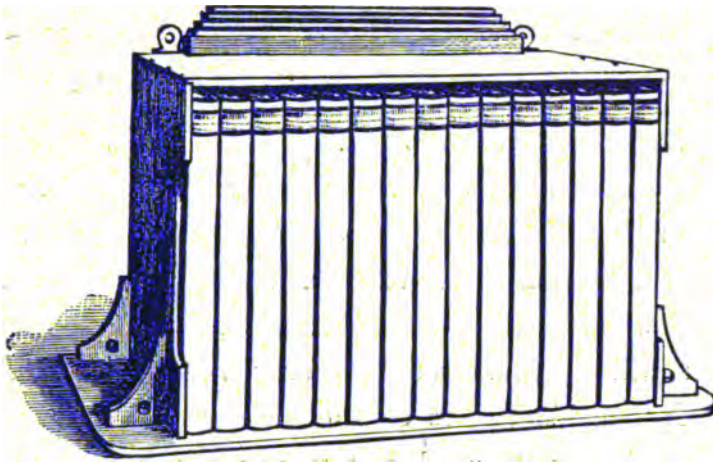
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